

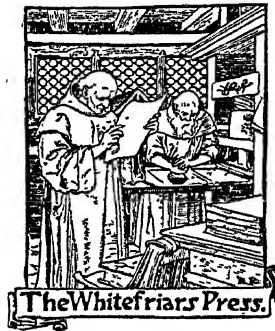
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A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.

A FLY-LEAF CALENDAR.

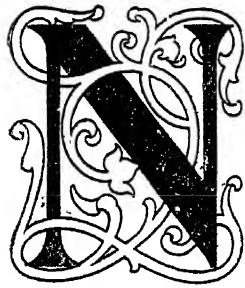


THE ANNUAL INSECTARIAN DANCE.

Mr. Punch's Academy of All the Talents.



INTRODUCTION.



NOTHING if not sympathetic and universal, *Mr. Punch*, when recently bidden by Royal mandate to form an Academy of his own, decided with his customary sapience that if it was to avoid the limitations of other institutions of the land it must embrace all the talents. The highest catholicity should prompt him to extend a welcome of equal warmth to the athlete and to the author, to the journalist and the statesman. Once this principle was established, it did not take the shrewd eye of the Sage long to pick out his two score Immortals. Nor was he long in selecting his President.

"What," he said to himself, "do we want in a President? We want address, eloquence, presence, tact. We want a man who has time on his hands and no particular responsibilities. We want, in short, Lord Rosebery."

All then being in readiness, the first meeting of the Academy of All the Talents was called. The forty (Mr. P. F. Warner excepted) came to a man, and amid a breathless silence Lord Rosebery delivered the following speech:—

Lord Rosebery on the Situation.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—I need hardly say that it affords me the liveliest satisfaction to be present at this sublime ceremony, the inaugural meeting of that long desiderated institution, an Academy of All the Talents. I admit that the process of selection finally adopted was not that which originally commended itself to my poor judgment. In my humble opinion, perfect efficiency in all the members could alone have been secured by entrusting the choice to Lord Kitchener. That, alas! was impossible, the Hercules of the Himalayas being already too fully occupied with the Augean labours incidental to his Indian command to undertake the task of nominating occupants for the *fauteuils* of this august tabernacle. I confess, however, that it was with something like a stupor of relief that I heard that *Mr. Punch*, brushing aside the flimsy formulas which might have deterred him, had nobly consented to cope single-handed with this prodigious task. Of the manner in which our venerable and heroic dictator has discharged his duty I need hardly speak. We are one and all of us entirely satisfied with his exquisite discernment. [Cheers from Sir Thomas Lipton.] But, my Lords and Gentlemen, it is not my intention to indulge in any gratuitous eulogy of a personage who stands in no need of any intellectual cosmetics. And yet how can an Academy justify its existence without



B.P.

The Chairman.

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immediate and copious exercise in the art of panegyric? [Mr. T. P. O'Connor, 'Hear, hear!'] I need hardly recall to you the practice of the French Academy when each incoming Immortal pronounces an *éloge* on his predecessor. We, however, have no predecessors. I have, therefore, in my capacity of President, decided that the needs of the situation will best be met by a carnival of mutual admiration. The choice of subject I propose to leave to the arbitrament of the hat—I may add, in parenthesis, that owing to my notorious predilection for spade-work I have borrowed a shovel-hat from one of my fellow-members at the Athenæum Club—thus not altogether excluding the possibility of that most interesting form of eulogy in which the *laudator* and the *laudatus* are identical."

After suitable applause had greeted Lord Rosebery's urbane and primroseate periods, and his auditors had once more relapsed into a state of silent expectancy, the President again rose and directed that the fatal hat, containing the names of the Immortal Forty, should be placed before the Prime Minister. Mr. Balfour, with a graceful flourish, plunged his hand into its depths and drew from it a slip of paper bearing the name, not of statesman or philosopher, poet or golf player, but of Paul Cinquevalli. Nothing, however, comes amiss to our gifted Premier. Merely glancing round, not, perhaps, without nervousness, to see whether Mr. Gibson Bowles, Lord Hugh Cecil, or Mr. E. W. Beckett, had yet become Immortals, and finding that none of these was present, he drew himself nearer his normal height by untwisting two knots in each leg, and thus began:—

Mr. Balfour on Mr. Paul Cinquevalli.

"It is a truism of biography that for the proper appraisal of the gifts of one's subject one must oneself possess cognate talents. Versatile and manysided as our President is, I cannot imagine his rendering full justice to the talents of Tom Morris or Mr. Robert Maxwell. Nor again, to take another concrete example, could the task of eulogising Casanova or Benvenuto Cellini be assigned with any reasonable hope of artistic success to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Clifford, or General Booth. The balance of criminality in all these hypothetical cases would be injuriously if not fatally impaired. Hence it is I feel that Chance, in directing my poor right hand to the paper slip on which the golden name of Signor Paul Cinquevalli is inscribed—that Chance, I say, in bringing my hand and this mellifluous if unhappily alien name together, knew her business. Not that I claim to be for a moment worthy of the high honour of celebrating such genius as that which our Italian friend possesses, but that I am in a small measure also in what some of my Radical friends might call, in their picturesque commercial vernacular, the same line of business. It is one of the privileges connected with association with my right honourable friend the late Secretary for the Colonies that sooner or later one acquires an aptitude in the art of simultaneously upholding propositions of a conflicting character. I was, I believe, always endowed with a certain skill in the manipulation of words, but never, until the question of Tariff Reform was sprung upon a heedless country by my right honourable friend, did I seriously devote my energies to the mastery of this fascinating art. Most of you have, I trust, at one time or another derived enjoyment from the spectacle of Signor Cinquevalli when engaged in the congenial task of juggling with three objects of such widely divergent size and specific gravity as a champagne bottle, a cannon ball, and a piece of paper. Without intermission, without a hitch, without a lapse, he keeps them all going. They are always before you, they are never dropped, they are constantly but never for long in hand. I too, as a humble imitator of this great equilibrist, have essayed to translate these methods to the sphere of high politics and to maintain simultaneously the divergent claims of preferential tariffs, of food taxation and of retaliation. If for the moment I have failed to achieve my aim, let not that be taken to indicate any lack of appreciation for the splendid example furnished me by Signor Joseph Cinquevalli and Mr. Paul Chamberlain."



Mr. Balfour identifies himself with his theme.

Sir J. Crichton-Browne being the next member to receive the hat, it was removed to be carefully sterilised and disinfected; the old lining of Harris Tweed was removed and a new one substituted more in accordance with the genial knight's theories of sanitation. This process over, the Admirable Crichton, donning a pair of antiseptic gloves,

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gingerly inserted his fingers and extracted the name of Wee MacGregor. To another man the subject might have presented difficulties, but the illustrious physician turned to his task with extraordinary gusto. He began without a moment's delay:—

Sir J. Crichton-Browne on Wee MacGregor.

"Pathologically as well as ethically no more congenial subject could have fallen to my lot than that assigned to me by the fortune of the draw, which gives me an opportunity of clearing up the painful tragedy which envelopes the career of my gifted but undersized compatriot, commonly identified by unthinking readers with all that makes for mirth and ingenuous exuberance.

"MacGregor's achievement is all the more astounding when his antecedents, his inherited qualities and his environment are taken into account. As the result of careful inquiries into his family history I have established beyond a doubt the painful but engrossing fact that his great-great-grandfather was hung for sheep-stealing, that his grandfather suffered from chronic neurasthenipposclerosis, that his mother was a dipsomaniac, and his father a victim to intermittent elephantiasis. MacGregor himself, incredible as it may appear, turned the scale on the day of his birth at no less than fifteen pounds. Yet when he had reached the age of eight, owing to persistent malnutrition—his diet consisted exclusively of gin and 'taiblet,'—he was still under two stone. Offers were frequently made to his parents by the proprietors of freak shows, but they decided that the cultivation of his literary talents was likely to prove a more remunerative investment. The poor child was a victim to overpressure from his earliest infancy. He was apprenticed in turn to J. M. Barrie, Ian Maclaren, Neil Munro, S. R. Crockett and William Archer, and before reaching his ninth birthday was a past-master of every variety of Caledonian jargon from the *lingua franca* of Lérwick to the Romance patois of Galloway.

"He was inoculated in the method of Socratic interrogation by the late Emeritus Professor Bain, and studied the shortest catechism under Dr. Robertson Nicoll. Naturally enough these superhuman accomplishments were purchased by a terrible expenditure of nervous energy. From his fifth year he suffered from peripheral neuritis complicated with gangloid dislocation of the dorsal mandible. Aphasia, metaphasia and fluorescent polyphasia were his daily lot. Added to the inherent drawbacks of a matted constitution were the tortures to which he was perpetually subjected by his parents, who insisted on clothing him in Harris Tweeds of the most insanitary description, and forced him to learn by heart long extracts from Froude's History, and recite the most stunting passages from Mr. Winston Churchill's letters to the *Times*. The inevitable results of this protracted martyrdom cannot be long delayed. MacGregor, according to latest observations, is rapidly shrinking. While he is still visible to the naked eye, professional etiquette and my natural delicacy combine to restrain me from giving full details of his microscopic dimensions.

"But when his imminent dissolution takes place, I shall be under no obligation to maintain this galling reticence, and can promise you, Lord Rosebery and gentlemen, that the *Medical Journal* will contain, in addition to a life-size portrait of my beloved but wizened friend, full details of the post-mortem which it will be my pleasure and my privilege to conduct."

The next name to be called was that of our youngest star, Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Messrs. Hatchard, the publishers of one of his works, had taken the precaution of distributing through the hall a number of copies of their monthly prospectuses containing "The Best Thing by G. K. Chesterton," and also "The Best Thing in the *Daily News*" (by the same author), and the perusal of these had predisposed the audience to anticipate a stream of sparklets from this young master of paradox. They were clearly relieved to find that the virile mind was encased in a body of even more overwhelming robustness. When it was seen that he had drawn the Member for Oldham, the hope was audibly expressed that he would not fall too heavily on the other young genius. He spoke as follows:—

Mr. G. K. Chesterton on Mr. Winston Churchill.

"It is the way of the superficial critic to grasp at the substance and miss the shadow. In his attempt to appraise character he overlooks the primal fact that the greatest natures affect notoriety for the express purpose of diverting



The Admirable Crichton and his homunculus.

attention from themselves. Deliberately they will build up a bulky pile of reputation in the very eye of day, in order that the shadow thrown from it by the crude light of public opinion may have the right width, the right length, for the concealment of their private personality. The more crude, the more concentrated the light, the deeper will be the shadow that this mass projects. Let a man be sufficiently known for some insistently obtrusive characteristic and he may enjoy a perpetual incognito. Versatility is the negation of secretiveness. If a figure be played upon by a circle of centripetal rays it ceases to throw any shade whatever. Thus, had the late Mr. Gladstone been recognised merely and uniquely for a Radical Statesman, he might have practised unobserved that absorbing pursuit of forestry which he counted even more sacred than the unity of the Empire. But the very catholicity of his talents



Mr. Winston Churchill in his Avlary.

allowed him no hermitage for this avocation. His addiction to Homeric lore, his inherent taste for Tory principles, his predilection for High Church ritual, his passion for post-cards, his genius for the culture of jam—all these tendencies drew upon him so diffused an observation that he could never lay axe to the most inconspicuous oak in the uplands of Hawarden without being made the object of officious remark.

“The theme of my present treatise furnishes an illustration of the same impregnable truth. If Mr. Winston Churchill, late of the 4th Hussars, had been content with an atavism, had been content to reproduce his great ancestor, the founder of Blenheim Palace, he might now be reckoned among our only Generals; might now, in the shadow thrown by the single white light of military adulation, be developing his personality unobserved; just as Lord Kitchener, in the single white light of military adulation, develops unobserved his personality as a desolating squire of dames. But the plurality not only of Mr. Churchill's hereditary tendencies but of his own underivative virtues has made privacy impossible. From the great Duke he inherited his claim to be a final authority on the conduct of wars.

From his father he inherited the capacity

for being a party in himself. From his father he inherited a political wisdom which even the infallibility of youth cannot altogether obscure. Of himself he has learned the supreme tact demanded of a lecturer who lectures on the subject of himself. From the same source he derives a talent for romance, ill-concealed by the adoption of his own name as a *nom de guerre*. This plenitude of gifts, by which the attention of the world is attracted as the lamp is attracted to the moth, would in any case have made the exposure of his inmost heart a mere question of time. But chance, and the insuperable necessity of recording his own exploits as a war-correspondent, accelerated the discovery of his ruling passion. It was in reading his appreciation of the Aasvogel encountered by him in a wood during his withdrawal from Pretoria that the public received its first hint of the mutual understanding, amounting almost to freemasonry, that exists between Mr. Churchill and the fowls of the air. Yet it has been left for me to emphasize, here and now, the significance of the implication thus wrung from him in the excitement of sustained autobiographical narrative; just as, not very differently, I was the first critic to point out how much there was in common between the music of Robert Browning and the notes of a canary.”

Lord Lansdowne was the next to draw the lot. The noble Marquess, speaking in a voice broken with emotion and French phrases, and with an accent which was not noticeably English, thus addressed himself to the task of eulogising his immediate successor at the War Office:—

The Marquess of Lansdowne on The Right Hon. St. John Brodrick.

"MESSIEURS ET MESDAMES,—N'ayant point vécu comme Ulysse je préfère mourir comme Achille. Ces mots résument la situation actuelle du grand homme dont je me propose de vous faire l'éloge. Doué d'une volonté de fer et d'une amabilité à l'abri de toutes les injures ['Très bien, très bien'] il a—that is, if I may lapse for a moment into the vulgar tongue, he has spared no effort to make the armed forces of the British Crown as glorious as his own character and as solidly compacted as the obstinacy with which he has set at naught the opinions of Field-Mmarshals and other inferior military experts.

"Hélas! ce fut presque en vain qu'il essaya d'apporter quelque remède aux maux de son pays. Ayant inventé et mis en marche six corps d'armée plus ou moins que formidables il se souvint aussitôt de la garniture de boutons qui leur manquait. To these buttons he bent his great mind, and if to-day the British Army is a well-buttoned force, capable of affronting the winter winds at a moment's notice and of reflecting the summer sun from a thousand polished surfaces, it is to St. John Brodrick, and to St. John Brodrick alone, que revient l'honneur de ces prodiges. [Vifs applaudissements.] Ah, messieurs et mesdames, quel homme que ce Brodrick! La froide fermeté qu'il opposa à la fureur de ses ennemis les jeta dans de violents transports. J'admets que pour être ministre de la guerre il ne suffit pas d'être entêté, il ne suffit pas même de faire pousser deux volontaires là où il n'y avait que trois. Mais réfléchissez donc. What I affirm is this: the seal was placed upon his achievements as Secretary of State for War when he was removed from that post to be transferred to the India Office, which, indeed, no one but a successful warrior could direct. Vous vous souvenez sans doute de cette photographie du ministre de la guerre en khaki. Ah, voilà le vrai corps d'armée, le corps d'armée aux jambes crochues, aux bottes éperonnées et à la figure terrible. Regardez cette photographie, mettez-la toutes les nuits sous vos oreillers et dormez en paix, sachant que vous avez parmi vous un nommé Brodrick qui pourrait à lui seul mettre en déroute l'Europe entière." ['Très bien, très bien.']



India's Idol.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor then advanced to the hat, and after remarking in a rich brogue on its excellent N. A. P., he inserted his honest right hand and drew forth a piece of paper. "Read it, read it," cried many sage voices. "Taypaychez-vous!" remarked Mons. Walkley, *sotto voce*. "Faith and I will," the genial Hibernian replied. "The name on the paper is Sir Thomas Lipton, and it's an easy task that I have before me."

Without a moment's hesitation Mr. O'Connor began, as if dictating to a typist, the following eloquent if somewhat severe and logical tribute:—

T. P. on Lipton.

"Oh, those old days! I remember, when as a homeless youth, with nothing to feed and warm me but insatiable ambition, I slept night after night in Trafalgar Square, I would wake early in the cold grey of the pitiless London morning and think of the three ideals I had set before myself. Three only—not enough to occupy the fingers of one hand, let alone the thumb—yet how overmastering, how sublime, I thought them, ay, and think them still, although years are thick upon me and the cruel cynical world has given me rude buffets.

"And these ideals, what were they? One was to take my seat in the great and august assembly which meets night after night under that mighty clock which I could see from my *al fresco* couch, shining like a heavenly luminary as it beckoned me to the people's *forum*. That was one ideal—to be returned to Parliament and lift up my voice to redress the wrongs of my native country, then writhing under the galley chains of coercion to be returned to Parliament and, note-book in hand, depict for the noble English press the emotions that flitted across the faces of my fellow Members. My second ideal was to possess a paper that should be to Literature what Madame Tussaud's is to the Louvre. And my third ideal was to be admitted to the intimate circle or friends in the midst of which that great Irishman, Sir Thomas Lipton, moves and has his being.

"Gentlemen, every one of these ideals has been realised. But proud as I am of my seat in Parliament, proud as I am of the paper to which I have given busy hours, buttery adjectives,



The Ideals of T.P.

and my initials, it is of my friendship with Sir Thomas Lipton that I am proudest. I remember Mr. Gladstone rising in that historic building in Westminster to which I have the honour of free entry, I remember Mr. Gladstone rising to outline his epoch-making and soul-stirring Home Rule Bill; I remember Daniel O'Connell shaking his leonine mane until you could have picked up a pin; I remember Canning's masterly speech on the Catholic Emancipation Bill; I remember Sheridan's defence of Warren Hastings, and Cromwell's words of thunder as he exclaimed 'Take away that bauble!'—but a deeper thrill was mine when I was first permitted to touch the hand of Sir Thomas Lipton. Madame Roland in her solitary cell, amid the tumult and rigours of the French Revolution; Charlotte Brontë writing immortal romance in the chill parlour of a Yorkshire vicarage; that saintly veteran, Charles Morton, of the Palace Theatre; Rachel, with a weeping heart under her paint; Marie Bashkirtseff, struggling to hide her consuming love for that great humane creature, Bastien Lepage; Dreyfus in his hell-prison on the Isle of the Devil; Madame Humbert, La Grande Thérèse, magnificent even in ruins; Napoleon; Abelard and Heloise; Paolo and Francesca; my old and tried friends, George R. Sims and John Hollingshead:—I thought of them all at that moment."

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who was wearing a simple spring onion in his side-pocket, now approached the table and drew himself. The coincidence, so far from causing him embarrassment, seemed, if possible, to increase his confidence. A murmur of satisfaction from the audience showed that, while they recognised, almost as fully as the author himself, his authority to speak on

most subjects, and felt that he might well have drawn the entire lot, they yet agreed that he had secured a topic which would prove peculiarly congenial.

Mr. Bernard Shaw on Mr. Bernard Shaw.

"The theme before me is one on which I have repeatedly been invited to enlarge; but my notoriously incorruptible modesty, and the conviction that there are only two living genii, myself and Arthur Bingham Walkley, who would understand what I was talking about, have hitherto deterred me from auto-exposure. It is true that in one of the appendices to my recent drama, *Brut and Extrabrut*, I presented myself under the transparent disguise of a Millennium-maker; but even here I was hampered by the suspicion that my apotheosis had already been anticipated by a public so indiscriminate in its hero-worship that it has actually classed Sophocles, me and Shakspeare in a common order of constellation. As with the most detached philosophers, from Boethius and Bunyan to Byron and Mr. Arthur Balfour, the passion for being misunderstood is apt to develop into a source of satiety; eventually they achieve a kind of Pindaristic *koros*; so with myself. Disabused of the charm of confounding my own identity, I descended to practical philanthropics, and for a few seasons I permitted myself to give the advantage of my advice to the Tramways Committee of one of our Borough Councils.

"It was for this body of citizens that I drew up a Guide to Truth, not, indeed, bearing directly upon their labours for the proletariat, but calculated to generate in them an attitude of mind which should give to their society, as my colleagues, a tone of less intolerable incongruity.

"To these collated apophthegms I assigned the title of *The Prophet-in-Israel's Handbook*. Israelitism is, of course, the antithesis of Philistinism. And a Prophet-in-Israel is a Hyperisraelite.

"The following dicta are extracted from the work in question:—

THE PROPHET-IN-ISRAEL'S HANDBOOK.

GENERAL RULES.

To attempt to practise what you preach is to bring your doctrines into manifest ridicule. Solomon was well aware of this. *Verba non acta.*

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It is better to cry over spilt milk than to weep into a full jug and then charge the innocent milkman with adulteration.

It is only a fool who doesn't count his chickens till they're hatched. The prudent man orders a chicken-coop beforehand, on an inclusive estimate.



Mr. Bernard Shaw on Himself.

MARRIAGE.

It is love that makes the world go round. Marriage makes it go flat.

Where the female population of any state stands to the male in the proportion of 4 to 1, quadrigamy is indicated.

In courtship there is a phase that resembles the game of Bridge, where the man who is doing the deal regards his *vis-à-vis* as a dummy in the transaction. But it differs in this, that the suitor makes his declaration on the strength of the cards which he assumes to be in the dummy's hand, rather than on the strength of what he knows to be in his own. The subsequent revelation of the facts often entails disillusionment.

Marriage, unless supervised by the state, is, as often as not, a private legalised contract between a pair of negative imbeciles to produce one or more positive idiots.

PARENTAL EDUCATION.

A taste for self-reproduction is inherent in the human race; yet the fact that a man and a woman are the parents of a child affords no excuse for an attempt to reproduce in him their mental and moral, in addition to their physical, image.

KINGS.

The tendency of a limited monarch is to insist on his monarchy; it is the privilege of his people to insist on his limitations.

EMPIRE.

The boast that it was at Heaven's command that Britain 'first arose from out the azure main' is due to a misapprehension of physical laws. It was the azure main that subsided.

Imperialism in a Mother-country is based on a determination, wholly natural in the period of senile decay, to get all she can out of her young and able-bodied Colonies. It is the instinct for Old-age Pensions.

The British Hypocrite, like the Devil, but without the Devil's tact for concealing art, can cite scripture to his purpose. Over his Royal Exchange he has written the text, 'The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.'

VICE.

Vice is the unhappy mean between two virtues. Thus the beef-eater comes midway between the unspoilt cannibal and the convinced vegetarian.

POLYGLOTTY.

To excel in foreign languages a man must be incapable of a complete mastery of any single one—even his own. The Perfect English Gentleman satisfies this preliminary requirement, but goes no further. He is always fearful of being mistaken for a waiter.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

Flagellation is the admission on the part of the pedagogue or the senior subaltern that the resources of civilisation have been exhausted. Yet he will cling to its external symbols so far as not to discard his own habiliments."

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Mr. Henry James next came forward and explained at some length and with as much clearness as was compatible with his reputation that he had to eulogise Mr. Seddon, the Prime Minister of New Zealand. In order, however, not to disappoint expectation he would do this in the form of a passage from a novel which might or might not be published at some future date not yet fixed by his possible publishers. He spoke as follows in a voice from which every trace of American accent had been carefully removed:—

Mr. Henry James on Mr. Seddon.

"He laughed happily, still advancing, and found himself standing by a table laid for lunch in a garden finely shaded by trees and redeemed from commonness by a fountain that plashed continually in a pleasant irrelevance. Why had he come there? On the impulse of the moment he was about to think of a reason, but, his caution coming to his aid, he paused irresolutely:

"'After all,' he said, with a quick glance into his sub-liminal self, 'nothing really matters and nobody cares. I don't care myself, now do I?'

"Thus reassured he continued standing by the table. Somebody would join him soon—of that he felt certain—a brother possibly, a long lost brother, or at least one who would pretend to have been lost long ago and would thus convince him against his better judgment. Had he any money? He looked in his purse.

"'A sovereign will do the trick,' he laughed; 'I can get rid of him for a sovereign, whoever he is, and when he's gone I can forget him.'

"'Not for Joe.'

"It was a strange remark, made in a strange voice, and Henry looked up.

"'Oh,' he sighed with a poignant sense of incongruity, 'you're what's his name, aren't you? My something or other from somewhere. A stout man'—he smiled again—'yes, stout—fat, shall we say?—and bearded too. And you've travelled—oh, yes, you have—travelled all these miles in—'

"'Mutton.'

"'Oh, mutton. Why mutton? A reefer jacket, now, or a Union Castle liner, or'—he flicked his cigarette reflectively—'or almost anything, you know. But mutton. Isn't it—of course we don't quarrel, you and I: we're brothers and all that—but isn't it'—he dallied with the word a moment—'vulgar? Eh?'

"'If I heard any one say that in New Zealand—'

"'Ah, New Zealand. A long way off, isn't it? And you've come from there? Or perhaps I'm there and you haven't come from anywhere. You've just stopped here, and I've—but it can't be that. And your name's Dick, Dick Seddon, and you start shops and grow mutton—so much a pound, and the fat counts. Oh yes, it does; it counts a lot.'

"But even as he spoke there came a revulsion in his feelings, and their hands met. Empire was clasping him—that much he was sure of—and for the rest he hardly thought it concerned him.

This was the material point where all the rest was haze and printer's ink.

"'It's Seddon,' he cried, rapturously, 'Seddon from New Zealand. And he's fat. And we're friends, friends, friends.'"



"Empire was clasping him."

The next name fell to the dramatic critic of the Thunderer. Faultlessly attired in an evening *redingote* and *pantalons* cut with perfect taste from the latest *modes d'été*, and wearing a *boutonnière* behind which the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour was understood to be lurking, the Mons. looked the picture of radiant well-being. Laying aside his copy of the *Poetics* he extracted the fatal paper from the tendered *chapeau*. The name he announced with a puzzled expression was P. F. Warner. For a moment the English Lemaître was in a quandary, but after a brief colloquy with Mr. Andrew Lang, in which the word "Plum" was distinctly overheard, he sprang to his feet and in the most charming broken English delivered his *discours* as here set forth:—

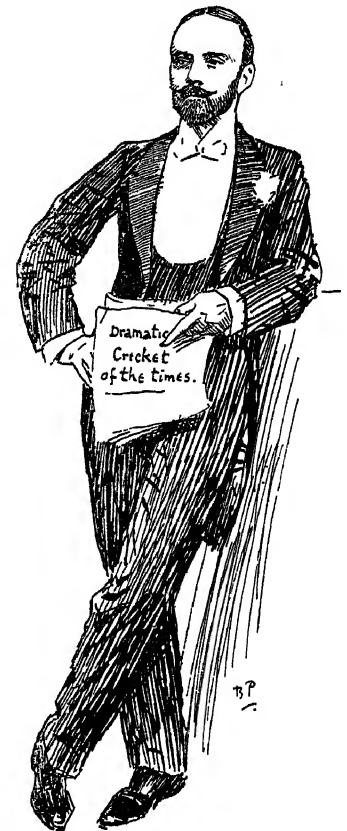
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Mons. A. B. Walkley on Mr. P. F. Warner.

"*Non omnia possumus omnes.* And how should I, giving laborious nights to the British drama and rich days to the Stagirite, achieve the form of all the Graces? Yet I am aware that the game of cricket numbers good intellects. The author of *Waterloo*, that ingenious *lever de rideau*, have I not seen his name among players for the M.C.C. (is it ?), while the terminology of the field, a little abrupt and unlovely perhaps, has its appeal to me by reason of a certain kinship to the terminology of the boards. Thus, I understand that cricketers, no less than plays, desire to run; that short runs are objectionable to both. Also that an innings, like a musical comedy, is all the better for cuts. But I am no cricketer, nor can I now learn. *O popoi!*

"Yet we are in harmony, cricketers and I. And since Mr. Warner has not extolled me, it is I that must extol him. Mahomet would not come to the mountain; the mountain, that is to say the Mons. (*c'est moi!*), must go to Mahomet. As I have said, I do not play cricket, yet there is a peculiar fitness in the subject of my eulogy in that we are both members of the 'honourable corporation of the goosequill.' This rôle, however, is 'doubled,' as the French have it, in the case of my illustrious contemporary by that of the leather-hunter; and in an Academy of All the Talents, reflecting the *enchevêtrement* of modern life, there surely must be room for one who wields the willow with even greater finesse and virtuosity than the pen. But, to adapt Sir Boyle Roche, no man can be in England and the Antipodes at the same time. And the great post which Plum Warner has been called to fill is fraught with momentous possibilities. He goes as an Ambassador from the mother to the most cricketal, I mean critical, of her children. The mood of Australia is suffused with that spirit or self-assertive exuberance which in the time of Alcibiades people called *hubris*. I have the fullest confidence that my gifted *confrère* Plum—will he allow me to call him 'Prune'?—Warner will transmute that spirit into the *epieikeia* glorified in the immortal and indispensable pages of Aristotle. But the task demands the endurance of a

pancratiast combined with the polyphonic versatility of a Humperdinck—qualities in a word almost equal to those demanded of a modern dramatic critic. In conclusion I have only to express my keen regret that my divided allegiance to letters and the drama has prevented me from achieving distinction on the *verdi prati* of Lord's. But in my inmost heart I have a deep affection for the popping crease. In a word, if I were not A.B.—I would be P.F.—W."



Mons. Walkley, after pulling out a Plum.



St. Loe for Merry England!

The hat was now offered to Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the Editor of the *Spectator*, but not until he was assured that (1) it had paid no duty; (2) it was made in Germany and had been "dumped" here; and (3) did not belong to a Protectionist, would he insert his hand. Opening the paper Mr. Strachey read aloud the name of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and plunged swiftly *in medias res* :—

The Editor of the "Spectator" on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

"We are extremely glad of the opportunity afforded us by the arbitrament of the hat of eulogising the great services rendered to his country by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. As the creator and exhumers of Sherlock Holmes he probably appeals to a *clientèle* almost if not quite as numerous as that of the *Spectator*. But we are not concerned with his achievements as a writer of robust fiction in the present article—I mean to say, Lord Rosebery and Gentlemen, if you will pardon my unfamiliarity with the use of the first

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person singular, it is not Doyle the novelist that I wish to praise to-day, but, needless to say, Doyle the patron of rifle clubs and the benefactor of the canine species.

"If we are to be secure against invasion, a peril now brought infinitely nearer by Mr. Chamberlain's disastrous crusade, we must have a citizen army. We must, that is, have 500,000 men each provided with a slouch hat and a Mauser pistol or a Morris tube, capable of hitting a haystack at, say, 200 yards. Unless and until we have such a force we are living in a fool's paradise. If and when we get it, we shall be able to say *securus judicat orbis*. Now it is in the encouragement of such a force, and especially in his insistence on the necessity of the slouch hat, that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has, of course, rendered yeoman's service to the community.

"But this only exhausts, if it does exhaust, one side of his patriotic activities. If there is one thing in which an Englishman takes an honest pride, it is his four-legged friend, *i.e.*, his dog. Cromwell and Wesley, who represented two widely divergent phases of the Puritan spirit in which the national fibre is most deeply rooted, were united by their common affection for the dog. Unless and until an Englishman possesses a dog, or, failing that, unless and until he has contributed a dog story to the columns of the *Spectator*, he cannot be admitted to have reached the full stature of his manhood, *i.e.* to be worthy of enrolment in a rifle club. Now Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has not only fulfilled this cardinal requisite of citizenship, but he has gone further. He has by his marvellous invention of a phosphorescent dog not only established his claim to be ranked in the same category with Edison and Röntgen, but he has immensely enhanced the strength, both offensive and defensive, of the British army. We, that is, I, am credibly informed that a handful of men armed with slouch hats, Mauser pistols and one well-trained phosphorescent dog, are capable of resisting a whole army corps."

Mr. William Watson, who had been furtively consulting his own book of *vers de société*, entitled *Assassins I Have Damned*, now stepped lightly forward in a pair of Pentelican sandals, and lifted the name of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain from the revolving hat of the Parcae. Lightly brushing aside the tears of the combined Muses, in a fine throaty voice whose forensic *timbre* recalled the best traditions of the Pnyx, he threw off the following sonnet:—



"His heavy hand is on your Children's Bread!"

Mr. William Watson on Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

"England, I told you so. The avenging
years,
Big with the boding signs that none
may burke,
At length achieve their ineluctable
work,
And you, that lightly plugged imper-
vious ears
Against the cry of Heaven's anointed
seers
Denouncing Abdul, that preposterous
Turk,
Deep-dyed with clotted sword and
sanguine dirk—
Pay your enacted toll in scalding
tears.
For he that trod but now the triumph-
way
With orchids twined about his wanton
hair,
His path a sea of roses bloody-red,
His step incorrigibly debonair,
Joseph, the jingo's darling—lo! to-
day
His heavy hand is on your Children's
Bread!"

Mr. Sidney Lee, who was deep in the pages of Miss Corelli's *Sorrows of Bacon* when the hat came to him, drew the name of Mr. Montague Holbein. Somewhat discomfited, he did his best to induce Mr. Swinburne to speak in his stead, but failing in the enterprise he took a header into his subject, and spoke thus:—

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Mr. Sidney Lee on Mr. Montague Holbein.

"Most of us have in our tender years emulated those little wanton boys that swim on bladders, to employ a quotation from the national poet. [The President here remarked that he must request Mr. Lee to avoid 'shop.' 'Hear, hear.'] But it has probably been given to few of the present company to achieve the degree of efficiency which has been acquired by Mr. Holbein. Speaking for myself, I may say that when I made my recent visit to America I had no hesitation in travelling thither by boat. Yet had I Mr. Holbein's capacity (due, I am informed by my friend Sir James Crichton-Browne, to an abnormal proportion of red corpuscles in his blood), I should doubtless have swum, a mode of progression peculiarly appropriate to one who, however humbly, endeavours to justify his title of Writer to the Cygnet of Avon—even at the risk of being late for my first lecture. The subject of my principal course, I may be permitted to mention, was Shak—['Order! Order!']

"Mr. Holbein's ancestor, known to fame as the painter of Henry the Eighth, father of Queen Elizabeth, in whose reign Shaks—[loud interruption]—Mr. Holbein's ancestor rejoiced in the name of Hans. Not so our hero. To be called Hans is a restriction. Why not feet too? I might go further and say, why not fins? For certainly this gentleman has, when in the water, such a command of all known modes of procedure as to suggest the possession of these useful, if not invariably ornamental, adjuncts. But, as I have said, Mr. Holbein preferred, and wisely preferred, in the matter of nomenclature to strike out—as a good swimmer should do—a line of his own. And in adopting the name of Montague he was guided by a sound instinct which appeals with special force to me in my character of a Stratford trustee. [The President again appealed to Mr. Lee to keep to the point.] Allow me to explain. Montague was the name of the traditional enemy of the Capulets in *Romeo and Juliet*. Romeo was a Montague. Concerning Romeo—['Order! Order!']

"Again, when Mr. Holbein was engaged on the superhuman feat which rendered the exploit of Leander nugatory and, if I may say so, unworthy of record in any self-respecting biographical dictionary, it is distinctly stated that he was anointed with porpoise-oil. Now the porpoise is commonly known as the sea pig, an animal from which, 'five fathoms deep,' mermaids cut their morning rashers—['Shame! shame!'] It would be otiose for me to pursue this suggestive train of thought further. I can only say in conclusion that next to the pleasure that I experienced from being presented with the freedom of St. Albans I must place that which I have derived from the privilege of being allowed to pass a brief but heartfelt panegyric on my illustrious and buoyant contemporary."

Mr. J. M. Barrie then advanced to the front of the dais. He had a child's rattle in one hand and in the other a chain, at the further end of which panted a large St. Bernard dog. With some difficulty he blew a kiss to the President, who said he hoped "Barrie was doing to be a dood boy to-day." Mr. Barrie then spoke:—

Mr. J. M. Barrie on Mr. A. J. Balfour.

"You are to understand that when I first saw him I was not so much struck by any greatness in him as by his pretty ways and the adorable pucker that would come on his forehead if anyone should make a pretence, for instance, of snatching a toy from his dimpled hand. Moreover he had a flush and a pout of his lips that no retired Indian Colonel ever resisted, so attractive were they and so infantile,



Leander loses the Grand Challenge.

"We were on good terms at once, for you must know that in the pleasantest Club in London no introductions are necessary. All you have to do is to select your child and make at him, putting your finger in your mouth and extracting it with a pop, an accomplishment easily acquired and, once learnt, never forgotten. This I tried on Arty and found him an audience of unrivalled appreciation, never tiring of the sport and urging me ever onward to fresh feats with my fingers, so that after a quarter of an hour of it I was compelled to desist, having, as I was careful to explain to him, exhausted my stock of corked bottles, and not having time to run round the corner to replenish it. At this he feigned anger and made as if he would leave me, but I was after him in a moment, and was just in the nick of time to pick him up from the ground where he had fallen with a dump that disarranged his Highland dress and shook the lobby to its foundations.



Mr. Barrie and his little Bow-wow.

"I ought to tell you here about 'The Other Man,' a base fellow who set up against me as a rival for the Child's affection. I desire to treat him with perfect fairness, and I admit that he had one thing about him in which he beat me, to wit, his eye-glass. But did that warrant him in thrusting me from the perambulator and trundling it fiercely over the floor, an orchid in his buttonhole and a bitter flash of anger in his eye? In vain I called upon Arty: he was gone in a moment, smiling, as I confess, with undeniable happiness and, in his childish way, calling on the passers-by to witness how Arty was leading The Other Man (which was true merely in the sense that, being pushed, he preceded him) and how his dear old Dooky-Dook (his former nurse) had gone and left him. I was about to set off after them when Babsy-wabsy, which was Arty's adorable word for tum-tums, warned me that the hour of luncheon was about to strike."

Mr. H. G. Wells, who was the next to be called on, wore his uniform as adjutant of the æromobilist battalion of the Sandgate Highlanders, and was observed to be munching a stick of Plasmon chocolate. Placing his disengaged hand in the hat with his wonted decision, he drew out a slip on which appeared the name of the Duke of Devonshire. Gracefully removing the chocolate from his mouth, and at the same moment stifling an involuntary yawn, Mr. Wells launched immediately into the following eloquent oration:—

Mr. H. G. Wells on the Duke of Devonshire.

"I am aware that there is a County of Devonshire—very inadequately mapped by the Ordnance Survey—but, like Mr. Andrew Lang, I have never heard of its eponymous potentate, for whose existence, however, I am content to take the Chairman's word. Upon Dukes as Dukes, however, I have theories, and if, as I imagine, I am called in to assist in the education of the present Duke—what is it, Somersetshire? Dorsetshire? no, Devonshire—I shall be very happy to lay the benefit of my ripe experience at his disposal.

"As an advocate of the New Republicanism I have at times felt tempted to answer in the affirmative the question, 'Should the aristocratic class be abolished?' So far as I have been able to determine, there is no peerage either amongst the Martians or the inhabitants of the Moon, while on this planet the hope of the race is centred in the development of an efficient and instructed middle-class. The testimony of the best writers of fiction is unanimous as to the detrimental character of Baronets. [Groans from Sir Thomas Lipton.] Earls stand condemned by the revolting incongruity of a nomenclature which describes their consorts not as Earlesses but Countesses. What are we to say, again, to a class which does not know whether to spell its title Marquis or Marquess? But the case of Dukes is peculiar. ['Hear, hear' from Mr. Balfour.] I may mention that I had a cousin in *The Sorcerer* who was a collateral descendant of the Iron Duke: his name was John Wellington Wells. This gives me some right to pronounce upon the subject. Moreover, as I have stated in italics in my work

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Mankind in the Making, honours and titles are a necessary complement to the Republican idea, and if we are to retain any of the existing appellations, there is none that has a stronger claim on our consideration than that of 'Duke.' Endearred to the shoemaking and knife-polishing industries by the invention of a Wellington; to tobacconists by the exploits of a Cavendish; to market gardeners by its strawberry-leaves, the ducal rank is one which cannot be lightly relegated to the limbo of obsolete and inefficient institutions.

"But, if we are to retain the order of Dukes, we must use every effort to bring them into line with the requirements of modern science. My views on the education of children are well known, and I would fain see them carried out with exceptional rigour in the case of ducal infants. First and foremost I lay stress on the acquirement of an articulate and refined pronunciation. The clipping of the final 'g,' calling window 'winder,' and other solecisms affected by the hereditary aristocracy should be ruthlessly discountenanced. Especial care, again, should be exercised in the choice of nursery rhymes. 'Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,' as I have observed in the treatise already referred to, seems to be a thoroughly innocuous versicle, and, if stress could be laid on the relative significance of the big and little loaf, might prove peculiarly helpful in consolidating the principles of a free fooder. Again, a warning against the deleterious Americanisation of our commercial system might be conveyed by a judiciously revised version of 'Little Jack Horner sat in a Corner.' Next in importance to pronunciation and recitation in building up the mental and moral equipment of our ideal Duke, I would place the handling of toy soldiers, with this proviso, that every army corps should be provided with a section of cyclist volunteers. At the age of ten the Duke should himself be instructed in the use of the bicycle (preferably a Bantam), the Mauser pistol, and the Bartitsu method of self-defence, a mode of fighting rendered indispensable by the Anglo-Japanese alliance. His diet meanwhile should be most carefully attended to. He must never be allowed to drink at meals, and should be strictly forbidden bull's-eyes, nougat, shrimps, truffles or *pâté-de-foie-gras*. Above all things he should be kept from indulgence in narcotics.



"When the Sleeper Wakes."

"We come now to school. It is difficult to know what to say about school except that Harrow is bad, Eton worse. Instruction by gramophone is perhaps best. For reading there is the *Fortnightly Review* and such a story as my own *Wonderful Visits of Elizabeth*. Cricket is not to be encouraged—[cries of 'Shame' from Mr. Barrie]—but experiments in practical chemistry or ensilage are useful.

"I see no harm in the Grand Tour, provided that it is for the most part accomplished in a flying machine.

"The time now approaches for the real business of life.

"What, then, does our Duke know? He knows how to drive an *aëroplane*, and when danger is imminent, thanks to me and my many works, how to become an invisible man. He understands the mechanism of the gramophone, the pianola, and possibly the turbine. He can write shorthand at the rate of 150 words a minute, he can conduct commercial correspondence in German, Spanish and Russian, and he is thoroughly *au fait* in all the processes which deal with the by-products of coal-tar. Thus equipped, it is time that he chose a profession; and for my part I can think of none better fitted to his rank or his attainments than that of a scientific romance-writer.

"Ought he, then, to write under his own name or adopt a pseudonym? I have no hesitation in recommending the former alternative. For one thing, he will be the first Duke to embrace this calling, and his achievements will have all the freshness that attaches to the spade-work of a pioneer. On the fortunate collocation of a title and an author's name the success of a book has often ere now depended. This is a point on which I am able to speak with a peculiarly intimate personal feeling, since I am all too well aware that the popularity of my romance, *When the Sleeper Wakes*, would have been undoubtedly trebled had I been able to add, 'By the Duke of Devonshire.'"

At this point the Chairman wound a small horn and cried, "What ho, within! Sir Maurice!" Executing, with consummate facility, the opening steps of an Angevin galliard to the air of *The Boys of the Old Crusade*,

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Mr. Hewlett advanced to the hat and drew the speaking name of Perks. A certain suspicion of collusion fell upon him as he extracted half a quair of type-written foolscap from his surcoat-pocket, and delivered, from behind it, the following flowers of English undefiled :—

Mr. Maurice Hewlett on Mr. Perks.

“‘Pardie! but there has been mole-work afoot,’ cried Sir Perques, the same that was known as Robert Hob-and-Nob, for that none could well say how else he came by his hail-fellowship with the Knighthood. ‘And, so my boring methods serve, there shall be breaches agape in the bastions of Heathenry ere the moon has done hollowing her sickle!’ And his eye shone shiftily in a face pale with the vigils of *Les Deux Mondes*, this and the next. And under it a tabard stuck full of phylacteries and splashed with the sign of Aquarius on a ground of broadcloth; and thereto a running scroll—*Deus et perquisita mea*.

“But my lord of Durdans, that had Sir Perques for Squire unbidden, lay a-bed. And over his pavilion blew a burgee that showed a hand-plough upon a field of efficiency demi-wavy. And, save on fine afternoons, when he had a fancy to caracole at large in the manner of the *haute école*, rode he not forth. But at such times, he being within bolt-shot of the walls, and the arbalists of the watch drawing upon him, he would up with his hands and ‘Odds Ladas! A truce, Messires,’ he would cry; ‘would ye do damage to a chivaler and a sportsman that makes challenge for mere joy?’ and so shamed them by sheer weight of pleasantry.

“But Sir Perques, that was of a tough stock, and had no lore of vinery, brooked not these courtesies of the chase. And ‘Sire!’ he cried to deaf ears, ‘our leaguer is wrought of laggard stuff, with none to head the assault. By my halitube, but I will myself descend into the heart of earth, and none shall say of me that I would not bore with what strength I had. And let me but blow these blasted ramparts in air, and soothly there will be leaders enow to conduct a dead cert.’ And so disappeared into the underground and was no more heard of.

“But none the less my lord of Durdans continued to lie a-bed very comfortably, or else ride forth, to the admiration of either camp, in a privy capacity, just as it occurred to his dear heart.”

Before the murmurs of applause which greeted the last effusion had died away Lord Rosebery again rose, and, commanding silence by an impressive gesture, thus addressed the company :—

“Gentlemen, or shall I not rather say Fellow Immortals! It is with mingled feelings, in which pride is perhaps the predominant partner, that I rise to call a halt in this witch dance of genius over which I have been supremely privileged to preside in the ornamental rather than onerous *rôle* of master of the ceremonies. My only regret has been that selection was necessary, and that it has not been possible for every one of us to indulge in these exhilarating exercises of eulogism. Yet enough has been done to vindicate triumphantly the prescience of the august pontiff who has called this body into existence, and nobly filled a *hiatus* hitherto painfully conspicuous in the Republic of Letters and of Learning. I have only one request to make of you—that you should join with me in your most sonorous tones in acclaiming our founder and eponymous hero, *Mr. Punch!*”

A salvo of prolonged and poignant cheers was the immediate response to Lord Rosebery's eloquent appeal. At last the Members of *Mr. Punch's* Academy, exhausted by transports of mutual admiration, retired gracefully in order of merit from the apartment, and the inaugural ceremony was at an end.



Mr. Hewlett obliges with a mediæval turn.

HARRY AND POLLY.



THIS is the story true,
The story of Harry and Polly,
Two little elves
Who were left to themselves
While their mothers talked about many
things,
Butchers and cooks and silks and rings,
And money that seemed to be made with
wings,
And terrible bills that grew
Till they both felt melancholy.

Now Harry had never seen Poll,
And Poll had never eyed Harry,
Until, as I say,
They met this day.
So they sat on a sofa and longed and
looked,
And Polly felt that her heart was
booked,
And Harry knew that his goose was
cooked.

She said, "Do you like my doll?"
And he said, "Rather! let's marry."

Then she with a blush said "Oh!"
They vowed they'd never be parted:
She'd be a Princess
In a satin dress;
"I'll be a Prince with a sword," said
he,
"And I'll have a crown on my head,"
said she,
"And we'll always have cake and jam
for tea"—

Then he gave her a kiss, and, lo,
In a moment a quarrel started.

I don't know how the tiff began,
I hardly think it matters,

But up and down the room they ran,
And tore their clothes to tatters.
No end of toys they trod to bits,
And naughty words were spoken;
Two dolls who saw them fight had
fits;
A drum was beat and broken.

He tripped her up and pulled her nose,
An ungallant proceeding;
Flung down, her fingers spread, she rose
And set his cheeks a-bleeding.



She scratched him hard, she slapped him
well,
They each slapped one another;
She promised him to go and tell
Her trouser-wearing brother.

She bent a bugle on his head,
And made his shorts want patching;
He called her cat "because," he said,
"It's cats that do the scratching."

Their mothers, far removed from them,
Pursued their tittle-tattle,
And no one intervened to stem
The torrent of the battle.

A quarter of an hour they tugged
And fought—at last they dropped it,
And, having made their row, they
hugged
And made it up and stopped it.

Ah, then the battered gentleman recalled
His manners: he remembered what he
was,

And all the pride and duty of his sex.
And she, the scratcher, though her frock
was torn,
And though her back was something
black and blue,
Smiled through her tears and shook him
by the hand.

The broken toys were gathered from the
floor
And set aside with care, to be re-glued
At leisure by a nursemaid. From the
floor

Where stretched they lay, the pallid
dolls were raised,
Reft of much sawdust, with their fea-
tures gone,
And all their silken tresses disarrayed.
The drum that loudly beat them on to
war,
Now by its gaping rent to silence
vowed,
Was moved away; the bugle next re-
sumed
Its normal straightness, and the room
had peace.

Then swift he oped a cupboard that he
knew,
And from a shelf therein he drew a plate,
And on the plate a lordly cake reposed,



A knife projecting from its toothsome
rind.
This cake he offered; she accepted it,
And both sat munching till, their gossip
done,
Their mothers came and marvelled at
the scene.

R. C. L.

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CHARIVARIA.

EVEN the most optimistic do not expect we shall have such nice Christmas weather this winter as we had last August.

It is reported that a movement is on foot to present the Clerk of the Weather with a calendar.

To those on the look-out for a species of Christmas card known in the trade as "Comics," we would strongly recommend "Ye Old Englyshe Sette," bearing

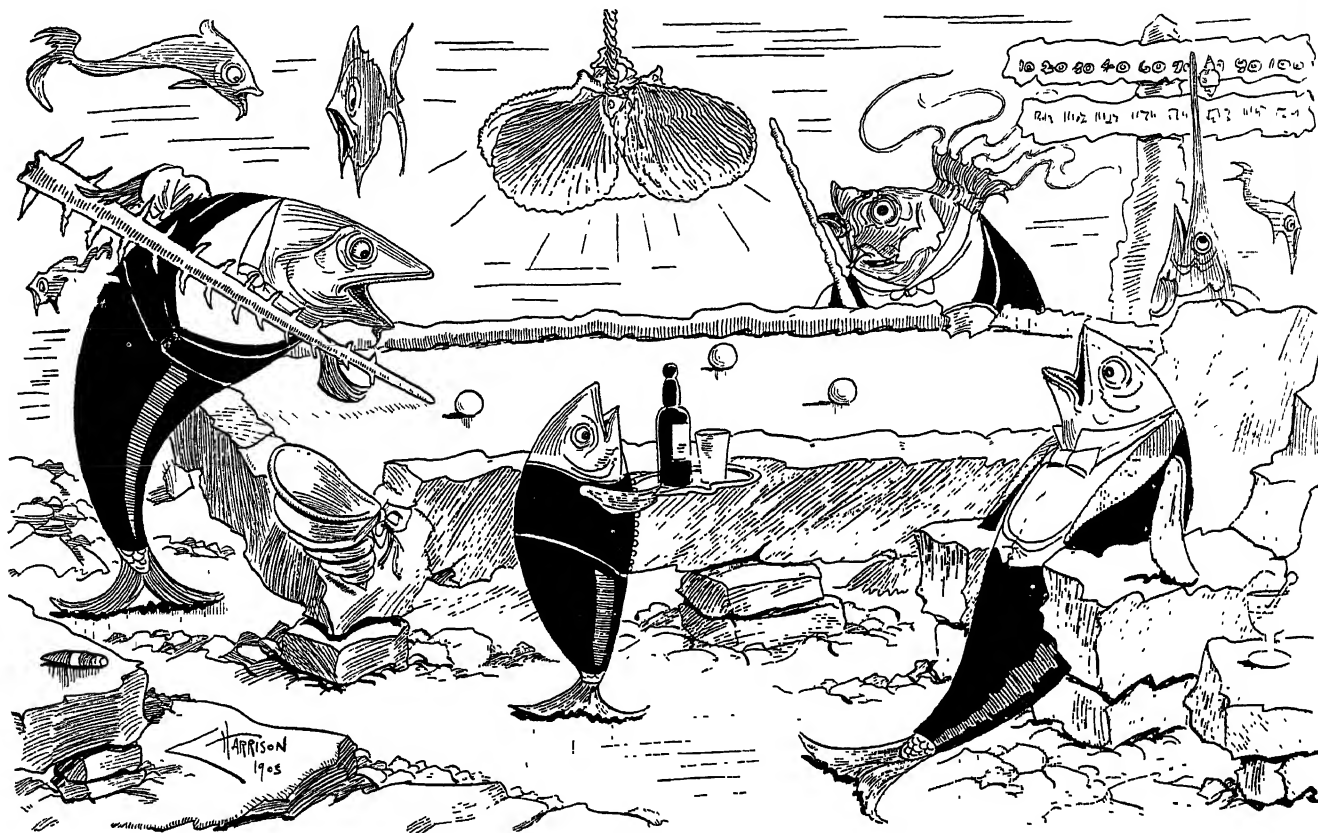
tion, "Does Christmas promote Good-will towards all Men?" and asks how many known instances there are of Christmas Boxes having been given to Rate Collectors.

A timely article in *Useful Home Hints* strongly recommends ladies not to wait, but to buy their furs for next summer now, as one gets a better selection than later on.

There will be scarcely a pantomime this season which will not contain references to the Fiscal Controversy,

We are sorry to be unable to publish the short speech made by Major Grimworthy (whom we are all so pleased to see back from India) on the occasion of his sitting down on some holly by mistake.

We have received from the "Society for Protecting Our Little Ones" a pamphlet on the danger of eating ices. We are afraid that the love of ices is inborn in us, and will prove ineradicable. It will be remembered that Man did not put in an appearance till the Glacial Period.



UNDER-SEA STUDIES.

A LITTLE GAME OF BILLIARDS AT MR. JOHN DORY'S. SKETCHED BY OUR PANTOMIMIC ARTIST.

the inscription: "Wishynge you and youres ye complimentes of ye season. Oh yes! Oh yes! God save ye Kynge! Greetynge!" Excellent humour such as this never palls on one, and the card manufacturers know it.

There will always be kill-joys. A firm has already begun to advertise, "The Best Christmas Box for your Little Boy is a Box of our Pills."

And the current number of a Law Paper contains an article on "The Legal Rights of Persons Kissed under the Mistletoe *contra voluntatem*."

Another paper propounds the ques-

and one can imagine the roars of delight with which the tiny trots who patronise such entertainments will greet these remarks. We are always surprised that a Pantomime treating of Bimetallism has not yet been produced.

We fancy, by the by, that it will be found that, owing to Free Food, the Imports into British Little Boys this Christmas will show no signs of falling off.

Meanwhile we hear that a portion of the enlarged St. Mary's Hospital is to be set aside specially for children, and this wing will be known as "Little Mary's Hospital."

We are informed that the Arbitration Treaty with France is only "a first step." We understand a more important one is to follow which will permit the two Powers to deal with any question in dispute between them, whether pending or future, in *any way they like*.

A prisoner pleaded for leniency at the London Sessions on the ground that he wrote poetry. The Recorder promptly sentenced him to five years' imprisonment as an enemy of Society.

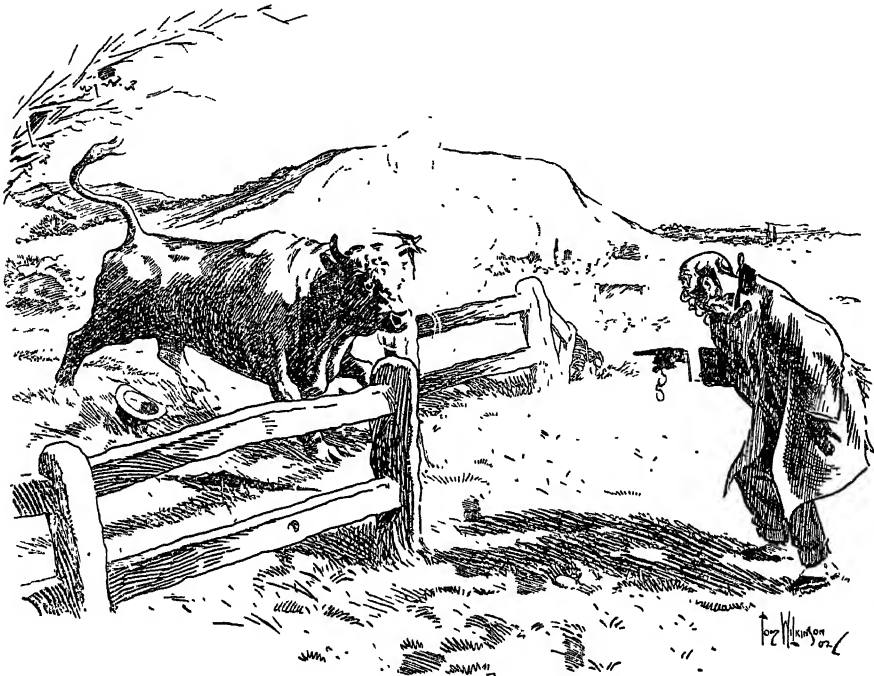
It was an Irish parent who, at the Christmas feast, cried out, "There's too much talking, children! Keep your mouths shut and eat your dinner."



FIRST MEET OF 1904.

MR. PUNCH'S HOUNDS DRAW THE ALMANACK COVERS. GOOD SPORT EXPECTED IN
THE NEW YEAR GORSE.

LESSONS IN POLITENESS; OR, HOW TO TAME THE SAVAGE BEAST.



Binks (who has been "assisted" over fence, politely to Bull). "AND NOW, WOULD YOU MIND THROWING OVER MY HAT AND UMBRELLA?"



Polite Hunter (whose lunch has suddenly been disturbed by lion, which, having devoured everything, seizes his cigar-case, which he has dropped). "ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU THE MATCHES!"



Traveller (snap-shooting tropical river, suddenly confronted by hippopotamus). "JUST KEEP LIKE THAT ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!" (Rapturously) "SUCH A DELIGHTFUL EXPRESSION!"



Tourist in Egypt (who, after bathing, returns to find crocodile alongside his clothing). "IT'S REALLY AWFULLY GOOD OF YOU TO MIND MY CLOTHES, BUT" (courteously) "I ASSURE YOU, I CAN REALLY MANAGE QUITE NICELY NOW, THANK YOU!"



•RIP VAN WINKLE
AT WESTMINSTER•

"A good night's work," said Rip Van Winkle Jesse Collings, Member for the Bordesley Division of Birmingham in the eleventh Parliament of Queen Victoria. "The stop-gap Government, Joe called it in one of his illuminating phrases. Well, now we've swept it away."

It was the 26th of January, 1886. A month earlier a General Election had placed Mr. Gladstone in power with a majority within two of the aggregate of Conservatives and Parnellites. Lord Salisbury, though in this hopeless condition, met Parliament as Premier. On the Address the Member for Bordesley moved an amendment insisting on the agricultural labourer having three acres and a cow. The Government, resisting, were hopelessly defeated and must needs resign.

Hence the joy of Jesse. "I'll go home and have a rest," he said. "Think I've earned it." So he took the train for Birmingham and made for his ancestral home at Edgbaston.

Now Jesse practised what he preached. Like Bobby Spencer, he was "not an agricultural labourer." But not far from his own door he possessed three acres and a cow. Many an afternoon he spent there meditating on the iniquity of Lord Salisbury, and communing with himself as to whether Conservatives as a Party were more ignorant or more designing.

On the day after his home-coming Jesse, as was his custom of an afternoon, strolled over to the three acres. It was a bright sunlit day, a waif of Spring strayed into Winter. Jesse always carried about with him a sheaf

of newspaper cuttings containing speeches by his friend and neighbour, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. To take them out and read them in the train, whilst waiting to keep an engagement, or in any otherwise idle moment, was, as Jesse said, with sly consciousness of the play upon words, "a Liberal education." Seated in a secluded corner of his three acres, with the cow musically munching the succulent grass, Jesse took out one of the Master's Birmingham speeches and read a favourite passage.

"The only practical suggestion I gathered from Lord Salisbury's speech last night," so it ran, "is that although he is an enthusiastic Free Trader, he would, if he had the power, impose duties on food and clothing, and on the raw materials coming to us from America, and from our Colonies, in the expectation, as he says, that that would induce them to take rather more of our manufactures. Well, if I had time I could point out to you the absurdity and impracticability of any such scheme as that. But what I say now is, that if it should be carried out, it means that every workman in Birmingham and throughout the country would pay more for his loaf, and more for his clothes, and more for every other necessary of his life, in order that great manufacturers might keep up their profits, and in order, above all, that great landlords might maintain and raise their rents."

"What a man it is!" murmured Jesse enthusiastically. "There never was anyone who could put a great truth into sharper, more memorable, phrase."

Reading on, Jesse's head drooped on his breast. The munching of the cow by his side grew more dreamy. Presently he slept.

On waking in the morning Jesse felt uncommonly hungry, but to his surprise was not at all cold. The weather seemed to have altogether changed. It was, in truth, or seemed to be, full summer-time. The trees were in leaf, the grass was lush. Grass reminded him of the cow, and with that memory came sweet thought of a brimming cup of milk. Looking round he, with a start, found the field, save for himself, tenantless. Here were the three acres, but where was the cow? Close by him he observed, half hidden in the tall grass, a skeleton. That it had been a horned animal was all that was certain in its decay. There was also something that might have been a tail. But it had nothing of that kind, not a single hair, to unfold.

"Strange," said Jesse to himself, "I never noticed that before. Must get Ned, the gardener, to dig in the bones, and he may as well go and look for the cow. I'll go home and get some breakfast."

Conscious of unwonted stiffness in the limbs, Jesse strode through the long grass out into the road and made for his home. Felt he must have taken a wrong turning. Instead of the comfortable, respectable street with villa



"Seated in a secluded corner of his three acres."

residences he had passed through the night before, there were nothing but shops. But he could not mistake his own freehold residence. Here it was, transmogrified into a draper's shop, with Nicodemus Hartop on the window plate, and, among other trade announcements, one offering at reduced prices "straw hats for horses."

"Straw hats for horses!" murmured Jesse, passing his hand over his brow, which he found surprisingly furrowed.

Entering the shop he timidly asked if they could tell him where Mr. Jesse Collings lived. A portly person whom Jesse surmised might be Nicodemus Hartop, glancing suspiciously at the



"Jesse Collings? No such person in this neighbourhood."

figure before him, said, "Jesse Collings? Jesse Collings? No such person in this neighbourhood. There was a Radical fellow of that name who, I believe, lived somewhere about here seventeen years ago, five years before the first shop was made out of a villa. He disappeared; came to no good. What could he expect of a mutinous Radical who spoke disrespectfully of landlords, and went about preaching a doctrine in favour of one man one vote, or one man one cow, I forget which. Birmingham's as much changed now as is this street. No more of your low Radical unsectarian education for us. We're the heart of the Empire, and our Joe is the companion of kings, the bosom friend of Bishops."

Poor Jesse crept out of the shop with faltering steps. Someone had gone mad. It must be Nicodemus Hartop.

"I'll go down to the House," he said, "and see how Mr. G. is getting on with the formation of his Government. When Under Secretaryships are going he can't forget the man who carried the amendment on the Address that turned Old Sarum out."

Feeling in his pocket Jesse turned out a bunch of rusty keys, a knife that wouldn't open, and a mouldy purse. The latter contained both gold and silver. Breakfasting at the railway station he took the train to London,

and making his way to Westminster by circuitous route reached the Terrace of the House of Commons.

At the far end he came upon a tall lithe figure with whiskerless face and an eye-glass. Jesse started.

"Why," he exclaimed, "it's Joe as I knew him twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago! Don't you know me, Chamberlain?" he tremblingly asked, holding out a hand which he could not fail to observe would have been better for being washed.

"Can't say I do," said the hon. Member, regarding Jesse with that look he had seen in the eyes of others when they rested upon him. "Who are you?"

"I'm Jesse Collings."

"Garn. Old Jesse was kidnapped seventeen years ago. Left his home at Edgbaston one afternoon, saying he'd be back d'reckly. Never been seen since. Believed to be marooned in some distant Archipelago. At the time folk looked askance at Jemmy Lowther and Harry Chaplin. But there was no evidence. All that was known was that, within twenty-four hours of turning out the Salisbury Government on the Address, Jesse vanished from human ken."

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"If you allude to my right hon. relative, the late Colonial Secretary, I am not. I am merely his son."

"What, Austen?" cried Jesse, making as if to throw himself into his arms, a movement deftly frustrated. "How you've grown since yesterday! So Mr. G. made your father Colonial Secretary, did he? I rather thought he wanted to go to the Board of Trade."

"Mr. G.?" said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, severely. "Mr. G.'s been dead for years. My father, appointed Colonial Secretary in Lord Salisbury's Government, till lately held the same place under Arthur Balfour, to-day Prime Minister in the Unionist Party."

Jesse passed his hand across his brow with the same dazed movement that marked his action in the Edgbaston shop. His knees shook under him. "Unionist Party; what's that?" he whispered in choked voice.

He would have fallen had not Austen, pitying the venerable figure, led him to a bench and ordered tea, with House of Commons buttered buns, strawberries and cream. Partaking of this frugal, but welcome fare, Rip Van Winkle Jesse Collings, pouring incessant inquiry, learned some strange things. Austen, whom he used to tip when he went down to see him at Rugby, was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Hartington, right-hand of the Liberal Party last

night (Jesse always spoke of his former state as if it existed last night), was now Duke of Devonshire. Late colleague of Lord Salisbury, he had recently resigned the Leadership of the House of Lords, and was regarded by the ex-Colonial Secretary as not sound on fiscal policy.

Jesse was much puzzled to hear that Lord Selborne was First Lord of the Admiralty.

"For a man of his age," he said, "isn't it rather a change? Never heard of an ex-Lord Chancellor going to the Admiralty."

"It's his son and successor," Austen explained. "Young Wolmer that was; a promising fellow with a strong prejudice against the peerage."

"And George Curzon Viceroy of India! Why last night he was a hoity-toity whipper-snapper who couldn't get the House to listen to him. And you say Mr. G., forming his Ministry after I turned out the Stop-Gap Government, made St. John Brodrick Secretary of State for War?"

"No, no," Austen explained that and much else till, fearing his old friend would, if the subject were pursued, fall into a state of coma, he led him gently out and conveyed him to Princes Gardens, where a bath, a barber, and a new suit of clothes did marvels.



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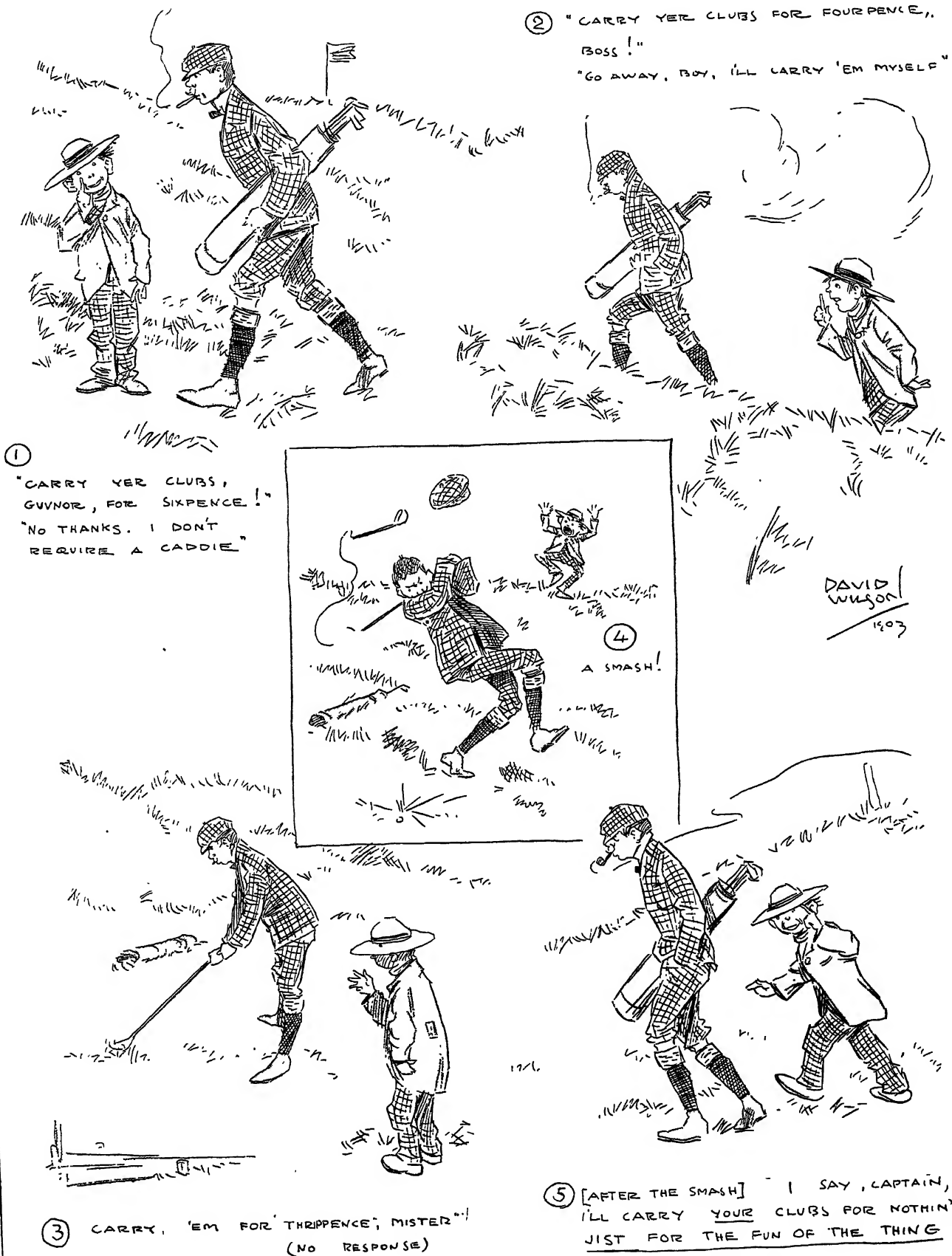
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NEW YEAR'S EVE.



WONDERFUL DREAM, AS RECOUNTED BY A GENTLEMAN WHO, AFTER SUPPING TOO WELL AND VERY UNWISELY, PASSED THE NIGHT IN A ROOM HUNG WITH "GOBLIN TAPESTRY."

APPRECIATION.





DIPLOMACY.

First Boatman (sotto voce). "THAT'S ONLY THE WEEDS HE'S CAUGHT."
Second Boatman. "HAUD YER TONGUE, YE MUCKLE SUMPH! IT'S A GLASS OF WHUSKY WE'LL BE GETTIN' IF THE BODY THINKS HE'S LOST A FUSH!"

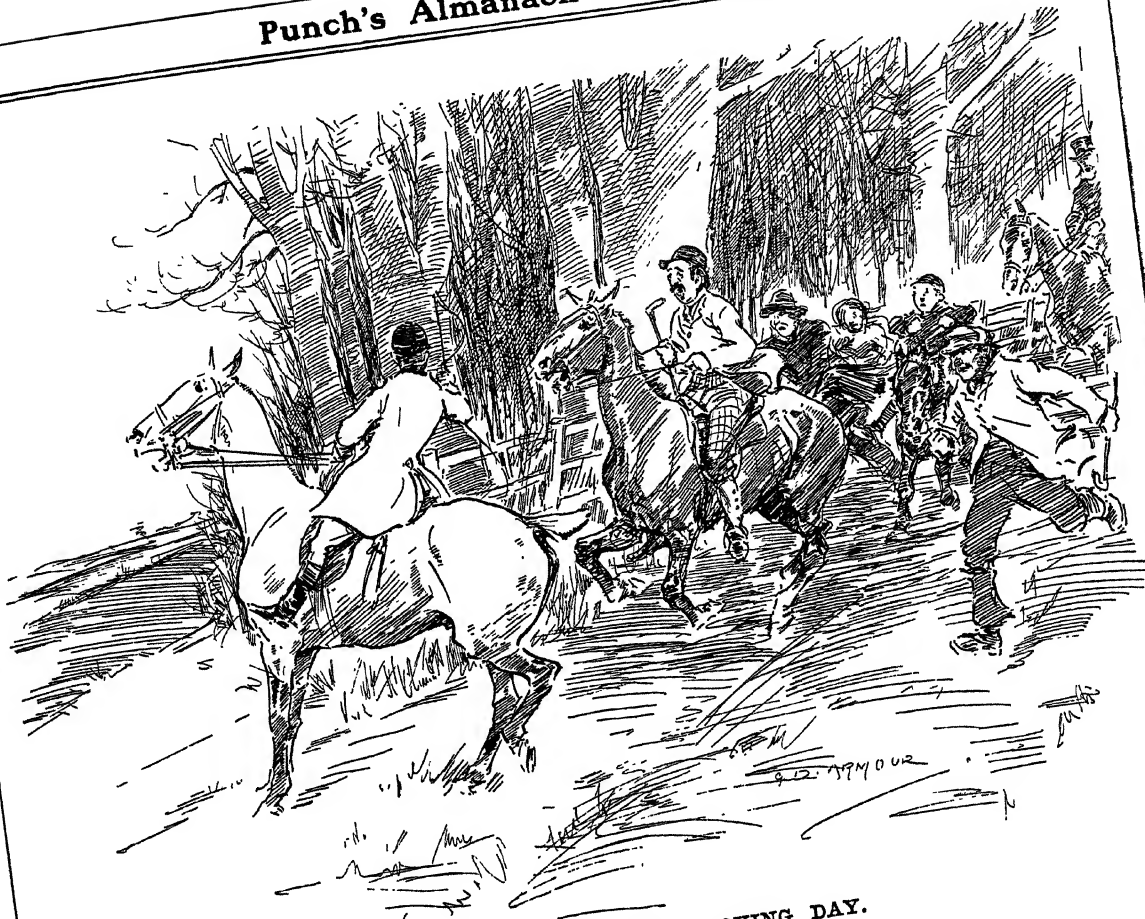


HIS FIRST PARTRIDGE SHOOT.



ARCHERY.

She. "Look at Minnie Brown and the young millionaire, Cashley. She's trying Cupid's dart on him."
He. "Yes, she hopes to hit the gold!"



ECHOES OF THE CHASE. BOXING DAY.

Holiday Sportsman (to Whip, who has been hollering) "Where's the Fox?"
Whip. "GONE AWAY, OF COURSE."
H. S. "GONE AWAY! WOTCHER MAKIN' ALL THAT NOISE FOR, THEN? I THOUGHT YOU'D CAUGHT 'IM!"



"GOOD MORNING, MISS SMITH. RATHER A HEAVY FALL OF—



SNOW!"

LOVE IN A MIST.

[It has been said that one of the most remarkable characteristics of the year 1903 has been the number of proposals made in the rain.]

BENEATH an Ifracombe machine,
While thunder storms were raging,
Strephon and Chloe found the scene
Exceedingly engaging;
Though Mother Earth reproached the
skies
With flinging pailfuls at her,
When Strephon looked in Chloe's eyes
The weather didn't matter.

When 'Arry up on 'Ampstead 'Eath
Performed a double shuffle,
The rain above, the mud beneath,
His spirits failed to ruffle;
For 'Arriet was by his side
In maddened mazes whirling—
And little cared his promised
bride
To see her plumes uncurling.

For one resplendent Summer morn
Young Edwin fondly waited,
Till Angelina grew forlorn
And quite emaciated.
When Hampton Court was like a sponge,
With mists their way beguiling,
He seized her hand and took the
plunge,
And came up—wet and smiling.



SALMON FISHING.

(After Albert Dürer.)

CHARIVARIA.

PERHAPS the most pathetic result of times being bad was that a father, on his three little daughters rushing into his study the other day with the words "Oh, Daddy, we want to give you a Christmas present," had to reply, "Ah, my dears, I am afraid I cannot afford one this year."

It is characteristic of the emancipation of women that the development of humour is not accompanied in them with a corresponding increase of reverence. "Yes," the young man was saying, "I accompanied him on his travels. He has written a book about them. I don't know what he is going to call it." "Well," said the maiden, "Stevenson wrote a book called, *Through the Cevennes with a Donkey*."

A sensational confession has taken place. A lady, racked by the torments of her conscience, has acknowledged in

the columns of *Hearth and Home* that she is the inventress of what is known in Suburbia as "the Cosy Corner"—the shelf above, the pottery, and everything.

A certain reverend gentleman, in delivering a discourse on Over-dressing last Sunday, was so carried away by his subject that, in his enthusiasm, he worked his tie off.

Servants, as their scarcity increases, get more and more exacting. Some now object to being referred to as servants, and insist on being called "Paid Guests."

It is said that Lord Rosebery's advocacy of Free Trade is due to a fear that the price of ploughs might go up under Protection.

The writer of these notes has received

an advertisement headed "A Cure for Torturing Humours."

Are crinolines coming in again? Several ladies were to be seen in balloons at the last meeting of the Aero Club at Paris.

Lady of Uncertain Age (discussing dinner party). No, I cannot say it was very complimentary; they gave me to an Archæologist to take down.

Our Tobacconist: "Yes, Sir, that is 2½d. Will you take the farthing, or have one of our cigars, Sir?"

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.—No, it is quite a mistake to imagine that the collection of a million used postage stamps is a waste of energy. As soon as he has got together the requisite number the collector will be admitted to any of our big asylums without having to pass the entrance examination.

"NOËL! NOËL!"



"ALL AGOG!"

EXIT.



BRADEN HILL

GOOD-BYE!



THE SKIPPING-ROPE OF TIME.

Father Time: "Welcome! for rareness lends you dearer worth,
So seldom comes your kind upon the scene,
Like intermittent angels, dropt to earth,

"I am an old, old man and know the ropes,
And long ago I left that age behind
When Woman, formulating leap-year hopes,
Punctured my peace of mind.

"Yet there be skippers—lither-limbed than I,
And needing less to undergo repairs—
Shall veer their course in vain to pass you by,
You and your Siren snares!"



NEW YEAR SUPERSTITIONS.

In some parts of Lincolnshire it is considered most unlucky to be murdered by a dark man on New Year's Eve.

In Lancashire, if an unmarried woman loses either leg in a railway accident on

New Year's Eve, it is regarded as an evil omen, and a sign that she will not meet her future husband during the ensuing twelve months.

Dorsetshire folk firmly believe that if they meet a mad bull on New Year's morning it is an almost certain sign that they will shortly go on a journey.

A native of the Outer Hebrides would be greatly upset if he were to drop a five pound note into the fire on New Year's Eve.

In many homes of the North misfortune is looked for whenever the first New Year visitor happens to be a criminal lunatic.

THE DARLING OF MOST OF THE GODS.

When an audience for half the night has sat enthralled by such a spectacle as this latest triumph of Mr. TREE's enchantments, it is thankless and even idle work for critics to temper their praise with reflections upon the dramatic merit of the play which happens to have been going on in the foreground. One comes on these occasions to delight and educate the eye, and not to be made to think. And in any case the question is one of artistic balance and proportion. In a play of human character one does not want to be overmuch diverted by the scenic background; and in a play whose chief motive is spectacular the human interest should not make too importunate an appeal. It suffices if this interest serves to engage, without absorbing, the mental sympathies, leaving the senses free to play at large. Besides, there are limits to the receptive capacities of even a British audience.

The Darling of the Gods is an ordinary melodrama, whose claim upon our gratitude lies in its unassertive contribution to the picture. To say, as one critic has said, that it would have failed if it had been played in modern European costume, is to compliment rather than disparage its qualities. Whether from accident or design, the value of its moving figures was justifiably plastic rather than dramatic. The stately reserve of Mr. BASIL GILL's attitudes as *Kara* of the Samurai most notably illustrated this characteristic. Only rarely did the drama dominate its outward adorning, as in the scene outside the Shoji of *Yosan*—by far the best scene in the play, and recalling, by the vivid directness of its action, that curiously Hellenic tragedy, *The Cat and the Cherub*; or as in the episodes of the Carp-fisher (Mr. HAVILAND) and of the outcast Geisha, whose impersonation by Miss MAUD HILDYARD had in it just a touch of SADI YAKKO's art. But these were minor characters. The protagonists played throughout with quiet restraint and a fine disregard of their own personal identities, like priests in a temple, properly awed and overshadowed by their environment.

I have seen it written that the play suffered from the failure of the spectator to recognise his favourites from the start; that "he had not, as it were, the Miss LENA ASH-WELL that he knew to help him to get on to the track of the story." Yet surely that was one of the most engaging features of the play. It so chanced that there is no one who has recently been more embarrassed in her playing by what was expected of her as a matter of almost religious tradition than this same charming actress. I ventured to hint as much in reviewing Mr. JONES's Monte Carlo play. And here she was, fresh from a convent school, delightfully innocent and Japanese, and for the first time for many years *absolutely without a past*. It is true that, before the drama proper was over, by steady attention to her business she had acquired one,—a sort of *multopostfuturum* past, covering a matter of some thousand years in "the hells" (the longest stage-interval at which I remember to have ever assisted)—but by how unfamiliar a process! Not by the usual breach of female virtue, but by a really quite excusable flaw in that sense of honour which is popularly regarded as the exclusive birthright of the ruder sex. Already, in an earlier scene, she had trembled on the brink of a blasphemous falsehood, and had only saved herself by recourse to casuistry; and, even so, had betrayed her womanly contempt for the minor moralities by the ingenuous admission that "it is better to lie a little than to be unhappy much."

As to her punishment, I never came upon a worse case of the miscarriage of poetic justice. Her lover, who owed the temporary preservation of his head to her betrayal (in exchange for his release) of the hiding-place of his comrades, himself threatens her with the sentence of death which, but for her intervention, he would not have been in a position to deliver at all. How different from the ideal conditions in

Mr. GILBERT's *Mikado*, where the punishment was arranged to fit the crime.

I must hope that Occidental influences have since 1877 mitigated the disabilities of women in the neighbourhood of Tosan.

For these scenes of "Old Japan," in which a little red book about love (produced in London) is the only hint of the coming of European ideas, are laid in a period scarce a full generation away, and within the reign of the present Emperor. I noticed an announcement of the presence, on the first night, of the Minister of our Allies; but nothing was said about the Russian Minister. If the latter has seen the play by now, I do hope that no misconception, arising out of the barbaric nature of the spectacle, will encourage him to report too confidently to his Government on the mediævalism of Japanese methods.

Humorous relief, as the phrase is, was provided by the quaint courtesies and self-depreciation of Oriental phraseology; and the use of these gave an easy note of irony to the terrible scene in *Zakkuri's* Sword-room; but to have kept up the convention at the tragic ending in the Bamboo Forest and to have put the words "Abjectly I ask your pardon" in the mouth of *Yosan*, was perhaps an error of judgment.

The stage-management on the first night was marvellous; and the swift, clean, unhesitating movements of all the supernumeraries was a triumph of intelligent adaptability. I am glad to think that the brilliant work of the scenic artists will be publicly recognised at a dinner to be shortly given to this branch of the profession by their many admirers in the world of drama, literature and art.

I have said nothing of the individual acting of Mr. TREE. But then I have rarely been able to describe the appearance of anybody who has not been ill-dressed either through excess or defect. And so with Mr. TREE's performance, which left the audience entirely satisfied without the trouble of seeking a reason. Who the "Darling of the Gods" was I never rightly discovered, but I am sure that the Immortals of the Gallery, despite the noisy but negligible dissent of a small minority, must in their hearts have assigned to Mr. TREE that flattering title-rôle. O. S.

EMOLLIENTS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

AMERICAN STYLE.

I.

THE scene is Mrs. RONALD CAY's reception room, Fifth Avenue, New York. It is expensively furnished, in one of the several modes which the custom of the moment allows to be correct. Mr. PONTIUS WATTLE is sitting on an uncomfortable chair, his legs crossed, his hat in his hand, his gaze fixed on the ceiling. He is a man of medium height, about forty-five or fifty, rather dark, and looks a little like a Baptist clergyman who is not dependent on his salary. A maid comes in.

The Maid. Mrs. CAY will be down directly, Sir.

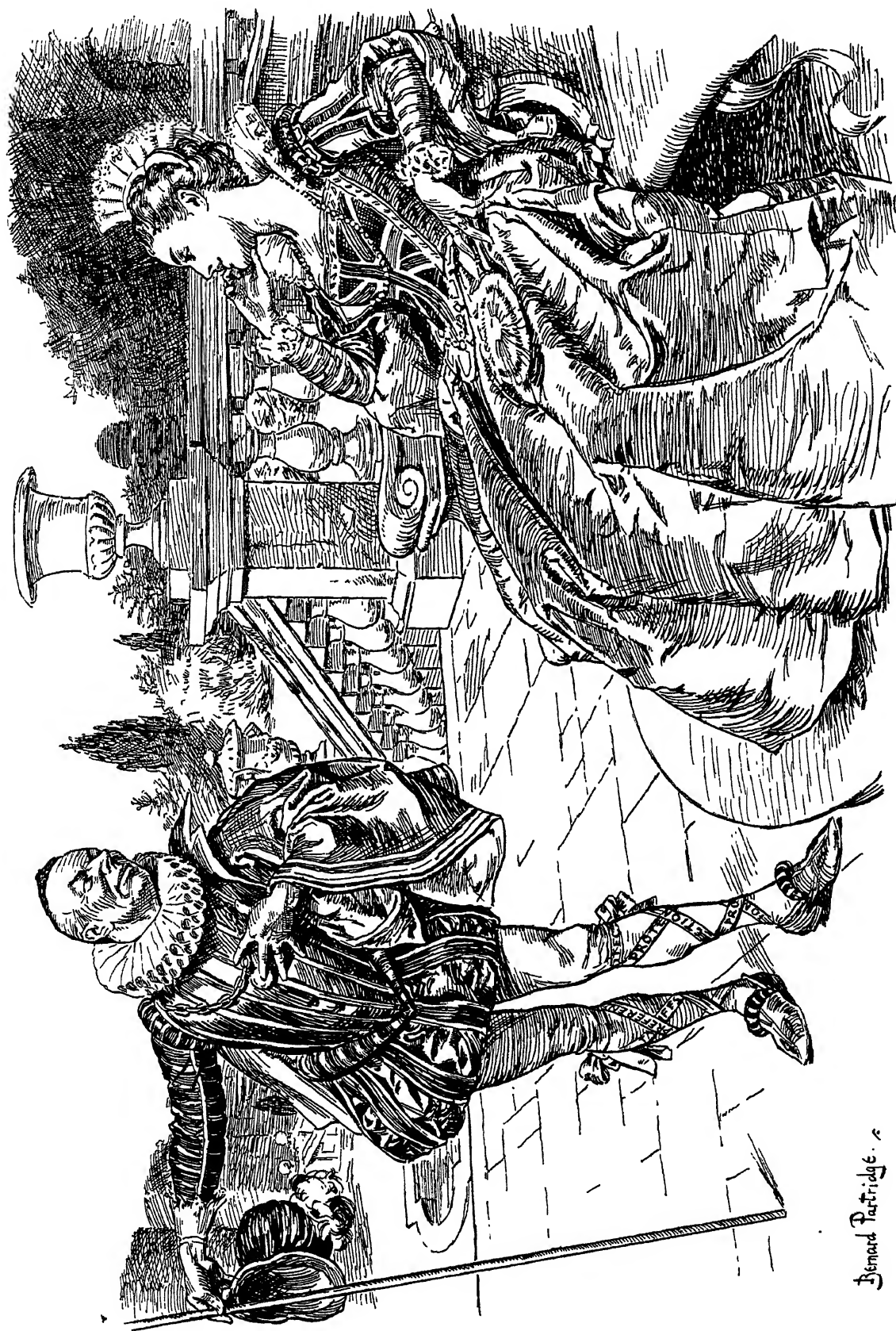
Mr. WATTLE's sole comment upon this information is to uncross his legs, and to recross them, as Mr. HENRY JAMES would say, "in the opposite sense." After a few minutes he sighs deeply, and bestows with his right forearm a caress upon his hat.

Mrs. CAY comes in. She is a flexible, gliding person, not yet forty, with a small head, and a business-like, decidedly pretty face. Her manner would not be bad if its ease were a little less determined.

Mrs. Cay. You wished to see me, Mr. WATTLE.

Mr. Wattle. Yes, Ma'am. I want to put myself in your hands. I believe you train millionaires, don't you?

Mrs. C. Exactly. In this establishment, which is called



Bernard Partridge.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Malvolio . . . Mr. CUMBERBURN.

Olivia . . . BRITANNIA.

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Entering the shop he timidly asked if they could tell him where Mr. Jesse Collings lived. A portly person whom Jesse surmised might be Nicodemus Hartop, glancing suspiciously at the



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figure before him, said, "Jesse Collings? Jesse Collings? No such person in this neighbourhood. There was a Radical fellow of that name who, I believe, lived somewhere about here seventeen years ago, five years before the first shop was made out of a villa. He disappeared; came to no good. What could he expect of a mutinous Radical who spoke disrespectfully of landlords, and went about preaching a doctrine in favour of one man one vote, or one man one cow, I forget which. Birmingham's as much changed now as is this street. No more of your low Radical unsectarian education for us. We're the heart of the Empire, and our Joe is the companion of kings, the bosom friend of Bishops."

Poor Jesse crept out of the shop with faltering steps. Someone had gone mad. It must be Nicodemus Hartop.

"I'll go down to the House," he said, "and see how Mr. G. is getting on with the formation of his Government. When Under Secretaryships are going he can't forget the man who carried the amendment on the Address that turned Old Sarum out."

Feeling in his pocket Jesse turned out a bunch of rusty keys, a knife that wouldn't open, and a mouldy purse. The latter contained both gold and silver. Breakfasting at the railway station he took the train to London,

and making his way to Westminster by circuitous route reached the Terrace of the House of Commons.

At the far end he came upon a tall lithe figure with whiskerless face and an eye-glass. Jesse started.

"Why," he exclaimed, "it's Joe as I knew him twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago! Don't you know me, Chamberlain?" he tremblingly asked, holding out a hand which he could not fail to observe would have been better for being washed.

"Can't say I do," said the hon. Member, regarding Jesse with that look he had seen in the eyes of others when they rested upon him. "Who are you?"

"I'm Jesse Collings."

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"If you allude to my right hon. relative, the late Colonial Secretary, I am not. I am merely his son."

"What, Austen?" cried Jesse, making as if to throw himself into his arms, a movement deftly frustrated. "How you've grown since yesterday! So Mr. G. made your father Colonial Secretary, did he? I rather thought he wanted to go to the Board of Trade."

"Mr. G.?" said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, severely. "Mr. G.'s been dead for years. My father, appointed Colonial Secretary in Lord Salisbury's Government, till lately held the same place under Arthur Balfour, to-day Prime Minister in the Unionist Party."

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"If you allude to my right hon. relative, the late Colonial Secretary, I am not. I am merely his son."

"What, Austen?" cried Jesse, making as if to throw himself into his arms, a movement deftly frustrated. "How you've grown since yesterday! So Mr. G. made your father Colonial Secretary, did he? I rather thought he wanted to go to the Board of Trade."

"Mr. G.?" said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, severely. "Mr. G.'s been dead for years. My father, appointed Colonial Secretary in Lord Salisbury's Government, till lately held the same place under Arthur Balfour, to-day Prime Minister in the Unionist Party."

Jesse passed his hand across his brow with the same dazed movement that marked his action in the Edgbaston shop. His knees shook under him. "Unionist Party; what's that?" he whispered in choked voice.

He would have fallen had not Austen, pitying the venerable figure, led him to a bench and ordered tea, with House of Commons buttered buns, strawberries and cream. Partaking of this frugal, but welcome fare, Rip Van Winkle Jesse Collings, pouring incessant inquiry, learned some strange things. Austen, whom he used to tip when he went down to see him at Rugby, was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Hartington, right-hand of the Liberal Party last

night (Jesse always spoke of his former state as if it existed last night), was now Duke of Devonshire. Late colleague of Lord Salisbury, he had recently resigned the Leadership of the House of Lords, and was regarded by the ex-Colonial Secretary as not sound on fiscal policy.

Jesse was much puzzled to hear that Lord Selborne was First Lord of the Admiralty.

"For a man of his age," he said, "isn't it rather a change? Never heard of an ex-Lord Chancellor going to the Admiralty."

"It's his son and successor," Austen explained. "Young Wolmer that was; a promising fellow with a strong prejudice against the peerage."

"And George Curzon Viceroy of India! Why last night he was a hoity-toity whipper-snapper who couldn't get the House to listen to him. And you say Mr. G., forming his Ministry after I turned out the Stop-Gap Government, made St. John Brodrick Secretary of State for War?"

"No, no," Austen explained that and much else till, fearing his old friend would, if the subject were pursued, fall into a state of coma, he led him gently out and conveyed him to Princes Gardens, where a bath, a barber, and a new suit of clothes did marvels.



"He came upon a tall lithe figure with whiskerless face and an eye-glass."

Mystery still lingers over this episode in an honourable life. It is more than suspected that, like an earlier Rip Van Winkle who slumbered for twenty years in the shadow of the Kaatskill mountains, Jesse, dozing off seventeen years ago in his three acres, slept on whilst the world revolved, creating wondrous change.

GOING ROUND THE CAVES.

A Sketch from a well-known Watering-place.)

The party of Sightseers, having paid their respective sixpences and passed the turnstile, find themselves in a painted chamber, vaulted and furnished with shallow and cushioned alcoves, in one of which is displayed a placard inscribed "Waltz." They seat themselves on a row of kitchen chairs and converse in subdued tones as they wait the official guide, who presently appears bearing a large flat sconce full of flaring candle-ends.

Guided with the customary contempt for stops, and a more than Early-Victorian prodigality in the matter of aspirates), Ladies and gentlemen the hapterment you are now in it is the ballroom it has not been built up nothing of the kind what you see 'ere bein' hall 'ollered hout of the solid sand-stone by the discoverer of these caves you will now kindly follow me . . . he leads the party down a long corridor with recesses on both sides, in which more candle-ends are flickering. This passage forms the new hentrance to the caves the hideer was taken hoff of the Catacombs of Rome as you may heasily perceive from the niches and pillars though not of so hancient a period not 'aving been constructed no longer than sixty-two years. We now henter the first of these ighly hinteresting caves that hapterture in front of you was the hold entrance has may heasily be seen by the steps cut in the rock which it is supposed that they were done by the horig'nal hoccupants (here one of the party commits himself to a statement that the interior is "picturesque," while it reminds another of the "Forty Thieves"). The hapterture was haccidently discovered hover sixty years ago by a gardener of the name of GOLDING while hengaged in digging the soil fell through the 'ole thereby revealing the hexistence of the caves he then hobtained leave to make hexcavations sell the sand for his hown benefit and hexhibit the caves for a term of years (A ponderous member of the party expresses an opinion that the caves must be a "very valuable asset," which, remembering the sixpence for admission, nobody seems prepared to dispute). Heleven years he was in hexecuting the work dving six months hafter completion so that he did not live long to henjoy the fruits of his hindustry though his widow and children survived to inherit them till quite recently. Now some of you on be'olding the hapterture may hask (here he fixes upon the most vacuous Sightseer, whose mouth falls open at once) "Why 'ave a second hentrance at all—why not come in by this one?" (the V. S., pulling himself together, is understood to murmur something about an "emergency exit.") I will tell you the reason for why the howners of the surface refused to allow haccess hover their land thus it consequently became necessary to construct the passage by which hentrance is now hobtained.

[At this a satirical Sightseer whispers to his Young Lady that the Guide seems "erule 'ard on pore ole letter haitch"—to which she signifies assent by a delighted giggle.

The colossal statue above the harch if you will kindly stand a little back where I now am is a correck representation of the Reverend Mr. BLOTT Mr. GOLDING's minister at that period bein' cut out by his own 'ands from the solid stone without assistance of hany kind except two day labourers to carry away the sand which you will all agree with me that for a gardener Mr. GOLDING must have been a very clever man. (The party inspect the Rev. Mr. BLOTT's legs, which are all of him that is visible by candlelight, with the silent reverence due to High Art, before passing to the next cave.) Some will tell you that these caves they were all done by smugglers now that is not a very probable the'ry it would require consid'able time and labour to construct

caves of this size and they would need all their time for smuggling purposes though hundoubtedly these caves they were used by smugglers halso their hobject bein' to dispose of their goods as quickly as possible they would not require so much room for storage therefore far the most probable the'ry is that they were due to the Herly Christians who fled 'ere to havoid persecution hunder the hancient Romans and Hanglo-Saxons. Hon the hupper part of this wall you will hobserve a large bust (here an elderly lady inquires whether it is supposed to be the likeness of one of the Early Christians) from the fact that it is represented with hepaulettes on both shoulders the general opinion is that it 'as not come down from hany very remote period and is certainly not hantique it is far more likely to be a portrait of one of the smugglers but 'oo it is we cannot say not possessing no records of hany kind hall we do know is that smugglers were in the 'abit of using these caves though we 'ave no hactual proof that they did so.

Our present KING ladies and gentlemen when he visited these caves some years ago made a re-mark bein' Prince of WALES at the time. The re-mark he made was that they would make a very good wine-cellar which I think they would do so myself. Through this 'ole 'ere hunder which I shall presently hask you to follow me the present KING and QUEEN passed on the hoccasion the 'ole bein' then of far smaller dimensions than it now is their Majesties were compelled to crawl through it on all fours the widenin' of the 'ole bein' hintirely caused by friction from boots below and clothes above you will please to lower your 'eds to havoid crushing your 'ats. . . .

[The party follow him through the hole, with the jokes and exclamations appropriate to the situation.

Hon this wall near which I am now standing you will notice one of our most hinteresting monuments a carving representing the hexact shape of a Roman hurn it has been suggested that it may be the tomb of some Herly Christian but a moment's reflection will convince you (here he again fixes the vacuous Sightseer, who looks as convinced as possible on such short notice) that this hidea cannot be the correct one and I will tell you for why honly two methods of sepulchre bein' practised by the Herly Christians one cremation the hother hurn-burial now it is hobvious that this hurn carved as it is on the surface of the solid stone cannot possibly contain yuman hashes but is merely a memorial to 'oom it is not known the hinscriptions on the walls around they are hall modern bein' done by visitors. . . .

[They enter the next cave. 'Ere you will hobserve faults (the party assume a critical air) due to volcanic haction these caves 'aving been cast up many thousand years ago from the hocean bed in proof of which I will draw your attention to the roof on which you can plainly perceive ripple-marks hexactly resembling those left on the sand at low tide these ripple-marks bein' hupside down will give you some hidea of the violence of the herup-tion it is not my hown opinion I am now giving you but that of leading scientists who have hexamined them. Kindly step carefully into the next cave the slope of the floor bein' somewhat labrupt. . . . The 'alf-length figure on the wall 'ere is supposed to be the work of the Herly Christians from the full sleeves bein' hevidently a bishop.

Hoppersite is a hancient bath when discovered the bottom was coated hover with clay happarently to 'inder the water from hescaping it has been suggested that it was more probably hintended to contain a supply of drinkin' water now that is not a bad suggestion though I think I can show that it is hincorrect for it would soon become stargnant and a hample supply could be carried in in skins and barrels therefore it is far more likely that it was used as a haptisimal fount by the Herly Christians who would merely 'ave to make a 'ole in the clay to let the water run off and be habsorbed

by the sand nor would it be necessary to fill it very full heighten hitches bein' sufficient for total himmersion . . . we next henter the largest cave of hall it is hestimated to contain has many as fifteen thousand men standing hupright a pretty big harmy you will agree though howing to the habsence of ventilation their hair would soon become too foul to support life besides which the hexits being well known at present it would be useless as a niding place for hany army. We are now oie 'undred and forty-five feet below the surface not that the floor has descended but because of the helevation of the 'ill as can be proved by our bein' hexactly oppersite St. Clement's Terrace hif the most violent thunderstorm was takin' place over'ed you would not be aware of it down 'ere which rendered it a safe 'iding place for the Herly Christians who could make what noise they liked with no fear of bein' hover'eard (*the party seem to appreciate the value of this Christian privilege*) the honly light is hobtained from the haperture in the first cave therefore at sunset this place is in total darkness to give you some ideer what that darkness is I will now remove the light (*which he proceeds to do*). Hany one left be'ind 'ere for a night would soon go out of his mind though no such event has 'appened since these caves were first hopened bein' carefully searched hevery night the last thing this passage conducts us back to the ballroom where we started it is 'ighly patronised during the season by parties who are fond of a novelty all who care to dance bein' free to do so which brings us to the end of our journey ladies and gentlemen are kindly requested not to forget the guide we 'ave no regler salary being hintirely dependent on such gratooties we may receive thank you very much.

[The Party bestow tips as they file out, with a feeling that their minds have been enlarged.]

F. A.

THE LAMENT OF THE LADIES' MAN.

In youth I never cared for sport;
Fresh air was not a passion to me;
Athletic feats of any sort
Sent unresponsive shudders through me;
I had, in fact, a sedentary mind,
And hated exercise of any kind.

And so, when others smote the sphere
With bat or mallet, boots or putter,
I charmed (with song) the female ear,
And made the female bosom flutter.
I also played the zither and recited
Poems of young loves, prematurely
blighted.



CHURCH PATRONAGE.

Englishwoman. "HAVE YOU BEEN TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY YET?"
Fair American. "NO; BUT I HEAR IT HIGHLY SPOKEN OF!"

I sang, as I have said: I had
That kind of voice that folks call
"fluty";
I trilled of "Memories strangely sad,"
Of "Pansies" and the "Eyes of
Beauty."
Not more divinely does the early bird
Sing when the worm has recently
occurred.

At that delightful hour of gloom,
Slightly anterior to tea-time,
I paralysed the drawing-room
With trifles of my own in three-time,
Till all the air was heavy with Desire,
And prostrate matrons begged me to
retire.

Just then a vogue for High Romance
Prevailed, and I'd a pent-up yearning;
The hollow cheek, the hungry glance,
Betrayed the Fever inly burning;
At inconvenient times the thing would
out,
Especially when ladies were about.

Somehow the care of female hearts
At that time always fell to my lot;
Within the maze of Cupid's arts
I was their guiding star, their pilot;
Not to have loved me with a blinding
passion
Was, broadly speaking, to be out of
fashion.

But latterly, I don't know why,
That star has waned, until at last I'm
Left in the lurch while maidens fly
Towards the ruder forms of pastime;
And now their talk is all of tennis courts,
Of golf, gymkhanas and athletic sports.

I don't complain. I know there'll be
One of these days a mild renaissance
In the exclusive cult of ME:
I view the fact with some com-
plaisance;
One day there'll come an era of the
Brain,
And THEODORE will be himself again.

JOSEPHUS TYRANNUS.

(Being a recently discovered fragment of a Greek Drama, rendered into English both freely and literally by a Committee of Fiscal experts.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Josephus (a Brumperialist).
Balfour (the Child).
The Duke (a High Priest).
Winston (a Youth).

Chorus of Tariff Reform Commissioners, Chaplins, Howorths, Howard Vincents, Vinces, Wanklyns, &c.

SCENE—The Court of a Temple. In the centre of the Court stands an altar. Beside it is JOSEPHUS, wrapped in thought and a short cloak, on which are legibly embroidered the words "Made in Holland." The Chorus is grouped in the background.

Josephus (soliloquizes). Now indeed is the accepted time, for to me, borne hither on a King's war-galley from South African shores, the prospect was not otherwise than dark, and from the puny fingers of them that I had left behind power, not for the first time, seemed to have escaped notice all but slipping away. For, on the one side, discord had raised horrid shouts among those who, worshipping some in one temple some in another, cannot endure that the city's appointed high priests should grasp more drachmæ than seemed to be fair, and, on the other side, as to the war, which verily was to me as a waving feather in my head-gear, some things had resulted in sixes and some in sevens, and there was a clamour amongst the citizens, asking that someone should perish by the hemlock, a potion void of sweetness. Wherefore to me reflecting on these things came the fear lest I too should suffer a smirching and be precipitated into dishonour, losing the favour of the citizens and the good words of them that say, "Lo, this is he, the queller of foes: let us bow down before him, for he is in truth a ruler knowing the minds of men and not unacquainted at least with his own." Now therefore my word has gone forth and my plan is ordained, so that henceforth, if by their votes the people will establish me, each man shall be as rich as his fellows, ay, and richer too. And may the gods give a favourable issue, for to them I make my vows, prepared to sacrifice a child, dearer to me even than the white hair of Jesse, on the altars.

[The doors of the Temple are flung open, and through them advances the Child, innocently arrayed in white garments for sacrifice, and followed by the DUKE, robed in the vestments of the Sacrificial Priest. They take their stand by JOSEPHUS while the Chorus comes forward and sings.]

CHORUS.

Oh, mother of many magnificences, fertile breeder of daughter-countries, broad-bosomed and mighty-armed England, lo, now is the season perfected for the giving of a sign, now is the word come swift from the mutton-haunted Seddonian pastures, labour-run, democratic and loud-tongued; and from the snowy vesture of Canadian tracts it springs, strong-limbed, rejoicing in fruitfulness. And to us too it has spoken, to us dim-eyed, groping in darkness, whether in hope of profit each one for himself we plunge our desiring hands deep into another's store of hardly-earned wealth, or, waving for our Protection the tattered banners of our sires that perished sixty years ago, and brandishing their swords notched in ancient conflicts and defaced with disgracing rust, we follow the life-giver, thirsting for spoil. For to us lately standing on the topmost battlements and looking out over the sea came a marvellous sight. Grey was the sky and grey the roof of Poseidon's mansion, but on a sudden, lo, a rosy flush tinted the western limits of ocean, sprinkled with foam as of fish leaping in the rays of the sun.

Ruddier and ruddier it grew, extending ever towards us until our souls were drenched in redness. Ruddier still it came, and a voice sounded over the wastes of the many-furrowed merchandise-infested sea saying, "Firm must be the hand that shall wield the Harengus, the red Harengus, the diverter of the following foe, the promoter of forgetfulness."

And now on a sudden awaked from dreams each one of us clutches his sword again:

It is better to die in a whirl of wealth than live in poverty, dearth and pain.

And CHAPLIN, squire of our hearts' desire, and HOWORTH, lord of the pointed pen,

And WANKLYN, wordily wild in woe, they have each brought hither a troop of men.

From the North and South, from the East and West commissioners hurry at JOSEPHUS's call;

"Each for himself," is the song they sing, "and the d——I may catch the fools who fall."

And, oh, what a grinding sound comes forth, for each of them brings his private axe

To be brightened and ground and turned out sharp on a beautiful brand-new tariff tax.

Worship and praise to the Bird belong, to the Oof-Bird hatched in a Midland town;

Worship and praise to the golden haze that circles the great Bird swooping down;

Worship and praise and prayer and song from man and woman and death-doomed Child

To the Bird, the glorious sovereign Bird, as he utters his native bank-notes wild.

With pearly buttons his breast is bright, and, oh, or ever he left his nest,

The hand of our JOSEPHUS tricked him out with morocco jewels around his crest;

And those who have much, but want much more from the marvellous Bird by JOSEPHUS hatched,

Sing "JOE, my JOE, I will scratch your back, for I have a back that must be scratched."

[The Chorus retires to back of stage, leaving JOSEPHUS, the Child, and the DUKE.]

Josephus (to the Duke). The sacrifice is prepared and the gods demand their offering. Is thy knife whetted, thou grey-beard?

The Duke. Ay, that it is; (aside) and for thee too, insulter of grey-beards, is the edge sharpened. But an ox shall walk upon my tongue lest my words betray me. (Aloud, to the Child). Come forward, for the altar is ready, and the people stand round waiting.

Josephus (to the Child). Oh, sweeter to me than the petals of orchids, pride of mine eyes and nursing of my later years, thou art about to die.

The Child (meekly). Yea, for coming hither I am indeed come to the threshold of Pluto's palace.

Josephus. And thy dear companions, where hast thou left them?

The Child. Companion me no companions, for I must go the dark road alone, since thou commandest.

Josephus. Yea, verily, necessity is a hard task-mistress.

The Child (ironically). And she to thee was no doubt a teacher in the house.

Josephus. All men must die, but not all together. Wherefore it profits that thou go first, and I will abide the day appointed for me and will labour on.

The Child. Labour is for them that labour, but I, being dead, cannot labour, for a man once embarked upon the Styx returns not ever.

Josephus. Yea, for to die and to live are two distinct things.



OUT OF REACH.

Boy on Pavement. "WHIP BEHIND!"

Boy on Motor Brougham. "YAH! HE AIN'T GOT NO WHIP. HE AIN'T GOT NO WHIP!"

The Child. Hold on: I indicate a better way of fortune for both of us.

Josephus. Thy words come too late, for thus the gods ordain.

The Child. Woe heaps woe upon woe over him that is already filled with woe. (*Sings*)

Must I then leave the portals of the day,

A tender victim,

Doomed on the further bank of Styx to stay,

Since JOSEPH picked him?

Why from old Charon's bark, foredoomed to die,

Should I be landed,

Just because JOSEPH wants a tax, and I

Can't understand it?

I am the leader, and for this to-do

That JOSEPH's made he's

Got to pay up by following some day to

The courts of Hades.

[*Bares his breast and advances to the altar. A noise as of an approaching multitude is heard without.*]

The Chorus sings:—

Lo, the victim is prepared,

And his tender breast is bared,

And the Priest's looking daggers with a carver in his hand.

And we shouldn't wonder if,

After making BALFY stiff

He sent JOSEPH off to join him on the Acherontic strand.

We should like to shout "Beware!"

Mr. JOSEPH, have a care!"

But the essence of our being's not to utter what we think.

Though we know what Fate has planned,

We can never raise a hand

To prevent it, but we wag our heads and wink, wink, wink.

And now what noise is this as of rescuers advancing swiftly to the Temple? Surely the guards will withstand them, lest the shrine should suffer desecration. Nearer it comes and nearer, and now, oh woeful sight, the gates are burst open. Death hath a thousand shapes all equally disagreeable, but there is yet time for us flying on the wings of alarm to make for safety.

[*They do so at the very moment that the youth WINSTON, at the head of an angry mob, bursts into the Temple, but not in time to prevent the DUKE from immolating both the Child and JOSEPHUS on the altar. Tableau.*]

Cætera desunt.

R. C. I.



THE RULING PASSION.

Sporting Tradesman (after a fall, feeling in his pocket). "CASH ALL RIGHT, ANYWAY!"

THE NEW POETICS.

[It is affirmed week after week by a certain critic that our serious drama will never be serious enough until it ceases to concern itself with the relations between men and women. According to him, evidently, love is a hackneyed stage convention for which life offers no excuse. If this is so, presumably politics or finance will be the themes of the new drama.]

'Twas held of yore dramatic art
Should raise—if you ignore mere
farces—

Pity and terror in the heart,
Thereby effecting their *katharsis*.
This scheme the Stagirite devised,
And we may still accept his notions,
Allowing for our modernised
Emotions.

The maid of Athens, when she heard
Electra urging to the slaughter,

Paled at the foul unnatural word
And shrank from that revolting
daughter.

The matron, when the "double blow"
Had silenced Clytæmnestra's groaning,
Suffered her own maternal woe
Unmoaning.

Elizabethan wives turned white
To see the Moor with ruthless pillows
Slay *Desdemona* for her quite
Imaginary peccadilloes.
Purged by the scene upon the boards,
And over-awed by such disasters,
They gladly bore their jealous lords
And masters.

To-day we see the playwrights ring
The changes on the old old story;
They think that love is still the thing,
And problems in their primal glory.

And yet we gaze with callous eye
On dramas that we used to care for
Unchastened. What can be the why
And wherefore?

It is that love has passed away;
Your tender sentiment and passion
Are relics of a by-gone day,
Survivals of a faded fashion.
If you would touch a heart to-night,
Give us no more your sweets and
honey—

Give us our ruling passion! Write
Of money!

Consols and Kaffirs, shipping rings,
The last quotations from the City,
These are to-day the only things
That rouse our terror and our pity.
And soon the dramatist shall cease
To pocket anything substantial
Unless he learns to make his piece
Financial.

For when we see the millionaire
Engaged in mighty speculations,
Financing cotton corners there,
And here tobacco combinations;
When we behold in ruin thrown
All the concerns the hero bosses,
At once we shall forget our own
Small losses.

WEEK-END WRINKLES.

(By the Expert.)

LUGGAGE AND EQUIPMENT.

It is difficult to know how much or how little to take away for a week-end, but it is always as well to be on the safe side. Personally, for a three or four days' trip I never take less than five pieces, three of which are labelled and two go under the seat. This is exclusive of my gun-case, camera, golf sticks, and air cushion. In the van I also take a brace of beagles, and, when my destination is the Shires, a couple of remounts. Perhaps I had better specify what the various pieces are and what they contain. In the large hair trunk are seven pairs of boots, each carefully wrapped up in paper, a pair of list slippers for bedroom use, dancing pumps, puttees, and gums. Then comes a layer of slumber wear, lounge suits, knickers and aquascuta, while the arched top is filled with Homburg and other hats, as I am one of those who believe in the efficacy of constantly changing one's headgear.

At the bottom of my kit-bag is my saddle, the remaining space being filled with collars, cuffs and "dickeys," which are absolutely indispensable. In my fitted dressing-bag I carry my toothbrush. I make a point of packing this myself, and never let my man do it. I shall never forget the difficulty I had in borrowing a toothbrush from Lord — at Molar Grange, although I made it clear that I would return it in the



“TEMPUS EDAX RERUM.”

THE YOUNG NEW YEAR (*whose precocious tastes are already modelled on those of the Old Gourmand*). “NOW, OLD MAN, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO GIVE ME?”

morning. Should white shirts be required they can always be extracted from a station show-case when the officials are not looking, but it is best to remove the pink collar-stud before use.

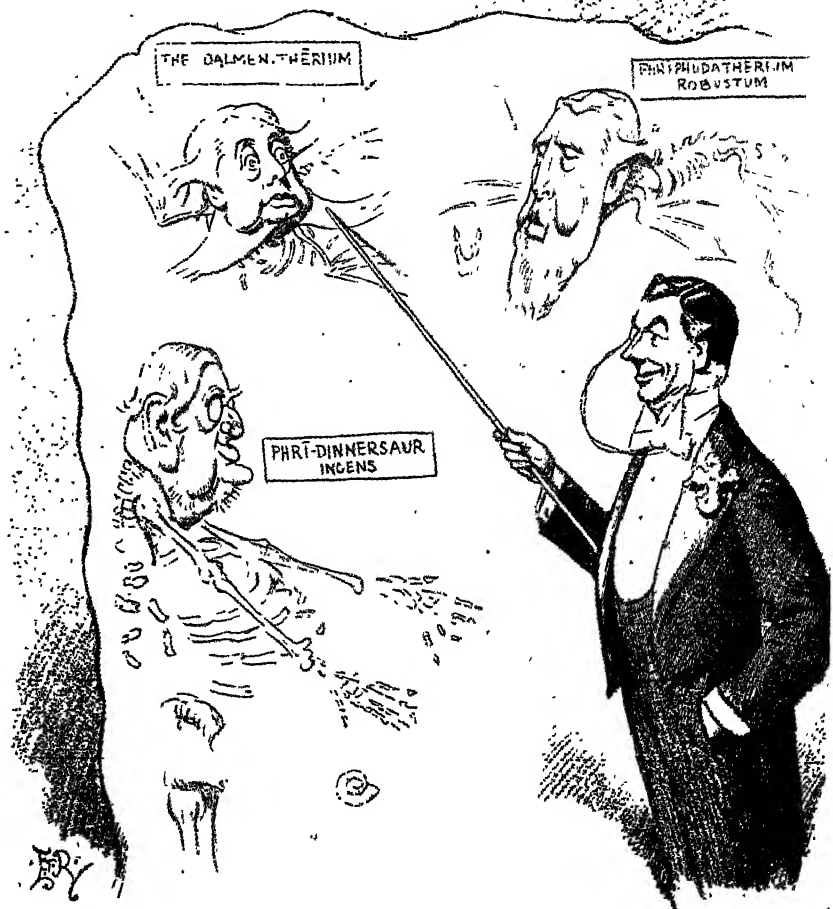
ON THE JOURNEY.

Never be careless about your get-up or manners when travelling. An act of civility to a stranger, the offer of a match or a sandwich, may lead to most desirable and profitable acquaintances. To give an instance, I owed my first invitation to Melton Mowbray entirely to the fact that Sir CHARLES —, who was travelling in the same compartment with me down to Esher, had forgotten his cigar-case. I saw him feeling in his pockets, guessed the cause, and offered him a fine Borneo which I had bought on the way to the station.

As regards refreshments, a flask is indispensable. Whatever you do, avoid carrying your liquor in a medicine-bottle. When I was an undergraduate at All Souls, Oxford, and before I knew what was what, I missed one of the chances of my life by making that mistake. I was returning from the "Long Vacuum" on the Continent, and after a roughish passage got into the train at Dover. A stylish-looking elderly man was the only other passenger, and shortly after we had started he said, "I wonder if you could let me have some brandy. I am feeling rather faint." As ill-luck would have it, all the brandy I had got was in an old Elliman's Embrocation bottle, and when I offered it to him he waved it aside, saying, "After all, perhaps I am better without it." Imagine my feelings when, on arriving at Victoria, a servant addressed him as "Your Grace." One more point: be careful in the purchase of newspapers. My own rule is to go in for variety. The *Athenæum*, the *Sportsman*, *Science Stiftings*, and the *Pilot*, are a good selection.

THE ART OF TIPPING.

We are here treading on very delicate ground. An Englishman's house is his castle, and he naturally does not wish his retinue to be corrupted by indiscriminate largesse. Still, the labourer is worthy of his hire; though, personally, if I could have my way, I should like to keep it to bronze or gifts in kind. These latter, however, must be bestowed with nice discrimination. I shall never forget the expression of rapture of a footman at Lord WIMPOLE's when, after a two months' stay at Wigmore Castle, I slipped into his hand a pair of Argosy braces. One of the pulleys was missing, but otherwise it was a sound and classy article. Still it is not in the power of every one of the readers of *Yesterday* to fit the *douceur* to the *doucee* — as our lively Gallic



'EXTINCT ANIMALS.'

AFTER READING PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER'S INTERESTING LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR DECIDES TO INTRODUCE TO THE PUBLIC HIS OWN REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF FOSSILISED REMAINS OF ANIMALS IN HIS OPINION FISCALLY EXTINCT.

neighbours say — with such perfect success. Hence, the average man had best pay his tips in specie.

Hardly a week passes but I receive several letters asking me whether or not one should tip one's host. This depends. For one thing, one does not always know who one's host is. If his table is liberal, his cellar above suspicion — and readers of *Yesterday* will know what I mean — if he puts one at one's ease by occasionally remarking "It's a cold day," he certainly ought to have a trifle. But be sure you give it in coin or postal orders (not crossed) or even stamps, *never* by cheque. I remember when I was still a subaltern tendering a cheque to the Earl of —. He took it — I subsequently found that he cashed it at his butcher's the same day — but he never asked me to — Castle again. The need of making sure which of the gentlemen is your host I can best illustrate by another little anecdote. I had been staying at — Towers for cub shooting one July, and on leaving

pressed the usual honorarium into the hand, as I thought, of my noble host. His look of surprise caused me to make some inquiries of the coachman who was tooling me to the nearest junction, and I discovered to my intense chagrin that he was a distant and untitled cousin. To make the solecism all the more glaring he was actually in need of money.

To come now to the tipping of servants, which is of course obligatory in the stately homes of England. Amounts differ according to the rank and prestige of the recipient. Butlers, like cigarettes, should be tipped with gold. (If you have no gold, then you had better tip and run.) I get many letters on the subject of the *modus operandi* of bestowing tips. Mementos for chambermaids should be left on the washstand, not too conspicuously, and yet not so clandestinely as to run the risk of being swept into the slop-pail. By the way, I recollect when I was staying with the Hon. HILDEBRAND BROOKS, on Monkey Island, for the Henley week, that, owing

to the peculiarity of my host, no wash-stand was provided. I was consequently obliged to leave it under the door-mat. It was my good fortune to be asked to pay a second visit the following year, and to be allotted the same cubicle. I thought I was looked upon askance by the neat-handed Phyllis, and was puzzled to fathom the reason until, on my usual tour of inspection before retiring to rest, I discovered that the coin was still under the mat. Needless to say that on leaving I added another sixpence to it.

"THE LORDLIEST LIFE ON EARTH."

[The title of these verses is borrowed from Mr. KIPLING, who employed it when writing in defence of compulsory military service. *A propos* of that defence it may be noted that Lieut. SCHILLING and Sergeant FRANZKY, both of the German army, have just been sentenced to fifteen months and five years respectively for maltreating their men. FRANZKY was in the habit of enforcing discipline with a cudgel or riding whip. On this *Reuter* notes as "interesting" that Count zu LIMBURG-STURM, in a recent debate in the Reichstag, "expressed the view that sergeants could hardly get their men into shape, especially Socialists, without a certain number of blows"!]]

Count Von Stir'-em-up speaks :—

My countrymen, be calm, I pray,
And hear what I have got to say
About Lieutenant SCHOCKING's case
And Sergeant WOPPENHEIM's disgrace.
Weigh well the views that I express,
And you will readily confess
That they are gallant fellows and
A credit to the Fatherland.

Lieutenant SCHOCKING, I maintain,
Should certainly be tried again;
The sentence which the Court decreed
Is far too long. It is indeed.
Shall Prussian officers be sent
To actual imprisonment
For having knocked about the head
Some private (subsequently dead)?
Granted that there are safer regions
On which to whack our German legions,
Still 'twas but an excess of zeal
Directed to the common *weal*,
And, far from being reprehended,
Ought to be tacitly commended.

To Sergeant WOPPENHEIM I doubt
If justice has been meted out.
Some sentimental people here
Pretend that he was too severe
When visiting with castigations
The soldier's breach—of regulations.
If any private made a slip
He caught it with a riding-whip,
And generally caught it hot!
To which my answer is, "Why not?"
'Tis simply folly to suppose
A "certain quantity of blows"
Is not a necessary thing
For teaching people soldiering.

And people who pretend to say
Drill can be taught some other way
Completely fail to understand
The army of the Fatherland.

So let's agree Lieutenant S.,
And Sergeant WOPPENHEIM no less,
Have both been wrongfully accused,
And very very badly used.
A stick is always useful in
The maintenance of discipline—
And sergeants handy with their fists
Are *much* the best with Socialists!
The sergeants tell me this is so,
And surely sergeants ought to know?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE title of Mr. MAARTEN MAARTENS' collection of short stories, *My Poor Relations* (CONSTABLE), reflects the humanity which shines from every page of the book. I have only a traveller's acquaintance, says my Nautical Retainer, with life in Dutch villages, but it takes no very fine instinct to recognise here the signs of intimate observation. Mr. MAARTENS has shown himself independent of the artificial devices of his craft. He has no recourse to coincidence, the shocks of chance, or "moving accidents by flood and field." He takes these existences, sordid, mean, and colourless (save for the annual Kermesse), and finds in their essential qualities all the artistic material he needs for tragedy, comedy, or satire. He never idealises, in the vulgar sense; at most over the grey landscape and the greyer hearts of his characters he throws something of the atmosphere of his own buoyancy, but often, as in the story of "The Banquet," so astonishingly alive in its unfamiliar detail, he seems to project nothing of himself into the crude facts of his theme. But all the while he is covering up the trace of his processes; and if the result appears easy of attainment this is the artist's triumph. One hears rumours that the short story has had its vogue; but such a collection as this of Mr. MAARTENS should go a long way to restore the popularity of that most difficult and exquisite form of art.

There is always a certain freshness of charm about the work of the "Author of *Miss Molly*," and her latest novel, *The Great Reconciler* (METHUEN), should bring her many new friends. As far as the book-love of my Nautical Retainer goes, the main scheme is original. From the passionate appeals of her lover—in part unrequited, in part rejected from lack of enterprise—the lady finds shelter in the platonic affections of a dilettante admirer. This simple friendship, on her side, develops into something stronger, but when she gets her freedom it is to find that on his side no corre-

sponding development was ever contemplated. It comes at last, but not till disillusionment has finally closed that chapter of her life's romance, and she has learned to recognise the unsatisfying nature of a love that has in it no element of passion.

Apart from the principal characters there is an admirable study of a Boer girl, irreconcilable to English tastes and types. A solitary exception divides her loyalty, and from this devotion springs the tragedy which gives its name to the book. The closing scenes, laid in South Africa during the late War, are perhaps disproportionately short. More space might well have been spared to them from the earlier chapters of the book, which move slowly, hampered by much dialogue that is pleasantly otiose. The book, indeed, lacks balance; just as, in detail, its diction is too loosely spontaneous. As for the recklessness of the punctuation, though this delightful author may plead a soul above such details, neither that nor any other excuse can be accepted from the printer's reader. And hereto the Baron sets his seal.

THE BARON



MY EPITAPH.

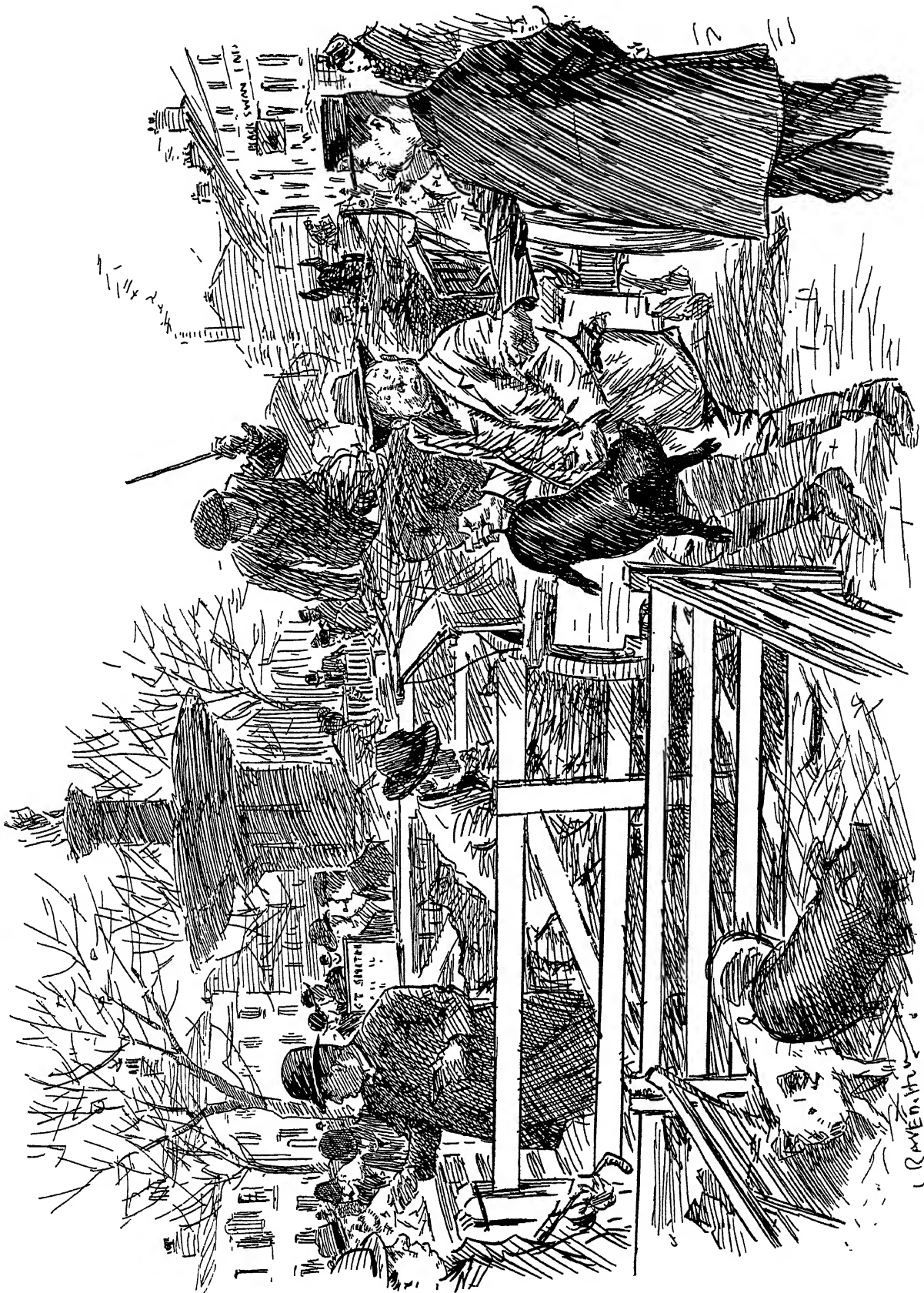
[The Englishman need have no fear of losing his reputation for pluck and endurance, while he continues to wear without a groan the fancy waistcoat of startling hue knitted for him by his own or other people's sisters.]

DEAR, when I have departed
From this abode of gloom,
And my remains are carted
Into the hollow tomb,
Shed thou no tears for me, but o'er
The spot where I am laid
Inscribe these simple words, "He wore
The waistcoat which I made."

There where the grass waves greenly,
And earth is glad with flowers,
Love, I shall sleep serenely
Through quiet, dreamless hours.
The passing throng shall know no more
Than this—that one obeyed
Till death his lady's will, and wore
The waistcoat which she made.

Humours of a Catalogue.

ROSEBERRY (Lord), His Life and Speeches,
buckram, gilt extra, 7s. 6d.



LOGICAL.

R.S.P.C.A. Inspector. "YOU'D BEST BE CAREFUL HOW YOU HANDLE THOSE PIGS, YOUNG MAN. IF I CATCH YOU LIFTING 'EM BY THE TAIL AGAIN, I'LL TAKE OUT A SUMMONS AGAINST YOU."
Countryman. "WULL! WHOY, WOT ON 'ARTH TO 'EE THINK PIGS 'AS GOT TAILS FUR, THEN?"

Ravenhill

A MOUSE FANCY.

[Some £10 mice were exhibited (and by three ladies!) at the Walthamstow Fanciers show.]

PHYLLIS (it is "PHYLLIS" ever
Whom the various bards endeavour
To ingratiate with an ode
Or some offering *à la mode*),
PHYLLIS, I repeat, I'm yearning,
Now your birthday is returning,
To present you with a gift—
Listen, and you'll catch my drift!

Hoping to be found propitious,
Knowing that your taste's capricious,
I remember how you hate
Anything not up-to-date.
So I scan my morning journal
With a vigilance eternal,
And at last I've set my eyes
On a really novel Prize!

Something that will move you deeply,
Something purchased not too cheaply,
'Tisn't radium—that's by now
Too banal, you must allow);
But I'm sure you'll find this "ripping"
(Yes, I see your lively skipping),
'Tis a treasure for the house—
See, I send the Champion Mouse!

CHARIVARIA.

A MADMAN succeeded in getting into the French Chamber of Deputies the other day, and expressed a wish to be Premier. It is a sign of the change for the better which has recently come over French politics, that our papers should think this item of news worth recording.

A propos of the KAISER's recent Waterloo speech, a German paper declares that we know the truth to be as stated, and draws attention to the "significant fact" that the completion of the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's Cathedral is not being proceeded with.

The War Office is taking steps to turn its surplus cavalry men into foot soldiers. We see nothing ridiculous in the idea—as some persons profess to. We already have Mounted Infantry. Now we are to have Dismounted Cavalry.

No date has yet been fixed for the termination of the Somali War.

The recent cold snap served to draw attention to a fact which puzzles many persons, namely, that, although the wearers of costly fur overcoats are comparatively few, yet that sort of overcoat is taken by mistake, from restaurants and clubs, far oftener than any other kind.

It is stated that the X-rays will turn

a negro white, if not all over, then in parts. It is quite possible that speckled negroes will be the rage next year.

"Look out! It is coming," is the heading of an advertisement of yet another weekly journal. Nobody can complain afterwards that he had no warning.

Belfast is heartily ashamed of what took place at the Irish League Football Match between Linfield and Celtic. It will be remembered that a bottle thrown at the Linfield goal-keeper missed his head.

The Chunchuse brigands in Manchuria are, we are pleased to hear, paying the Russians a pretty compliment. They are treating the Russians as well as the Manchurians as the inhabitants of the country, and are attacking both without distinction.

It is declared that Russia, with devilish cunning, is attempting to force a war on Japan before the Japanese wrestlers who are now making a successful appearance at one of our music-halls can return to lend their valuable aid to their countrymen.

We English are so often accused of not having a keen appreciation of wit, that we are glad to learn from the *Daily Express* that Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL makes a "hit" in the Drury Lane pantomime by meeting a monster parrot which repeats the words, "Your food will cost you more," with the subtle retort, "Oh, go and claim the *Daily Express* reward." And, at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, when the Captain of the *Bounding Bloater*, in *Dick Whittington*, suggested that *Idle Jack* looked like a foreigner, and the *Cook* remarked, "Just wait till JOE brings in an Alien Bill," the performance, it is recorded, had to be stopped for some time, so great was the cheering that greeted this *mot*.

A father writes to the Press to say that his two sons have failed to pass the Examination for the Navy, and asks what he can do with them now. A Naval Officer points out that the Army is still open to them.

Those Americans who looked upon Mr. WILLIAM J. BRYAN as a patriot have been grievously disappointed. He has stated to an interviewer that the United States have much to learn from the great nations of Europe.

A French gentleman has been wounded in a duel at Neuilly.

Complaints continue to be made as to the quality and size of the recruits sent out to South Africa. On the other hand it is said that certain officers there habitually over-work the men, and the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children is to be asked to take the matter up.

A constable who arrested a man for drunkenness the other day stated that he found the prisoner kissing a pillar-box. We understand that the prisoner was fined in spite of his defence that he was rather short-sighted, and his sweetheart had an exceptionally brilliant complexion.

As we go to press there is a rumour—and we mention it under all reserve—that Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON is to receive the honour of having a paragraph devoted to him in the "Curiosities" department of next month's *Strand Magazine*.

The writer of these notes has received a card wishing him the complaints of the season.

THE FATAL MOUSTACHE.

I.

I WRITE this at the request of my Mother—whom, I am glad to think, I have hardly ever disobeyed. She hears that MAUDE, and MAUDE's Mother, are spreading false reports as to the reason why the engagement was broken off, and she wishes the truth known for my family's sake. She will then, she says, be quite willing to let the world judge as to who was dishonourable—the girl who was false to her plighted word, or the man who was willing to live a lie for the sake of her whom he loved. She also desires me to state that she never took a fancy to MAUDE, while she saw the sort of woman Mrs. SEVIER was from the moment she set eyes on her. She realised, she declares, from the beginning, that MAUDE was not good enough for me, and that MAUDE and her mother were both after my money. The reason why she did not caution me was that she saw my heart was set on MAUDE, and—like the angel that she is—she did not wish to interfere with my happiness. I should mention that no cross word has ever passed between my Mother and myself. Did I write "never"? Perhaps I should not have said that. Once, and once only, did my dear Mother and I have a little difference, and then it was over MAUDE. MAUDE had a cold, and my Mother forbade me to kiss her while it lasted, in case I should catch it. But even then, I remember, my Mother's loving thoughtfulness found a way out, and after a few days we came to an arrangement by

which MAUDE was to kiss me on the cheek, so that I ran no risk of infection.

Now that I know how distasteful the alliance would have been to my Mother, I consider it a great blessing—indeed, I sometimes fancy that I can trace in it the hand of Providence—that matters should have turned out as they have.

And I think it also shows this: that, in the selection of a wife, one ought to consult one's Mother. It had always been my habit before taking a step of any importance—and, indeed, in many little things—to take my dear Mother's opinion, and I cannot imagine how I came to propose to MAUDE without doing so. It has certainly been a lesson which I shall not forget throughout my life, To think how near I came to making an irreparable blunder! For I see plainly now how unsuited we should have been to one another. MAUDE, for instance, was fond of all kinds of sports, while I hold them all to be dangerous.

Myself, I like reading good books. MAUDE would scarcely ever read, and then it would only be a trashy novel. MAUDE (as it turned out) has a dreadful temper. I have schooled myself to overcome all passions. Worst of all, MAUDE was only religious when she had a new hat.

My dear Mother has been in the room while I have been writing these lines. She has just laid aside the comforter she is knitting for me, and kissed me Good-night.

And yet, although I clearly realise what a grave mistake the match would have been, still, somehow, try as I may, I cannot bring myself to dislike MAUDE as my Mother tells me I ought, and as I know I ought. It is curious, and I hate myself for it. I imagine now she will marry her cousin, the great hulking, medical student, and I find I cannot dislike her enough to wish this. I hold that the correct definition of the word "gentleman" is "a gentle man." You might search far to find anyone further removed from this description than this cousin of MAUDE's. I will only say that he is as vulgar as his name, which is BOB, and anyone less worthy to marry MAUDE than this loutish fellow, reeking of brute strength and filthy tobacco—this rowdy—I was almost saying this Hooligan—I cannot conceive. The thought that this coarse fellow should marry MAUDE makes me shudder, and now and then I wonder whether I



THE LOST CHORD.

Mr. Simpkin. "OH, MISS MABEL, THIS SCENERY MAKES ME THINK OF A SHAKESPEARIAN PASSAGE."

Miss Mabel. "WHICH?"

Mr. Simpkin. "WELL—ER—I DON'T QUITE REMEMBER!"

could forgive her, to save her from this. If only she had not been so rude at the end. I should mention that she was pretty—in a worldly sort of way.

Well, the facts will not take long to tell.

For some little time—a chance remark or two of MAUDE's gave me the hint—I had had an idea, which I was reluctant to believe, that MAUDE was dissatisfied with my personal appearance. One evening I taxed her with it. At first, she fenced the question, but I kept her to it, and finally she said she thought I was "All right" except for my mouth, and she wondered I did not grow a moustache like BOB's. Also, she wished I would have my hair cut shorter, like BOB's. I was rather nettled at first—although I kept control of myself. I told her that BOB was not at all my ideal of a man, and that, if she liked BOB's mouth and hair, it was a pity she did not have the rest of BOB as well. As for my hair, I did not intend to be like every common fellow you saw in the street. At this she began to shed tears, and said it was a shame, as I had forced her to say it; and then, after being stern for a little, I made it up, declaring that anyhow she had a pretty enough mouth for the two of us, when she did not cry. My Mother afterwards told me I should not have said this, as it was liable to make her vain, and I believe she was right. My Mother was

also most hurt at MAUDE's remark about my mouth: she insisted that it was a fine mouth, and that it gave me character, and that on no account was I to hide it with a moustache. I recollect I had some difficulty in preventing her from writing to MAUDE on the subject. She wished to say that anyhow I had not a face like a doll, and would have gone on to draw attention to her (MAUDE's) Mother's mouth. Dear Mother never got on well with Mrs. SEVIER. She also said she would be seriously displeased if I ever had my hair touched.

Soon after this I got a nasty cough—I am very delicate, and have to wear woollen things all the year round—and, as it had not gone at the end of a week, acting on my mother's advice I went to the South Coast for a month. While there I could not help thinking over MAUDE's suggestion about the moustache, and finally came to the decision that, to please her, I would grow one. It would be as well to let BOB see that I

could do the same as he if I wanted to. In this I was running counter to the wishes of my Mother, and it is quite possible that what happened was a judgment on me. I consulted a barber, and he recommended me a preparation which he declared would be effective, if anything could, in a fortnight.

However, after a fortnight's use, nothing came but a rash, which was very ugly, so I went to the man to complain. While waiting in the shop, my attention was attracted by some sham moustaches on a card. The fancy seized me that I would like to see how I looked in one. So I put one on. It completely altered me. The effect was hideous, and worldly. I was handing the thing back to the man—who, though his opinion had not been asked, had declared impertinently that it was a distinct improvement—when suddenly I thought, No, I would buy it. A joke had struck me. Although naturally of a serious disposition, I am yet fond of an occasional innocent piece of fun—so long as it causes no pain to others, and so long, I would add, as it is really funny. What I object to is the senseless buffoonery that one sees so much of nowadays, when any vulgarity seems to pass for wit. The idea that had occurred to me was this. When next I was to see MAUDE I would wear the false moustache! It would do no harm, I

thought, to let her know that her cousin was not the only one who could make jokes. And it would rid her, once and for all, of her silly wish to see me with a moustache. This would be just as well, seeing that I could not grow one of my own.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL NOTES.

WE have received the following interesting communication from a highly cultivated amateur, whose enthusiasm for music is only equalled by his keen interest in the national pastime:—

"I went the other afternoon to hear R. STRAUSS's Tone Poem '*Rhodes und MacLarung*,' given by the Queen's Hall team under SAMMY WOOD. The scoring was heavy. The audience missed catching the *motivi* which are not of an Italian nature—such, for instance, as Signor TOSSETTI, the Essex composer, indulges in—and owing to a want of activity on the part of the *lunga pausa* or long-stop, there were not a few Lully-byes. The execution of the poem was not altogether faultless. The first clarinet made two short slips, after the last of which I remarked to a gifted critic who sat next to me, 'He was out, LEGGE, before.' PAYNE, the leader, made a few runs, mostly chromatic, off his chin-pad, and Wood was nearly caught at counterpoint during the first overture off the HANDEL of his own baton. The recent performance by the pupils of the Royal College of Music (over which HUBERT PARRY, the celebrated football player and half-BACH, presides) was most enjoyable, and I hope his students will soon tackle STRAUSS's other famous work, '*Also sprach Gaukrodger*.' Yours, Till Eulenspiegel do us part, L. B."

Nothing is more characteristic of the individuality of musicians than their method of spending their holidays. M. PADEREWSKI, who, as is well known, is passionately addicted to agriculture, spent Christmas Day on his estate in Podolia. The chief feature of the entertainment was M. PADEREWSKI's striking impersonation of a Christmas-tree, his luxuriant *chevelure* being arranged to represent the branches, and crowded with fairy lights and presents for the tenants. KUBELIK, who on his marriage

became a Hungarian citizen, spent Christmas learning how to dance the Czardas—the national Magyar dance—to his wife's accompaniment on the cimbalom. Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE has just returned from the Cattegat, where he harpooned nine narwhals, and narrowly missed being capsized by a kraken.

Complaint is often made by composers of the difficulty of finding suitable words for musical setting. To such fastidious persons the recently published

Where she met a swarthy Chilian
(Who was worth at least a million),
And eloped to Guayaquil.
And I wander, jaded, jilted,
Like a primrose that has wilted
On the slopes of Primrose Hill."

Mr. GEORGE MOORE, who was driven out of England by the cruel neglect of theatrical managers, has recently been subjected to a merciless persecution by Italian organ-grinders in Dublin. It is rumoured that the eminent novelist is determined to wreak vengeance on his tormentors by taking up his residence in Italy.

Little TIM PANUM, the three-year-old Bohemian *Wunderkind*, made his first appearance at Boscombe last Friday in the quadruple capacity of composer, conductor, cantillator and cake-walker. The concert was slightly delayed in order to allow the infantile genius to finish sucking the paint off a purple monkey. On reaching the platform the dear little fellow—he only measures thirteen inches round the waist—assumed the *bâton* with perfect sangfroid. A hush fell on the hall as the seventy gifted performers intoned the perfect opening bars of the tiny tot's Synthetic Super-Symphony in memory of NIETZSCHE. The applause was tremendous, Boscombe was rent to its very chine, but it was as nothing compared to that which greeted the infinitesimal *virtuoso* when he proceeded to recite in a rich treble the peroration of "Man's Place in the Universe" (by Dr. A. RUSSEL WALLACE), with *obligato* accompaniment for bombardon. Extricating himself from the embraces of frenzied autograph hunters, tiny TIM PANUM resolutely took the floor amid a scene of unparalleled confusion, and forced his lilliputian limbs



DON'T JUDGE TOO MUCH BY APPEARANCES.

LITTLE TIMMINS ISN'T A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER AT ALL; BUT THE ROADS ARE VERY MUDDY, AND HE STRONGLY OBJECTS TO HAVING HIS COLLAR SPLASHED!

volume of poems by Lady FLORENCE BILGER, *From a Turkish Bath*, should prove a perfect godsend. As a specimen of Lady FLORENCE's rare lyrical gift we quote the haunting lines entitled "Sundered":—

"It was only last September
That we wandered hand in hand
By the ornamental water,
And gave ear unto the band.
'Twas a sweet morceau by DENZI,
But she caught the influenza—
For the autumn air was chill—
And the wise Sir THOMAS BARLOW
Sent her off to Monte Carlo,

into all the contortions of the most abandoned cake-walk. The performance of this three-year-old marvel will be repeated—teething permitted—next Tuesday. Already every available bed in Boscombe and the neighbourhood is secured, and thousands of enthusiastic amateurs are preparing to sleep on or under billiard tables on the night of the concert.

ERRATUM.—*Mr. Punch*, remembering that *de mortuis non est disputandum*, hesitates to mention that the poem "A Grave Scandal," attributed in last week's Index to Mr. G. K. MENZIES, was the work of Mr. CYRIL H. BRETHERTON.



UNANSWERABLE.

Pompous Magnate (making speech at public luncheon in provincial town). "SPEAKING OF TRAVEL REMINDS ME HOW GREATLY I HAVE ADMIRERD THE SCENERY ROUND LAKE GENEVA, AND ALSO WHAT PLEASANT TIMES I HAVE SPENT IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LAKE LEMAN."

Cultured Neighbour (in audible whisper). "PARDON ME, BUT THE TWO PLACES ARE SYNONYMOUS."

P. M. (patronisingly). "AH! SO YOU MAY THINK, SIR—SO YOU MAY THINK! BUT, FROM MY POINT OF VIEW, I CONSIDER LAKE GENEVA TO BE FAR THE MOST SYNONYMOUS OF THE TWO."

A. MUFF.

I WANTED a muff
On an up-to-date scale,
Of some soft fluffy stuff,
With a head and a tail;
So, innocent-hearted I started
To go to a stock-taking sale.

My muscles are tough,
I'm not sickly or pale,
But that shop was enough
To make Hercules quail.
The ladies were gripping and ripping,
Each using her arm like a flail.

My passage was rough,
And as slow as a snail.
Infatigably to luff
I was pinned to a bale,
And asked "to mind where I was
pushing"—
By a frowsy and frenzied female.

They ruined my ruff
And twitched off my veil;
The shopman was bluff
When I told him my tale,

And I vowed the next time I played
football
I would wear a costume of chain
mail.

I went home in a huff,
Looking feeble and frail,
Still minus a muff
With a head and a tail—
But my brother politely informed me
I was one, to go to a sale.

O. P. GOSSIP.

WE understand that Mr. TREE has ordered a large consignment of Mr. H. G. WELLS's new cereal, "The Food of the Gods."

The news that the subject of next year's pantomime at Drury Lane is already settled has caused an unusual stir in theatrical circles, and several managers hasten to state that they are not behindhand. The only forthcoming fairy play, however, of which we have received definite information is *Bill*

Psyche the Hoxton Hooligoblin, in which AHMED MADRALLI will play the part of the *Fairy Queen*.

We are in a position to announce that should Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES's new play *Joseph Entangled* prove successful it will be followed by *Balfour Bunkered* and the *Hyphenly Twins*.

It is rumoured that Mr. J. M. BARRIE and Captain BASIL HOOD are collaborating in a musical play entitled *Little Mary Andersen*.

The first half-yearly anniversary of the publication of *The Daily Mirror* will be celebrated by a performance by the Carmelite Opera Co. of *Alfred Through the Looking-Glass*.

Taking their Pleasure Sadly.

THE following advertisement appeared in the *Scotsman* :—

SCENES resulting from the MACEDONIAN ATROCITIES displayed by the Modern Marvel Cinematograph, at 3 and 8. (See Amusement Column)

POPULAR FALLACIES.

NEXT to the habit of searching for hidden specie, nothing is more characteristic of the modern Renaissance of British Energy than the scholarly craving to identify quotations. How significant is the following passage from the *Daily Chronicle* of the 7th instant:

"A discussion has been going on in one of our weekly contemporaries as to the origin of the phrase 'bag and baggage,' it having been suggested that Mr. GLADSTONE invented it during his speech-making campaign against Bulgarian atrocities. It has, of course, been promptly pointed out that the words are SHAKESPEARE'S, coming from *Touchstone's* 'Let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.'"

Mr. Punch, ever anxious to encourage the arduous pursuit of Learning, has here collated a few similar examples of popular superstition, which he desires to dispel by the 50-radium-power shafts of Terewth.

1. "*A Power, not ourselves, that makes for Righteousness.*"—This remarkable phrase has also been attributed to Mr. GLADSTONE in connection with the Bulgarian atrocities above referred to. He is supposed to have used it as a periphrasis for Holy Russia. Actually, however, the phrase was originally patented, for other uses, by the late Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

2. "*Adorable Dreamer!*"—It was the same distinguished critic who first employed this form of invocation when apostrophising the University of Oxford. The discovery of its comparatively remote origin has naturally shaken the theory that it was first adopted in the early days of 1904 by Lord ROSEBERY when asked to confirm the report that he had joined a coalition under the leadership of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.

3. "*The flow of soul.*"—This luminous expression was supposed to have been invented by Sir OLIVER LODGE in a recent lecture on the possibilities of establishing communication with departed spirits. The passage in which it originally occurs has now been unearthed, and from the context, "*The feast of reason,*" it is clear that the author, a Mr. POPE, employed it with a totally different significance.

4. "*Full many a gem of purest ray.*"—A similar discussion in the sphere of metaphysics has been the cause of another literary error, by which the above phrase has been attributed to an admirer of the correspondence lately contributed to the *Times* by Professor RAY LANKESTER. Careful investigation has revealed the fact that these words were originally composed in a churchyard at Stoke by Mr. GRAY some ninety-six summers before the learned Pro-

fessor assumed his notorious Christian name.

5. "*The terrors of his beak.*"—The same poet invented this phrase in reference to the Eagle of Jove. This discovery disposes of the popular belief that it was originally applied to Mr. PLOWDEN by a poetic constable attached to the Marylebone Police Court.

6. "*The Passionate Shepherd.*"—It now transpires that it is to CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE and not Mr. JESSE COLLINGS that this exquisite headline must be ascribed. The actual title of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS' tribute of adoration to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was as follows: *The Passionate Cowherd to his Love*. His indebtedness to MARLOWE is, however, obvious and beyond repudiation.

7. "*Thalassa! Thalassa!*"—This remark has now been identified as originating with a certain Greek War Correspondent of the name of XENOPHON, who first used it in a work entitled *The Anabasis*. Lord CURZON'S expression "*To Lhassa! To Lhassa!*" is therefore proved to be clearly derivative rather than original, as generally supposed. It is to the Regius Professor of Greek at the University of Sikkim that we are indebted for this scholarly correction.

8. "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*"—Mr. WANKLYN has not been allowed to enjoy for very long the distinction of inventing this phrase to describe the possible progress of Mr. HAROLD COX to the Bradford poll. It has been shown by a member of the Cobden Club that the phrase has nothing to do with political candidature, having been invented by Lord BYRON, whose position as a Peer precluded him from taking any share in Parliamentary elections.

9. To "*cap*" a man.—The recently published *Creevey Papers* have thrown a flood of light upon the origin of a phrase which was wrongly supposed to have been first employed at the Universities in the Early Victorian Period. It appears that one of BLÜCHER'S subordinates, by name WELLINGTON, had acquired an external coating of polish from the French, who always made a habit of taking off their headpieces to the enemy before charging; and that, in conveying an order, at the Battle of Waterloo, to one of the few surviving British regiments, he made use of the remarkable phrase: "*Hup! Guards! and hat 'em!*"

10. "*They have their exits.*"—This statement, being part of an observation made to an interviewer by a member of the L.C.C. (the rest of it running as follows: "but in case of a fire they would probably be bolted"), was supposed to be original: but it has now

been traced to WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE by the indignant proprietor of the Elephantodrome. O. S.

CHARIVARIA.

WE have often heard it said that British Sport is in a bad way, but we trust the case is not as desperate as the following extract from an advertisement would have us believe:—

OLYMPIA.

"A COLOSSAL EXPOSITION OF BRITISH SPORT."

GEORGE HACKENSCHMIDT, THE RUSSIAN LION.	
HACKENSCHMIDT.	HACKENSCHMIDT.
HACKENSCHMIDT.	HACKENSCHMIDT.

A German Socialist editor has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for *lèse majesté* for stating that the German EMPEROR received £2,000 daily for appending his signature to documents. We had no idea the amount was larger.

The sensational announcement which has been made to the effect that Professor PANCOAST, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has been conducting the bleaching experiments with the X rays, is already prepared to fit up negroes with permanent white collars and shirt fronts, is premature, and calculated to cause widespread disappointment.

We are glad to hear that our old friend the Zoo is as popular as ever. The new Ape House, we are informed, now contains a Gibbon, an Orang, and three fine Chimpanzees, and is daily crowded with small boys.

It is reported, by the way, that the Gibbon is engaged on a history of the establishment.

"Do we save enough?" gaily asks the placard of a penny paper. This suggestion that we should take care of our pennies comes with admirable force from such a quarter.

Messrs. JOHN ALLAN & Co. have published what we take to be a compendium of the political speeches of the past twelve months. It is entitled, *The "Gas World" Year Book, 1904.*

It speaks volumes for the stolid indifference to danger of the average British merchant that, although the other day an office boy attacked his employer with an axe, only an extremely small proportion of City men are insisting on having their clerks searched before settling down to work.

It is said, however, that in some



THE CHAMBERLAIN ORCHIDSTRA.

[The first meeting of the new Tariff "Commission" is fixed for January 15.]

establishments there may now be seen, hanging up, a neatly printed notice, consisting of the following words:—

ALL HATCHETS

MUST BE LEFT IN THE OUTER OFFICE.

It has always been the Englishman's pride that no section of the public is denied protective legislation. A Pistols Act has now been passed in the interests of our burglars.

Even in Servia a certain number of persons were horrified at the recent regicide. These are said to be now plotting to kill the present KING.

It is rather annoying to learn from a Russian newspaper that, even if our expedition reaches Lhassa, the revolt of the Lama and his followers against British oppression will end by bringing Thibet into the Russian sphere of influence. It would have been more friendly of the *Peterburgskiya Vyedomosti* if it had pointed this out to us before we had gone to considerable expense in the matter.

Reuter reports that the tents of the British troops in Thibet are daily surrounded by crowds of admiring natives, and it is rumoured that our War Office, which is rapidly acquiring business habits, has telegraphed out that in future a charge of so much a head is to be demanded of all sightseers.

The beauties of Mid-Devon are well known. This veritable Garden of Eden is now represented by EVE.

"The EVE of Dissolution" is what the Radicals are calling the new Member.

If we are to believe *Pearson's Magazine* this is to be a leap year with a vengeance. The current number contains an announcement that all contributions for a Short Story Prize Competition must be sent in by February 31.

A disgraceful attempt is being made to get Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON to start again. The *Daily Mail* declares that a Mr. HARRY HEMS, of Exeter, has written upwards of four thousand letters to the press since 1868, by the side of which Mr. ASHTON'S 500 fade into insignificance. No words of ours can express our indignation at a responsible newspaper thus tempting Mr. ASHTON to break a solemnly-made promise.

THE *Rand Daily Mail* of December 11, in recording the constitution of the new Town Council of Johannesburg, says,



NATURAL HISTORY.

Eva. "MOTHER SAYS I'M DESCENDED FROM MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS."

Tom (her brother). "SO AM I THEN."

Eva. "DON'T BE SILLY, TOM. YOU CAN'T BE—YOU'RE A BOY!"

without comment or italics (the italics being a gloss of our own):—

"The character of the Council may be judged from the fact that it consists of six merchants, five directors of companies, two managers of companies, two stockbrokers, two solicitors, two architects, two labour representatives, two builders, one land owner, one mine owner, one administrator of mines, one accountant, one land surveyor, one speculator, and one gentleman."

But what is one among so many?

CHAT FROM CHATSWORTH.—At the excellent amateur performance got up for the amusement of their MAJESTIES by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, last Thursday, it

will be noticed by many a London professional Manager that in this distinguished, decorative and splendidly decorated audience, hardly one among "the house party" came in without an order! This, indeed, was a practical lesson in Free Trade. No question, as in former days, of "orders not admitted after seven." No mention of "Free List suspended." It is a noble example as set by His Grace the DUKE, but whether it will be followed by Sir HENRY IRVING (on his return), and by Messrs. BEERBOHM TREE, GEORGE ALEXANDER, and CYRIL MAUDE, remains to be seen.

THE UBIQUITOUS GORDONS AND THE INIQUITOUS CLUBBOCKS.

(A suggestion for Chapter One of the projected Serial in Mr. W. T. Stead's new Journal.)

Introduction.—Just seen Preliminary Announcement in *The Daily Paper* of Great Historical Serial Romance of the World's Life, which is "to vitalise the idea of the National Life, and clothe the skeleton outline of facts recorded from day to day, by telegram or otherwise, in the daily papers with the living, throbbing flesh and blood of an actual human interest."

Central idea appears to be to have groups of characters: some "White Knights," who are to be "more or less idealised portraits of actual representatives of the good causes and progressive movements of our time" (and, of course, no connections of the *White Knight* in "*Alice*"); "Black Knights," representing "the elements of self-indulgence, cynicism, pessimism, Jingoism," &c.; and "Grey Knights," who are to be "mixed characters." These groups to be distributed between two families; most of the White Knights "members of the family of Lord GORDON of Rockstone"; Black Knights, "largely of the kith and kin of RICHARD CLUBBOCK." When "once the story gets started, it will never end," and "nothing will happen on the surface of this planet that is of sufficient interest to occupy space in the newspapers in which either one or other member of these ubiquitous families will not be quite in the heart of things." The aim being to bring the great World-Drama home to "the Sempstress, the Shopman, the Artisan, and the common-place unimaginative Middle-class."

Sounds magnificent. Unfortunately the Editor despairs of finding the "Journalist-Novelist or Novelist-Journalist" capable of carrying out the conception. Seems to think he may have to evolve him. But is that necessary? May there not be some among us who already possess the necessary qualifications? Why not try my hand at the opening Chapter—just to start the thing? All I have to do is to select a few items of interest from columns of daily paper, string them on to a thread of story which will thrill the Sempstress and the Artisan—and the thing's done. So here goes:—

CHAPTER THE FIRST

"But surely, Sir RICHARD," pleaded Lord GORDON of Rockstone, his noble features flushed with generous enthusiasm as he addressed the head of the house of CLUBBOCK (better make RICHARD a Baronet—baronets always bad in Sempstresses' fiction). "Surely you sympathise with such a cause as mine—a cause which is to"—(Shall leave details to be filled in by Mr. STEAD; not quite sure which particular cause he would prefer Lord GORDON to champion).

The Baronet's mean and malignant countenance was convulsed by a Satanic sneer as he gave vent to sentiments respecting the cause in question of so appallingly cynical, pessimistic, and Jingoistic a character that it is impossible to record them in a paper intended for the Home!

"I desire to live in charity with even the lowest of my fellow creatures," said Lord GORDON, with great self-control, "but I feel compelled to remark that such utterances as yours, Sir RICHARD, would be repudiated with horror by the most unmitigated fiend that ever—"

Ere he could conclude the sentence, Sir RICHARD, with a stifled imprecation, felled him to earth.

"I do not intend to hit you back again," said the high-minded nobleman, as he lay prostrate on the priceless Kidderminster carpet. "I shall take it lying down, and, while lying down, I shall be thinking out how I can but do you a good turn!"

[This opening gives the keynote, and as Lord GORDON's last

sentences are founded on a leader in "*The Daily Paper*," they ought to be all right. Now we come to business. First item on my list is a cable stating that "a mobile column has just started to intercept the Somali Mullah, who has declined to come to terms."]

At the same moment, in happy unconsciousness of the unmerited indignity that was being endured by his revered and noble parent, Major the Hon. GRANDISON GORDON, V.C., D.S.O., was superintending the departure of a column across the trackless wilds of a West African desert.

"A gallant force," he said to one of his subalterns; "but shall we succeed in intercepting this Mullah? His strategic genius and consummate skill in evading pursuit are truly phenomenal in a mere native!"

"They say, Sir," said the sub, as he saluted respectfully, "that the Johnny has European blood in him—that his maternal grandfather, in fact, was a renegade Englishman."

"Indeed?" said GRANDISON, with some surprise. "And his name?—Heard you that?"

"I was told it, Sir, but it has escaped me—it was JASPER something—ah, I remember now—JASPER CLUBBOCK."

GRANDISON recalled the name as that of a notorious great uncle of Sir RICHARD's who, after doing his utmost to wreck the fortunes of the House of Rockstone, had fled to the Sahara two generations back, and was reported to have embraced the Mohammedan faith. And so the family feud was destined to be carried on, even in these remote regions! There was something strangely sobering in the thought.

[Here's a striking incident at a Christmas dinner to a thousand aged poor which might be brought in somehow.]

But now we must transport the gentle reader back to a vastly different scene. Never had the stately walls of the Croydon Corn Exchange contained a happier, brighter assemblage than the thousand old and deserving poor who were being regaled beneath its historic roof upon a sumptuous collation. Foremost as ever in all good works, like most female members of the great house of Rockstone, the Hon. GRISELDA GORDON (don't know whether Lord GORDON is a Baron—but if not, perhaps Mr. STEAD will see that she gets her proper title) was carrying plates of plum-pudding with her own fair hands to the recipients, who seemed positively overwhelmed by her condescension.

Noticing that tears were trickling down the furrowed cheeks of an elderly individual who had just received a second helping, GRISELDA gently inquired whether he was dissatisfied with the amount.

"It is not that," was the reply, "but I could not but think of the contrast between my present position and the happy days, now gone for ever, when I built a church at Upper Clapton!"

"And to what," asked the girl, "do you attribute the change in your fortunes?"

"To what?" repeated the old man, as his eyes glowed with sombre fire, "Why, to the diabolical cunning of that double-dyed hypocrite and black-hearted scoundrel, URIAH CLUBBOCK!"

Despite the warmth of the temperature in the hall, a cold chill struck to GRISELDA's very heart as she heard the name. Could she go nowhere without finding some fresh instance of the sinister influence of these baleful CLUBBOCKS?

[What fact shall I take next? Here's a case of shop-lifting in the Police Reports—might involve a Miss SAPPHIRA CLUBBOCK in it—perhaps hardly of sufficient interest, though. Let's see if I can't combine two pars—one on the "high price of living at Johannesburg," the other on a "revival in the boot-trade." Think I see my way.]

Little did GRISELDA dream that, while she was engaged in this philanthropic employment, her favourite brother, the Hon. GALAHAD GORDON, was standing in the glaring main street of Johannesburg, ruefully regarding his last sovereign.



QUANTITY, NOT QUALITY.

English Angler, having discovered there are two sorts of Whisky at the Inn (best at 6d., second best at 3d.), orders a glass each of the Sixpenny.

Gillie (in a whisper to the Maid as she passes). "MAKE MINE TWA O' THE THREEPENNY!"

"A sovereign only lasts five minutes here!" he meditated sadly. "And yet I have a strange longing for a little bit of chicken. If I could but obtain one at a reasonable figure!" And, with this intention, he entered a General Store of enticing appearance. But scarcely a minute elapsed before he staggered out into the South African sunshine. "Eight-and-sixpence for a fowl!" he gasped, as he sat down heavily on a convenient stoep. "Is it possible that any man with a human heart in his bosom can be capable of such extortion?"

And then his eye fell on the bloated letters which glittered gaudily above the shop-front, and he ceased to marvel. For the name they spelt was JOSHUA CLUBBOCK! Was it mere coincidence that had thus brought him in contact with a member of the family to whom he never remembered hearing his honoured father allude but in terms of the utmost loathing and abhorrence? To distract his thoughts he drew from his pocket a London paper, and as he read the tidings it contained, his face shone with sudden joy. It told him that the black cloud of depression which had so long overhung the boot and shoe trade of his native Northampton (if Lord GORDON's family-seat is not at Northampton, perhaps Mr. S. would not mind making it so?) was lifting—lifting at last! Ah! the unspeakable, the overpowering relief of it! . . .

[Haven't brought in nearly all the news yet. There are fiscal facts—but perhaps safer to leave MR. CHAMBERLAIN out of it till I'm quite sure whether he's to be a GORDON or a CLUBBOCK. Then there's a statement that "The Tzar is learning the Banjo," a collision between two cable-steamers, and a breakdown on the District Railway—and a GORDON and a CLUBBOCK has to be quite in the heart of it all! . . . Not so easy as I

thought. Can't help feeling myself that the story doesn't seem to get on somehow—general effect a little jumpy. However, I can't help that—I've done my best; not MY fault if there are more skeleton outlines than I've time to find throbbing flesh and blood for. And I think Mr. STEAD will admit that I've kept strictly to the Rules of the Game.]

F. A.

PICKY BACK.

(Being the Fifth Passage from the re-inconanation of Picklock Holes.)

THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS.

I OUGHT to have mentioned before that in my lodgings in Baker Street, of which, as I said, the price is £2 a week (lights not included), I possess a heavy accumulation of note-books dealing with the marvellous exploits and super-human career of the most phenomenal detective known to this or any other age. These I propose to publish in various forms from time to time for the benefit of the public which has been good enough to interest itself in my beloved but austere friend's immortal achievements. There will be in the first place a series of ten volumes on "HOLES as a Man." These will be followed after a short interval by twenty of a similar size on the subject of "HOLES in Relation to the Creation of the World," and the matter will be, temporarily at least, concluded by the issue of twelve quarto volumes entitled "Radium: is it HOLES?" When I shall have completed these I shall be able to contemplate with satisfaction my humble share in the epoch-making events

which it is my duty to chronicle. I can promise the public that in absorbing interest no less than in the virile graces of a breezy literary style not one of these entrancing volumes will fall short in any degree of the high standard which, out of a regard for the imperishable memory of HOLES, I have consistently set for myself.

We were sitting one morning in the aforesaid lodgings, little recking of the prodigious occurrences which were even then impending over our heads. There had been a lull in the criminality of the United Kingdom. In fact, the steadily decreasing average of murders and the almost complete cessation of industry in the matter of burglaries and arsons had been causing serious disquiet to the statesmen then at the head of the government of the country. Frauds, embezzlements and mysterious disappearances, to be sure, had maintained themselves more or less at the accustomed level, but even in this department, if you applied the test of volume rather than of values, there were suspicious signs which could not fail to produce uneasiness in the minds of those who refused any longer to be hide-bound by the musty shibboleths of the discredited Scotland Yard school of investigators. HOLES, whose courage even in the midst of these depressing circumstances had never flagged for a moment, and whose serenity of temper and marvellous resourcefulness had endeared him more than ever to the select circle of his intimate friends, did not, of course, conceal from me the extreme gravity of the outlook so far as the criminal production of the country was concerned.

"Potson," he used to say to me, "something will have to be done. We cannot afford to rely for ever on our past. What is the use of talking about GREENACRE, DICK TURPIN, the MANNINGS, PALMER, SWEENEY TOD and THREE-FINGERED JACK! They're dead, friend POTSON, dead and gone, and they've left no successors. France is creeping up to us—the decennial averages prove it—Germany is even now ahead of us, and America is dumping many of her best and most highly finished criminals upon our markets. I ask you, are we to take it lying down?"

To such a question, I admit, I had no answer ready at the moment, nor, had I possessed one, should I have ventured to offer it, for PICKLOCK HOLES was a man not easily diverted from any course on which he had set his heart, and I always judged it better not to affront him needlessly when once I saw that he had made up his mind.

Well, as I say, we were sitting in my rooms in Baker Street. HOLES had his steely eyes intently fixed on a coffee-stain made by me on the table-cloth that morning, and from certain curt interjectional remarks which had been falling from his thin tightly-closed lips I gathered that he was deducing from it by his own unsurpassable methods a widely ramified and diabolical plot on the part of Russian emissaries to assassinate the Mikado of JAPAN. Before, however, he had time to complete the steps of his process and to bring the infamous crime home to the chief of the Russian police, the door of our sitting-room was softly opened and a young girl, tastefully dressed in a short skirt and an ordinary shirt waist with hat to match, stepped, or, I should rather say, sidled into the room. Casting a look full of meaning at HOLES, she subsided into a chair and remained silent, while HOLES, upon whom her arrival had already made a marked impression, half rose from his chair and then resumed his former sitting posture.

"Mr. HOLES," she said at length in a voice of peculiar sweetness, "do you know me?"

"You should not ask such a question, Miss," I interrupted; "PICKLOCK HOLES knows everybody."

"Tush, Potson," muttered HOLES with some severity. Then, turning to our visitor, he continued, "Proceed, Miss, your melancholy story is not unknown to me."

"In that case I need only tell you, since you know that

they are all deeply in love with me, that *he*"—there was a world of meaning in her utterance of the word—"has followed me hither, and is at this moment in Baker Street."

"POTSON," said HOLES, drawing his chair closer to that of the girl, who still kept her eyes riveted on his, "go outside and deal with this man as I would have him dealt with."

I obeyed, and having passed out through the front door I found a thickly-built and ill-favoured ruffian whistling an operatic air on our door-step. To accost him, to see that he was a more powerful man than myself, to take him to the nearest public-house, and to stand him a cold whisky—all this was the work of a moment. When I returned to the sitting-room HOLES seemed visibly annoyed at my entrance, and even more so at the account I gave of my doings.

"Oh, Potson, Potson," he exclaimed, "will you never learn? Forgive me, Miss, I must leave you for a moment. Come, Potson, and see how the thing ought to be done." Then, having bowed politely to the young lady, he took me with him out of the room.

The burly ruffian was no longer on the door-step, but a rapid deductive calculation and a look up the street revealed him to us about a hundred yards away. HOLES was after him in a moment. In the brisk fight that ensued the girl's persecutor was severely mauled, while the only damage inflicted on HOLES was that a random blow of his opponent's managed to entirely and without redemption split one of my austere friend's best infinitives. We then returned to our home. Alas, the young lady was gone, gone like a beautiful dream—and so were all my best silver spoons, the tea-pot presented to me by the Imam of KASHMIR, and a massive silver-gilt epergne once the property of GALEN, and much valued by me on that account.

I turned to HOLES for an explanation. His face was quite calm.

"The poor PRINCESS," he said, "is now in safety, Heaven help her. Hers has been a terrible story. Forgive me, Potson, but it had to be."

"HOLES," I murmured reverentially, "you were never greater and more generous than you are at this moment."

THE FATAL MOUSTACHE.

II.

I WELL recollect my next meeting with MAUDE. It was a Saturday evening, and I fixed the moustache on while waiting on the steps of the house. The servant stared rudely when she opened the door. I was shown into the drawing-room as usual. They were all there, Mrs. SEVIER and MAUDE, and FLO and EFFIE. Mrs. SEVIER at first did not recognise me, though she put up her lorgnettes, but MAUDE said at once, "Why, it's CYRIL with a moustache. What an improvement!" and the others echoed, "Why, yes, what an improvement!" Then, before I could explain, MAUDE rushed me into the little study, and I had never known her so affectionate before. She told me I could have no idea how pleased she was that I had made a little sacrifice for her: she knew that I myself did not want to grow the moustache, but that I had done it for her sake. She declared that it had entirely changed me, and that she loved me more than she had ever loved me before. No one now, she said, could call me ugly. (So they had! Master BOB, I doubt not.) "Luckily I have not sent out the photos yet," she went on; "we must be done again," and she took down the large cabinet photo of myself from the mantelpiece, looked at it, laughed at it, and threw it into the fire. "I really don't know how I could have accepted you before," she said. "Why, even you must acknowledge that you were ugly then," and, without waiting for an answer, she kissed me,

and declared she liked the way it tickled immensely.

After that, what was I to do? The way she was taking it was most disconcerting. It was so very different from what I had imagined. It was weak of me, but I felt I must not undeceive her yet. I had not the heart to rob her of an innocent pleasure. Besides, her new mood was so pleasant. I would wait a little.

So, from that day, to my shame—and ultimate confusion—I began to lead a double life. To the world at large I was clean-shaven; to MAUDE I was moustached. I need scarcely say that to a man of my temperament—brought up as I had been—the deception was peculiarly painful. And, on the top of that, there was the growing fear lest I should be found out. The strain soon began to tell on me, so that I wonder my dear Mother did not notice it. Once, actually, I met Mrs. SEVIER in Oxford Street. I hurried by without saying a word, and she did not recognise me. In the evening I had the mortification of hearing her tell MAUDE that she had seen a man exactly like I used to be, only with a nastier expression. This did not make things easier for me.

Every day I intended to tell MAUDE, and every day I put it off to the next. It was so difficult. She was so evidently proud of me now—prouder than she had ever been. She seemed quite different from what she used to be. I did not care to interfere with her happiness. Soon a date was fixed for the wedding, and she had actually almost agreed to our living with Mother, so that she (Mother) could look after us both. She had said anyhow we could try it for a little. Meanwhile I had made up my mind that I would tell her after the wedding.

Then the end came—quite suddenly.

I had brought her a little present of a piece of jewellery that evening. On such occasions she was always especially affectionate. She flung her arms round my neck, and kissed me very, very fondly. That must have loosened it. Later in the evening—she was absurdly childish at times—she began to turn the ends up. I begged her to desist, for I saw what it might lead to, but no, she was obstinate. There may have been a slight struggle. Anyhow, suddenly my mouth felt cold, and the moustache came away in her hand. With a little shriek she let it fall. We both watched the thing as with cruel slowness it flickered to the ground.

I do not propose to reproduce the scene that followed. I am ashamed to say that MAUDE forgot herself. She was rude to me.



THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.

Motor Crank (in dark-tinted spectacles). "JUST BEEN CANVASSING. THINGS ARE LOOKING VERY BLACK IN THE COUNTRY."

Lady. "OH, BUT WHY DON'T YOU TRY PINK GOGGLES?"

The next morning there arrived a quite unnecessary letter from Mrs. SEVIER. Later, the moustache came back in an envelope, with the words "You left this yesterday," written in the flap.

Those are the facts.

My Mother has just been down, in her dressing-gown, to remind me to take my drops before I go to bed. Dear Mother! That is just like her. She is always thinking of me. Perhaps, after all, I am better with her to watch over

me. I should certainly have forgotten the drops.

Mother asks me particularly to mention that she is delighted the match is off. And I myself think I should have been sorry to be tied to a person with such a horrid temper. I am nearly sure of it.

Still, I am not quite certain that marriage with her cousin will not be too severe a punishment. Yet, perhaps it may be a lesson to MAUDE, and teach her not to forget herself.



PRECAUTION.

"PENNY CIGAR, AN' A PENNY 'EADACHE POWDER!"

THE M.C.C. JOURNALISTS IN AUSTRALIA.

["A peculiarity of the present English cricketing combination on tour in Australia is the number of its members who are also acting as Press correspondents. Fully half of the team appear to be 'supplementing their incomes' in this fashion."—*Daily Chronicle*, Jan. 7, 1904.]

MR. WARNER's merry men occasionally refresh themselves with a game of cricket—indeed, on two separate occasions, they met and defeated a representative Australian eleven—but such

frivolities are not allowed to interfere with their proper journalistic labours.

Probably no stronger team of ready writers has ever visited antipodean shores, and there is not a man among them who is not in form. WARNER's skill with the pen has always been extraordinary. His up and down strokes are alike brilliant, and he dips into the ink with amazing rapidity. BOSANQUET writes with his head, keeping a good length. RHODES has a way of dropping short sentences now and then which is very puzzling to the reader. Some of

his curly ones are irresistible. HIRST holds his pen loosely, and steps out to the long words with terrible effect. LILLEY has a marked tendency to euphuism—perhaps hereditary.

A few specimens of the team's recent work, describing one of their digressions into the cricket field, all culled from current issues of their respective journals, may be interesting:—

MR. WARNER, writing in the *Westminster Gazette*, says that FIELDER's treatment of the Bendigo boys was "beyond praise." He showed himself more than ever a "sterling bowler."

MR. BOSANQUET, writing in the *St. James's Gazette*, refers to HAYWARD's Bendigo innings as a "tip-topper." "It is doubtful," he adds, "if a better innings was ever played."

MR. FOSTER, writing in the *Jermyn Street Gazette*, deprecates praise of his own great innings. All the while, he says, he was "longing to get back to his desk and telegraph forms."

LILLEY, writing in the *Warwickshire Clarion*, joins in the chorus of eulogy of Mr. FOSTER's innings. "It was great," are his graphic words.

KNIGHT, in an interesting letter to the *Leicester Lynx*, remarks on the climate of Australia. It is, he says, "hotter than home for the most part, but sometimes not so hot."

HAYWARD, writing to the *Oval Oracle*, speaks enthusiastically of Mr. WARNER's captaincy. "A little bit of all right," he calls it, in a vivid phrase.

ARNOLD, who acts as correspondent of the *Worcester Sauce-bottle*, is struck by the likeness of the Australian men and women to those of his own country. "They are unmistakably of the old stock," he writes.

RHODES has a similar comment in the *Bramall-Lane Advertiser*. He also speaks of Mr. FOSTER's great innings as "immense."

RELF, writing in *Sussex Snippets*, paints the rigours of the voyage with much feeling. "We were all in the pavilion most of the time," he says. "They had forgotten to put the heavy roller over the sea."

TYLDESLEY, in the *Old Trafford Times*, refers to Mr. FOSTER's great innings. "Three or four other innings like it," he writes, "and the other side would have had less of a look-in than they had."

STRUDWICK, writing in *W. G.'s Weekly*, points out that the grass on Australian pitches might be growing in England, "so little difference is there in the colour and size of the blades."

From these extracts it will be seen that, whether or not the M.C.C. team brings back the "ashes," English journalism is gaining some valuable and industrious recruits.



THE EDGE OF THE STORM.

BRITANNIA (*Owner of Yacht, to CAPTAIN ARTHUR B. L. R.*). "WOULD IT BE INTERRUPTING YOU TO ASK IF WE ARE AS WELL PREPARED AS USUAL?"

EMOLLIENTS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

AMERICAN STYLE.

II.

THE scene is a small room in Mr. PONTIUS WATTLE's slightly palatial dwelling. On the table a few books, arranged with resolute carelessness. A bulbous portrait of Mr. WATTLE, who is pointing with demonstrative forefinger to the blue-print of a mine, hangs over the fireplace. BUFFIN throws open the door and announces to the empty room, "Mr. MARCEL TORLISK." Mr. TORLISK enters as unconsciously as if surrounded by a hundred eyes, of whose gaze a high self-respect bade him seem unaware. He walks straight to the table, takes up a book, and on seeing the author's name puts it down with a restrained yelp. He stands before the fire and takes out his watch. Mr. WATTLE appears in the doorway and looks inquiringly at Mr. TORLISK.

Mr. Wattle. Have a chair, young man. What can I do for you to-day?

Mr. Torlisk. Nothing for me, nothing for me, Mr. WATTLE. It is I who minister to you. I come from Mrs. CAY.

Mr. W. O, to be sure. And what may your line be? I've seen so many of you fellows, I'm getting rather mixed.

Mr. T. At the request of Mrs. CAY I have come to talk to you for five or ten minutes about pictures, in which your house does not seem to abound.

Mr. W. Fire away, young man.

Mr. T. You wish to buy a few paintings, I believe?

Mr. W. Sure!

Mr. T. Ah! . . . Well, the usual thing—and I employ this expression in neither an eulogistic nor a dyslogistic sense—the usual thing for an American millionaire is to be guilty of Schreyerei.

Mr. W. Steady, there. Let's have your notions without the tinfoil.

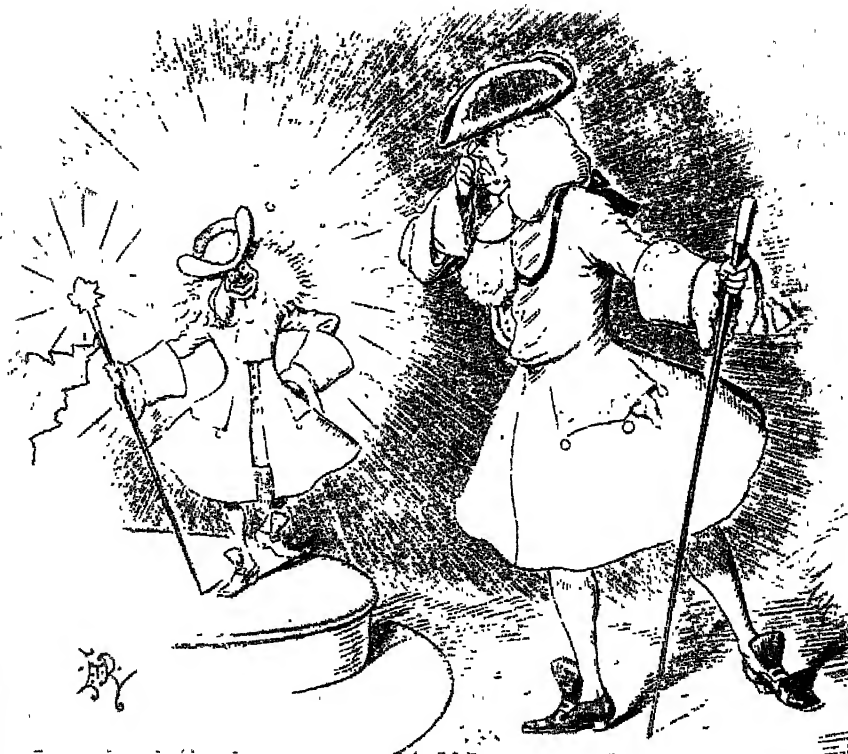
Mr. T. I mean, to buy a painting by SCHREYER.

Mr. W. Yes, I've heard he *does* have the call.

Mr. T. And then a picture by MONET. Now, don't misunderstand me. I'm not classing SCHREYER and MONET together—not for a minute. Tired as I am of the ordinary stereotyped Monet, I yield to none in my admiration for parts of his work. For example, take some among his paintings of London fog, masterpieces little known and less appreciated. If you have set your heart on one of these, I shan't say no.

Mr. W. (with resignation). No, I guess you'd say a lot more than that.

Mr. T. Pardon? . . . As I was saying, have your Monet, if you must, have your Schreyer, have even your Ziem, but . . .



BEAU NASH AND THE FOREIGN INTRUDER IN THE "PUMP ROOM."

DISGUST OF BONE-ASH (CALCIUM PHOSPHATE) ON FINDING THAT THE LITTLE PARVENU UPSTART, MONSIEUR RADIUM (DISCOVERED BY MADAME CURIE) IS ALSO PRESENT IN THE THERMAL SPRINGS OF BATH—IN SPITE OF THE MOST STRINGENT AND EXCLUSIVE RULES TOO!

["The Hon. R. J. STRUTT has detected the presence of radium in the waters of Bath." "The reason why the presence of radium is easily detected in spite of the smallness of the proportion present, is that the tests are so exceedingly sensitive." "Calcium is predominant in the thermal springs of Bath."—Daily Papers.]

Here Mr. TORLISK, breaking off, looks upon Mr. WATTLE, and smiles as one who would make his face subtly suggestive of great things.

Mr. T. Mr. WATTLE, have you ever considered the ground-floor aspect of art?

Mr. WATTLE gazes dejectedly about the room, as if faintly hoping to find an answer to the puzzle.

Mr. T. Have you ever thought of the fascination, the honour, the glory of dealing in æsthetic futures? . . . You see I adapt my language to your understanding . . . Do I, may I, hope you find my mysterious excitement a little—O, si peu—contagious?

Mr. W. (after he has spat accurately into the fire). Young man, I don't catch your drift.

Mr. T. Be careful what you say! You may chill me! Listen. Many years ago a young man named CLAUDE MONET was unknown, unregarded, unbought, unsought. No picture of his hung on the walls of the rich, no . . .

Mr. W. Wa'n't he born yet?

Mr. T. Sh! . . . No picture by him

. . . There, that phrase has escaped me. Let us pass on . . . And in those days a connoisseur, one skilled to know beauty in its bud, began to buy the pictures of MONET and of MONET's friends. He bought those pictures cheap, he kept them long, he sold them—those he cared to sell—high, very high. Mr. WATTLE. Mr. WATTLE, you can, if you will, imitate that man and gain his fame.

Mr. W. Well, you find a Monet cheap and I'll buy it. Cheapness no bar.

Mr. T. No, no. I mean this. There are in the world, at this moment, painters who are not yet the fashion, but who will be before a great while, as any competent appreciator will tell you. Men like PUTZ and LUCIEN PISSARO, who will have the vogue, whom even the public will call great, in twenty years. Buy them now, when they can be bought at a fair price, and in twenty years you will be known as a patron of art.

Mr. W. They ain't Americans? You're sure?

Mr. T. Americans! Do you suppose me capable of asking an American

millionaire to buy American paintings? My dear Sir, I take umbrage at that.

Mr. W. Well, I don't know, after all. I'm not sure as I'd mind giving our boys a show. And there'd be no duty to pay on their stuff.

Mr. T. Really? Your unconventionality will carry you to such lengths? For years, Mr. WATTLE, I've been in search of a millionaire like you. Why, I'll make you immortal!

Mr. W. Humph! I reckon I could name a certain gold mine that's done that already.

Mr. WATTLE moves his cigar along his mouth, without the aid of his hands, from corner to corner.

Mr. W. Young man, when you began to talk I wondered why Mrs. CAY sent such queer cattle here. But you're not so bad. Your idea is to have me buy some things by these fellows and then sit on my purchase?

Mr. T. In essentials, yes, that is my suggestion.

Mr. W. And in twenty years I'm to be known as a patron of art?

Mr. T. As one of our foremost patrons of art, Mr. WATTLE.

Mr. W. Very good. I'll think it over. Meanwhile, I'll take an instalment of my reputation. Go and buy me something that's not too far ahead of the push. Sorry to have you leave.

(To be continued.)

AZURE PROSPECTS.

A SELF-STYLED "chromoscopist" foretells that 1904 will be a blue year (as if 1903 wasn't blue enough!) At least, the colours of success will be the deep blue tones, such as royal blue and cornflower blue, without going into the lighter or the darker shades. Mr. Punch's Own Obscurantist has therefore prepared the following forecast, month by month:—

January.—If the thermometer is below freezing-point, noses, and also fingers, will be blue. A blue-blooded aristocrat will gain the hand of a rich American heiress.

February.—Blue-eyed young ladies will receive much attention about the middle of this month from susceptible bachelors, spring poets, artists and others. Dairy-men will reap some temporary advantage from the sale of sky-milk.

March.—Some stir may be expected in political circles, and true-blue Conservatives, who are anxious to make up their minds on the Fiscal Question, will be deeply immersed in Blue Books. Cheese will be exceptionally blue at this juncture. The Boat Race will result in

a victory for one of the contestants, though subsequent encounters this year between the rival Blues will probably end in draws, neither the light nor the dark shades portending success.

April.—Will be remarkable for the appearance of blue sky between the showers. Christ's Hospital boys will wear their accustomed uniform, and the same prediction holds good of the Royal Horse Guards, policemen, and members of His Majesty's Navy.

May.—Bluebells may be looked for in almost all the wooded parts of the country. Many blue tits also will be observed throughout the length and breadth of the land, engaged in nesting operations.

June.—A large consumption by washerwomen of a well-known commodity may safely be relied upon during this month. Several engagements are in prospect for the various Blue Hungarian Bands in London and elsewhere.

July.—Will be a good season for blue butterflies. Many blue-bottles will delight the householder with their merry buzz and friendly little ways.

August.—The sea, with the kind co-

operation of the Clerk of the Weather, will be of a deep blue colour in parts. Peacocks' tails will exhibit the same phenomenon.

September.—A large number of holiday-makers will "blue" their money on the Continent, and persons of linguistic ability will return with their vocabulary enriched by such expressions as "Parbleu," "Ventrebleu!" and the like. The air will thus be blue on occasion.

October.—Will mark the reassembling of "blue-stockings" at the respective ladies' colleges. Teetotallers will be distinguished by a piece of blue ribbon in the coat-lapel.

November.—Turquoises may now be worn with success by the wives of the well-to-do who possess these jewels. Much blue china will be in evidence in the cabinets of connoisseurs of this article. Many blue devils will arise from the London fog.

December.—The favourite pantomime will be *Bluebeard*. The Christmas festivities will be fitly terminated by doses of the familiar blue pill. Prospects will be blue, as usual.



URGENTLY INVITED TO THE PLATFORM BY LORD ROSEBERY.

Chorus. "A-A-A-H, WELL DO I REMEMBER,—WELL DO I REMEMBER.—WELL! THERE NOW, BLEST IF I AIN'T A'GONE AND CLEAN FORGOT IT!!"

[“It would be more use to the cause of Free Trade, if those who remembered those days, however old they may be, or however unaccustomed to public speaking—if they were to appear on the platform and say in a few pathetic words, as they would do, what they remember of the days of Protection.”—*Lord Rosebery at Edinburgh.*]



TROUBLES OF A WOULD-BE SPORTSMAN.—No. 2.

Huntsman (to W.B.S.). "Just 'op across, would ye, sir, and turn those 'ounds to me, please."

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

VIII.—DO WE EAT TOO MUCH?

PRESENT.

Mr. John Trundley of Peckham (in the chair.)

Mrs. Earle.

Sir Henry Thompson.

Mr. Fortnum.

M. Benoist.

Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Sir Lewis Morris.

Dr. Farquharson, M.P.

Prof. Ray Lankester.

Rev. J. M. Bacon.

Mr. John Trundley (in the chair.) Speaking *ex cathedra*, as one would say, and not in my official capacity as the Fat Boy of Peckham with a desire to make your flesh creep, I must say that this is a question that cannot be too much discussed. Do we or do we not over-eat? Now—

Mr. Bernard Shaw. There is to the intelligent man only one answer. Of course we do. That is to say, of course every one else does. England over-eats steadily, day and night. Hence the absence of super men and super women, super girls and super boys.

Mr. John Trundley. O Mr. SHAW, type of true gluttony kept under! Surely there is present one super boy. How much superer would you have me? You should see my arm-chair at home.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Not super boy but super-fatted boy. You should try protein biscuits and hard thinking.

Mr. Fortnum. *A propos* of hard thinking, my friend MASON asked me an excellent riddle this morning. What is the difference—

Sir Henry Thompson. A dinner party regaled only on protein biscuits would not, I venture to think, be an exhilarating function. Over-eating may be bad, but in my belief it is not so harmful as over-heating.

Rev. J. M. Bacon. I quite agree. Closed windows are the dickens. I keep my balloon most carefully ventilated. And this reminds me that to the balloonist a large meal can sometimes be of the greatest service. The other day, for example, I wished to descend in a hurry from one of my flights, but found that the escape valve would not work. There was nothing for it but to eat a huge lunch and so weight myself that I acted as the required extra ballast and caused the balloon to alight gracefully in the middle of the Round Pond.

Sir Lewis Morris. But surely—

M. Benoist. The story is true, I assure you, gentlemen. I myself supplied the intrepid aeronaut with the collation.

Dr. Farquharson. Over-eating is not to be universally condemned. The physical deterioration to which I have

recently drawn attention in the *Times* is largely due to an insufficient dietary. I am all for a free breakfast table, but I would not pamper the proletariat with plovers' eggs, or furnish recruits with a messing allowance to squander it on caviare, whatever their General might eat.

Sir Lewis Morris. Food should not merely be attuned to the environment, but to the character of the mental effort. For lyric flights I recommend ortolans, for the heroic couplet brandy and porterhouse steaks.

Mrs. Earle. Variety should be the note of an enlightened diet; not necessarily abstinence from flesh foods. Milk is essential; nightcaps of milk from the cocoanut are now in fashion amongst the best people.

Sir Lewis Morris. Speaking as the Hades of an epicure, I strongly insist on the necessity of making diet harmonise with environment. When during the composition of my *magnum opus* I lived on the Underground, I subsisted entirely on truffles, tubers, and other roots, washed down with subcutaneous injections of coal tar.

Mr. Fortnum. Returning to my friend MASON's riddle, What is the difference, he asked, between—

Sir Henry Thompson. Over-eating is of course a relative term. What is over-eating in one man might be a very moderate and even unsatisfying performance in another. Look at GARGANTUA.

M. Benoist. Ah, my brave countryman!

Prof. Ray Lankester. The truth of Sir HENRY THOMPSON's shrewd remark may be proved in a moment by a visit to the Zoological Society's Gardens in Regent's Park. For example, the modest meal of a quarter of a sheep which leaves a lion still unappeased would be gross over-eating in the marmoset, while what might be a frugal repast to the marmoset would doubtless prove a surfeit to the ladybird or the anopheles mosquito.

Sir Lewis Morris. As I remark in my *Songs without Music*:—

"Proud man secluded in his petty corner
May learn most useful lessons from the
fauna."

Mr. Bernard Shaw. If the Zoo were strictly vegetarian, as it ought to be, the lions would be super lions.

Prof. Ray Lankester. I ought to explain, however, that the animal analogy is decidedly to the credit of man as a moderate feeder. Thus my distinguished friend Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING has computed that, if we took our food in the shape as well as in the quantity of that consumed by the ordinary robin, a full-grown adult would be entitled to eat daily a sausage thirty-two feet long and three inches in diameter.

Mr. Fortnum. Exactly. What is the difference, my friend MASON said, between a Cambridge sausage—

Sir Lewis Morris. That reminds me of a little valentine in verse that I once sent to Sir THOMAS LIPTON. It began:

"Pray tell me, genial Squire of Osidge,
Why is there not an Oxford sausage?"

Sir Henry Thompson. My belief is that if one eats nothing between meals one may eat anything at them. It is the pernicious habit of indulging in snacks that saps the constitution.

Mr. John Trundley. I cannot agree. Growing boys should never go without food for more than three hours. Besides, I am told that the smart set eat meat five times a day—at breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner and supper.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Society is full of supper men.

Sir Lewis Morris. Master TRUNDLEY is perfectly right. As I remark in my *Songs from the Underground*:

Yet his voracity was such
As I too must deplore;
For he could never eat so much
That he could eat no more.

At Chatsworth the other day—

Mr. Bernard Shaw. If the aristocracy ceased to be carnivorous, it would no longer be available for obloquy. Personally I should be inclined to make vegetarianism a penal offence for Peers.

Dr. Farquharson. And, I should add, for raw recruits. It is, I believe, impossible for a vegetarian to over-eat himself, and our "Brodricks" must be over-not under-fed.

Mrs. Earle. I believe that on three helpings of *pot pourri* a British soldier could go anywhere and do anything.

Sir Henry Thompson. When I was writing *Charley Kingston's Aunt*, I lived almost entirely on seakale, widgeon, and raspberry vinegar.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. If I had written *Charley's Aunt*, it would not be running still.

Mr. Fortnum. What is the difference, my friend MASON said, between—

Mr. John Trundley. Having to put in a compulsory appearance very shortly at the Peckham Board School, I must vacate the chair; which, I may remark as I go, is the first chair in a strange house that I have not broken.

Prof. Ray Lankester. Before the meeting dissolves, I should like to point out that this cry about over-eating is no new thing. In my researches into the palæolithic age I have discovered traces of appalling repletion in mastodons and mammoths, while the last of the dodos was obviously an insatiable devourer of light literature, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, was ultimately choked by one of Mr. BENSON's novels.

HUMPTY DUMPTY AND HIS YOLK-FELLOWS AT DRURY LANE.

YEAR after year and still the wonder grows that ancient monarch Pantomime in his palace at Drury Lane should yet be king of our hearts for any number of nights and matinées at close of the old and opening of the New Year, and that the present pantomimic policy of his most liberal Conservative Ministry, as directed by the powerful Premier ARTHUR COLLINS (HICKORY WOOD having a seat in the prompter's box), should have already achieved such success as will render secure the dynasty of Pantomime for many years to come on the throne it has so long and, as a rule to which the exceptions are rare, so brilliantly adorned. *Vivat Rex Pantomimus!* may his limelight never be less, and may his Chancellor of the Exchequer secure a splendid surplus! The excellent monarch deserves it: ARTHURUS DRURIOLANUS deserves it: and the members of his stringed and winded band, including JACOBUS HANDANGLOVERIUS, the conductor thereof, deserve it. Certainly, judging from the enthusiastic applause dealt out with no unsparing hands to all the striking combinations and kaleidoscopic permutations of groupings, to the vivid solutions and resolutions (no connection with those "good" ones that are the subject of an unpleasant proverb) of colour, to the ever varying lights, and to all the graceful—and, it may be added, substantial—forms, whose movements are as dazzling to the eye as is the perpetual motion in a microscopic quintessence of radium, we are bound to conclude that the popularity of this present show is placed beyond the limits of speculation, and that *Humpty Dumpty* of 1903—1904 will be memorable as a magnificent and exquisitely-artistic display fairly beating the record, even in the brilliant annals of Drury Lane pantomime.

And for its fun and humour? Ah! that is another question. And the answer? We speak of a pantomime as we find the audience, and it is but strict justice to testify that all the youngsters, whose presence was strongly in evidence on the occasion of our visit, boys and girls ranging from early ten up to mature sixteen, were evidently enjoying it thoroughly, shrieking with laughter at the comicalities of DAN LENO (whose return is so welcome to all of us) as *Queen Spritely*, of HARRY RANDALL as *Little Mary* (the elders growl, *sotto voce*, "Hang Little MARY!"—the not particularly brilliant jape is played out *ad nauseam*), of that eminent all-round droll, Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL, as *King Sollumm*, and revelling in the drolleries of Mr. BASTOW as a sort of over-grown shockheaded *Peter* (his popularity being as great a puzzle to us as was the plot of the pantomime), while as *The Scarecrow* Mr. HUGH J. WARD plays a part which, although clearly originating with *Phroso* (once of the Hippodrome), is as originally humorous in conception as it is in this actor's dramatically comic rendering of it.

Methodists, or, as we are employing the editorial first person plural, *usthinks*, that if all political allusions were banished from Pantomime, our boys and girls would not miss the omission, while the middle-aged and elderly of both sexes would gladly welcome a neutral ground. Let "Fiscal Policy" yield to a "Frisk-all Policy" in Pantomime, and *au diable* with every JOE, except of course that chartered libertine the *Clown*, sustaining the ancient "JOEY" GRIMALDI tradition. "Honours" in political hits are fairly divided at Drury Lane, as if King CAMPBELL sings a song in praise of "Our JOE," on the other hand *The Scarecrow* puts a glass in his eye, and, with an orchid in his buttonhole and a big and little loaf in his hands, staggers about, stumbles, and collapses against the proscenium amid roars of laughter.

Miss MARIE GEORGE renews her conquests over all hearts as the sweet little *Blossom*, a part not so fascinating as her little Dutchess of last year. A handsome, dashing and



THINGS THAT ARE BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

Miss Fitz-Jones (to Smithers, who has claimed first dance). "You'RE QUITE AN EARLY BIRD, MR. SMITHERS!"

Smithers (making big attempt at something gallant). "Ah, YES, BY JOVE, AND I'VE CAUGHT THE WORM TOO!"

sprightly pair of steppers are Miss LOUISE WILLIS and Miss RUTH LYTON as *Humpty Dumpty* and *Rudolph* respectively. Miss ETHEL NEGRETTI ("and when we called 'NEGRETTI,' ZAMBRA came"—where was ZAMBRA?) was the embodiment, a very handsome embodiment too, of the *Spirit of Mirth*; and Madame GRIGOLATI as "*Undine*" flies about—(rather a novelty this for *Undine*, except that she may be considered as a flying-fish fairy who can also swim like the little duck she is) and, adopting a new submarine line of action with striking-out effect, leads a shoal of glittering GRIGOLATIS, all as graceful and wonderful as ever.

The scenes by our artistic friends BRUCE SMITH, McCLEERY, two CANEYS, Messrs. JOHNSTONE and HARFORD and HENRY EMDEN, are as perfect as their collective and individual talent can make them.

The tableaux are magnificent: the *jeu de scène* throughout, admirably ordered by Field-Marshal MOORE; and ARTY COLLINS is to be artily congratulated on the highly efficient work done for the pantomime by his chief costume-house officer COMELLI.

We noticed that in the bill a "Harlequinade" was announced, but as the *Clown*, "Whimsical WALKER," CHARLES ROSS as *Pantaloon*, TOM CUSDEN for *Harlequin* and ROSE ROWE for *Columbine*, could not have got their chance until quite 11.30, we hereby present the joyous quartette with our compliments the most distinguished, and regret that we, being early risers (like the GRIGOLATIS), were unable to stay and see them either at "The Stores" or on "The Housetops," which two scenes constitute the harlequinade. Our loss. "So long!" Alas, poor JOEY!

M. LEBAUDY's new paper, *Le Sahara*, is not to be without rivals if we are to believe a rumour of the imminent issue of the *Timbuctootler* and the *Weekly Cassowary*.



A BLANK-BLANK-DAY!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It was with fear and trembling my Baronite opened a new book by the author of *Timothy's Quest*. The most dangerous enemies of a successful writer are those of his own household. Once a hit has been made, the public, having fresh dishes set before them by the same author, ever hark back to their first love, murmuring that the hand has lost its cunning. That is a charge that will not lie against Mistress KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN in respect of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* (GAY AND BIRD). KATE DOUGLAS does not owe her inspirations to WORDSWORTH. But in her delineation of *Rebecca* she realises the poet's idea:

A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

Child or girl, *Rebecca* is just delightful. Perhaps the girlhood scenes are more attractive as giving fuller opportunity for her freshness. The scene is set in one of those ancient, remote American villages, where, doubtless, KATE DOUGLAS herself once lived. She peoples its street, its enviroing wood, its homes and its schoolhouse with quaint but human people. All are good. *Aunt Mirandy*, with her sharp-tongued and acid manner; simple *Aunt Jane*, with memories of her lost love; hopeless, harassed *Mrs. Simpson*, with her seven children and food enough for three; père *Simpson* with his penchant for swapping portable articles that don't belong to him, a habit that leads to absences from home varying from two to six months according to the view the magistrate takes of the circumstances; and, above all, *Mr. Cobb*, driver of the stage-coach from Maplewood to Riverboro. The opening chapter, relating the conversation between *Mr. Cobb* and *Rebecca*, as he conveys her in his cart to *Aunt Mirandy's*, is, in its subtle humour and simple pathos, equal to any parallel passage in DICKENS. *Rebecca* is thoroughly refreshing.

Any book by the author of *Bootie's Baby* commands the Baron's instant attention, and, such being the case, it is with pleasure he is able to announce that *Sly Boots*, by "JOHN STRANGE WINTER" (JOHN LONG), contains some of the best short stories, and at all events one of the most laughable, (yclept "Sly Boots," which gives its title to the volume,) that

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY
FROM THE TUBE.

LAST in the lift, first out.

The worst draught comes just before the train.

It's a wise traveller that knows at which end is the "Way Out."

He who keeps his ticket is lost.

A train at hand is worth twenty at Shepherd's Bush.

OPENING AN OLD WOUND.—It was hoped that the fierce conflicts which in 1900 raged around the question of the actual birthday of the New Century had been finally closed. It has been left, however, for the *Devon Evening Express* to fling a fresh apple of discord into our midst. "Few centuries," says that pessimistic organ, "have had a more ominous commencement than 1904."

Mrs. ST-NN-RD (thus the Baron lets out three-fourths of the author's secret) has ever given to her admiring public.

On a memorable occasion *Mr. Weller* observed a tea-drinking young 'ooman "a-swellin' wisely before his wery eyes." My Baronite notes the same phenomenon occurring in *Who's Who* (A. & C. BLACK). This notwithstanding that there have been sliced off the original corporate body the useful Tables that formerly occupied the first part of the volume. They are issued as a separate book, called *Who's Who Year Book*. The older volume is now confined to cataloguing the names and addresses of the principal persons in the kingdom, with brief biographical notes. The volume runs to seventeen hundred closely-printed pages. At the moderate computation of eight a page, this gives particulars concerning 13,600 people—about as wide a circle of acquaintance as man desires, or woman either. The indispensability of *Who's Who*, long established, will be proportionately widened by this extended edition.

Part VI. of that excellent collection entitled *Great Masters* (published by HEINEMANN in London, and HACHETTE in Paris) is now before the public, and another number is promised for the 21st of this month. Herein are four excellent reproductions of works by VAN DYCK, HALS, GAINSBOROUGH and WATTEAU. To each picture there is a well-written preface, comprehensively instructive, by Sir MARTIN CONWAY. No garnerer of reprints should fail to add these specimens to his portfolio. They all deserve hanging (which scarcely sounds complimentary), and the Baron notes that a special kind of frame is now advertised as fitting the series.

THE BARON



DE

B.W.

A HOPELESS NEGATIVE.—In view of the POPE's steady refusal to grant a sitting to any more photographers, his Holiness has come to be regarded by this profession as a second Pro No-no.

A THREE-MINUTES' COMEDY.

SCENE—A room in a country house.

CHARACTERS.

Jack (25). Florence (20).

Jack. So you'll be in town all day to-morrow?

Florence. Yes—shopping. Anything I can do for you?

J. No—that is—ah, but it would be giving you too much trouble, Miss VIVIAN.

F. That depends, doesn't it? If it's a gun, or anything of that sort—

J. (hastily). Do you think I'd ask a girl to choose a—er, no—it's nothing of that sort. It's—it's a bit of jewellery, in fact.

F. What sort of bit?

J. Well, the fact is, it's a *present*—a really nice diamond brooch, I rather thought of. But if you could choose it, I should be sure it was right.

F. (with a slight flush). Very polite of you to say so. May I ask why?

J. Well, because you know her—that is, my friend's—taste. I'm sure you do.

F. (to herself, triumphantly). He *does* mean it for me! (Aloud) A diamond brooch? But they're not cheap, you know.

J. No; but then this is—is a *special* sort of occasion, you see—kind of thing that only comes once in a lifetime—don't you agree?

F. (to herself). He's going to at last—and what a delightful way of doing it! (Aloud, with an effort, not quite successful, at serenity) And you've quite decided on diamonds? Suppose one—suppose she—your friend, I mean,—preferred sapphires?

J. No, it had better be diamonds. Don't think she cares for sapphires.

F. (eagerly). But she *does*, indeed she does!

J. Fancy not, really. Heard her say by chance about a month ago that she thought sapphires unlucky.

F. (gasping). Heard who say?

J. Why, MARY ACTON. It's for her that I want the brooch. Surely you guessed that?

F. Yes, yes—of course I did. Of course. But—but on second thoughts—I think I'd rather you—you choose it yourself.

J. (much puzzled, dimly conscious that something is wrong). Oh, I don't want to give you any trouble, Miss VIVIAN—still, as you kindly offered to undertake a commission for me in town—

F. (having recovered herself, coldly). Very well. But do you want it to-morrow?

J. No hurry for a week or so—or even a month. But the wedding's to be in February, and—



FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY—

Jones (who has been having a fair bucketing for the last half-hour, as he passes friend, in his mad career). "I'D GIVE A FIVER TO GET OFF THIS BRUTE!"

Friend (brutally). "DON'T CHUCK YOUR MONEY AWAY, OLD CHAP! YOU'LL BE OFF FOR LESS THAN THAT!"

F. (in amazement). The wedding?

J. Yes, MARY ACTON's wedding to DICK GRAHAM. Didn't you see the announcement in the *Morning Post* to-day?

F. (tremulously). No—I didn't—I thought for a moment—

J. (to himself). By Jove—she really does care and—take the chance, man—now or never! (Aloud) Miss VIVIAN—if you really wouldn't mind—there is another piece of jewellery—I should love to give—to—er, to someone rather nearer than Miss ACTON—and if I might choose it with you—FLORENCE? . . .

F. JACK!

(Quick curtain.)

PROFESSOR WHELIUM RAMSAY is to lecture at the Californian University on Radium and gases generally, and on anything else that may be "in the air," discoverable between now and summer-time. It is said that the eminent Professor has invented a new and "more excellent way" of grilling psammon for breakfast. This is indeed valuable.

Prevented Suicide of a Duke.

"THE Duke of WESTMINSTER shot the preserves at Eaton Hall last week. The Duke was unable to shoot himself owing to his recent hunting accident."—*Weekly Irish Times*.

"pig in clover," who, by dint of rigging the market, had risen from comparatively decent obscurity to the possession of several millions of pounds. His first act was to ensure himself a sufficiency of congenial society by settling in Park Lane, his second to look for a good house in the country. He hit upon Blenkinsop Manor, the seat of Lord BLENKINSOP, an amiable old gentleman who, through a tendency on the part of his sons to marry music-hall artistes instead of American heiresses, had been reduced to a genteel poverty. Lord BLENKINSOP closed with his munificent offer, and Mr. MOSENSTEIN took possession. Of course, as you will doubtless have foreseen, he had trouble from the outset with the resident ghost. The latter, I have heard, gave notice five times in the first week, and it was only the entreaties of Mr. MOSENSTEIN, couched in passionate Yiddish, and the tears of Mrs. MOSENSTEIN, that induced him to stop on and give them one more trial. It was a fatal move on the part of the new owner. The spectre became a tyrant. He insisted on having a suite of apartments reserved for him, dismissed several of the servants, examined every list of guests, and claimed the right to veto those of whom he disapproved. In fact, Mosenstein Manor, as it had been re-named, became a sort of lodging-house—in which the MOSENSTEINS were the lodgers. It was only the fear of losing their ghost that prevented the newcomers from rebelling. So things went on, until one day Mr. MOSENSTEIN, retiring to his study for a last cigar before going to bed, found the best chair already occupied. The occupant was a spectre. He was sitting in front of the fire, reading the *Spectral News*. He looked up as Mr. MOSENSTEIN entered, but resumed his reading without a word. The lord of the Manor smoked his cigar in the billiard-room.

"'A friend of mine,' explained the resident ghost, on being questioned next day. 'He has come to stop for a few days. I trust he does not intrude? If so——' He paused, and looked so much as if he were going to give notice again that Mr. MOSENSTEIN hastened to say that he was charmed to put up any friend of his, and hoped he would stop as long as he liked. Which, I may say, he did. He is still there. It was the thin edge of the wedge. During the next fortnight six other spectres arrived, and each time Mr. MOSENSTEIN was forced to give in and assure them that they were welcome. Soon there was quite a spectral house-party at the Manor. And it was not long before the human occupants of the house began to feel the pinch of the boot. Mr. MOSENSTEIN was not allowed to go into his study, because the ghost there hated



A HUMANE INSTINCT.

Snob (who has been making himself very objectionable). "I SAY, WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR GAME?"

Host. "GIVE MY FRIENDS WHAT THEY WANT, AND SEND THE REST TO MARKET."

Snob. "AH, SELL IT, DO YOU? WITH MY GAME, DON'TYERKNOW, I GIVE MY FRIENDS SOME, AND SEND THE REST TO THE HOSPITALS."

Host. "AND VERY NATURAL AND PROPER, I'M SURE. THE ONLY THING I'VE SEEN YOU SHOOT TO-DAY WAS A BEATER!"

to be disturbed. He could not use the billiard-room because two gentlemen who had killed one another there in the reign of HENRY THE SIXTH wanted the table for their nightly three rounds with the broadsword. All the best bedrooms had to be given up, and even the terrace was occupied. And, not wishing to lose his original ghost, Mr. MOSENSTEIN had to put up with it all.

To cut a long story short, when he visits Mosenstein Manor now, he stays at the Lodge; and I see in the *Spectral News* this week that even that is about

to be taken—as a bijou residence for the Countess of BLENKINSOP, who poisoned herself there in the days of the Commonwealth. So now you see the danger of having more than one ghost. One spectre," concluded the Headless Man, sententiously, "is an indispensable adjunct to domestic bliss. Two are a nuisance. Half-a-dozen spell Misery."

And, settling his head comfortably under his arm, he vanished. I went downstairs, and wrote to Lord SANGAZURE informing him—with regret—that I had no vacancy.

MY POCKET MASCOT.

NEVER *could* make out why I've always been a failure so far. Now I see it all! It isn't because I was *born* unlucky—but simply because I've been doing things at times which, for me, were the *wrong* ones! Have discovered this from little work called *Fortunate; or, The Pocket Mascot* (price 1s. net). Everybody's proper planetary table, all worked out by Chaldean astrologers of old. By sending name and particulars of precise date of my birth—which, fortunately, I happen to know—I have obtained extra edition of *Mascot* (price 5s. net), with special Chart filled in with my lucky and unlucky colours, stones, numbers, days, weeks, months, best and worst hours for business, speculation, and, in fact, everything. Ought to have a successful year at last!

January.—Circular at breakfast from German State lottery. Just about to pitch it into fire, when it occurred to me to consult *Mascot*. Chart says between 9 and 10 to-day is my "lucky hour for receiving business proposals." Send cheque for twenty tickets at once. And to think that, but for *Pocket Mascot*, I should have let the chance of a lifetime slip through my fingers!

February.—Obliged to give my landlady notice. Most reluctant to leave; very comfortable rooms, central position, and moderate rent—but no help for it. Just heard that local authorities are changing the numbering. Mine is to be No. 9 in future, instead of 52. Nine, according to Chart, is my unlucky number—so of course, as a matter of ordinary prudence, must clear out at once.

March.—Tiring work hunting for lodgings. Thought I had found the very thing, when I happened to notice—only just in time—that front of house was painted Pompeian red, my unlucky colour. Deuced narrow escape! Got rooms at last—dear, and dirty, and landlady looks as if she drank. However, curtains and furniture in sitting-room bright green—which is my lucky colour—and the number is 17, so I was sharp enough to secure them for a year. Can't think how people can get on without a *Pocket Mascot*.

April.—Should like to find some regular occupation—at least till anything happens to dear old Uncle GOLDEGGER. Hear of vacancy in leading Insurance Office. Old POSTLETHWAITE a director of the Company—any nominee of his bound to get the berth. Always been uncommonly friendly to me. Why not look him up and ask him to use his influence? Must consult Special Chart as to my "best hour for paying visits and asking favours." Find it is from 1 to 2 A.M. Chaldean astrologers seem to have been a rather unconventional lot of old Johnnies—still, hang it all, they *must* know best! Got to Prince's Gate a little after one in the morning. Butler long time in opening door. Shown into library with fire out. Old POSTLETHWAITE appearing, after an interval, in dressing-gown—having apparently been to bed. Hopes I am not the bearer of any bad news. Reassure him, and explain object of call. Sorry to disturb him, but this positively the only time I *could* pay him a visit. Left him comparatively calm, and fancy that, after sleeping on it, he will see that I'm just the man for the post.

May.—Singularly enough, some other fellow got the berth. Can't understand it, as Chart indicated 1 A.M. as my planetary hour. But perhaps it wasn't Old POSTLETHWAITE's.

Really splendid offer by four o'clock post. Secretaryship of smart Club; pleasant duties, good salary; several old pals working for me on committee—merely to say the word, and I may consider thing settled! Still, it never does to be too precipitate in business matters. See what *Pocket Mascot* advises. There now, just shows how necessary caution is! Special Chart distinctly says: "Proposals of new work which arrive in the hours of four and five *must be avoided*." Wrote to decline; better give no reasons—they wouldn't understand.

June.—Wire from Uncle GOLDEGGER. "Feeling very unwell. Come at once." He's always fancying he's going to die—but he never *does*. Still, of course I must go. Very annoying, though, because I particularly wanted to go to that dance at the DESBOROUGHs to-morrow evening. ETHEL promised to keep two waltzes for me. However, look up trains. According to *Bradshaw*, only one train—at 11.45. Just time to catch it. Mustn't run any risks, though. Where's the *Mascot*? "Avoid travel any day this week." Then that *settles* it! If I *did* go, there'd only be a collision or something, and I shouldn't reach him after all. Wire back "regretting impossible leave town at present." Very disappointing—but quite sure dear old Uncle wouldn't wish me to get smashed up in a railway accident—he'd have nobody to leave all his money to, then!

Just back from the DESBOROUGHs' dance. I'm the happiest man in the whole world! ETHEL looking so lovely that I couldn't resist asking her to be mine after supper. And she has accepted me! No idea she was an heiress, but from what BUNBURY said in congratulating me it appears she will have five thousand a year on her marriage. Not that it signifies. Whenever anything does happen to Uncle G., I shall have at least as much. Darling ETHEL! when I think that at this precise moment two hours ago—I am certain of the time, because I glanced at the clock as we were leaving the supper room, and it couldn't have been more than five minutes later that I— By the way, I wonder if I proposed in the planetary hour? Refer to Chart. . . . What have I done? By foolishly neglecting to consult table beforehand, I've chosen the very worst hour for *any* purpose! My time for wooing, it seems, is 8 P.M. Awkward doing it just as we're going down to dinner, but I suppose those old Chaldean fossils dined early. What am I to do *now*? Can't possibly expose the poor girl and myself to lifelong misery! Write and ask her to consider proposal as never having been mad—say I will call to-morrow at 8 P.M. and explain reasons. Then I can propose all over again and put things right. . . .

Poor dear old Uncle—so it *was* serious after all! Sorry I couldn't be with him at the last, but useless to fly in the face of Chaldean astrology. I'm sure he must have understood how it was. I wonder how much—but I never *was* mercenary—let me think only of my loss. This will be something to tell ETHEL this evening. I must buy an engagement ring to take with me. Wish she had a prettier lucky stone than sardonyx.

July.—Can't make ETHEL out! Have called three times—always at planetary hour—and she's never been at home *once*! I suppose a *Pocket Mascot* can't possibly be mistaken—not the 5s. net edition, anyhow—still, there it *is*! And she hasn't answered my letters either—except to return them unopened.

August.—German lottery turned up trumps after all. *Knew* it would! Letter informing me that I've won a prize of a hundred marks! Regulations peculiar, though. The hundred marks paid in tickets for next drawing, provided I send another £5 by return—otherwise the whole lot forfeited.

Worst of it is that I haven't a psychological hour for accepting business proposals till day after to-morrow!

September.—Uncle GOLDEGGER's will in morning paper. Personalty sworn at £250,000—rather more than I expected—will dated immediately before his death—don't seem to see my name anywhere—residue left in equal shares to Home for Lost Dogs and Home of Rest for Horses. Now what *could* have induced him to make such a will as that?

October.—Feeling very, very low and depressed. It's not only that this week's *World* contains announcement of ETHEL's engagement to BUNBURY. That's bad enough—but even a worse thing has happened to me! I really don't know *how* I'm to get through the rest of the year—I've lost my "*Pocket Mascot*"!!!

F. A.

VIVE LA RUSSIE ?

Un café du Boulevard. M. DURAND, M. DUPONT, et M. DUBOIS entrent.

Dubois. Mettons-nous là, à l'abri du courant d'air. Qu'est-ce que vous prenez, DURAND ? Quelquechose de russe, du *vodka* ? Toujours russophile ? Vive la Russie ! Hein ?

Dupont. Eh bien, que dites-vous des affaires au Japon ?

Durand. Ah ça ! Sont-ils embêtants, ces Japonais !

Dubois. Et cependant, mon cher, vous qui êtes toujours l'ami des peuples héroïques, vous devez être l'ami des Japonais.

Durand. Jamais de la vie ! Vive la nation amie et alliée !

Dubois. Y compris les Finlandais, les Polonais, les Chinois, et les autres ?

Durand. Vous vous moquez toujours de la politique russe. C'est un grand peuple.

Dubois. Lequel ? Le peuple finlandais ?

Durand. Ah, bah ! Vos Finlandais ! Je m'en fiche. Ce sont des révoltés, des révolutionnaires.

Dubois. En effet, ils pourraient devenir des républicains tout tranquilles, comme vous et moi.

Dupont. Qui est donc ce grand peuple ?

Durand. Mais les Russes, naturellement. Quel pays, quel peuple, quelle littérature ! Figurez-vous MAXIM GORKY—

Dupont. Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça ? Encore une liqueur russe ?

Durand. Et Tolstol !

Dupont. J'en ai entendu parler. C'est un écrivain polonais, n'est-ce pas ?

Dubois. Ou finlandais.

Durand. C'est le plus grand écrivain du monde.

Dubois. Vous avez lu tout ce qu'il a écrit ? Ça ne finit jamais. C'est ennuyant à n'y pas croire. *La Guerre et la Paix*, vous avez lu tout ça ? Et *Anna Karénine* ?

Durand. C'est un chef-d'œuvre.

Dubois. Parfaitement. Mais l'avez-vous lu ?

Durand. Je l'ai commencé. C'est superbe.

Dubois. Mais vous ne l'avez pas fini. Je l'aurais parié. Tous ses livres sont interminables. On dirait des *steppes*.

Dupont. Eh bien, je suis à peu près de l'avis de DURAND. Seulement j'espère que nous autres Français—

Dubois. Que nous n'allons pas nous battre. Ah, pour sûr ! Et cependant, si les Anglais—

Durand. Les Anglais ? Mais ça ne les regarde pas.

Dubois. Mais si. Voilà une impasse presque ridicule ! Les Anglais et les Français sont à présent si bons amis.



EXTREME MEASURES.

Mother. "If I catch you chasing those HENS again, I'LL WASH YOUR FACE EVERY DAY NEXT WEEK!"

Serons-nous forcés d'attaquer l'Ile de Wight, ou de voir la flotte anglaise à Cherbourg, pour faire plaisir à ces Asiatiques, qui se coupent la gorge dans l'Extrême-Orient ? Sont-ils des Asiatiques, vos chers amis ! Grattez le Russe et vous trouvez—le civilisateur de la Finlande. Quelle jolie façon de commencer le nouvel an ! Et tout ça après avoir installé ces vieux bons-hommes à La Haye pour nous empêcher de nous battre.

Dupont. C'est bien vrai ce que vous dites là.

Durand. En effet, je n'avais pas pensé à ça.

Dubois. Et puis, pendant que nous autres Anglais et Français sommes aux prises, étant toujours bons amis, les Allemands, qu'est-ce qu'ils vont faire ? Croyez-vous que ces milliers d'hommes resteront plantés là tout paisiblement ?

Durand. Je n'avais pas pensé à ça non plus.

Dubois. Eh bien, pensez-y. Et en même temps vendez vos rentes russes, si vous en avez.

Durand. Comment ? Mes 4%, qui sont déjà en baisse ?

Dubois. Mais oui. Si la guerre éclate, croyez-vous que vos chers amis les Russes, toujours à sec, auront un seul kopek à gaspiller en payant votre petit revenu ?

Dupont. DUBOIS a raison, mon cher DURAND. Etes-vous toujours du même avis ? Vive la Russie, hein ?

Durand. Ah non ! La guerre partout, même chez nous ; les Allemands à Nancy, peut-être à Fontainebleau ; des impôts encore plus effroyables ; mes 4% perdus ? Mille fois non ! Je crie de tout mon cœur—

Dubois. Vive la Russie ?

Durand. Non, je vous dis. Vive la Paix ! *[Ils sortent.]*

Parsifal at Bayreuth.

Mr. Punch desires to contradict the assertion, recently made in his pages, that the performances of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth are a source of financial profit to Frau WAGNER. Frau WAGNER, he is assured, makes no personal profit whatever out of the Bayreuth Festival. To her therefore he offers his best apologies.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

IX.—WHY ARE WE SO RUDE?

SCENE.—*The Saloon of the Turbine Channel steamer. The French Coast receding in the distance.*

PRESENT:

Lord Avebury (in the Chair).

M. Paul Cambon.

Mr. J. E. C. Bodley.

Mr. Andrew Lang.

Mr. Hayden Coffin.

Mr. George Alexander.

Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson.

Ahmed Madralli (the Terrible Turk).

Mr. Charles Manners.

Lord Avebury. The exquisite hospitality we have received during our stay in France only brings home to us more fully the sense of our own imperfections. I propose that we devote the transit—bereft of its horrors and converted into one of the pleasures of life by the triumph of science—to a discussion of the question, "Why are we, as a nation, so rude?" or, in other words, can we become more polite?

Mr. Andrew Lang. Why should we?

Mr. J. E. C. Bodley. Only those who have studied the French nation on the spot, as I have, can realise the immense gulf that exists between the manners of France and the manners of England. Even among the poorest, while, for example, the street boy of London would be advising you to get your hair cut, the gamin of Paris is placing his coat in a puddle that you may keep your boots clean.

Mr. Hayden Coffin. It was an Englishman, Sir WALTER RALEIGH, who taught him that trick, anyway.

Mr. Bodley. No. I have the best reason for believing that RALEIGH acquired the pretty action from a French polisher.

Mr. Marriott Watson. There is no doubt that we lack manners, particularly, perhaps, when we travel. But what can you expect when the hand that ought to be rocking the cradle and ruling the world is brandishing the hockey-stick?

M. Paul Cambon (the French Ambassador). But why, if I may ask, alter things at all? The Englishman is valued because he is an Englishman. Why denationalise him in order to gain a little unimportant urbanity?

Mr. Hayden Coffin. Not unimportant, surely? An easy address, a pleasant voice, and a gallant pose, are possessions which every man should strive to acquire, no matter how often he has to visit *The Country Girl* to take lessons.

Mr. George Alexander. St. James has, I venture to assert, as good manners as St. Denys, and vastly better trousers.

Lord Avebury. The fact remains, I

fear, that Englishmen travelling abroad too seldom take into consideration their position as strangers in a hospitable house. When in Rome, it used to be said, one should do as the Romans do. Similarly, when in Paris, if I may be pardoned the somewhat audacious paraphrase, one should do as the Parisians do. For instance, we should make a point of conforming to the unwritten laws of dress that govern the Opera, and not push to our seats in suits of dittoes.

Mr. George Alexander. Might it not depend a little on how the dittoes were cut and pressed?

Lord Avebury. I fear not.

Mr. Marriott Watson. My contention is that the fault primarily is with the women. If our mothers are eternally in the hockey field, how can we be properly instructed in manners or anything else?

Mr. Bodley. I think the evil is more deeply seated than my gifted *confrère* seems to imagine. Generations back French writers commented adversely on the *morgue Britannique*.

Mr. Andrew Lang. Surely you don't want to import the Parisian *Morgue*?

Lord Avebury. I think it is generally conceded that we have much to learn, but the question is, from whom? For my own part, speaking as a sedulous apiarist, I think that we might take a leaf or two from the book of the bee. Nothing could be more courtly than the obeisance with which they greet their Queen. Loth as I am to indulge in a play upon words, and even more loth to mispronounce the king's English, I am yet disposed to remark that if we wish to learn how to beehive we must go to the apiary.

Mr. Bodley. Or to France.

Lord Avebury. True. French manners are charming. Many times as I have visited that pleasant country, I have never yet heard a Frenchman say "Rats."

Mr. Andrew Lang. The decay of manners is largely due to the corrupting influence of the New Humour, which I regret to see even our Chairman has not escaped.

Lord Avebury. But surely, Mr. LANG, you would not deny the humanising effect of letters, or repudiate your brothers of the quill?

Mr. Andrew Lang. On the contrary, I am always ready to fall on their necks—with a hatchet.

Mr. Marriott Watson. There is nothing wrong that I can see with men's manners. It is women—and, above all, American women—who are to blame. *Delenda est Chicago.*

Mr. Hayden Coffin. I am not here to defend the sex, but I cannot sit still and listen to aspersions cast upon it. Manners, they say, maketh man; but the probability is that women first made manners.

Mr. Bodley. The last gentleman has spoken well. It has been said that the first part of strength is its chivalry. What does our strong man say?

Ahmed Madralli (the Terrible Turk). I know nothing of the subject, but I am prepared to wrestle with it.

Lord Avebury. The question before the meeting is, Can we improve our manners?

Mr. Charles Manners. On behalf of myself, of my wife Madame MOODY MANNERS, and of my cousin Mr. SANKEY MANNERS, I would emphatically say No. England has the best Manners—the Manners it deserves—and all who visit Drury Lane during the cheap opera and lecture season next summer will know that this is so.

Mr. Andrew Lang. Help! Help!
(*Paralysis of the Company.*)

CHARIVARIA.

THE Russo-Japanese imbroglio still awaits settlement, but in the meantime the difference between Mr. A. B. WALKLEY and Mr. BOURCHIER has been adjusted.

A Port Arthur journal asks, "Would it not be possible to form a Pan-European Union in opposition to the Pan-Asiatic combination? The answer, dear Russia, is in the negative. Still, no harm in asking, of course.

Of pathetic interest is the announcement that the Fat Boy of Peckham's favourite reading is *Evelina*.

The saying that "boys will be boys" is receiving a remarkable confirmation at Drighlington. The Messenger Boy at the Post-office in that town is now aged 82.

To "get even" with his wife, with whom he had quarrelled, a Northampton boot-operative broke up his furniture and set fire to his house. He carried his revenge yet further last week by getting sent to prison for a month.

A number of London clergymen have announced their intention of preaching Early Closing sermons. The idea seems admirable. The average sermon is far too long.

An instance of a lady losing her memory in a train was reported in the papers last week. Such cases are not uncommon. A short time ago a gentleman took from the rack a valuable gold-fitted dressing bag, forgetting he had not brought it with him.

We are informed by the official organ of Emperor JACQUES I. that "before long

the flag of the Sahara will fly from the Atlantic to the Red Sea," but we are not told who will be chasing it.

If war breaks out, the odium will rest with Japan. The Czar will be blameless. He has begged the Japanese in the sacred cause of Peace to give way to him, but Japan has refused.

Ignorance of etiquette sometimes has awkward results. It transpired at the Middlesex Sessions that, when a police officer takes a prisoner from one place to another by train, it is the custom for the police officer, on reaching his destination, to alight first, and for the prisoner to follow him. Owing to inexperience a first offender, in these circumstances, went out by the door on the other side of the carriage, and it took eighteen months to recapture him.

Four hundred and ninety-eight Boers who had declined to accept the terms of peace are now on their way back to South Africa. Mr. DELAREY harangued them for five hours at Ahmednagar, and intimated that he would continue unless they took the oath. They took the oath.

Blackbirds are said to be causing great trouble to the farmers. A proposal that policemen shall be placed at the most dangerous spots is under consideration.

A Belgian *savant* has just published a pamphlet drawing attention to the extreme danger, from a sanitary point of view, of the custom of shaking hands, especially with such persons as surgeons, nurses, hairdressers, sausage-makers, and tripe-merchants. In the case of the tripe-merchants it is even said to be safer to kiss them.

"Joeite" writes to point out that a huge business in skates is done in Norway and Iceland, while the trade in these articles in England is in a notoriously depressed state, and asks whether it is not a fact that the countries he first mentions enjoy Protection.

At the request of Mr. BALFOUR the Canadian Minister for War recently attended a meeting of our Committee of Imperial Defence. We understand that the Colonial Minister is now convinced that we did right in not risking a conflict with the United States over the Alaskan difficulty.

M. RODIN, the new President of the International Society of Artists, is proving himself a not unworthy successor to the late Mr. WHISTLER. Asked what he thought of the position of English art at the present day, he replied, "The exhibition at Burlington



G. L. SCARPA

NEEDLESS ALARM.

He. "THE FELLAH ACTUALLY THREATENED TO BLOW MY BOWAINS OUT!"
She. "OH, HOW COULD HE? OF COURSE HE WASN'T SERIOUS."

House is unsurpassed anywhere, and I was also delighted with the Wallace Collection." There are no pictures by living English artists at either of these galleries.

There is, by-the-by, an expression, "A RODIN pickle."

As a proof of the thoroughness of the *entente* between France and Great Britain, it is announced that Colonel MARCHAND, of Fashoda fame, intends to marry and settle down.

Curiously, the Colonel's intended wife may be said to be already a Marchande. She is the widow of the former proprietor of the *Magasins du Louvre*.

King EDWARD has presented to the Royal United Service Institution the State umbrellas used in Court ceremonies by the late King COFFEE and the ex-King PREMPEH. That his MAJESTY should have parted with these in the present weather renders the gift all the more gracious.



Offender (in the course of lengthy explanation). "So I SES TO THE INSPECTOR AS I WERE, AS YOU MIGHT SAY, ILL, AN' DEMANDED TO BE EXAMINED BY DOCTOR JONES, AN' THE INSPECTOR 'E SES AS 'OW I MUST SEE DOCTOR SMITH, THE POLICE DOCTOR. 'No,' I SES, 'YOU MAY RUN ME IN,' I SES, 'BUT YOU AIN'T GOIN' TO MAKE ME CHANGE MY MEDICAL ADVISER!'"

TO HIS MAECENAS.

(By a Brummagem Horace.)

PAUSE, my JOSEPHUS, in your fiscal fray,
And from Imperial cares take holiday;
Quit for one night the crowded platform's glare,
And breathe beneath my roof a purer air;
In short, JOSEPHUS, hearken to my plea,
And, greatly condescending, dine with me.
Expect no luxuries, no dainties rare,
Yet can I offer you Imperial fare.
First—bacon, by Canadian farmers bred
(Canadian "pig," you know, is bounty-fed).
Then shall you feast on true Australian meat,
Newly extracted from its tin retreat.
"Home and Colonial fare;" this truth you teach,
Mine it shall be to practise what you preach.
With this high principle shall all accord:
A little loaf shall deck my modest board
(Need it be said that when that board you grace,
No jam, no pickles there shall find a place?),
No massive silver on the cloth shall gleam,
Tin-plates at present more appropriate seem.
But Bacchus too his genial aid shall lend,
And here again my choice you must commend.
You'd scorn "the foaming grape of Southern France,"
At hock or sherry you would look askance;
A flagon therefore of Australia's best
(Six months in bottle) shall await my guest.
And when the sacred hour is come that claims
Burnt offerings and sacrificial flames,
When—hunger gratified and thirst allayed—
Digestion calls tobacco to her aid,
I'll give you, since I know you love the weed,
A British-made cigar—they're guaranteed.

SIDELIGHTS FROM THE FRONT.

(From a Special Correspondent.)

THE situation looks like war. It looks so much like war that they are often taken for each other.

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the gravity of the situation. But I am doing my best.

A high official, who stands close to the Czar, and does not wish to stand any closer, made a significant observation to me this evening. "We shall know more by and by," were his remarkable words. They are being widely quoted.

There is no news to-day. But by re-writing my despatches of yesterday, taking care to transpose the words Tokio and St. Petersburg, you will have a column of good, newsy matter for the *Halfpenny Headline*.

Despatches from Rio de Janeiro, saying that the Czar and the Emperor of JAPAN are planning an Arctic voyage together, are to be received with caution.

"QUIS CUSTODIET, &c.?"—Under the accusing title "A Judge and Drink," the *Cheltenham Chronicle* states that "Sir WILLIAM GRANTHAM has recovered from his indisposition." The paragraph proceeds further, but few will have the heart to read beyond this point.

DEFICIENT LOGIC.—"A Louvain Professor" is quoted by *The Tablet* as having said of the late HERBERT SPENCER, "He was not an original thinker, but he thought he was." Surely, is not SPENCER's own estimate of himself sufficient to establish the fact of his having been "an original thinker?"

Another "White Slave."

FOR SALE (seven miles from Manchester), Good Plain Cook.
Advt. in "Leicester Daily Post."



THE MODERN TARQUIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Tarquinius Superbus . . . RIGHT HON. J-S-PH CH-MB-RI-N.

Messenger . . . MR. J-SSE C-LL-NGS.

First Poppy-Head . . . DUKE OF D-V-NSH-RE.

HISTORICAL NOTE.—An envoy was sent to TARQUINIUS asking what should be done with those who refused to join the League. TARQUINIUS, who was walking in his garden when the messenger arrived, made no reply, but kept striking off the heads of the tallest poppies with his stick.

THE CRITIC OFF THE HEARTH.

(Recast at the Garrick Theatre to suit recent events)

John Peerybungle

. Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

The Fairy Critic . . . Mr. A. B. WALKLEY.

THE property clock in the corner struck twelve as JOHN ARTHUR PEERYBUNGLE BOURCHIER, the Actor-Manager, sat down by his fireside. If the convulsive little Haymaker at the top of the clock had been armed with the sharpest of scythes, and had cut at every stroke into the Actor-Manager's pockets, he never could have made him feel so uncomfortable as had the author whose cause he had so generously espoused, but whose latest work was now on the eve of production at the Haymarket. It was the Haymaker on the clock that had reminded him of this. Haymaker with scythe being HENRY AUTHUR JONES, with his cutting remarks on the clock,—the clock being, of course, the *Times*.

It was a heart, was the Manager-Actor's, so full of love for his own profession, so bound up and held together by innumerable threads of laudatory remembrance spun from acknowledgments of his own histrionic merits and many qualities of popularity, it was a heart with a head which, when the latter had been lost, would guide him, weak in right, and wrong in writing, into difficulties. Yet quick to perceive where he had made a false move in forbidding his Theatre to the Critic, he would cherish neither passion nor revenge, and would only pray that once again the Critic would return to his desolate Garrick hearth, and the *Times* cease to ignore poor JOHN ARTHUR PEERYBUNGLE BOURCHIER's existence.

Clasping his hands before his face, JOHN PEERYBUNGLE found relief in tears. The Critic off the Hearth came out, Walkleying, into the room, and stood in fairy shape before him.

"I like your playing," said the Voice at this critical moment, "and I say so. Have said so."

"Have said so!" cried PEERYBUNGLE. "True!"

"This was a happy theatre, ARTHUR PEERYBUNGLE," the Voice went on, "until HENRY AUTHUR—"

"JONES," groaned PEERYBUNGLE, wearily.

The Voice ceased.

And while the Actor-Manager, with his head upon his hands, continued to sit meditatively in his chair, the Presence stood beside him; suggesting such reflections that made him regret his actions in the past and dread their consequences in the future. There were sounds of gaiety outside, and a great piece, also by HENRY AUTHUR JONES, was coming over the Haymarket. There the staring figures of the night's

receipts turned upon him, one and all, and seemed to say, "Is this the HENRY AUTHUR who is no longer with you?"

More than once in the long, thoughtful night, the fairies showed him the figure of the *Times* Critic seated in his stall with calm face, unwinking eyes,

Write what you like, sit where you like! only come and see our show! good, kind, charitable gentleman! Let JONES be byones, I mean byones! Forget and forgive! Good *Times* come again once more! Forgi-i
Then all was hushed



Penitent Arthur Bouchier (John Peerybungle) implores the Good *Times*' Critic Walkley not to desert him but to return to the Hearth at the Garrick Theatre.

"Come back! Come back! Return to your first nights!"

and rigid demeanour, suddenly unbending, smiling, laughing, nay, applauding! Then the vision changed, and the Actor-Manager saw—who was that?—yes, himself, reading a newspaper, with rapturous delight, aloud to his wife and friends, all blessing the name of WALKLEY!

"And this," said the Voice, "might have been!"

The Actor-Manager fell on his knees with hands extended.

"And shall be," cried JOHN ARTHUR PEERYBUNGLE. "Come back! Come back! Return to your first nights!"

He rose up when it was broad day, washed and brushed himself, took down his exemplar of polite epistolary communication, a grammar, and a dictionary of quotations (in case of an inspiration), and indited a letter, a copy of which appeared in the *Times* and other papers of Jan. 14th, signed "ARTHUR BOURCHIER," with, beneath it, "A. B. WALKLEY's" gracious reply.

All's well that ends well. As *Tiny Tim* says to *Terrible Times*, "Bless us all!" And so, let us hope they will live happily ever after.

EMOLLIENTS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

AMERICAN STYLE.

III.

MR. PARTON, secretary to Mr. PONTIUS WATTLE, is discovered at his desk, staring at one of the letters he has just opened. MR. WATTLE enters and surveys MR. PARTON with expectation.

MR. W. Anything new to-day, PARTON?

P. Well, yes, Sir—rather! Biggest thing yet.

MR. W. Out with it, youngster. I mean, you may proceed.

P. It's extraordinary. It's fabulous. It's a letter—O, Sir, can such things be?—a letter from Herr SCHWANGAU, Secretary to the Emperor WILLIAM. He says: "His Majesty the German EMPEROR commands me to say that if Mr. PONTIUS WATTLE is in Potsdam on Tuesday, January 5, His Majesty will be happy to entertain Mr. WATTLE at luncheon."

MR. W. PARTON, we grow glorious.

P. It would seem so, Sir.

MR. W. PARTON, this is too good to keep.

P. Your own honours you may be excused for concealing; but for such a combined tribute to self and nation there is only one treatment.

MR. W. And that is—?

P. Publicity.

MR. W. Cautious, though. We must look into this thing. The bag's got several holes, but there's only one right one to let the cat out of.

P. One of Mrs. CAY's young men is waiting to see you, Sir. Perhaps he can help us.

MR. W. What's his line?

PARTON turns over the pages of a little book and then reads, "STANHOPE, PHILIP—Form."

MR. W. Form! That don't mean anything. Must be a misprint. Well, show him in—and, PARTON!

P. Yes, Sir?

MR. W. Guess I'll feel freer to tackle him alone. No offence.

P. Very well, Sir.

PARTON'S exit is followed almost immediately by the entrance of Mr. STANHOPE, who is plainly—not very carefully—dressed, and who looks like a man who has the habit of trying not to smile.

MR. W. Morning, Mr. STANHOPE. What's your line?

MR. Stanhope. May I refresh my memory by looking at Mrs. CAY's little circular? . . . Ah, I have it. My line appears to be Form. Dress, dinner, supper after the theatre, love-making—that sort of thing, don't you know?

MR. W. Invitations—answers to?

MR. S. Precisely.

MR. W. Good, let her go.

MR. S. First, a question or two. Have

you—excuse my directness—ever studied a treatise on etiquette?

MR. W. No.

MR. S. Nor tried to talk like the polished patricians in a play by PINERO?

MR. W. Never heard of him.

MR. S. Ah, you're virgin soil, Mr. WATTLE.

MR. W. Me! Say, that's a good one. Wonder if you know how good that is?

MR. S. Tell me some other time. This is the time for business. And let me say, before you decide to employ me, that it is—what's the formula?—no trouble to show goods.

MR. W. You're the best Mrs. CAY has sent me yet. Some of her chaps—but no matter. . . Let's see, where shall I begin?

MR. WATTLE's manner becomes violently indifferent as he hands to Mr. STANHOPE the Emperor WILLIAM's invitation, and asks: How shall I answer this?

MR. STANHOPE runs it through half to himself, half aloud, and then says unimpressed: Oh, the usual way. Write to the Secretary, in the third person.

MR. W. But shall I accept?

MR. S. Why, I think I should, if you can conveniently be in Berlin at that time.

MR. W. But I have scruples, Sir, scruples.

MR. S. (smiling). Overcome them.

MR. W. Young man, I was brought up to despise monarchs.

MR. S. Very well, then, decline.

MR. W. But as this invitation is indirectly a compliment to the country of which I have the honour to be a citizen, perhaps a new and higher duty calls upon me to accept.

MR. S. Why on earth do you call it a compliment?

MR. W. Why? . . . Why? . . . Well, of all the cheek!

MR. S. I mean this sort of thing is an old story now. The Emperor WILLIAM has a captain of industry to lunch with him every day, and when he can't get a captain he'll put up with a lieutenant.

MR. W. Not every day? Surely not quite every day? I never saw *that* in the papers.

MR. S. Of course not. Americans are too retiring to let people know when they lunch with royalty; and the EMPEROR only puts it in the German papers when he doesn't forget his guest's name.

MR. WATTLE, whose face has become more and more austere while Mr. STANHOPE has been speaking, now says with dignity: Look here, young man, you may be all right in the home market, but for the export trade I'm afraid your calibre's a little small. When I need advice about tea on the Bowery I'll ask for you. Good-day.

MORE CHAT AT CHATSWORTH.

(By the Author of "Words with Wordsworth," "Harm from Harmsworth," &c., &c.)

[The DUKE is reported to have said to a policeman, who would have kept the crowd at a long distance from His MAJESTY and the other Chatsworth guests, "O 'let 'em all come' and see the sport."]

DURING one of the rehearsals of Mr. LEO TREVOR's play, a sempstress, who was engaged in stitching together two of the back cloths, had the misfortune to slip from the step-ladder on which she was standing, and fall heavily. "What ho, she bumps!" exclaimed the DUKE, and, reassured and sustained by the good humour which these timely words aroused, the sempstress, who was happily unhurt, resumed her work with unabated diligence.

An odd incident occurred during one of the big shoots. On rounding a corner in the three-thousand-acre spinney His MAJESTY and fellow-guests suddenly came upon an elderly beater dressed, although it was a sharp morning, in a complete suit of gold-beater's skin. Directly he saw Mr. BALFOUR, who was walking with the guns and munching a biscuit, the man cried out several times in a loud voice, "Your food will cost you more." "Balmy on the free crumpet," was the DUKE's laconic comment, as he significantly tapped the massive frontal development for which the CAVENDISHES are so famous.

At lunch on the same day the conversation turned on the idiosyncrasies of the guests in regard to the way in which they liked to be helped to the huge baron of beef which, in accordance with the practice prevailing among the upper ten, invariably graces the board on these occasions. After everyone had expressed his or her opinion, appeal was made to the host to state his predilection. "O, just a little bit off the top," was the cheery response of the great Derbyshire magnate.

Golf, as is well known, formed a prominent feature in the pastimes of the Chatsworth week. But none of the press representatives recorded the interesting fact that the DUKE renamed all the principal hazards on the course in honour of the occasion, the most formidable bunker being christened "Joe." When, therefore, Mr. BALFOUR carried the hazard with a fine tee shot, the DUKE exclaimed with extraordinary readiness, "Well played, BALFOUR. Glad to see you're 'not for JOE' this time." This happy revival of a mid-Victorian jest so convulsed BEN SAYERS, the famous professional, who was partnering the DUKE, that he had to be carried home in a Swedish oven.



WHAT HE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Gushing Lady. "OH BUT, MR. JONES, I SHOULD LOVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL—EVEN IF FOR ONLY HAI-FAN-HO!"
Jones. "YES; BUT YOU WOULDN'T LIKE THE COMING BACK AGAIN!"

It is universally admitted that vivacity at the breakfast-table is the severest test of a good conscience. From this ordeal the Duke of DEVONSHIRE invariably emerged with the utmost distinction. For example, his favourite mode of saluting his titled guests on their entering the *salle-à-manger*, was, "Good morning. Have you used Peers' soap?"

Finally, when, after the departure of the Royal guests, the house-party were indulging in a game of "I spy," the Duke, emerging from cover during an animated rally, petrified the assembly by daunting Mr. BALFOUR with the gay challenge, "Chase me, ARTHUR!"

A PROTEST.

[A writer in the *Genealogical Magazine* has taken upon himself to fix the order of precedence of the most important cities of the three kingdoms. He assigns the first place to London, having clearly overlooked the claims of a certain burgh in the kingdom of Fife.]

O' a' the havers heard by me—

An' havers I've heard mony—

I doot this last appears to be

Aboot the worst o' ony;

An' when I read yon feckless loon

It puts me on my mettle

To see a place like Lunnon toon

Set up aboon Kingskettle.

What's Lunnon? Fog that fills your lungs,

An' air ye canna swallow,

An' people speakin' in sic tongues

A body canna follow.

Eh! sic an awccent as they lairn

When schule they have attended,

While here the vera weest bairn

Is easy comprehended.

It's no a hame-like place at a';

It's fu' o' noise an' worry,

An' nae one kens nor cares wha's wha,

An' a' is hurry-scurry.

Ye'll wanner up an' doon the street

Through myriads o' men, Sir,

An' never ken a soul ye meet,

Or mee: a soul ye ken, Sir.

How different in bonny Fife!

Here fouks are mair than ciphers;

A man's a man an' life is life

Amang the canny Fifers.

But pit your heid outside the door

Ye'll get some conversation

Aboot the prospects o' a war,

Tariffs or education.

Things bein' sae, a Fifeshire man

Maun aye be, willy-nilly,

Mair highly educated than

Thae fules o' Piccadilly.

Sae I wad ask yon feckless loon

Gin he decides to settle

That Lunnon is the foremaist toon,

Whaur will he pit Kingskettle?

"THE LONG RESULT OF TIME."

"Tout vient à point pour celui qui sait attendre."

[“After forty-six years, the Chatham Army and Navy Veterans' Association has obtained for the widow of an Indian Mutiny veteran her husband's share of the Lucknow prize-money.”—*Daily Express*]

THAT the Government does not neglect its executive duties merely because a matter under consideration cannot be disposed of in an instant, is evidenced by the following items of intelligence:—

The Home-Secretary, Mr. ARETAS AKERS DOUGLAS, has intimated his intention to reprieve the convict GUY FAWKES, condemned for an attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament, the sentence to be commuted to one of penal servitude for life. An intimation of the reprieve has been forwarded to the secretary of the extensively signed petition placed before the KING at the time of the prisoner's conviction.

The Secretary for Scotland has ordered a strict enquiry into the alleged massacre at Glencoe.

Mr. BRODRICK, having encountered a report of the severe rule maintained in India by Mr. WARREN HASTINGS, has forwarded a note to that gentleman informing him that unless the rigour of his government be mitigated the Secretary for India will be unable to continue Mr. HASTINGS in his position.

Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON has intimated to the inhabitants of Boston in America his intention to recommend the immediate repeal of the obnoxious duty on tea.

The Public Prosecutor has received instructions to take proceedings against the Directors of the South Sea Company.

Lord SELBORNE has issued an order reprimanding Admiral Sir FRANCIS DRAKE for temporary neglect of duty in continuing to play bowls after the Spanish fleet had come in sight. The First Lord of the Admiralty adds, however, that he is unable to refrain from congratulating the Admiral on the result of his operations when once they were put in hand.

O. P. GOSSIP.

It is rumoured that among the artistes engaged to appear at the inauguration performance of M. LEBAUDY'S Imperial Theatre will be Madame SAHARA BERNHARDT.

The efforts made by “walking” ladies and gentlemen to effect an adequate recognition of their status in the profession has assumed definite shape. The Theatrical Supernumeraries' Association announces a performance at an early date of Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S *Man and Superman*. It is rumoured that the Marquis of ANGLESEY will take both the title parts.

The plea put forward by the Water Babies that the licence for *Madame Sherry* allows only for consumption “off the premises” is being opposed with the utmost vigour by the Licensed Victuallers.

The report that Mr. TREE refused a part in the same play, on the ground that good wine needs no bush, is wholly without foundation.

BREAKFAST-TABLE PROBLEMS.

(With acknowledgments to the D—ly M—l.)

FOR THE BOARD OF TRADE.

THE distance from London to Dulham Rye is $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and is covered by the lightning expresses of the London and Slackham Railway in eighty-eight minutes, the principal stoppages being between the stations. State whether more important results are likely to flow from electrifying the line or from electrocuting the Directors?

FOR THE BANK CLERK.

If, instead of waiting for a bus at the Marble Arch, you decide to walk along the Edgware Road and it begins to rain, how many buses going the other way will pass you before you are caught up by a bus with a vacant seat inside?

INDUSTRIAL AMENITIES.

If a British workman can lay 500 bricks in eight hours, how long will it take him to heave half a brick at a total stranger?

MATHEMATICAL CRICKET.

If Mr. P. F. WARNER scored 46 in a Test Match, 21 in a match against fifteen of Bendigo, and 38 against eighteen of Woolloomooloo, how many will he make against twenty-two of the Never Never country?

AN EASY ONE FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

If a herring and a half cost three halfpence, what is the Billingsgate value of a good-sized cachalot?

SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

A stockbroker walking to Brighton at the rate of 3 miles 47 yards an hour, starts from Westminster Bridge at 6.5 A.M. At 6.7 A.M. a stockbroker walking from Brighton to London, at the rate of 2 miles 3 furlongs and 16 yards an hour, leaves the Pavilion. The distance from Brighton to London (and *vice versa*) is 52 miles. After walking 37 minutes the first stockbroker contracts a stitch, which reduces his speed by 14 per cent. After walking an hour the second stockbroker takes a pick-me-up, which accelerates his pace one third for the first eight minutes, one fourth for the second four and a half minutes, and leaves it where it was afterwards. At what point on the road will they meet?

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXVIII.—THE ANIMAL-LOVERS.

ALL the afternoon the sun has hung a blood-red ball in a sky of leaden grey. Lower and lower it has sunk over the houses, until now it has diffused itself over the western sky in a faint red glow. The lamps are already alight in the little side-street, and shine steadily in the half light; a small boy on a bicycle zig-zags unstably down the middle of the road; a group of vague undefined figures stand conversing outside one of the houses.

I pass on down the street towards the warm glow of a diminutive oil-shop at the further end, faced at the other corner by a little shanty with dirty windows purporting, in shiny white letters, to be "The Ideal Laundry: Gents' shirts and collars dressed and got up equal to new." I cross towards this unique establishment and survey the window show, consisting of a stiff and immaculately white collar on the one side, contrasted on the other with a disreputable strip of limp linen that has apparently been rescued from a street fight. Pinned to the curtains behind is a picture of an immodest infant, delivering itself with a smirk of the outspoken statement:—

ALL MY CLOTHES ARE AT
THE IDEAL LAUNDRY
WHERE YOURS OUGHT TO BE.

I do my best to swallow this indignity, taking so long over it that a towseled lady with a flat-iron appears at the curtain and regards me through it with undisguised suspicion. As I turn away I become conscious of a low sobbing sound proceeding from the other side of the road.

Leaning sideways against the doorway of the illuminated oil-shop, his frame shaken from time to time by a smothered sob, is a man of ruffianly aspect in a dirty muffler. One arm supports him against the door-post, while with the sleeve of the other he wipes the tears from a stubbly cheek. A plump tabby kitten with arched back rubs itself sympathetically between his open legs.

As I approach, an unrestrained fit of sobbing bursts from the figure; I stop short, loth to intrude upon his grief, and glance into the shop, seeking in vain some clue to his trouble. An oil-



UNHAPPY THOUGHT.

Literary Man. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN. I'VE GOT TO GO IN HERE TO BE SHAVED."

His Friend. "SHAVED! WHY, IT'S A PICTURE SHOP!"

Literary Man. "YES, AND A BARBER'S. I SHALL PROBABLY COME OUT, LIKE MY WORK, ILLUSTRATED WITH CUTS!"

lamp hanging from the ceiling gleams luridly in the centre of the deserted shop; at the back a red-curtained glass door stands half open, affording a partial view of a woman busy with tea-things in the firelight.

Distressfully conscious that I am in the presence of some deep hidden tragedy I turn, with the intention of departing as quietly as possible. At the movement he raises his head, and ceasing his sobs for a moment surveys me with dimmed eyes. Then he speaks:

"Pore lil bloomin' kitten lost 'isself an' can't find 'is bloomin' 'ome, pore lil blighter."

I must admit that for a moment I am at a loss what to do or say. The kitten continues to rub itself against his legs. I pull myself together and feel for my handkerchief.

"Starvin' an' cold," he observes, wiping the tears from his cheek.—"Got a sop o' bread on yer?"

A long and fruitless search in my pockets convinces him that I have not. I express my regret, explaining that I left home in a hurry to-day.

"I'm a lovervanimals," he remarks.

"Ever since I left my wife I've bin a lovervanimals."

I stoop hastily and stroke the kitten.

"My wife's conduct," he explains, "in summonsin' me fer 'ittin of 'er destroyed my belief in 'uman nachur. I'm a lovervanimals."

I admit the discretion of this transfer of affection. "They never summons you," I remark sympathetically.

"They're faithful dumb creechurs," he observes.

I congratulate him on his choice of adjectives.

"I shall 'dopt the pore little blighter," he informs me. "I shall take 'im 'ome. It ain't a pallis, but it's clean an' respectable."

I stoop and reassure the kitten upon these points. My companion's tears have altogether ceased, and he is wreathed in smiles.

"Com 'ere yer bloomin' little blue-eyed blighter," he exclaims, stooping and snapping his fingers. The kitten approaches him sideways with arched back.

The animal-lover secures its back in a clumsy grasp, and lifts it from the ground. The kitten raises a loud yell of pain.

"Orl right," exclaims the animal-lover, holding the vituperative animal at arm's

length in the air and surveying it reproachfully. "Wot's the matter with yer? Can't yer see I'm adoptin' of yer? Chuck it, d'y'ear?"

The kitten's language is becoming a disgrace to the neighbourhood. At last the animal-lover withdraws his arm and places his protégé under his coat, where it remains perforce struggling hard and cursing under its breath.

"You're a nice little blighter, you are," observes its guardian indulgently.—"Don't 'arf lay 'is tongue to it, do 'e?"

"Now then," breaks in a voice from behind us,—"*when* you've finished."

We face round in surprise. Standing in the doorway of the oil-shop is a woman of formidable build nursing a baby. She looks squarely at my companion.

"*When* you've finished," she repeats.

The animal-lover, without relaxing his grasp of the kitten, surveys her for a moment in silence.

"I'm a lovervanimals," he observes.

"What are yer doin' ter that kitten?" demands the lady.

"I'm takin' of it 'ome," he replies.

"It's cold an' starvin'."

"Takin' it 'ome, are yer?" demands the lady indignantly.

"It ain't a pallis——" begins the animal-lover.

"Takin' it 'ome!" repeats the lady. "Ho, indeed! An' where do I come in?"

I cannot help thinking this a somewhat forward remark on the lady's part. My companion seems to share my view.

"You ain't cold an' starvin'——" he begins defensively.

"Look 'ere," breaks in the lady, "you just put my kitten down!"

"Your kitten!" exclaims the animal-lover.

"Yes, you jest put it down," replies the lady.

The animal-lover stares at her for a time, but without complying.

"If the kitten's yours," he observes argumentatively, "wot's it doin' outside?"

The lady shifts the baby to one arm.

"Jest put my kitten down," she commands formidably. The animal-lover regards her for a moment, then lowers the kitten, which, loud-voiced and with uplifted tail, retreats hastily past its owner into the shop. The lady replaces the baby in its former position, and surveys her opponent sideways with triumphantly compressed lips.

"Comin' 'ere interferin' with other people's animals," she observes.

"Wot's the kitten doin' outside?" demands my companion. "That's wot I want to know. You must 'ave bin ill-treatin' of it."

"There'll be some ill-treatin' in a minute," remarks the lady, rocking the baby with determination. "I can tell yer."

"Croolty an' neglect," observes my companion.

"I'll give yer some neglect," says the lady, still rocking the baby, "if yer don't move away from my shop."

The animal-lover turns to me.

"This," he observes solemnly, "is case fer the Serciety Preventin' Croolty Tanimals. This is matter fer th' Inspector."

"P'raps you're the Inspector?" suggests the lady, sarcastically.

The animal-lover regards her with dignity.

"P'raps I am," he observes. "An' p'raps I'm not. Any'ow I've got my eye on you.—Make a note o' the number, Mate."

Carried away by my interest in the situation, I scribble on my shirt-cuff.

"Look 'ere!" cries the lady, shifting her baby to one arm again, "if you don't

move away from my shop I'll show yer the way. And quick. Both of yer."

I suddenly awake to an unpleasant consciousness of the danger of my position. My companion edges away a little from the shop, and I follow suit. So as to be ready to back him up.

"Go on—orf with yer!" commands the lady loudly. "Comin' 'ere interferin' with my kitten. Go on—orf with yer!"

"I shall report this matter," remarks my companion, watching the lady warily, "ter the Serciety preventerootytanimals. I'm a lovervanimals. I——"

"Cat-stealin'!" suddenly exclaims a voice from the road. "That's what they're after, is it!"

I turn and recognise the lady of the Ideal Laundry. She still holds her

ward. "You corl me a medical stoo-dent?" he demands.

"E's the ring-leader," cries the laundress, pointing to me, "im in the bowler 'at. They're vividissectors, that's what they are!"

"Oh the white-livered curs!" cries the enlightened oil-shop lady. "Medical stoo-dents! I've 'eard o' their doin's! Oh the white-livered curs!"

"You corl me a medical stoo-dent?" repeats the outraged animal-lover. "I'm a workin' man, I am, an' I earn my livin'."

"An' we earn our livin'!" cries the oil-shop lady. "And 'ave ter work 'ard for it! We don't want no medical stoo-dents 'ere!"

I hasten to observe that I also earn my living. And not very easily either in these hard times.

"I wish," observes my companion bitterly, "I wish I was your 'usband. I wish I 'ad the 'ittin' of yer."

"You?" screams the oil-shop lady furiously, shifting her baby to her left arm and making a dash at him, "you 'it me? Take that, yer white-livered cur!"

"Oo yer 'ittin' of?" whines my companion, shielding his head and retreating hastily. "'Oo yer——"

He is interrupted by a rain of blows from his assailant, who, with the baby tucked under one arm, has followed him into the middle of the road.

"I'll teach yer ter come vivisectin' my cats!" she screams. "Take that, yer mangy tike! Take——"

At this point my part as spectator is cut short in the most painfully unexpected

manner by a blow on the back of the neck with a flat-iron.

"We'll teach yer!" screams a strident voice by my ear, "we'll"—(thump!)—"teach yer——"

I have no desire for further tuition.

In barely twenty seconds' time I stand breathless at the top of the street, looking back upon the distance. All is quiet; apparently my companion has drawn the pursuit. The glow has disappeared from the sky, and the little gas-lamps blink in the darkness. Long thoughtful shadows lie upon the road, deepening towards the houses. Peace reigns over the scene.

No Permanent Harm Done.

"In two or three days after taking your pills, my wife was quite well again."



Bob. "COULDN'T I BE THE MOTHER SOMETIMES, INSTEAD OF ALWAYS BEING THE DOCTOR?"

Nellie (scornfully). "HOW COULD YOU BE THE MOTHER WHEN YOU HAVEN'T GOT A LAP?"

flat-iron, which with her bare arms gives her a more formidable appearance than I altogether care for.

"Comin' 'ere," explains the oil-shop lady indignantly, rocking her baby, "tryin' ter make orf with my kitten. I'll soon shew 'em the way."

The Ideal Laundress approaches nearer.

"It's a gang!" she declares with conviction. "I see the taller one, 'im in the bowler 'at, 'angin' about our plice ten minutes ago. I knew 'e wasn't up ter no good. It's a gang."

"Allow me to explain——" I begin.

"Don't you talk ter me!" cries the Ideal Laundress, turning swiftly on me. "I've 'eard all about your sort! You're medical stoo-dents, that's what you are!"

This seems to anger my companion very much. He pushes his way for-

CHARIVARIA.

THE announcement that the Duke of DEVONSHIRE has sold his baths at Buxton has foolishly given rise to a rumour that his Grace intends to become a Labour Leader.

The dangers of the dinner-table become more and more alarming. According to the *Express*, it is the custom of certain English firms "to ship American hogs to Ireland, and then tranship them to London, and place the bacon and ham on sale as *Irish meat*. The same thing was done, said the American Minister of Agriculture, with horses."

The Municipal Milk movement has received a check from the district auditors, who have surcharged the Battersea Town Council with its expenditure in this field. A proposal has now been made to extend the powers of the Water Board, so that it may become a Milk and Water Board.

The Lord Chamberlain has objected to a play being called *The White Slaves of London*, on the ground that "there are no slaves in London." But what of the dramatists who work under this kind of mediæval bondage?

The *Daily Graphic* has published the portraits of two young German giants, ADOLF and FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER. Their girth is enormous, and it is stated that Mr. JOHN TRUNDLEY of Peckham has become a follower of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Lord CARRINGTON has issued a circular to his tenants containing a number of pertinent questions on the Fiscal Problem. The last question is a veritable poser. It is:—"If unable to do these things at once, how long would it be, in your opinion, before we should reach this desirable state of things? Yes, or no?"

Last week's *Gazette* announced the resignation of Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P. Mr. O'BRIEN has not resigned since 1895.

It is denied that the new play at the Savoy, *The Love Birds*, is to have a political colouring, with all the Liberal leaders in the title rôle.

We understand that the chief difficulty which prevents Russia from giving way in the present dispute is the fear that, if she now carries out her promises as regards Manchuria, a dangerous precedent will be created.

It is persistently rumoured in some quarters that, after all, there is to be



"'WARE WIRE!"

"HALLO, JACK! WHAT'S UP?"

"DON' KNOW. I'M NOT!"

no war. If this be true, it can only have one meaning: Japan and Russia are in ignorance of the fact that the *Daily Mail* has gone to the expense of preparing a special map of the scene of the conflict.

An annoying state of affairs prevails at Berlin, according to *Dalziel*. The KAISER and his son do not see i to i. The KAISER, instead of being deified, is being defied. As a result the CROWN PRINCE has been placed under arrest.

"Germany first in the world!" cried Count von BÜLOW mysteriously the other day, in a speech which, so far as we can make out, had nothing to do with brutality to soldiers.

We are pleased to hear that a gold medal has been awarded to Dr. JULIUS HANN for his services to the science of meteorology. We consider that too much cannot be done for those whose profession brings them into even closer contact than ourselves with the weather.

There is great excitement in the animal world. Last week a cow wrecked

a train near Chester, and a sheep upset sixty waggons between Festiniog and Portmadoc. As a consequence of this proof of their power, animals all over the kingdom are reported to be becoming truculent, but there is still no confirmation of the rumour that on the 25th instant a butterfly barked at a Guardsman.

A SONG OF REAL DIFFICULTY.

I KNOW how WARNER's team will fare,

What weather Lent will bring,

The way of worms beneath the soil,

Of condors on the wing:

But one *hiatus* in my lore

I cannot yet make good:

What kind of wood would a woodchuck chuck,

If a woodchuck could chuck wood?

I know the mystery of tides,

The height of Captain KID,

Why JUNIUS wore an Iron Mask,

Where each medallion's hid:

But one strange problem hitherto

My onslaught has withstood:

What kind of wood would a woodchuck chuck,

If a woodchuck could chuck wood?

STUDIES OF BLIGHTED LIVES.

V.—THE HIGHER KIND OF POET.

[MR. ALFRED AUSTIN is about to lecture before the Royal Institution on "The Growing Distaste on the part of the Many for the Higher Kinds of Poetry."]

THE laws that treat of rights and wrongs
I care not greatly who composes;
Let *me* construct the nation's songs,
And someone else may be her MOSES:—
So (roughly) ran the immortal phrase,
And though I can't recall who said it
Full well I know that nowadays
He wouldn't earn the faintest credit.

How sadly changed the prospect seems
From what beguiled my early summers,
Passed in the haunt of poets' dreams,
The breeding hive of brainy hummers!*

O age of unrecorded feats!
How fair the hopes our boyhood built on
Who meant in time to coo like KEATS,
Or have an organ-mouth like MILTON!

What bard has ever rightly sung
The thoughts that made our bosoms swell up,
When not the biceps, but the lung
Was what we panted to develop!
When, careless though our fame was mute
Upon the school's athletic panels,
We let our swift ambitions shoot
Down purely literary channels.

Spurning the rude barbarian sport
That makes the modern youth's diversion,
We found our leisure all too short
For WORDSWORTH'S nobly-planned *Excursion*;
Avoiding scenes of vulgar mirth,
We trod the track of *Goneril*'s treasons,
We dived with DANTE under earth,
We strolled with THOMSON round the *Seasons*.

So, when I reached a riper age,
And recognised my vocal mission,
And found my glorious heritage
Wrapped up with England's best tradition,
I had a passion all along,
Deep in my inmost vitals rooted,
To keep intact the well of song
Which CHAUCER left us unpolluted.

Speechless at times, through want of thought,
I burned the dim nocturnal taper;
At times my brain was overwrought
With serving on a daily paper;
But oft I soared with SHELLEY'S lark
Through the adjacent empyrean,
And spent the day till after dark
Emitting one continuous pean.

Vain, vain employ! The common ruck,
That raves of RANJEE, TICH, or VARDON,
How could it have the taste to pluck
The precious blooms that prank my Garden?
What hope for horny-handed churls
That seem to take a wanton pleasure
In overlooking obvious pearls,
While hunting discs of dubious "treasure"?

* "What is more gentle than a wind in summer?
What is more soothing than the pretty hummer
That stays one moment in an open flower
And buzzes cheerily from bower to bower?"—KEATS.

Not for myself I mourn so much,
For though my private larynx varies
I joy to keep in constant touch
With England's roll of pure canaries;
That legacy, the "Higher Kind"
To which a Laureate owes his billet—
Though lavished on the deaf and blind,
No mere neglect can wholly kill it!

Yet I am something more than bird,
I am the nation's seer and mystic,
Ornated to lift the humble herd
By efforts largely altruistic;
And if I cannot move the mob
And leave them rather less benighted,
Why, then I score a futile blob,
And must regard my life as blighted.

O. S.

RECENT COLLAPSE OF THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S.

(An "Intelligent Anticipation.")

It now appears that the catastrophe to the Dome was not caused by any subsidence of the foundations, but that some of the readers of the Hidden Treasure serial in *High Thinking*, being under an impression that a disc entitling the fortunate finder to fifteen thousand farthings had been concealed in the masonry of the Whispering Gallery, employed cordite cartridges in the hope of dislodging the spoil.

Our Representative called yesterday on the Proprietor of *High Thinking*, who courteously consented to state his views, as follows:—"It is a regrettable incident, of course, but I should hardly think any of our readers will go quite so far another time. In any case, we cannot be held liable for miscalculations they may make in following our 'clues.' I have taken Counsel's opinion on that point. We were most careful to warn our readers that the money was not placed inside any building, or even immediately near it. As a matter of fact, the building indicated was *not* St. Paul's at all, but a sacred edifice of even more ancient and historic associations. We could scarcely be expected to foresee that any treasure-hunter would resort to an explosive of such high power. It is really marvellous what things some people will do for money. But, as I said before, we admit no legal responsibility whatever. Our aim has always been to awake the dormant intelligence of the Public and teach them to use their brains. Yes, the collapse of the Dome is a magnificent advertisement for *High Thinking*—the circulation has been going up by leaps and bounds ever since."

A NEW OPENING FOR ACTORS.

[MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech went from the Guildhall to the Queen's Hall and the People's Palace, where it was repeated to two great audiences by "trained orators," members of the theatrical profession.]

WANTED, First-class Comedian to repeat T. P.'s popular lecture, "Peeps at Parliament," to overflow audiences in the Provinces.

DRAMATIC ACTOR, disengaged, can hear of good opening in the "Repeat Department" of the Passive Resistance movement. Must have starred with WILSON BARRETT'S companies. No other need apply.

WANTED, strong, able-bodied, fear-no-foe-in-shining-armour orators, to repeat in Birmingham Town Halls, and other Protection centres, MR. LLOYD-GEORGE'S addresses on Free Trade, Peace, Reform, &c., &c. Must pay own insurance premiums.

THE SALE SEASON.—Notice outside the London shop of an alien immigrant:—

MY ANNUAL SELL IS NOW ON.



USEFUL INFORMATION.

Jones (who has forsorn town life for a more healthful existence, to hired compendium of agricultural knowledge at 14s. 6d. a week, with cottage and 'tater patch). "Do you know ANYTHING ABOUT BEES, ISAAC?"

Isaac. "YES, THEY STINGS!"

FISCAL LETTERS.

(Being Mr. Punch's Guide to the writing of them.)

No. I.

To the Editor of (any paper will do, but the "Times" preferred.)

SIR,—May I crave a small amount of your space in order to point out to your correspondent, H. A. DEWTHAIR, that the figures he cites to prove the prosperity of the country are entirely misleading? He takes iron and steel f.o.b., c.o.d., f.i.c., and by the simple process of adding corn, coal and timber (planks, not logs—the distinction is important), and then multiplying the result by the square root of foreign dairy produce, less the usual percentage for butter and cheese consumed *in transitu*, he produces the startling figure of £99,000,000 7s. 2½d. But he has utterly failed to take into account the figures of the glass-eye industry as shown in the Blue Book at page 15,645. Even before these were published, it was well known to all who took an interest in the question that, owing to the prevalence of cheap sand in the northern parts of Africa, our glass-eye manufacturers were being driven out of the markets of the world. Now, it seems, we are losing the home-market as well. In the year 1902-3 only 679 native eyes were sold, as against 1,141 in the year 1872-3. What does Mr. DEWTHAIR say to this? Is he going to take it lying down? Or will he add his weight to those who are endeavouring to cement the Empire together by the steel bonds of preferential tariffs? Let him consider ere it be too late. Yours, &c., JAMES JOBSON.

No. II. (Answer to above).

SIR,—Sir JAMES JOBSON has endeavoured to impugn the accuracy of the very striking figures I laid before your readers. How has he done this? Not by proving that I erred even by so much as a halfpenny in my calculations (which must therefore, I take it, be accepted henceforth as sound), but by bringing forward the case of glass eyes. Sir JAMES points to the state of that industry, which he appears to think has been ruined by the importation of cheap African eyes. What he wants, no doubt, is a heavy duty. I beg to ask him, first, what he proposes to do about the drawback, and in what category he means to place the semi-finished eye imported in bond and left to be worked up by English labour? Then again he must remember that the finished article of one industry is the raw material for others. To Sir JAMES a glass eye is a glass eye. To a one-eyed man it is the raw material by which alone he can carry on successfully such industries as (1) associating on equal terms with his fellow men; (2) making love. Finally I beg to protest once more against the scandalous way in which the year 1872-3 is brought against us. Everybody knows, even if Sir JAMES does not, that it was affected by the Franco-German war and cannot therefore count. Taking the usual quinquennial periods we are steadily increasing our output even of glass eyes. What our manufacturers require is enterprise and skill, not protection. For instance, what is the use of sending a consignment of pale blue eyes to the South of Italy? You may ask me who did this? I reply, Sir JAMES JOBSON. Yours, &c. H. A. DEWTHAIR.

The letters that continue this correspondence grow gradually more and more animated and recriminatory, until in his last letter Sir JAMES JOBSON insinuates that his opponent is "no gentleman and a very ignorant one at that," to which Mr. DEWTHAIR retorts that Sir JAMES has feathered his nest by a long career of sweating, and has a brother, deceased, who was convicted of bribery in a municipal election. The controversy is then transferred to the Law Courts.

In the next example Mr. Punch endeavours to fuse into one those two Tariffian protagonists, Sir H-NRY H-W-ETH and



AN AL FRESCO LUNCH AT THE ZOO.

Neglected Visitor. "AVE YOU FORGOT ALL ABOUT US, WAITER?"
Teutonic Waiter. "ACH NO! YOU VAS ZE TWO 'COLD LAMBS.'"

Mr. J-M-S L-SLIE W-NKL-N. He has tried to combine the profound learning of the one with the glittering humour of the other, while preserving the *verve* and violence of both, and avoiding the extreme length of Sir H-NRY.

No. III.

SIR,—Events are now eventuating precisely as I ventured to predict they would when I addressed you last week and showed how a good man, for we were entitled at that time to consider him a good man, as he had not yet given in his adhesion to the malevolent designs of an abandoned and disappointed time-serving lawyer, may in spite of those who call out to him, as I have endeavoured to do, be dragged at the heels of those who are not and never have been any better than what they ought. I want to ask the Duke of DEVONSHIRE a plain question, to which I trust—I say, I trust, though that trust has hitherto been basely abused by those who, to gain their private ends, have shipwrecked the Empire, thrown a great party on its beam-ends, and seriously annoyed Mr. BALFOUR, whose duties at this time are so important that common prudence should warn us not to add by even a straw (and straw comes from corn) to his many troubles—he will answer as plainly as it is put. Let him come to Bradford. He'll find me there ready for him day or night, rain or shine. We Yorkshiremen are a hard-headed lot, and I'll engage to give the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, or, for the matter of that, Mr. COX, two stone and a beating over any course they like to name. We must of course feed on Quaker Oats and wear wool next our skin. That is where the true remedy will be found. Yours faithfully,

H. H.
 I. L. W.

AMONG THE IMMORTALS AT THE BURLINGTON.

LET no one with an hour to spare miss the present chance of scraping acquaintance, or of renewing it, with the Old Masters now hibernating at Burlington House. For those who have a bare sixty minutes at their disposal this guide to certain important points in the show is primarily intended: but it will serve as a gentle reminder for such as "have been there and still would go."

1. A "Pietà" by MEMLING, lent by Sir HENRY THOMPSON, Bart. "*Rocky and wooded landscape, with water in the background.*" Absolute freedom from dust-carts here, concerning which necessary nuisances Sir HENRY has recently been writing to the *Times*. "Dust like the picture?" as Claude Melnotte asks. And the spectator, who may not be in sympathy with the figures in the foreground, will answer, "Distance lends enchantment to the view."

2. "*Portrait of a Lady*," of the Early French or Flemish School. We are not informed how early the school was, nor whether it was an infant or day school. She is a pretty lady, with an artistically arranged *coif*. Probably representing a Mistress, or, to put it more correctly, a female teacher, in either school. If you ask, "Where are her pupils?" *la réponse saute aux yeux*.

"*Portrait of a Gentleman*," by FRANÇOIS CLOUET, called JANET. Why "FRANÇOIS" should call himself "JANET," unless he were hopelessly effeminate, is a puzzle. However, we leave it at that. This picture, numbered 7, is unique in the collection, for it is the one and only "*Portrait of a Gentleman*" at this moment within the five Galleries of Burlington House! Fact. Probably unprecedented. There are two or three single ladies represented in this exhibition, likewise "*A Man*," 40; and if age be indicated by number, the "Man" is decidedly eligible, though otherwise not good enough to pair with "*A Lady*" at present hanging out at No. 2.

Also there is "*A Spanish Gentleman*" (JUAN BAPTISTA DEL MAZO created him), who might possibly be paired off for a coranto with "*A Lady*" by REMBRANDT, but for the fact that the lady is 77, and the "*Spanish Gentleman*" is 83, and so their dancing days are over.

There is, too, a "*Young Man*," 32 (he doesn't look it), "with hand on skull" (not his own, but the skull of somebody else, defunct), who may probably be an amateur playing *Hamlet*, or giving a phrenological lecture, or a University man of the period explaining the use of the skulls, boat-racing, and bumps. But, as has been noticed above, as worthy of remark, No. 7 is the one and only "*Portrait of a Gentleman*," whose artistic qualification for these Galleries is that he looks as if he deserves to be hung.

8. "*Lady Reading*." There is no mention or allusion to "Lord Reading," so we may suppose the title extinct. The painter of it is unknown, but he was "M.A." in the great Flemish School.

27. "*Landscape with Figures*," by GIORGIONE. Done probably when his mother gave very young Master GEORGY ONY a shilling box of paints just to keep him out of mischief.

35. "*Three Children playing Music*" (by Fra BARTOLOMEO). Never was titular description more misleading. The one thing correct in it is that there are three children. They have "noddings on," and, wherever their shamefully neglectful parents and guardians may be, these infants are apparently seated on the base of a stone pedestal, such as you may see in Trafalgar Square, for example, in a state of nudity that ought to, and it is to be hoped will, attract the attention of the police. The central infant has possessed himself of a lute and is playing at playing it, while his companion in mischief, on his right, is pretending, "only purtendin'," to hold a music-book for him. The other little chap, on his left, has his eyes fixed longingly on the

instrument which he evidently intends to secure for his own delectation on the very first opportunity. This picture might aptly be presented, with Dr. BIRCH's compliments, to a "Smack Boys' Home."

41. This picture shows what a very queer sort of idea CARLO CRIVELLI had of "St. George." The painter represents him as a sort of hero of comic opera, holding in his left hand a barber's pole which he has been using as a lance. Compare this with a model in wax for a statuette on same subject (Case J., No. 1), and you will see what a *St. George and Dragon* can be when they like.

Let us say at once that all the Lawrences are simply delightful. "*Lady Hamilton*" (44) lovely; "*Countess of Leirum and Daughter*" (60) charming, and so perfectly natural as to present the strongest possible contrast to (62) "*Mrs. Angerstein and Child*," a melancholy self-conscious couple, treated in summery fashion as to costume, though they are represented as walking out in very doubtful weather by the sad sea wave.

46. Spirited picture, representing "*Mrs. Maguire*" in her heroic act of preventing a big dog from eating little ARTHUR FITZJAMES by grasping the topjaw of its open mouth. Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

52. How his parents ever came to allow dear little Master LAMBTON, dressed in his best black velvet suit, with very much open collar, to sit out on a stormy day, and to perch himself up on a dangerous height in order to oblige Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, is a puzzle; and where Sir THOMAS placed himself in order to take this portrait, must ever remain one of the mysteries of Art to the delighted spectator.

54. "*Portrait of Mrs. Gott*." Sir THOMAS shows her as a very determined-looking but dashing style of lady: of a certain age 'tis true, "with," evidently, "a past," yet still with a roguish eye, so expressive of her being "*capable de tout*," that the descriptive title of the portrait might truly be "*Hard and Fast*."

We will pause for a moment in Gallery No. III., before PARMEGIANO's "*Portrait of an Italian Lady*." With her pallid face, strained attitude, and fearfully pained expression of countenance, she might have sat for her portrait as a "sufferin' lady," or "*Maria piccola*" of Signor BARRIE's eccentric creation.

Our time is limited, and regretfully we must bid adieu to our most approved good Masters. Fortunate is the visitor who can pay several visits, or who is able to pass on to Galleries IV. and V., and thence to the bronzes.

FROM AN EARNEST STUDENT OF ANCIENT HISTORY.—SIR,—Can you inform me who was "Episodes?" Was he a Greek Philosopher? Did he, as other philosophers did, keep a school, weekly or monthly? My immediate reason for asking is because I see in the advertisement of the *National Review* an article on "Episodes of the Month." I confess this philosopher's name, though not unfamiliar, is somewhat new to yours truly, SCHOLIAST.

NEW TITLES FOR DRAMAS AT HIS MAJESTY'S.—As *The Darling of the Gods* has caught on, it will probably be followed by *The Pet of the Pit*, *The Fancy of the Stalls*, *The Charmer of the Upper Circles*, and so forth.

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY, &c."—Several young and inexperienced singing birds were deceived by the recent spell of mild weather; but the *Daily Mail* is surely old enough to know better. Yet it has, with singular ingenuousness, already flung open its columns to correspondence on such Spring fancies as Love and Matrimony.

THE DOOM OF BEHEMOTH.

On a reported movement for the extermination of the Hippopotamus.

Woe unto thee, BEHEMOTH !
Thy victims' cup is full.
Long have they borne thy yoke, and
torn
Their garments and their wool !
Afric is roused ; the vengeful foe
Encompass thee about
To lay th' Abominable low,
And wipe the Tyrant out.

Song of the Boatmen.

"As o'er the placid waters
We ply the frail canoe,
BEHEMOTH comes, with bristling gums,
And bites the barque in two.
A thousand times we suffer wrack ;
A thousand times we feel
The horror of his mounting back
Protuberant 'neath the keel."

Song of the Husbandmen.

"Our fields were fat with harvest
Of rich and kindly grain,
But he has made felonious raid,
And havocked thro' the plain ;
Our little children cry for bread,
Our wives for corn to grind ;
The scars of his disastrous tread
Are all he leaves behind."

General Chorus of Insult.

"Does aught of outward favour
Belie his evil fame ?
Squat limbs and short, that scarce
support
His gross, unwieldy frame ;
Ferocious front, beslavered skin,
And reeking gape, afford
Fit index to the Brute within—
BEHEMOTH the Abhorred."

Then woe to thee, BEHEMOTH ; for the
circles round thee close ;
Ruthless and fierce, thou shalt not pierce
the cordon of thy foes.
Go seek thy reedy fastnesses—go walk
the nether mud—
Do as thou wilt to hide thy guilt, they
mean to have thy blood.
Cunning shall nowise aid thee ; every
side disaster lurks ;
Thy leathern mail shall naught avail to
guard thine inner works ;
For thee they bring the "reeking tube"
to perforate thy hide
With iron shard, and hit thee hard with
things that burst inside.
Thy ghastly spouse shall follow, and the
death ye twain shall die
With icy grip shall seize thy Hippopo-
tamunculi !
None shall escape the massacre, save,
haply, one or two
To beg the sons of men for buns, all in
a shameful Zoo ! DUM-DUM.



SO SYMPATHETIC!

Young Yeomanry Officer (airing his exploits in the late war). "AND AMONG OTHER THINGS, DON'T YOU KNOW, I HAD A HORSE SHOT UNDER ME."

Fair Ignoramus. "POOR THING! WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH IT?"

THE THEATRICAL "PAR."

(Of the Future.)

[In two or three of the best West-End theatres it is regarded as part of the duty of the attendants in the auditorium to start the applause . . . Sometimes the commissionaires from outside and the firemen from the stage are requisitioned for the purpose of augmenting the effect, their hands being larger and their arms stronger.—*Daily Paper.*]

IN spite of the gloomy prognostications of certain old-fashioned and Cassandra-like persons, who said that the *Agamemnon* of ÆSCHYLUS in the original Greek would be a "frost" at the West-End, the revival of this tragedy was greeted with tumultuous applause, and showed how little such persons know of the resources of a thoroughly up-to-date management. Though it might perhaps be said that Miss LOUIE FREEAR was essaying in the part of

Olympia a somewhat new line of business, the contingent of handy men from Chatham Barracks, who had been invited to man the front row of the gallery, greeted her every appearance with deafening rounds of Kentish fire. With the overwhelming moral support thus secured for the company the success of the piece was assured ; and if the verdict of the scattered occupants of the stalls was not heard it was probably because they had forgotten their classics.

We understand the various schools of physical development are being besieged just now by dramatic critics, who find it increasingly difficult to follow their calling without unimpeachable testimony of the abnormal character of their biceps muscles. Before granting passes most Managers now require in addition a declaration by the applicant that he takes nine and three-quarters in gloves.

THE WOMAN'S CORNER.

(Conducted by the Lady Virginia Cavendish.)

WHAT SHOULD WOMEN SMOKE?

I HAVE been much amused by an absurd story that is being cruelly circulated just now at the expense of a certain Ladies' Club. *On dit* that a notice is displayed in the Smoking-Room requesting members "not to smoke their pipes when gentlemen visitors are present!"

Now where in the world have these dear good ladies been vegetating all this while? I should have thought it absolutely impossible that there could in this year of grace be so grotesque a survival of the ridiculous prudery which once restrained a woman from producing a pipe in the presence of Man.

Do none of the committee of this benighted Club ever patronise the Park on a fine Sunday morning after church? Apparently not, or they could hardly be unaware of the vogue which the pipe has obtained in the mouths of all women with the least pretensions to smartness.

It is not too much to say that it is now firmly established as the essential badge and symbol of up-to-date femininity. As for the cigarette, that has long since been relegated to the High School Miss and the Factory Girl, and even the once fashionable cigar has come to be considered distinctly dowdy. Of course I do not forget that Lady "VEVVIE" LONG is still faithful to her inseparable Italian weed with a straw down the middle—but then dear Lady "VEVVIE" always *was* a little slow to catch up with new ideas; I happen to remember that it was years before she could be persuaded that anything *could* smoke as cool as a Malacca cane!

It seems settled that pipes this season are to be bent, *not* straight; I noticed at Sandown last Saturday that every well-turned-out woman affected the curved stem, and though this shape is a little apt to send the smoke up under the veil it undoubtedly has a far smarter appearance.

In material, cut, and style generally the widest margin will, as heretofore, be allowed to individual taste and fancy. The Duchess of DILWATER has been seen motoring lately with a perfectly fascinating pipe in the form of an alabaster vase, set with her coronet and cipher in small brilliants. I am told, however, that her Grace seldom smokes anything stronger than *pot-pourri* in this particular pipe.

Another pipe which was greatly admired was between the lips of Lady ARCADIA CRAVEN, who is, I always maintain, quite the best-piped woman in London; it was a charmingly delicate creation in old Venice glass, festooned with silver bullion fringe.

Mrs. "JACKY" TWISTE was at Prince's the other day, puffing a ducky little ivory death's-head with real ruby eyes, trimmed with black *crêpe de soie* and *paillettes*. She looked so sweet, but a little pale, I thought. She tells me she never smokes any tobacco now but the strongest shag, for which she pays a quite incredible price per pound.

Miss "CHUNKIE" DOTTLE (whose mother, Lady NICOTINE's, first "Chewing" party the other Tuesday was, I hear, *such* a success, nearly everyone staying till quite the end) prefers negrohead, which she scrapes from the cake herself; she caused some sensation last Sunday by appearing at Church Parade with a long cherry-wood pipe with a painted porcelain bowl and bright crimson *pompons* precisely matching those in her hat—the effect was rather striking, but did not appear to me to suit her complexion.

I noticed one or two women smoking perfectly plain French briars, without even an emerald green or old rose bow to redeem their severity. I cannot too strongly condemn this as a 'mannish' affectation which is not only *fast*, but positively *vulgar*. It is almost as bad a solecism as to

adopt the male billycock hat without some such feminine adornment as a few stuffed bullfinches or a brace of kingfishers. We should never forget that by surrendering the little elegances and refinements which are the appurtenances of our sex we infallibly forfeit the esteem and respect that it should be our aim to exact from Man.

On the rare occasions when good form still requires that the pipe should be temporarily put away, as for instance while dancing the Cake-walk, or attending Divine Service, a pipe-case is almost a necessity, unless one happens to be carrying a muff.

But, should the muff be preferred, I must caution my readers to be careful to knock the red-hot ash out of the pipe *before* consigning it to such a receptacle. Only a few Sundays ago, owing to neglect of this simple precaution, I had the mortification of seeing a valuable skunk muff smoulder away to ruin under my very nose during the Litany! Indeed, had it not been for Mr. "CONKY" BUSZARD, who was the first to perceive that something was amiss, and kindly drew my attention to the fact, both my hands would have been severely burnt as well! Since then, needless to say, I have never stirred out without a pipe-case.

I was shown some last week, at BOOFULL's in Bond Street, which were quite twee; one in *souris noyée* velvet with old gold *passementerie* particularly took my fancy, and another simply tipping one was of old Italian brocade studded with imitation turquoises, and edged with pink paste buttons. They are not at all expensive, which is just as well, considering how apt one is when calling to leave one's pipe-case on a side-table or in a flower-pot. I lost a lovely one in strawberry crushed-morocco with ormolu fastenings at Bridge the other day; I must have dropped it under the table—and, of course, I have never seen it since.

A pathetic little letter has just reached me from an Anxious Mother with three daughters, the eldest of whom is to come out this season. My correspondent complains that her girls cannot get through the smallest pipe without being utterly prostrated, and wants to know what she is to do about it.

Certainly, if a girl suffers from constitutional weakness of this kind, she will be very severely handicapped in the struggle for social success, for no really nice man will take the trouble to notice a *débutante* nowadays, unless she is prepared to join him in a quiet pipe after meals. But, after all, much of this girlish prejudice against pipes is purely fanciful, and can be overcome by a little perseverance. Does "Anxious Mother's" Governess smoke? If not, I should strongly recommend that she be dismissed, and a person engaged in her place more in touch with modern requirements, and able to impart an accomplishment that is of infinitely more social importance than foreign languages or the piano. Let her *insist* on her daughters practising daily on churchwardens, until they are proficient enough, if not to enjoy the sensation, at least to control its effects. Otherwise, I am afraid, they can never expect any real success in Society.

F. A.

THE *Daily Telegraph*, describing the overflow meeting in Guildhall Yard, says, "Just before four o'clock . . . Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, accompanied by the hon. secretaries of the demonstration *waving small Union Jacks and several ladies*, appeared on the platform." No greater testimony could be paid to the unlimited enthusiasm by which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's audiences are expected to be carried away on these occasions than the fact that the *Daily Telegraph* did not think it worth while to employ italics in its report of the above feat.

THE *Daily Chronicle* informs us that one day last week Pope Pius blessed a pen. Noteworthy; as a rule His Holiness blesses the sheep.

COUNSEL TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By the Expert Wrinkler.

THE CHOICE OF NOTE-PAPER.

A GENTLEMAN, it has been shrewdly said, is known by his correspondence. It is impossible to overrate the importance of having good note-paper and envelopes. Whether or not one writes a good legible hand is immaterial; but there must be no relaxation of effort towards acquiring a sound variety of cream-laid note. At the head of the paper should be one's address neatly stamped, also telegraphic address and nearest station. The colour in which the stamping is done is a matter of taste, but the most toney people, I have noticed, affect either black or plain relief. On the other hand, Lord —, from whose hospitable Castle I brought away by inadvertence some few quires of note-paper, and envelopes to match, has chosen a chaste blue ink. The best hosts invariably place a liberal allowance of writing necessities in their guests' rooms.

The shape of note-paper is not less important than its quality. The best people often affect very large sheets, hand-made, gilt-edged, and endowed with marks of the first water. Again, there is a Duchess of my acquaintance who writes in violet ink in an infinitesimal hand on infinitesimal sheets of perfumed paper. She has written me several letters, which may possibly have been *billets doux*, and possibly reminders of Bridge debts, but being quite unable to read them I cannot say. I need hardly add, however, that they are among my most cherished possessions. Personally, I write in a large bold hand on Hieratica, small octavo, a variety of note which is said to approximate most nearly to that used by the ancient Egyptians, who were in their day, as you are doubtless aware, in the vanguard of civilisation.

HOW TO SELECT A PEN.

The question of pens, though less vital, is not to be dismissed lightly. By keeping my eyes open on week-end visits to various ducal homes, I have noticed that the geyser pen is steadily gaining ground, and will soon be in everybody's mouth. Since my tailor, however, has so strong an objection to this invention that he refuses to build me a special pocket to hold it (such as



VICTOR VENGER

RETALIATION.

"TUT, TUT, MY BOY! YOU MUST NOT BEAT THAT LITTLE DOG SO. HAS HE BITTEN YOU?" "NO, 'E AIN'T. BUT 'E'S BIN AN' SWALLOWED MY FARDIN!"

the Duke of — possesses), and since my man is not sufficiently expert with the needle to make a pocket at home, I am compelled to adhere to pens of the old-fashioned type. The best people, I notice, scatter quills very liberally over their writing-tables; but the quill is too fretful a weapon for me—a simple "J" pen suits me best, used in a holder fitted with spaces on which to place the fingers and thumb. To the steady employment of the helpful restraint of this kind of pen I attribute the clearness of my caligraphy.

SHOULD ONE PAY ONE'S HOSTESS FOR STAMPS?

Although writing necessities are supplied with generosity, it is unusual for stamps to be added too; and I am frequently asked by my readers the question, Should one pay for stamps which one obtains from one's hostess downstairs? This is a thorny point, not to be answered offhand. My own way, when my man has foolishly forgotten to pack my stamps, is to watch the face of my hostess, and also her hand, very narrowly, although, I need hardly say, without allowing her to detect the scrutiny. If I see the least suspicion of eagerness in her expression, or any twitch of her fingers suggesting their anticipatory closing over a coin, I at

once tender the penny. Otherwise I accept the stamp in the spirit in which it was given, and we are the better friends for it afterwards. But, of course, so delicate a game of *finesse* can be played only by those who have been blessed with exquisite tact.

MISTER OR ESQUIRE.

If I have had one letter on this subject I have had a hundred. But the matter is as plain as a pikestaff. All commoners with incomes of over £1,000 a year may be safely addressed as Esquire, and all tradesmen as Mr. But I have found that if a tradesman duns you for payment, you can generally stave him off a bit by addressing him as Esquire, or in extreme cases by adding J.P. In addressing a letter to a Peer, neither Mr. nor Esquire is required. But in writing to the son of a Baron it rounds off the address very nicely, as thus: "Honble. MARMADUKE PLANTAGENET, Esquire."

Another point raised by a correspondent is this—How should the wife of an officer be addressed? Should one

write simply Mrs. JENKINS or Mrs. Major-General JENKINS? I think there can be no doubt that the latter form is preferable. But the rank of the officer should not be added if it is below that of Major. Certainly one should never write Mrs. Lieutenant SMITH.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GOLDEN PLOVER, Bickley.—Wafers are no longer a *sine qua non*; but a good seal with one's armorial bearings upon it is a pleasant possession. If you have no armorial bearings your monogram, neatly intertwined, with a suitable motto, is desirable—such as *Cave canem* or *Ich dien*.

CAPTAIN WOODWARD.—Yes, it is better to remove the signet ring from the finger before sealing hot wax.

CHATSWORTH.—"Yours faithfully" ought to meet the case—unless you really wish to keep up the acquaintance.

JOHANNES TERTIUS.—Kisses are indicated by small crosses at the end of the letter. Six should be enough, except in exceptional cases.

THERE is a certain excellent public association to which neither Mr. CHAMBERLAIN nor any one "stumping the country" could conscientiously belong, and that is "Our Dumb Friends' League."



GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY.

SCENE—At the Golf Club.

She. "GOOD-BYE, MAJOR. WHAT'S THE PROGRAMME FOR TO-MORROW?"

The Major. "OH, EITHER SKATING OR PUNTING, ACCORDING TO THE WEATHER."

SOME FRESH DEVELOPMENTS OF THE TREASURE-HUNTING CRAZE.

OWING to the inadequacy of the returns from the Shepherd's Bush Gold Mine, where a £50 medallion still escapes detection, an influential syndicate of the leading capitalists of Backyard Alley, E.C., has been formed to exploit the services of one thousand able-bodied Chinese, who will be imported almost immediately. It is confidently expected that a very handsome dividend will thus be realised, as no stone will be left unturned to ensure success. Already the shares are quoted at three farthings. Meanwhile, it must be admitted that the native population of this district is greatly agitated over the new departure, and at a mass meeting of ticket-of-leave-men, rag-pickers, gutter-searchers, and out-of-works, held last Saturday night on the Green, some strong resolutions were passed to protest against the latest alien invasion and the infringement of

the rights, privileges and enterprise of the true-born Briton. The assembly was unanimous in favour of Protection in this instance. A large body of police has been drafted into the neighbourhood in anticipation of disturbance. The extra charges thus incurred have been debited to the local ratepayers, who are preparing to organise a counter-demonstration.

There has been of late a steadily-increasing demand for truffle-dogs. The breed is nearly extinct, and the supplies of these useful and intelligent animals from the New Forest and certain parts of France are now quite depleted. The few obtainable have been trained to distinguish the presence of auriferous tubes or metal vouchers at a few inches beneath the soil, and consequently command sensational prices. An up-to-date American firm, in view of this canine shortage, has put a number of learned pigs upon the market. Their detective abilities are guaranteed, and a

rapid and remunerative turnover may be expected. The same company also furnishes tame clairvoyants and metal-finders who have not yet been convicted of obtaining money under false pretences, and makes a speciality of wizards, dowzers, and experienced clue-trackers, whose services may be engaged by the week or month. They are warranted to continue a search until the patience or funds of their employer are exhausted.

The treasure-seeker's mania has been the practical joker's opportunity. This is proved by the large number of metal discs recently unearthed, authorising the finders to obtain fabulous sums from the Editors of the *Times*, the *Financial News*, the *Family Herald*, the *Bullionist*, and other papers who cannot be accused of wild-cat proclivities. A similarly playful spirit has pervaded the police force, who are indiscriminately arresting any person caught stooping to tie up a boot-lace or appearing in public with a newspaper in his hand. The joke has thence extended to the Bench. Some of our wittiest stipendiary magistrates have been awarding real or suspected lucre-hunters a few terms of seclusion of quite a humorous length, such as fifty-one days or nineteen weeks, and the public at large have thoroughly entered into the sport. It has been a great time for Mr. PL-WD-N.

A handy and ingenious case of implements is now procurable at most iron-mongers. It contains a pocket pickaxe, some miniature dynamite cartridges, a combination compass and sandwich case, a penny theodolite, a life-preserver for use against rival hooligans, some sticking-plaster, an automatic camp-stool, a machine for calculating horoscopes, an acetylene lamp, a set of cooking utensils, a copy of "*The Complete Path-finder; or, the Tracker's Guide*," a list of Police Courts and Lunatic Asylums, and an Insurance policy. The whole is made up in the form of the rucksack, popular in Alpine resorts.

A NEW SIDE-DISH.

OR, PREVENTION VERSUS CURE.

[According to *The Daily Paper* a well-known firm of West-End chemists are making up pills as silver-coated bonbons to be handed round on silver dishes immediately after the *entrée*. By this beneficent means the unsuspecting gourmand is enabled the next day to applaud his host and hostess for the excellent cookery and perfect wines of the previous evening's repast.]

In days gone by, when we were ill,
The nurse knew what to do;
She gave us sweetstuff with a *pill*,
And so she pulled us through.

But when the modern diner eats,
His hostess sends a tray
Of silvered pills round with the *sweets*—
He blesses her next day!



A FAMILY JAR.

PROTECTIONIST GOG. "YAH, YOU OLD DUMPER! WHAT D'YE SAY TO THAT?"
FREE TRADE MAGOG. "ALL RIGHT, OLD FOOD-TAXER! YOU WAIT TILL I GET THE DOOK HERE!"



"THE VERY GOOD"-WOOD RACES.

A Fancy Picture of the British Turf, 1904—suggested by a phrase in the most admirable Anti-betting Speech of the Duke of Portland to the Y.M.C.A. at Mansfield.

"If the Turf was a hotbed of roguery he should have nothing to do with it. But it was really quite the contrary."

KNOT FOR JOE.

Joseph Entangled is not a good title, but it is a most amusing comedy. The ingenuity of its construction from the commencement up to a certain point makes it all the more puzzling to comprehend why the author, at the last, had recourse to that oldest and stagiest of old stagey devices for either clearing up or causing a difficulty, namely, listening behind a curtain. This is the disappointing part of it. If after his brilliant and most amusing First Act and his carefully written Second (which would be still better for condensation), HENRY AUTHOR JONES had only devised an original surprise for us in the Third, the comedy, as far as writing and construction go, would have been reckoned as his very best since he gave us *The Liars*.

Whatever may be weak in authorship is lost sight of in the strength of the cast at the Haymarket. With Mr. CYRIL MAUDE as *Sir Joseph Lacy*, not a fault can be found. The smart man, with a gay-doggish reputation, taking himself

seriously as a lover, and ready as a true knight to defend a lady, whom he has unwittingly and quite accidentally compromised, against all comers, is a type of the true plucky English gentleman which Mr. MAUDE represents easily, without pose, without affectation, in fact to perfection. THACKERAY would have loved this character as AUTHOR JONES has drawn it, and as CYRIL MAUDE plays it. And who better for the very fascinating, rather feather-headed lady, the *tête de linotte*, honest and true wife, than Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS? My sincere compliments to Messrs. CYRIL MAUDE and FREDERICK HARRISON on the carefully selected cast.

To give the part of the impulsive, thick-headed, hot-tempered ("shallow pot soon hot") rude-mannered *Hardolph Mayne* to Mr. HERBERT WARING was a happy thought on the part of author and manager. This character never once wins the sympathy of the audience; it only arouses their commiseration for the strangely-assorted pair. We feel when the curtain descends on the restoration of their domestic felicity—ahem!—that they will not, can not, "live happily ever

afterwards." The club scandal-mongers and smoking-room gossips are capitably typified by Mr. SAM SOTHERN as the timorous much-married *Harry Tavender*, by Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS as the youthful and not particularly bright husband of *Lady Joyce* (Miss WINIFRED ARTHUR JONES) who is the unobtrusive cause of all this trouble, and by Mr. CHARLES SUGDEN as *Jermyn Pyecroft*, the typical modern man-about-town, "neat as a new pin" in his get up, thoroughly experienced in the ways of the world, professing no principles, and disguising even from himself that he has a keen sense of honour and a true appreciation of friendship.

Mr. EDMUND MAURICE is most amusing in the superfluous character of *Professor Tofield*, while, as the primary contributors to the entanglement of *Joseph*, Mr. FREDERICK VOLPE, as the butler, and Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT (the inimitable), as his wife, housekeeper in the service of *Hardolph Mayne*, are two of the most humorous creations that the author's study of life below stairs has given to the stage.

As *Mrs. Tavender*, the sharp-sighted little wife of a weak husband, with a nose for the slightest scent of a scandal, and the utmost aversion to anything like responsibility for her words or actions, Miss BEATRICE FERRAR sustains her well-earned reputation as a genuine actress of comedy.

The two hours occupied by the comedy pass quickly, and a more artistic performance, all round, of a well-written play, with the one defect already mentioned, it would be difficult to find in London or Paris. It is preceded at present by a short one-act piece, *The Widow Woos*, by M. E. FRANCIS and SYDNEY VALENTINE, which, commencing at 8.30, and acted as it is by Mr. CHARLES ALLAN, little Master WALTER CROSS, a rising young actor of about fourteen, and by that sound comedian Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE as a carpenter, well-mated with clever Miss MARY BROUGH as *Barbara Cowell*, should not on any account be missed by visitors to the theatre as love good acting.

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

"Quite the latest thing in 'cures' is that known as the 'four-footed' cure, made in Berlin. It consists in making the patient walk on his hands and feet, keeping the knees stiff, four times a day for twenty minutes at a time. The origin of the idea is to be found in the belief that standing upright is, after all, only a comparatively novel human invention, the natural way of walking being that still in use by the rest of the quadrupeds. Patients soon grow accustomed to it, and the results . . . are said to be marvellous."—*Manchester Guardian*.]

"UPRIGHT was man made"—so the sage averred,
And man, delighted with the novel attitude
Which marked him from the beasts, received the word
And cherished it, of course, with pride and gratitude.
I now declare the utterance a fiction,
And meet it with the flattest contradiction.

Man made himself upright. Ere he could talk,
Deep in primeval woods he used to tear about
On hands and feet; he only learnt to walk
Some hundred centuries ago or thereabout.
I hold his present mode of locomotion
A passing whim, a vile new-fangled notion.

Why be such slaves to fashion? Let us not,
Merely to gratify our human vanity,
Condemn ourselves to one long lingering lot
Of indigestion, sickness and insanity—
Just punishment of those who outrage nature
To add a paltry cubit to their stature.

Then lose no time! Down on your hands and feet!
The new position, when you're first reduced to it,
May not be all that you consider sweet,
But only wait until you once are used to it!
In a few generations you'll be swearing
'Tis the one attitude there's any bearing.

Think what it means! Primeval man was free,
So far as history records, from many a
Disease which saps the modern race, *e.g.*,
Appendicitis, phthisis, neurasthenia;
Nor did he send his pale anæmic daughters
To take electric baths or tonic waters.

Therefore I say: Down, down upon all fours!
Run like your simian sires! Only the stupid 'll
Laugh when they see you. Vigour will be yours
When you have once again become quadrupedal.
Thus only may you banish, if you care to,
The thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to.

ARE BIG MEN DOOMED?

THE statement recently attributed to Professor RAY LANKESTER, that fossil remains of sharks measuring 240 feet long had been discovered in the myeyecene formation, has naturally created considerable sensation in scientific circles.

The editor of the *Daily Inquirer* accordingly lost no time in sending a representative to wait on the eminent *savant* at South Kensington. Professor RAY LANKESTER was discovered in the act of reconstructing the skeleton of a magnificent *tauralectryon*, portions of which had been presented to the Museum by Professor TRUNDLEY, of Peckham, but he good-naturedly desisted from his labours when our Representative was shown in.

"About this shark, Professor?"

"Well, there has been a slight but pardonable exaggeration as to figures. What I said was 80 feet, but the rule of three is generally followed in these cases. This does not, however, in the least impair the momentous significance of the discovery."

"And what might that be?"

"Why, that the size of all living creatures is steadily diminishing."

"Does that apply, Professor, to the human species?"

"Certainly. There is now little doubt but that prehistoric man was naturally of Brobdingnagian proportions; there is also little doubt but that at the present rate of diminution the normal stature of man in a few thousand years will never exceed four feet."

"Can nothing be done to stem this gradual progress towards dwarfishness?"

"Nothing at all, I fear," replied the Professor sadly. "We must resign ourselves to the prospect of continuous shrinkage. The big men are doomed. Yet recent discoveries may possibly provide an antidote. Something, for example, may be hoped from the process of stopping teeth with pitchblende, in the hope of stimulating radio-activity in the Eustachian tube. Mr. WELLS is experimenting with a patent food, and has already had to raise the roof of his house at Sandgate by nine inches. I myself am giving a six months' trial to a self-raising flour, and"—here the Professor gazed complacently at his massive proportions—"the results are not altogether discouraging."

"But why, Professor, should we endeavour to resist the inevitable march of Nature, especially as animals are growing smaller also?"

"Ah," rejoined Professor RAY LANKESTER, gloomily, "that is where the mistake is made by optimistic sciologists. The terrible truth is that man is growing smaller far more rapidly than any other living creature. Look round at all our leading men, and what do you see? The stage led by LITTLE TICH. The bar dominated by Sir EDWARD CLARKE. Literature in its highest flights represented by Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, Mr. HALL CAINE, WEE MACGREGOR and Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING."

Conscious at this moment of a sudden shrinkage myself, in the region of the waist, I hurried away to lunch.



RATHER PROUD OF IT.

Landlord (who is having a shoot for his tenant-farmers). "Good Heavens, Mr. Mangold! That Bird CAN'T HAVE BEEN MORE THAN A COUPLE OF FEET OVER Mr. Butter's HEAD!"
 Mr. Mangold. "Oh! THAT'S WHAT I CALL SHOOTIN'!"

YOUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Evelina (MACMILLAN) is, in its way, a notable book. The authoress, FANNY BURNAY (Mrs. or Miss?), has attempted, not altogether without success, to reproduce a picture of the manners and customs prevalent in London Society towards the close of the eighteenth century. Whether a lady, young or old, married or single, was well-advised in laboriously treading these ancient pathways when, close at hand, she has models of literary style and workmanship in Miss MARIE CORELLI and Mr. HALL CAINE, is a matter for private judgment, a practice to be encouraged or deprecated by public taste. However that be, my Baronite, uninfluenced by prejudice, admits that the effort is well-sustained. It is not accomplished alone by cheap references to Ranelagh in its prime, or to talk about "a ridotto" and the like. As an instance of the care with which *vraisemblance* is maintained may be noted a reference to "the celebrated Mr. GARRICK" performing at Drury Lane Theatre. On referring to that indispensable work of reference, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, it will be found that GARRICK was flourishing between the period 1770—5, during which the story purports to have been written. This has twofold interest. It vindicates the accuracy of Mrs. BURNAY'S studies, and it shows that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is up to date—which indeed it ought to be, since my Baronite subscribed for his copy by telephone on "The Last Day." Mr. HUGH THOMSON embellishes the little comedy with a series of charming pictures of girls' frocks of the time when GEORGE THE THIRD was King. Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON contributes what looks like a learned Introduction. This my Baronite has skipped, shrinking from the discipline of italics in which it is printed, and repelled by the frequent occurrence of the remark "and which." That may have been good style in the days of Queen ANNE, an Augustan age in whose literature Mr. DOBSON is said to be versed. But Queen ANNE is dead, and in this twentieth century there is a rooted prejudice against the pronoun with or without the conjunction.

"[N.B.—This is a goak," as ARTEMUS WARD used to say when he feared he might be taken seriously. By the way, my Baronite's studious ignorance as to whether FANNY BURNAY was Mrs. or Miss shows how history repeats itself. In one of the earliest notices of *Evelina*, appearing in the *Critical Review* five quarters of a century ago, the author was throughout alluded to as "he."—THE BARON.]

Though in *Toy Gods* (JOHN LONG) its author, PERCIVAL PICKERING, does not treat us to a very intricate plot, yet, as full compensation for deficiency in this respect is made by variety and distinct delineation of character, the story will be found thoroughly interesting, and one that will well repay careful study. Decidedly it is not a book for the light-hearted volatile "skipper." *Amelia Bradshaw*, who struggles up from gutter to drawing-room, is so cleverly drawn, and so true to human nature, as to win the hearts of all who have the pleasure of making her acquaintance. My Baronite cannot accept the author's charitable excuses for the conduct of *Sir Geoffrey Hope*, whose behaviour will be set down by all readers, in spite of anything apologetic that the author of his existence may put forward in his favour, as that of an unutterable cad. My Baronite is of opinion that by this time she has said enough to excite the curiosity of all who value a clever piece of novelistic work.

From the same publisher comes *The Lady of the Island*, which, as the first of a collection of short stories by GUY BOOTHBY, gives its name to the volume. This tale, *A Professor of Egyptology*, *The Convict Catcher*, and *A Strange Goldfield*, are "the pick of a basket," in which nearly all are well up to the author's best standard of work.

In *The Yellow Diamond* (METHUEN) ADELINE SERGEANT,

following the example of MOLIÈRE, who took his good things where he found them, boldly annexes *Sherlock Holmes*. She affixes her own label, calling him *Julius Quayle*. Otherwise she is content to adopt the system and even the mannerisms of Sir CONAN DOYLE'S famous hero. His "onlie begetter" in a moment of impatience once killed *Sherlock Holmes*. Miss SERGEANT treats him even more spitefully. She gives him away in marriage, a state of life wholly incompatible with such an existence as the amateur detective devoted himself to, involving guarded movements and the keeping of profound secrets. For the rest my Baronite finds *The Yellow Diamond* a well-constructed story, bristling with interest. There is a jewel robbery, an escape from Dartmoor, a *rencontre* between two deeply-dyed villains, complicated by the fact that a son and daughter, unknowing their parents' past, desire to engage in matrimonial relations. Finally there is a murder. Over all these scenes *Julius Quayle* hovers, with *Sherlock Holmes*'s wan smile and his rare gift of putting two and two together in the way of clues to mysterious crimes.

The authoress of *The House on the Marsh* is one of the Baron's favourite romancists. When she sets herself to make your flesh creep she can do it in a manner that would have caused "young Touch-and-go," otherwise the Fat Boy (so styled by *Sam Weller*), to quiver like a *blanc-mange*. With this preface the Baron begs permission to introduce, to those who honour him by accepting his recommendation, FLORENCE WARDEN'S latest, entitled *The Mis-Rule of Three* (FISHER UNWIN). The sole objection to the book is its title, which is, the Baron supposes, intended to be humorous, and achieves its object in much the same way as *Mr. Peter Magnus* achieved his when in hasty notes to intimate acquaintances he sometimes signed himself "Afternoon," which, observed *Mr. P. M.*, "amuses my friends very much." However, as the rose, even with the prefix of cabbage, retains its own peculiar perfume, so this romance remains a seriously-written, sensational story, with a startling *dénouement*, thoroughly original in conception and artistic in construction. The Baron refuses even to hint at what the mystery of the story is: for not only is it a lady's secret, the inviolability of which he is bound to respect, but also it is not his to give away, and were he to betray his trust he would be ruining the enjoyment of those among his followers who, on his advice, will seize this book with avidity, and not let it out of their hands until they have exhausted its contents to the uttermost line of the last chapter. One word of warning: don't expect too much from the first two chapters, wherein three jolly companions, apparently suggested by the celebrated trio of musketeers, threaten to become so many twaddling nuisances. Bear with them patiently; they don't last long, and when they do crop up now and again the wearisomeness of their *ensemble* has entirely disappeared.

THE BARON



"CONFOUND that young fellow fresh from college," growled an eminent conversationalist, now in the sere and yellow of his anecdote, "he always caps my best stories."

"Very good manners, specially in a University man," observed a convive.

"Good manners!" returned the other irascibly. "How?"

"Why," explained his friend, "when he meets with a story or joke as venerable as it is excellent, he caps it as he would a respected old Don of his college."

EMOLLIENTS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

AMERICAN STYLE.

IV.

THE scene is a large New York office, with abundant light and air, in a high steel-frame building. Architects and engineers have a quarter to themselves, and lawyers another quarter. All this is visible from the private office of Mr. BODGE, junior member of the firm of STUNKLE AND BODGE, consulting philanthropists. Mr. BODGE is a spare man of thirty-five or forty, with a quiet, alert manner. He has grey hair and a dark moustache. He takes a card from the office-boy.

Mr. Bodge (examining the card). Very well. I will see Mr. WATTLE immediately.

As Mr. WATTLE comes in, Mr. BODGE bids him good-morning.

Mr. Wattle. Mr. BODGE o Mr. STUNKLE?

Mr. Bodge. Mr. BODGE. Mr. STUNKLE is in London, superintending the lighting of the British Museum for Mr. CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

Mr. Wattle. Ah! Well, it's something along those lines I'm after, Mr. BODGE.

Mr. Bodge. We have a number of things to offer. There's the Parthenon—it's really impossible to see it after dark. An illumination every evening, or twice a week—how does that strike you?

Mr. Wattle. Can't say I'm struck on the idea.

Mr. Bodge. Something nearer home then. The Mammoth Cave, for instance—the light is very bad in some places, I'm told. Your name might be cut in the rock at the mouth—"Mammoth Cave: Darkened by Nature: Lighted by Electricity and PONTIUS WATTLE."

Mr. Wattle. H'm! Better leave out electricity.

Mr. Bodge. Or, if lighting isn't the thing, there are plenty of other departments.

Mr. Wattle. Such as libraries?

Mr. Bodge. Hardly, I'm afraid. There is only one town left in the United States without a Carnegie Library.

Mr. Wattle. Where is it?

Mr. Bodge. It's called Boston. Mr. CARNEGIE began negotiations with the Bostonians, but they insisted on naming the library after MAXIM GORKY, so the matter fell through.

Mr. Wattle. The field's pretty well exhausted, I guess.

Mr. Bodge. I think not. Do you mind being a little ahead of your age?

Mr. Wattle. I'd rather be in the fashion.

Mr. Bodge. Have you any other preferences—donations to nation, state, city?

Mr. Wattle. I don't care. I just have some money to give away, the same as other folks.

Mr. Bodge. If you would like to give to a city, a nice bridge is a handsome present, very handsome. Or what do you say to a couple of tunnels?

Mr. Wattle. If I can't be in the fashion I'd rather inaugurate quite a new departure. I mean I want what I do to

Mr. Bodge. Oh, the place doesn't signify. Peoria or Baraboo or Omaha or Terre Haute.

Mr. Wattle. Is that fashionable?

Mr. Bodge. It was. By this time perhaps it is rather an old story.

Mr. Wattle. There must be something.

Mr. Bodge. Plenty of things, plenty of things, Mr. WATTLE. But this is a business of the first importance. Better go slow and sure.

Mr. Wattle. I'd rather do something this week. Fact is I must sail next Tuesday. Got a date with the Emperor WILLIAM.

Mr. Bodge. I see. Well, here's a little thing I've been working up, and though it's not really done I suppose I could get it into shape in a few days.

Mr. BODGE takes a packet of papers from his desk and removes the elastic bands.

Mr. Bodge. Here's the idea. Lately the statesmen over in England have got into the habit of leaving the Cabinet for conscience' sake, or principle's sake, or something just as extraordinary. Our plan—which we call B. 148,—is to pay 'em their full salaries if they'll spend their vacations over here.

Mr. Wattle. What for? I don't see the point.

Mr. Bodge. Oh!—an experiment. Just to see if their scrupulousness is catching on our side of the water.

Mr. Wattle. Never, Sir, never. I call this scheme of yours downright unamerican.

Mr. Bodge. No offence intended. . . . By the way, I forgot one thing. What do you say to chasing ANDREW CARNEGIE round the country and filling his libraries with . . . what do you think?

Mr. Wattle. I don't think anything.

Mr. Bodge. With books! No Carnegie library without a book on its shelves! Sounds well, eh?

Mr. Wattle. Say, that's a new one! I rather cotton to that. Sure the old man won't mind?

Mr. Bodge. I don't believe he would. As I understand it, he has no objection to books, though he likes shelf-room better.

Mr. Wattle. Well, I'll sleep on it. Good-morning.

When Mr. WATTLE has gone the office-boy comes in with another card.

Mr. Bodge (reading card). KIMBARK? KIMBARK? . . . O, to be sure. The man who wants to give London a pavement that can't be torn up. Show him in.



"SLUM UP-TO-DATE."

Polly (to District Visitor). "PLEASE, MISS, MOTHER SAYS SHE'S NOT 'AT 'OME' TO-DAY. YOU SEE SHE'S TRIMMIN' HER 'AT TO GO TO A PARTY'"

be not only new as philanthropy, but new in itself. And tunnels, Mr. BODGE, tunnels are as old as the hills.

Mr. Bodge. Not quite, I imagine. Let me see. You wouldn't care to endow a select leisure class, whose members would show their fellow-countrymen how to do nothing unostentatiously?

Mr. Wattle. Not a bit. I'm a plain man, Mr. BODGE, and I don't take any stock in this talk against ostentation.

Mr. Bodge. You haven't thought of education?

Mr. Wattle. I got through with all that when I left school.

Mr. Bodge. Of course. It has never occurred to you that you might found an university?

Mr. Wattle. Where, for instance?



HOW THE LAST RUN OF THE WOPSHIRE HOUNDS WAS SPOILT.

VIEWS ON THE CRISIS.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in placing before his readers the views of some of our leading publicists on the great question of the hour, as expressed by them in conversation with his Representative:—

Mr. A. C. MACLAREN said that though depressed by the result of the third Test Match he did not give up hope. There were still two matches to be played, and if the M.C.C. team won the next the rubber was assured; even if they lost it, there still remained a reasonable chance of their pulling off the final contest. The battle was never lost until it was won: contrariwise it was never won until it was lost. He reminded the interviewer that hope springs eternal in the human breast, and that what Lancashire thought to-day England would think to-morrow.

Mr. C. B. FRY remarked to our interviewer that the situation, though serious, was by no means desperate. In cricket, as elsewhere, the unexpected frequently happened. Furthermore, it must not be forgotten that the climatic and atmospheric conditions of the Antipodes differed from those of the mother country. Personally, he set great store on the contagious example of personality. WARNER was the "Sunny Jim" of cricket.

Finally, he pointed out that it would be premature to indulge in pessimistic anticipations when two matches still remained to be played.

Prince RANJITSINGHJI said that he endorsed every word that fell from his gifted *confrère*. WARNER was a man of most commanding personality, but so on the other hand were TRUMPER, NOBLE and HOPKINS. He thought the return of TRUMBLE to the arena one of the most touching incidents in the annals of our times. It reminded him of BELISARIUS or was it CINCINNATUS?

GAUKRODGER said that he had been deeply affected by the news of WARNER's defeat. But every cloud had a silver lining, and he earnestly hoped that they would have better luck next time. In reply to the interviewer GAUKRODGER further stated that he had never heard of Mr. ANDREW LANG.

THE statement, frequently found in St. Petersburg journals, that the aims of Russia are "Pacific," must of course be taken in a littoral, rather than a moral, sense.

VENTNOR, on the "English Riviera," must look to her laurels. The *Liverpool Echo* records the following phenomenon: "Southport—24 hours' bright sunshine registered yesterday."

A MODERN PASTORAL.

THROUGH the meads as STREPHON goes,
He bewails his hapless lot;
In his heart are bitter woes,
For his CHLOE cometh not:
To a strain of fond recall
Oft he tunes his oaten reed,
But its echoes idly fall;
Somehow CHLOE does not heed.

Huddled kine would gladly greet
What they've never found to fail:
Welcome patter of her feet,
Merry clatter of her pail;
Ah, no more with laughing lip
STREPHON's favours will she don,
Never down the meadows trip—
CHLOE's occupation's gone!

STREPHON! since we daily see
Hustling Science will not wait,
Lend thy pipe a newer key;
CHLOE's done and out of date;
When you give us songs to rouse
Thoughts of pastures lush and green,
Sing *The Milking of the Cows*
By Electrical Machine!

LEGAL TITLES. — "The last of the Barons" ceased to exist some years ago. But there is seldom a case brought into court without any number of "Counts" appearing in it.

MR. PUNCH'S FISCAL BALLADS.

A SERIES of visits at short intervals to the Alhambra Music-hall has convinced *Mr. Punch* that the management are greatly in need of a new song on the Fiscal Question. The impassioned appeal to

"Buy! Buy! Buy! at the JOHN BULL's store,"

however admirably rendered, palls somewhat with repetition, and even the portrait of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thrown upon the screen by a magic lantern after Verse 3 is only mildly stirring to the jaded spectator. To help the Alhambra management out of their difficulty *Mr. Punch* would be happy to supply them with a succession of Fiscal Ballads, either pro-tariff or anti-tariff, for use in their excellent programme at a moderate figure.

If they prefer to keep to the pro-CHAMBERLAIN side the following ditty, sung with due heartiness, should attract enormous audiences nightly. It might be called:

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

In the golden days of GEORGE THE THIRD
You'll find in history written
That no complaints were ever heard
Of dumping goods in Britain.
Our import duties were so high
They prevented BONEY's landing,
And GEORGE THE FOURTH and the late Lord NORTH
Kept British trade expanding!

CHORUS (*tempo di valso*).

*If our exports exceed our imports,
Britannia will rule the waves.*

*If our imports exceed our exports,
Then Britons will soon be slaves.*

(*Da capo*.)

But now our Trade is Free to all,
And so it's not surprising
That while each year our exports fall
Our imports still are rising.
On every side our industries
Are crying for Protection,

(*ff.*) So we must go and vote for JOE
At the General Election!

(*Chorus as before*.)

This is quite in the best style of Fiscal ballad. A faint flavour of history, mostly wrong. A mingling of economics and patriotism so complete that you never know whether the singer is running up the Union Jack or a column of half-pence. And a chorus of concise mis-statements. What more can a popular audience ask?

Should the Alhambra public evince a desire to hear the Free Trade side of the question wedded to lyric verse, *Mr. Punch* recommends the following. The verses should be sung jauntily, as befits their galloping rhythm, but the chorus gives opportunity for the most heart-breaking pathos:

AND THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF!

Britons, don't be led away by CHAMBERLAIN's predictions,
His prophecies are mostly lies and half of his facts are fictions;
He'll tax the boots upon your feet, the wool your clothes are made of,
He'll tax the wheat the poor must eat—and *that's* what I'm afraid of!

CHORUS (*adagio ma non troppo*).

*Your food will cost you more!
This fact you can't ignore:*



MANNERS IN THE FIELD.

ALWAYS BE PREPARED TO GIVE A LEAD TO A LADY, EVEN AT SOME LITTLE PERSONAL INCONVENIENCE.

*Your bread will be dear,
And so will your beer—
(f.) Your food will cost you more!*

Britons, don't be led away by tariff agitation,
The Cobden Club is still the hub of the glorious English nation!

Don't believe the figures JOE has made so much parade of,
They're rather long and he adds them wrong—and *that's* what I'm afraid of!

CHORUS (*andante espressivo*).

*Your food will cost you more!
I've told you this before:
Your American wheat
And your Argentine meat—
(ff.) They both will cost you more!*

A magic-lantern portrait of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN arm-in-arm with the Duke of DEVONSHIRE would be a fitting pendant to this ditty, and win a host of adherents to Free Trade.

Mr. Punch's attention has been called to the fact that *The Guardian* is "Entered at the New York Post-office as Second-class Matter." The communication comes from a clergyman, and is borne out by a printed statement at the head of the journal in question: otherwise *Mr. Punch* would not have given it credence.

ANOTHER STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE!—An elderly gentleman, a respected member of a certain Borough Council, who a few days ago entered a protest, has not been seen again. For the present we suppress names, as the mysterious affair is in the hands of the police.

MR. SEDDON INTERVENES.

[The COLONIAL SECRETARY, replying to Mr. SEDDON's protest against the employment of Chinese labour on the Rand, pointed out that "the Imperial Government could not refuse to accede to the wishes of one part of the Empire . . . in deference to the wishes of another part indirectly interested."]

NAPOLÉON of the Empire's utmost seas,
In bulk a giant and for work a glutton!
High Arbiter of Britain's destinies,
And champion of the cause of frozen mutton!—

Tower of defence, impenetrably thick,
Our shield against the coming Armageddon,
Known to familiar friends as "Good Old Dick,"
And to the common mass as "Kaiser SEDDON"!—

Whose word on questions which admit of doubt
Clinches the problem like a pair of tweezers;
Whose warmth and tireless tendency to spout
Betray the influence of local geysers:—

Sir, we are greatly favoured by your last
Imperial Bull (received and noted duly),
In which your Excellency deigns to cast
Animadversions on the heathen coolie.

Your eagle orb, annihilating space,
Has looked askance upon your Afric neighbour,
Fearing to have your own adjoining place
Contaminated by celestial labour.

Or else a filial motive fanned your zeal.
England had need of you; you would not leave her
In lack of counsel, wondering how to deal
With symptoms indicating yellow fever.

A plain acknowledgment must here suffice,
So full of speechless thanks the parent State is,
Antipodean Sir, for your advice,
Tendered unasked and absolutely gratis.

But if *her* sense of gratitude is such,
How can the bursting heart convey its tension
There on the actual Rand that owes so much
To you and your so timely intervention?

No doubt the infant means to pay his debts;
He'll write a protest, eloquent and flowery,
Inquiring if the Motherland abets
The way in which you pamper Little Maori.

And England, treating all alike by turns,
Will gravely read each question when they ask it,
And, having bid them mind their own concerns,
Depose the fragments in the paper-basket. O. S.

A Safe Billet for Burglars.

THE *Newcastle Chronicle* has published the following advertisement:—

NIGHT WATCHMAN Wanted for Engineering Works, accustomed to Abstracting preferred.

But *Quis* (one may well ask) *custodiet ipsos custodes*?

BOHEMIAN BIRDS.—In the *Times* last week is recorded, under date January 26, the shooting of "a Bohemian Chatterer." It was said that the specimen in question was a *rara avis*. Not a bit of it. There are lots more "Bohemian chatterers" in London. But as to the advisability of reducing their number by shooting some of the biggest, well—that is a matter for further deliberation.

PIECE WITH HUMOUR.

CAPTAIN ROBERT MARSHALL describes his most amusing play in three Acts as "A Farcical Romance," and thereby serious criticism is at once disarmed. All that has to be decided is whether such a piece acts up to its description, and whether the farcical be so adroitly mixed with the romantic as that neither shall unduly preponderate. Captain MARSHALL has achieved this result to a nicety: the balance is artistically preserved: probabilities are dispensed with; and, on the whole, sentiment is so adroitly introduced as to intensify the humour. The actors, thoroughly in earnest, play as if the characters they are rendering were real people moving in actual life; and so the audience, taking the right tone from these well-qualified representatives of the author's bizarre idea, heartily join in the joke, and acclaim the piece and its exponents with enthusiastic delight.

Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE is unconventionally light-comedian-hearted as the still youthful *Duke of Killicrankie*.

Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, who was last in evidence on the roof of a sinking house in an overflow performance at Drury Lane, is now landed securely on the stage of the Criterion, and has taken his seat in this house as *Henry Pitt-Welby, Esq., M.P.*, though what constituency has the honour of having him for its Member is not quite clear. His politics are nebulous, his M.P.-cuniosity most decided. As a character he is a queer mixture, and Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH plays it for all it is worth and a good deal more. As an actor he is a man of business, that is of stage-business, just as Miss MARIE ILLINGTON, who so amusingly impersonates the rich widow, *Mrs. Mulholland*, whose wealth has attracted this Member for an empty-pocket borough, and whose charms have fascinated him, is, as an actress, a thorough "woman of business." "Sure such a pair," playing into each other's hands, would make the fortune of a less excellent piece than this.

Miss HELEN ROUSE gives the requisite tone to the *Countess of Pangbourne*, and Miss EVA MOORE as *Lady Henrietta Addison*, the sweetly capricious *Beatrice* to the *Duke's Benedick*, adds one more portrait to her gallery of such exceptional successes as she has already achieved in *Billy's Little Love Affair*, and in *Old Heidelberg*.

As the sedate *Alexander Macbayne*, "caretaker of Crag o' North," Mr. JOHN KELT has a worthy partner in that respectable Scotch body *Mrs. Macbayne* (Miss FLORENCE HARWOOD), the pair being evidently second cousins once removed, and perched on a Gaelic branch of the family tree, to *Mr. and Mrs. Knapman*, now in the service of HENRY ARTHUR JONES at "the little House in the Haymarket."

From so perfect a cast must by no means be omitted the butler, Mr. HORTON COOPER, and the footman, Mr. SYDNEY FENTON. In the Castle scene they play a waiting game to perfection; each has his *entrées* and his exits. There are also two ladies' maids in the play, though unnamed among the *dramatis personæ*, so that these two very capable young women are in their places as domestics without characters; that is, they are not "down in the bill." I think it as well to draw the attention of Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH to this fact, and, of course, whether he will mention it to either his partner, Mr. FROHMANN, or to the Manager, Mr. FRANK CURZON, is a matter for his own discretion. These two young ladies fill these small anonymous parts so well that I am sure no respectable management would wish to take away their characters, and, that being the case, why not "call them names" instead of waiting until each has made a name for herself? The stage-management of the play shows the expert hand of Mr. DION BOUCICAULT. And so, congratulations all round!

ROYAL ACADEMY NOTE.—The recently-elected is quite FURSE class.



Bernard Partridge.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

[“The Korean Government has decided to preserve a strict neutrality in the event of war between Japan and Russia.”—*Daily Paper*.]

**THE MEREST ACCIDENT.**

She. "SO YOU FAILED IN YOUR VIVA VOCE EXAM.?"

He. "YES; BUT IT WAS PURELY FROM ABSENCE OF MIND."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN the course of reading a delightfully simple story entitled *Four Red Roses* (JOHN LONG), charmingly told by SARAH TYTLER, the Baron wondered whether the talented authoress had ever seen TOM ROBERTSON'S *Caste* in the early days of the little Prince of Wales's Theatre, up Marylebone way, and if so, whether, unconsciously, she has not founded the story of the eldest of the sisters whom she styles "the Four Red Roses" (so unfortunately suggestive of "the four red noses") on the plot of that popular domestic drama. The girl, the officer lover, the marriage, the departure of GEORGE D'ALROY (here Captain TOM BARRETT) for the Crimea (here for the Transvaal), the welcome little stranger arriving in his absence (rocked in his cradle in the last Act of *Caste*), and then the sad news of the husband's death on the Veldt, which turns out to be just as false as was the report of the fatal termination of GEORGE D'ALROY'S martial career at the battle of the Alma,—are not these coincidences difficult to account for except on Mr. Puff's ingenuous theory that two people happened to hit on the same idea?—and that SHAKESPEARE (in this instance TOM ROBERTSON) "made use of it first—that's all." But there are three other charming sisters, and theirs is quite another story which makes very pleasant reading.

The welcome which, at first sight, the Baron was inclined to give to *The Ingoldsby Country*, by C. G. HARPER (A. & C. BLACK), is of a less enthusiastic character than he would otherwise have accorded it had its author restrained himself from occasionally indulging in certain expressions of strong sectarian feeling, utterly out of place in such a work, and very foreign to the generous spirit of the Rev. RICHARD BARHAM, who had a sincere reverence for all that men of various opinions hold sacred, while unable to restrain himself from persistently seeing the burlesque side of pious legends, and expressing it in eccentric, jingling, rhythmical verse. With the Rev. FRANK MAHONY ("Father PROUT,") the sweet singer of Irish verse, admirable classic and finished scholar, RICHARD BARHAM shared the mantle of Rabelaisian humour, unequally divided between the pair of them, PROUT coming in for the larger part of the roguish old Canon's robe, and both habits being cleaned, scoured, sweet-scented, and cut to suit the fashion of the day. However, Mr. HARPER'S book is a most pleasant guide to the Isles of Sheppey and Thanet, and to the County of Kent, from Canterbury to Rye, as well it should be, seeing that Mr. HARPER has been harping on such themes for many years, and has given to the travelling world books descriptive of the Brighton Road, the Portsmouth Road, the Dover Road, and some eight or nine other roads, so that, in this line of business, he has well earned for himself the title of The Colossus of Roads. Pleasant it is for the students of Ingoldsby to identify the haunts of *The Spectre of Tappington*, to regard with awe the "take off" of the *Smuggler's Leap* (BARHAM excelled in any "take off"), to visit the tomb of Sir ROBERT DE SHURLAND, and finally to dump down at Margate, and, in company with Ingoldsby, to go upon the pier, and meet "the little vulgar boy," and ask "what do you here?" When summer-time arrives, an *Ingoldsby* tour with this work for a guide would give a good week's outing with a genial companion.

Most persons who may happen to be acquainted with the now quite-out-of-date expression, "old codger," would spell it as it is here set down, and as it was spelt by GEORGE COLMAN the Younger in *Knight and Friar* (1804), where he rhymes "codger" with "ROGER," and as, probably, some twenty years later, did his clever clerical imitator RICHARD BARHAM, of whom the Baron has just made mention in the foregoing paragraph, though at this moment the Baron fails to recall an instance of it. Now it appears that

"codger" has nothing whatever in common with "Coger": no, not even in sound; as the "o" in the latter is long, while the "o" in the former is pronounced as it is in "cod." A "cōger" then may be taken to mean "a thinking person," the substantive being derived from "cōgito," and the "Cōgers" were a number of thinkers who constituted themselves a debating club entitling itself "Ye Ancient Society of Cōgers." An interesting and amusing history of this same ancient society, from 1755 to 1903, has been compiled and written by PETER RALEIGH, and illustrated with some delightful little sketches by HERBERT CECIUSKY and some quaint ones by G. B. POCOOCK, H. ST. GEORGE and the author. It is published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., LTD. By literary men, whether politicians or not, by journalists and by all interested in journalism, this book will be found both entertaining and instructive. The record is brought up to October 31, 1903, and it is therein suggested by the Committee that, "The Society having been founded in January, 1755, next January would be a fitting time to celebrate in some way the commencement of the fourth half century of its career." The Baron, as an ex-cogitator, in begging leave to support that proposal, expresses his hearty wish for the continued success of "The Cōgers of Cōgers Hall."

THE BARON



THE VAGARIES OF MISS PRINT.

["Everybody was surprised the other day to learn that there were 3000 Boers in Cuba, but it appears there was a mistake in reckoning. The number is not 3000; it is 3!"—*Westminster Gazette*.]

THE friends of Mr. RAPHAEL LUNY, the poet, were astonished to learn that 51,000 copies of his latest book of verse, *Uhlations from the Uvula*, had been sold. On inquiring at the publisher's it was discovered that the initial figure as well as two of the noughts had crept in by mistake.

The proprietor of the *Half-penny Handglass* was much distressed recently by the announcement that the circulation of the *Daily Medallion* had gone up to 300. It should, of course, have been 3,000,000.

The allegation that the Duke of DEVONSHIRE recently went round the Chatsworth links in 19 strokes has elicited an explanation from the noble amateur. The correct number is not 19 but 190.

The statement that the English cricketers dropped 14 catches in a recent match was grossly inaccurate. They dropped 13.

No one who has ever heard him sing can fail to have been astounded by the statement that, at a recent concert, Signor BELLO BELLO'S "vocal chords were received with rapture." What the critic really wrote was that his "vocal cords received a rupture."

Cap'n Tommy Bowles.

THE *Daily News* remarks that the popular conception of Mr. BOWLES as possessing only one arm arises from the caricatures in *Punch*, which picture him as *Cap'n Cuttle*. "As a matter of fact," says the *Daily News*, "the honourable Member's limbs are normal." A correspondent points out that the gallant gentleman is himself largely responsible for the error, since he commonly represents himself as single-handed and doing all his work with a single eye.

Soft Going.

"STAGE.—Wanted, ladies and gentlemen, to walk on."
Advt. in the "Sun."



A LAST RESORT.

Miss Armstrong (who has fozzled the ball six times with various clubs). "AND WHICH OF THE STICKS AM I TO USE NOW?"
Weary Caddie. "GIE IT A BIT KNOCK WI' THE BAG!"

FRESH FIGURES FROM THE
FIRST TEST MATCH.

[“An enterprising Australian tradesman advertised an offer to pay any Australian batsman who scored 50 runs in either innings of the first test match a sovereign, and for each additional run sixpence. A ‘century’ was to receive five sovereigns extra; and a sovereign was to be the price of every catch that dismissed an Englishman.”]

WHEN NOBLE had made £1 15s. 6d. he was badly missed at square-leg. He quickly reached his £2. HILL next dispatched RHODES to the boundary for 2s. A short run gave HILL another sixpence, and a lucky snick for eighteenpence by NOBLE brought the latter's score to £2 1s. 6d. Ultimately he amassed no less than £8 1s. 6d. . . . TRUMPER is to be congratulated on having made £9 7s. 6d. not out in the second innings.

The Australian fielding was excellent, NOBLE alone making £3 worth of catches.

A curious misunderstanding arose. Mr. FOSTER was under the impression that the scheme was extended to the English side. During an interview he is understood to have told a representa-

tive of the Press that he certainly should have thought twice about raising his score to 287 had he been properly acquainted with the rules. Much sympathy was felt for Mr. FOSTER, and it was only by an oversight that no collection was taken for him on the ground.

MANNERS MAKETH BOY.

[“Manners should be the foundation of all education—of all book-learning and ‘schooling’ of every description. Our schoolboys, instead of being harassed and stupefied with Euclid and Greek, should be instructed in mental deportment.”—Hon. Mrs. R. ERSKINE in *Court Journal*.]

SCENE—A schoolroom during evening “Prep.”

Brown (to Smith, who is sitting next him). Pardon my seeming rudeness, my dear SMITH, in interrupting you in your studies, but may I venture to point out that (no doubt quite unwittingly) you are giving me exquisite pain by pressing with your foot upon a small hard growth (resulting no doubt from an increase in the thickness of the cuticle) which I am unfortunate enough to have on my large toe?

Smith. A thousand apologies, my dear BROWN! So engrossed was I in perusing the chapter on Affability for to-morrow's lesson that I was quite unaware of the pain I was inflicting, although I must at the same time confess that I was dimly conscious of the fact that my left foot was resting on something which moved about in a manner indicative that I was not in contact with the solid floor.

Brown. Ah, you are reading the work of that noble gentlewoman who was instrumental in abolishing from our educational system Greek and Euclid and those other shibboleths, and substituting that Mental Deportment which we take so much pleasure in learning. Do you know, my dear SMITH, I suppose in the rude old days I should have said to you just now, “Here, SMITH, you jolly well take yourself off my bally bunion, or I'll bloom in' well punch your head.”

Smith. Oh would you? And I suppose I should have retorted by jolly well punching your beastly nose like that, eh?

[They go for each other in the old way. Manners are forgotten till the Deportment Usher interposes.]

THE ENDOWMENT OF RESEARCH.

(A Forecast of the next phase of Philanthropic Journalism.)

Preliminary Announcement in that public-spirited and enterprising periodical, "The Sunday Tiddler."

NEXT week we commence our New and Thrilling Serial: 'UP, JENKINS! OR, UNDER WHICH THIMBLE?' It will provide the Masses, not only with Bright, Pure, and Wholesome Fiction, but also with the means of securing FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS WEEKLY, by following Clues which ANY CHILD CAN EASILY UNRAVEL!

We do not propose to Bury any Money, as that Plan has now been very properly condemned as a Public Nuisance.

Our system is Simplicity Itself. It will work as follows:—On a given day every week our Confidential GOLD-BEARING AGENTS will Secrete Five Medallions, each entitling the Finder to ONE HUNDRED POUNDS sterling, in some part of the Garments of FIVE POPULAR CELEBRITIES, who (together with the precise portion of their Attire in which such Medallions have been deposited) will be indicated by Clues given in the current instalment of our Serial.

You may ask: "What is to prevent the Celebrities themselves from discovering their Medallions and cashing them first?" We are going to tell you. We have taken Precautions against Sharp Practice or Collusion of this kind. It is not likely, to begin with, that those we may select as Depositories for a Medallion will be in the least aware of the fact. Be that as it may, we shall Cash No Medallion presented to us by Any Celebrity on whom it has been concealed, or by any of his Relations, Friends, or Domestics. The Public can thus rely on having ABSOLUTE FAIR PLAY.

"But might not a Celebrity who discovers that we have so distinguished him destroy or get rid of his Medallion?" He will do so At His Peril. These Medallions are the Property of *The Sunday Tiddler*, and our idea is Strictly Patented. We have the Highest Legal Authority for the statement that Any Celebrity dealing with one of our Medallions in any way calculated to interfere with the Rights of our Readers will render himself liable to Criminal Proceedings!

But of course no Celebrity will act in this selfish and short-sighted manner. He will have Sense enough to see that we are giving him a FIRST-CLASS ADVERTISEMENT, and he will Play the Game by assisting us in the EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

For we need scarcely say that we are actuated by the Highest Motives. We are not pandering to any morbid craving for Unearned Riches. We are simply inducing the Democracy (through the medium of Literature superior in Style and Quality to Anything yet Produced) to take a more intelligent interest in the habits and personalities of its Foremost Citizens, who are too frequently, alas! Mere Names to the Man in the Street! So Look out for Chapter I. of "UP, JENKINS!" and KEEP YOUR EYE on the DESCRIPTIVE CLUES!!! . . .

* * * * *

From the P-ll M-ll Gazette (ten days later): "So it seems that our Troglodyte Free Foodlers were just a trifle too previous in chortling over the little incident at Birmingham on Monday last! In storming Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's platform and compelling our only Statesman to escape by a back door in the disguise of a baker, his audience, as has since been satisfactorily explained, did not intend, after all, to suggest that their views on Protection had undergone the slightest modification. They were merely under an impression that he was the 'Heaven-born Politician' indicated in a certain Sunday journal as the involuntary custodian of a £100 medallion, which was understood to have been concealed in

his left coat-tail pocket. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, though much gratified by learning that the affair had no political significance, very properly declines to state whether the inference drawn by the meeting was correct or otherwise."

From the W-stm-nst-r Gazette (same date): "General B-D-N P-w-ll must have fancied himself back once more at Charterhouse in the thick of a football 'scrum' yesterday afternoon in Pall Mall, where, on descending the steps of his Club, he was surrounded by an enthusiastic mob of admirers, each endeavouring to be the first to relieve him of his head-gear. Needless to say, the popular General made a stubborn and gallant defence, but eventually he had to behold his silk hat, a new one, snatched from his head and instantaneously reduced to fragments. However, as soon as the genial 'B. P.' was informed that one of *The Sunday Tiddler's* £100 medallions had been found secreted in the lining, he quite understood the situation, and was one of the first to congratulate the fortunate finder—a chimney sweep, we understand, of the name of EMANUEL GRIMES."

From the Ev-n-ng News: "Although we are willing to admit that the latest development of the 'Hidden Treasure' craze may entail a certain amount of inconvenience in individual cases, we still think that the Royal Academician, whose studio in St. John's Wood was so unceremoniously invaded yesterday afternoon, displayed an irritability quite out of proportion to the occasion. For, beyond ripping open one or two canvases on which he was engaged for the Spring Exhibitions, his visitors did little appreciable damage, and to call in the police and give the ringleaders into custody was surely rather a high-handed proceeding! Does Mr. BLANK, R.A., at all realise what a godsend even £100 may be to many of the Unemployed amongst us, and cannot he see that to be identified by the People as 'A Mid-Victorian VELASQUEZ' is no mean compliment—even for an Academician? As a matter of fact, so the proprietor of *The Sunday Tiddler* informs us, no medallion was ever secreted in any canvas, as his agents have the strictest instructions to respect all private property. Also the Painter really indicated by the clue was a totally different person. We cannot but consider that too much fuss has been made about what was, after all, a paltry misunderstanding."

From the St. J-m-s's Gazette: "It is reassuring to hear that the P-t L-r-te's injuries are not of so serious a nature as was at first reported. Still, it must have been sufficiently upsetting to find oneself, as he did yesterday in Piccadilly, suddenly pounced upon by a crowd of perfect strangers, and shaken violently, upside down, for several minutes. They turned out to be merely 'Treasure-seekers' who had concluded, from a 'clue' in one of those serial fictions which now provide our Middle Classes with their sole mental pabulum, that the unfortunate L-r-te was the 'Greatest Living English Poet' down the back of whose neck a £100 medallion had been surreptitiously inserted. We are bound to say that, though the search proved fruitless, the crowd bore their disappointment with considerable good-humour, while Mr. ALFR-D A-ST-N himself admitted that the mistake was a very natural one in the circumstances."

Sir L-w-s M-rr-s left England yesterday afternoon, and will remain abroad for some time."

From The Ac-d-my and L-t-r-t-re: "We understand that Mr. PAPSLEY GREWELL, F.S.A. (author of *In Jaeger Clad*, *Semolina Plasmon*, *The Love-ditties of a Vegetarian*, and other works which will probably be remembered by all who have read them) is the writer of the letter in last Monday's *Times*, protesting in indignant terms against the journalistic methods of *The Sunday Tiddler* as an outrage on the privacy and liberty of distinguished literary characters, and complaining bitterly that he cannot leave his residence at Peckham except under a strong police escort."

F. A.

PICKY BACK.

(Being the Sixth Passage from the reinconanation of Picklock Holes.)

THE STORY OF THE LAMPLIGHTER.

It was evening, a Sunday evening, in Baker Street. The lamps were nearly all lit, and the intellectual features of the domestic architecture for which that thoroughfare is celebrated were thrown into high relief by the rays emitted from the tops of the somewhat inartistic lamp-posts that had lately flashed into sudden life as the swift foot of the lamplighter approached, stopped for a moment, and then rapidly passed on in his path of duty, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but, like a true Imperial Briton, ever upward to higher things. Usually the man went forward alone: none cared to follow him in a progress so frequently interrupted by the pauses required by the modern torch-bearer's employment. But on this particular Sunday evening those who kept their eyes open might have observed that, as he passed the house before which stood the twenty-seventh lamp-post, the front-door swiftly but quietly opened, and two figures, heavily hatted and cloaked, emerged into the half-light of Baker Street, and promptly fell into line behind the unconscious but dutiful employé of the Gas Company. One of these figures was tall and thin; its muscles seemed made of steel; it had a pale, thoughtful and ascetic face; its forehead was high, its sentences were short, and its fingers were lean, meditative and impressive. At a casual glance it might have been mistaken for a prosperous undertaker retired from the active pursuit of business, but still taking an interest in the mortuary arrangements of his former rivals in the pall and coffin trade. A second and more careful look might have convinced the observer that he saw before him an exiled Emperor, and it would have required a third and a piercing scrutiny to prove that this was none other than PICKLOCK HOLES. With regard to the second figure it is only necessary to mention that it was addressed by PICKLOCK HOLES occasionally as "friend POTSON," but more frequently as "Tush! nonsense," or "Pooh, absurd." In fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, it was me.

You may ask what brought us into Baker Street on the track of a lamplighter on a Sunday evening in mid-February. The fact is, the town had lately been thrown into a fever of excitement by a series of extraordinary and hitherto inexplicable disappearances. All the victims—for we could not doubt that in some sense they were victims of somebody—were of the male sex, and what was even more remarkable they were all grandfathers of an advanced age. Matters had been brought to a crisis this very morning by the disappearance of Mr. PICKLOCK HOLES's own grandfather on the mother's side, almost before the eyes of his grandson.

"This," said HOLES, when he realised that his grandsire was unquestionably gone, "is too much," and he had at once thrown himself into the detection of the crime with all a sleuth-hound's ardour. As a first step he had called upon me in my Baker Street lodgings, and had spent some hours in planning out the process by which he intended to convict the guilty. This was how his argument ran:—

"A grandfather," he began, "is not exactly like an ordinary citizen. It may be assumed, I think, that he is no longer in the first flush of his youth and beauty, and it is therefore unlikely that a barmaid, for instance, or even a chorus girl, will have run away with him. By a further process of elimination we arrive at the conclusion that only an Italian marchioness (I spare you the steps by which I reach this point) can have had anything to do with it. But mark my words—there are at this moment no Italian marchionesses in London. What then? Remove the marchioness and you leave a void or vacuum. To fill this



A HORSE-MARINE.

Club Wag. "WELL, GOOD-NIGHT, ADMIRAL."

Warrior. "THERE'S A STUPID JOKE. 'ADMIRAL!' CAN'T YOU SEE MY SPURS?"

Wag. "OH, I THOUGHT THEY WERE YOUR TWIN SCREWS."

in accordance with the preferences of nature you must select a—hush! I hear him passing."

It was at this moment precisely that, dragging me with him, he dashed out of the front-door and flung himself into the chase of the lamplighter.

Before the next post was reached HOLES had closed upon his prey. In a moment the man was bound and gagged and hurled into a passing four-wheeler, which immediately set off on its way to the family mansion lately inhabited by Mr. THOMAS BALTIMORE JUBLEY, HOLES's maternal grandparent. I followed as fast as I could on foot. When I arrived I witnessed a touching family scene. Old Mr. JUBLEY himself was standing in the drawing-room warmly embracing PICKLOCK HOLES, who was shaken with an emotion to which he rarely gave way.

"My boy, my lion-hearted boy," said Mr. JUBLEY, "you have found me. How shall I thank you?" Then turning to me he continued, "I was in bed; I overslept myself, and had but lately descended when PICKLOCK arrived."

After warmly congratulating both gentlemen, I withdrew, fearing that even so intimate a friend as I was might be *de trop* at such a moment.

I ought, perhaps, to mention that we never heard anything more of the lamplighter. HOLES had left him by mistake in the cab, which had driven off before any of us noticed it. We applied, of course, at the lost property office at Scotland Yard, but all in vain. The cabman, with a lack of honesty unusual in his calling, had failed to deposit our lost captive, and all further trace of him disappeared.

It is confidently asserted that the Japs are "ready to face the Moujik."



"I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOU'VE BEEN AILING AGAIN, JOHN. I MUST SEND YOU DOWN SOMETHING FROM THE RECTORY. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE SOME SOUP?"

"THANKY KINDLY, MUM—BUT I B'AIN'T SO TERR'BLE WRAPPED UP IN SOUP!"

"TRICKS OF THE BRAIN."

(Vide the correspondence on Precognition in the "Daily Mail.")

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is really quite a common experience to be seeing, hearing, saying, doing, or feeling for the first time what you think you have seen, heard, said, done or felt already some time before. Let me give a few instances:—

I was walking down Piccadilly for the first time to-day, and in a normal state of mind—of course I have traversed this street before in my life, but what I want to say is, that I usually go up and down Piccadilly several times in the course of the day, but this occasion was the first of these perambulations—when I met a great number of people I didn't know, and all at once it flashed across me that the same thing had happened to me at least once before. I immediately precognised that I was not recognised.

Again, I encountered Brown, whose

remarks I may say are rather stereotyped, on the platform at Victoria the other day (I run up against him about once in two years). The moment I saw him I felt he was going to say, "Well, and how's the world treating *you*?" and no sooner were the words out of his mouth, than I could have sworn I had heard him ask the same question before. How do you explain this extraordinary phenomenon?

Then as to *speech* in connection with tricks of the brain, I was telling JONES last Monday—I meet him regularly in the Club smoking-room—my great anecdote (about the speech of the Bashful Bridegroom) which I learnt at school in '79, and when I had got three-quarters through I caught a look in his eye which instantly gave me the impression that I had told him the story previously. Was this an hallucination or not? I am ordinarily most careful to let each person have it only once, and there are heaps of people in London still whom I haven't yet buttonholed for the purpose.

Next, regarding the apparent mental repetition of an *act*, just a second ago I was scratching my head while inditing these words to you and seeking to frame my ideas in the most lucid and beautiful language, and it was borne in upon me that I was, after all, repeating myself—whether as to the titillation of the cranium or the search for expression I am not quite clear, but it all helps to prove my point, whatever it is.

Lastly, as to matters of *feeling*, I dreamt a few nights ago that I was flying through a sky full of brickbats on a pink-eyed octopus pursued by a Græco-Roman barrel-organ, a pair of hard-boiled boxing-gloves, and a feeding-bottle on the hunt for hidden treasure, when I felt certain that something was going to happen. Sure enough, I awoke with a start and found my alarum in the act of going off.

I could give many further instances for brain specialists to wrestle with, but at present will content myself by remaining

Yours supranormally, PSYCHOSIS.



THE FIRST LORD OF THE HIDDEN TREASURY.

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR Balfour. "WELL, IF THEY FIND *THIS*, IT WON'T BE THROUGH ANY CLUE I'VE GIVEN THEM!"



OPENING OF THE "DUMP PARLIAMENT," 1904

ARRIVAL OF THE "LORD PROTECTOR."

O GENTLE SLEEP!

[The Rev. Dr. BIGELOW, in *The Mystery of Sleep*, propounds a new theory to explain the phenomenon. Here is the book in brief.]

SLEEP mere repose? What! Think you, man

Must spend a third of his brief span
In order that he may repair
The daily waste of wear and tear?
Perish a thought which speaks so ill
Of Nature's economic skill!
For such a shocking waste of time
There could be one name only—crime.
Rest? Nature rests not. Does the sun
Sleep when his daily course is run?
Do the stars nod, or does the stream
Pause in its ceaseless course to dream?
No, rest is nothing—just a sound
For that which is not to be found,
An idle word, a breath of air,
For rest exists not anywhere.

Then what is sleep? A dispensation
For psychical regeneration,
Its end and object to refresh
The earth-worn spirit, not the flesh.

If in this sordid world the mind
Was always cabined and confined,
Seeing alone the sin and woe
We mortals witness here below,
How could it but become as base
As its unholy dwelling-place?
No, when we sleep the soul flies free
To realms no fleshly eye may see,
And passing swiftly through the air
Communes with purer spirits there,
Till, having tasted the ideal,
'Tis strong once more to face the real.

You may not, when the morning light
Scatters the visions of the night,
Remember all the thoughts that teemed,
Sublime, inspiring, while you dreamed;
You may instead recall some freak
Of foolish fancy: flesh is weak,
And will not always play the game,
As one may put it;—all the same,
Your "nobler faculties" were kept
At their employment while you slept.

What proof of this? you ask me. Take
Your happy temper when you wake.

You laugh to hear the housemaid's
knock;
How welcome sounds her "Eight
o'clock!"

How joyfully you lift your head!
How nimbly do you leap from bed!
However loth the sun to rise,
The world is rosy in your eyes.
You are again a careless boy—
The bath is bliss, the shave is joy.
And when, through January gloom,
You seek the cheery breakfast-room,
What mirth is there, what sparkling wit
As o'er the ham and eggs you sit!
Each fresh from his refining dream
Bids gay good humour reign supreme,
And none are ever cross or shirty
At that angelic hour, eight-thirty.

LONDON'S RADIO-ACTIVITY.—The statement that London is built largely upon radium has now been capped by the discovery that the Houses of Parliament are full of "N-rays," chief of whom is Sir N-RAY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

THE MUD.

(From a Newspaper of the Near Future.)

YESTERDAY several more accidents in the streets were reported. A gentleman, who had been riding in the Park, was passing along Piccadilly when his horse stumbled at the top of St. James's Street. To the horror of members standing at the windows of White's, Boodle's, and other Clubs, the unfortunate gentleman and his horse were carried by the current down the hill. As our readers are aware, the average depth of the mud in Piccadilly is now about three feet. Happily the gentleman was swept against a pantechnicon van at the corner of King Street, and by clinging to it was saved from drowning. His horse was less fortunate, and perished in Pall Mall.

About eleven o'clock in the morning an elderly gentleman, who had arrived by train from the country and was unaware of the condition of the Strand, stepped out briskly from Charing Cross Station and instantly disappeared. A policeman, with a rope tied round his waist, gallantly plunged in, and after heroic efforts, assisted by information from spectators on the top of an omnibus, succeeded in finding the old gentleman. Pluckily grasping his collar, the policeman held on bravely to the upper part of a lamp-post, and was soon rescued by some of the station officials mounted on the roof of a four-wheeled cab. The old gentleman at first used regrettably strong language, but after the present condition of all the London streets had been described to him he remarked that it was different when he was a boy, and that, though they might call every infernal vestry a corporation, London was simply going to the dogs. Then he handed a rather moist five-pound note to the policeman, and retired to a bath-room of the hotel.

Rather earlier in the day some members of the Stock Exchange Hidden-Treasure Hunt, after wading down Ludgate Hill, with their specially-trained otter hounds, attempted to proceed along Fleet Street. They were rescued with the greatest difficulty, ropes and life-belts being thrown to them from the neighbouring houses. Some of the hounds escaped by swimming into the offices of the *Daily Telegraph*. It is needless to point out the foolhardiness of such attempts. Although the continued depression in the City may excuse these efforts to supplement a greatly diminished income, no man ought to endanger his life, or the lives of the local lifeboat-men, by endeavouring to walk along any London street. It is true that these gentlemen believed that it was about the time of low mud, whereas it was nearly

high mud, when an ordinary cab or carriage is almost submerged. Besides, as the London tides are quite irregular, and vary in each parish, it is impossible to compute accurately the time of low mud.

In the afternoon one of the new lofty motor-cars, specially constructed to rise above the mud, was proceeding westward along Piccadilly. The driver, by some mischance, did not observe the buoy specially fixed by the Trinity House on the hoarding at the corner of Arlington Street, where the roadway is still being repaired. As it was about the time of high mud in Piccadilly, and also a spring tide, the hoarding itself was of course invisible. The motor-car dashed into it and became a complete wreck. The Bond Street slush-escape was brought out with splendid promptitude, and the two ladies in the car, as well as the driver, were happily rescued from a muddy grave.

THE INNER CIRCLE.

["A Countess," writing in *The Outlook*, states that nowadays, to the majority of people in Society, "anything north of Portman Square, east of Carlton House Terrace, south of Eaton Square, or west of Prince's Gate is unfashionable. Visiting much beyond these confines is an effort; far beyond, an excursion. There is a wild west in Earl's Court, and a highly respectable north above Hyde Park, but they don't come within the range of practical society."]

JOHN SAMUEL SMITH, the plutocrat,
Elite of the elite,

Once occupied a roomy flat
In Upper Bloomsbury Street.

In those far days of lost delight

Two friends he had in town;

The one ELIJAH TOMKINS hight,

The other, HENRY BROWN.

Years sped, and nothing could eclipse

The light of friendship's smile,

Till SMITH, alas! got certain tips,

Plunged deep, and made a pile.

He took a house in "Kaffir Lane,"

The smartest he could find,

And, pulverising friendship's chain,

Left both his chums behind.

He had, it must be understood,

No wish to prove untrue;

For BROWN had said the tips were good,

And TOMKINS helped him through.

And even BROWN and TOMKINS thought

He'd done the proper thing,

Until they found their friend was caught

Within the fatal ring.

So now, Fair Fortune's pampered child,

SMITH dwells in lonely state,

For TOMKINS hugs the howling wild

Just west of Prince's Gate;

No longer can he sally forth

To BROWN's suburban lair,

For that lies in the dismal north,

Two doors from Portman Square.

THE TORTURE.

THE braves bore out the strong, courageous man from the wigwam. Without flinching he had endured every refinement of torture to which his callous captors had been able to subject him. He had suffered his eyes to be plucked out, his nose to be cut off, his every tooth to be drawn; yet no word had he breathed which would betray the whereabouts of his comrades. His feet had been placed against hot irons, he had been cut with knives, his scalp was gone; yet he made no sign.

Then he had been borne forth and chained upright to a tree. But no muscle moved. The strong man was still "captain of his soul." When he had been bound, the braves drew together in earnest conclave. How was this mute Paleface to be compelled to speak, to reveal what he knew?

"Cut off his arm," said one.

"His legs," said another.

Then a grey, wizened old chieftain who, until now, had been silent, drew near. A hush came over the assembly as it observed that he would speak. The old man knew that his reputation as a refiner of cruelties was at stake; never before had anyone been proof against his hideous arts.

But now he felt that he had met a new kind of man. He must rise to the utmost of his powers or fail utterly.

"Braves," he cried. "The Paleface has resisted every torture. Neither loss of limb, loss of sight, burnings or brandings have moved him. But there is one thing yet may be done."

He paused significantly, and an expectant thrill went through the assembly as it marked that even the old chief himself seemed to shrink from naming the last dread alternative. Then, while his dusky audience was aching with the tension, he went on:—

"Let some brave come forward and let him draw near to the ear of the Paleface. And then let the brave—let him—let—him—sing '*Hiawatha*!'"

A piercing shriek of anguish rent the air. The prisoner had overheard.

"No! no! no! Not that! Oh, spare me that," he cried. "I will tell you all, all, all—but spare me that!"

Then his voice failed, and the braves looking saw that in his terror he had swooned away. The old chief turned to the others. There was a light of triumph in his eye. "That will draw him, when he comes to," he said.

It is hoped that the Duke of PORTLAND may see his way to lecture before the combined members of the London Missionary Society and the Jockey Club on the subject: "Tibet or not Tibet."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Rev. A. J. KAYLOR, in the course of a sermon, in a New York church, on the subject of Wickedness in that city, put his arm out of joint while gesticulating, and had to retire. He ought certainly to have left it to the wicked to flourish like a green bay tree.

An English schoolboy has won £4,000 at Monte Carlo. It is said that he intends to purchase his school with a view to closing it.

Apparently there was some truth in what was said as to the antiquated equipment of some of our troops in the Boer War. It is announced that the officers of the Dorset Imperial Yeomanry have decided to present the two guns which they had with them in South Africa to the Dorset County Museum.

By some mistake, during prize-firing at Malta, one of the *Venerable's* guns, instead of being directed at the target, was fired point blank at the *Gladiator*. Fortunately the shot passed over her. Yet there are those who would improve the marksmanship of the Navy!

The tendency to define the scope of our places of amusement, as shown in the recent litigation between the theatres and the music halls, is still further exemplified by the hint which the Fire Committee of the County Council has given to Drury Lane to see to it that the Home of Melodrama does not become the Home of Tragedy.

A gentleman has written to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to complain that his children's latest game is "Find the Hidden Treasure." "My copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*," he says, "has been desecrated by the insertion of discs, my carpets have been torn up, and no room in the house is sacred to the hiders and the seekers." We strongly recommend Papa to become one of the former, employing either a birch or a buckly strap.

A man who was accused at the Mansion House of stealing a cheque successfully pleaded an *alibi*, proving that he was in prison at the time. He left the Court without a stain on his character.

In Peckham, Dulwich, and Camberwell there are 404 licensed houses. We are gradually approaching the British Workman's ideal of "One man, one pub."

A frantic attempt is being made to induce Germans to wash more. The *Vossische Zeitung* is publishing the



THINGS ONE MIGHT HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Elderly Party (who fancies herself young). "AH, MILDRED, YOU AND I MUST ONE DAY LOSE OUR YOUTH AND BEAUTY!"

Mildred. "OH, YOU MUSTN'T BE DOWN-HEARTED. YOU HAVE WORN SO WONDERFULLY WELL!"

advertisement of a Company which offers to supply linen free if the recipients will only pay for the washing.

As showing the extreme state of tension existing between Russia and Japan, it is rumoured that orders have been issued by the Russian War Office for the immediate mobilisation of HACKENSCHMIDT.

And the Russians at Port Arthur are laying in supplies against a siege. "In view of the need which may arise for horses and ponies," says *Reuter*, "the military authorities are taking measures to secure an adequate supply."

The Students of Edinburgh University made a deafening noise all the while their Lord Rector was addressing them, so that he could not be heard, and after-

wards presented him with a small black doll. And yet the Scotch are said to have no sense of humour.

The report that the KAISER was not born yesterday is confirmed. He celebrated his 45th birthday on the 27th ult.

We were recently informed that the dietary of the Navy had been improved; yet, on Friday last, the *Express* published an article entitled:—

TO FEED THE NAVY.

SUGGESTED PURCHASE OF WELSH COAL MINES.

The members of the British Colony of St. Petersburg are organising a great bear hunt. So are the Japanese.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON'S MOTTO.—"Down with the Dust!"

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

X.—SHOULD NOVELISTS ACCEPT DECORATIONS?

SCENE—*The Press-Cutting Club.*

PRESENT:

*Mr. Anthony Hope (in the chair).**Sir A. Conan Doyle.**Sir Gilbert Parker.**Mr. William Le Queux.**Mr. A. E. W. Mason.**Mr. Hall Caine.**Mr. Guy Boothby.**Mr. Henry Harland.**Mr. Rudyard Kipling.**Mr. Henry James.**Miss Marie Corelli.*

Mr. Anthony Hope. I have been asked to initiate a discussion on a subject which touches authors keenly. Musicians, artists, and actors, are decorated for their work. Why should novelists be denied this elevating and stimulating recognition?

Sir A. Conan Doyle. There seems to me no question whatever. Sooner or later such authors as are worthy of distinction receive it; others do not. Those that are thus singled out from among the ruck are properly grateful.

Sir Gilbert Parker. I agree.

Mr. Anthony Hope. The button of the Legion of Honour is a neat and pleasant decoration. Why not adopt it here?

Mr. Henry Harland. Part of us, at any rate, would then be red.

Mr. Hall Caine. But who should decide upon the fitting recipients?

Mr. Henry James. That should be done with exquisite care. The little badge should instantly blazon its wearer as one of the minority that is always right.

Mr. Hall Caine. I was afraid that some of that cant about small circulations would creep in.

Mr. Guy Boothby. It always does. There is no better guide to merit than popularity.

Sir A. Conan Doyle. Or an *édition de luxe*.

Mr. Hall Caine. I would suggest with all humility that a plébiscite of MUDIE's readers be taken. I am a great believer in the wisdom of crowds.

Miss Marie Corelli. O yes, yes.

Mr. Kipling. The publishers might insert a blank page in every book asking for the reader's opinion as to the decoration the author deserves. These papers might be collected from time to time by a house-to-house visitation.

Sir A. Conan Doyle. But who would make it?

Mr. Kipling. I have no doubt that an organisation could be easily perfected. Perhaps Mr. BRODRICK would assist.

Mr. Henry James. I should not care for such a test.

Miss Corelli. {It would be admirable: *Mr. Hall Caine* a most excellent idea.

Mr. Anthony Hope. An equally important point is, What decorations would you like when the decision is made—titles or orders?

Sir Gilbert Parker. I think it must be conceded that titles are not within the reach of all. But everyone may aspire to a decoration.

Mr. Anthony Hope. New orders are continually being established. Why not have our own? For example, C.F.P. (Commander of the Fountain Pen); E.T.T. (Employer of a Thousand Typists); I.F.A. (Inspirer of the Fulsome Ad.).

Mr. Le Queux. I like the word Chevalier. It has a romantic ring about it which banishes all association with the sordid actualities of the moment, and justifies the adoption of a picturesque costume.

Sir Gilbert Parker. True, costume is often an incentive to inspiration. I myself have found a scarlet cummerbund invaluable in the delineation of tropical character. But the title Chevalier is not recognised by *Burke*, *Debrett* or *Dodd*.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason. No novelist can really do his work properly unless he is an M.P. That should be the distinction for which novelists should strive. For my next book, which is to be called *Godiva of the Hustings*, I must have Parliamentary experience.

Sir Gilbert Parker. I sympathise with Mr. MASON's aspirations, but I warn him that Politics is an exacting mistress. Since I joined the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons my literary output has dwindled by 250 words daily.

Mr. Hall Caine. An interesting problem occurs to me. Ought writers who habitually employ a pseudonym to append the decoration to their real or their assumed name? Or, to take a concrete case, would our gifted chairman elect to be known as Lord ANTHONY HOPE, or as Lord HAWKINS?

Mr. Harland. Obviously the choice would be determined by the laws of euphony. A much more subtle point is whether ladies who write under a masculine *nom de guerre* would be eligible for decorations. Sir JOHN STRANGE WINTER sounds—

Mr. William Le Queux. Honours are certainly worth having; but it makes one more happy if one knows for what particular work they are given. My investiture as a Chevalier of the Golden Eagle came immediately upon the publication of my romance *The Three Glass Eyes*, but I cannot feel quite comfortable in my mind that the events were related. Again, my *Secrets of the Foreign Office* was followed by the award, by the Ban of Croatia, of the order of the Beautiful Blue Danube.

Mr. Hall Caine. I see no reason why

an author should lose in dignity by being made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. The honour is not one that I have sought, but were it conferred upon me I should take less than my usual precautions to have it kept out of the papers.

Miss Marie Corelli. Decorations seem to me idle vanities. To find a medallion entitling one to hidden treasure to the extent of a farthing is a better way in which to advertise one's worth.

Mr. Hall Caine. I once read a book called *A Flat-iron for a Farthing*.

Miss Marie Corelli. I do not see that that remark has any relevance.

Mr. Hall Caine. I am often irrelevant; but I always sell.

Sir Gilbert Parker. I see that the Emperor of KOREA has been advertising for a resident dentist. He will be wanting a resident author next. That will be an opportunity for one of you.

Mr. Harland. Why do you think he will want an author?

Sir Gilbert Parker. It is a logical progress. A dentist leads to the study of the illustrated papers; and from them we pass to fiction.

Mr. Hall Caine. True, true. How much does his serene magnificence offer?

Sir Gilbert Parker. He offers the dentist three hundred yen.

Mr. Hall Caine. What is a yen?

Sir Gilbert Parker. I don't know, but no doubt Mr. KIPLING does.

Mr. Kipling. Four shillings.

Mr. Hall Caine. Is that net?

Mr. Kipling. Certainly.

Mr. Hall Caine. O, not enough, not enough. And so far from Greeba!

[*Left disagreeing.*]

"LONDON TO PARIS WITHOUT CHANGING!"
—This has been announced as a most desirable object of attainment, and as being at present an impossibility! Why? Unless the traveller gets wet through during the Channel passage, why should he change? In such a case he would be most fortunate to have a quick change handy, and would eagerly avail himself of the wash and brush up department to put himself all right in the twenty-five minutes of "while you wait" at the Calais Station.

"ANTIQUARIAN" puts us this question: The old slang (nautical slang, I think it was) expression for a kiss was "buss." Can anyone inform me if lips were known as "buss-conductors"?

If any of the new multi-medallionaires are wanting a legend for a ready-made coat of arms we recommend "*They sought it with forks and hope*" (*Hunting of the Snark*).

TOILET TRAGEDIES.

(By the Expert Wrinkler.)

BAGGY TROUSERS AND BULGING SHIRT-FRONT.

PATHEtic appeals for counsel reach me almost hourly from wearers of baggy trousers in all parts of the United Kingdom, except, perhaps, the Highlands. The disease, though without cure, is not without remedy. There are, of course, many varieties of trouser-stretcher and press, none of which, in my experience, excels the inexpensive device of placing the garment, carefully folded, under the mattress at night and sleeping upon it. I say "carefully folded" advisedly, because I remember that once, when I was in Leicestershire, shooting with the Quorn, I inadvertently folded my evening trousers the wrong way, and was a laughing stock for the remainder of my stay. The benefits conferred upon one's trousers by a night, even a long night, are, however, soon undone the next day, in the storm and stress of bending the knees when walking or sitting. The only wrinkle I can offer against this is the adoption of the plan invented by an ingenious friend of mine, who fills the ends of each trouser—the part which is usually turned up—with a plentiful supply of buck-shot. This serves to keep the trousers continually taut. Finally, I need hardly impress upon all who wear trousers the importance of keeping the legs as stiff as possible, and refraining under any provocation from kneeling on the ground or sitting in the narrow seats of the cheaper parts of the theatres.

Bulging shirt-fronts are less easily tackled. My own practice is to wear a very tight-fitting vest next my skin, to which I get my man to fasten the sides of my shirt-front with a few strong stitches. These keep it fairly flat. Another way is to fasten a considerable weight to the tab. But best of all, perhaps, is to get your man to lace them up at the back.

WHAT TO DO WITH FRAYED CUFFS.

One of the greatest trials to which a man of limited income and refined intellect is subjected is that of dealing with frayed cuffs. The difficulty can of course be surmounted by wearing a flannel shirt with a "dickey" and

detachable cuffs, but I know that there is a certain prejudice amongst the smart set against the use of these substitutes. In any case do not have cuffs of celluloid; besides, there is always the danger, supposing you are warming your hands at the fire, toasting muffins, or lighting an Absolute Flora, that the cuffs will ignite. If then your cuffs are frayed, the only remedy I can suggest is to snip them neatly with a sharp pair of scissors. The process, I admit, is like that of administering stimulants to a dying man, but I can think of none

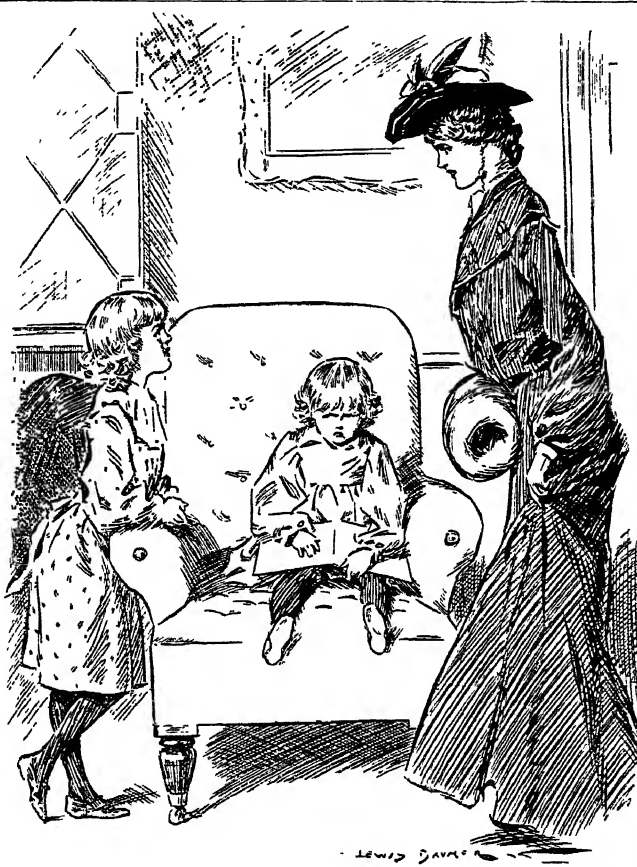
WHAT A GENTLEMAN SHOULD NEVER BE WITHOUT.

It is typical of the best people that they are ready for any emergency. Motherwit, tact, and general "savvy" count for a good deal, but equipment must not be altogether disregarded, and the demands of civilisation increase with every year that passes. I am led to make these remarks by the request constantly received that I will enumerate the articles which no gentleman's pockets should be without. To reply is not difficult.

To begin with, no man should be without his latch-key, as otherwise there is always a certain risk about returning home late, and I have noticed that the best people are more and more inclined to postpone the hour for retiring to their downies. Besides, servants are notoriously heavy sleepers, and I have more than once, after a heavy night at Bridge, found it impossible to wake my man, and have had, in consequence, to spend the small hours in the Tube, or leaning against a hot-potato barrow.

Next to the latch-key comes money. Notes are best carried in a card-case, though there is much to be said for the practice invented by a crony of mine, of secreting them in the lining of a silk hat. This plan, however, does not answer very well in the summer, as it is apt to make the notes limp, and the moral impression created by a banknote is practically nil unless it crackles. I remember my old friend Sir WALDO PENIBANK remarking at a Queen's Hall concert to which I had taken him, that there was no melody in the world to touch the sound of a crisp banknote.

Gold should, of course, be carried in a sovereign case containing no fewer than ten of these useful "yellow boys," but it creates a good impression to have a few loose with your silver, so that when you put your hand in your pocket you bring up one or two. If you must carry bronze, it is best to keep it in your revolver pocket, or in a special pocket in the back of the waistcoat, though I prefer to reserve that for my snuff-box. Personally I do not snuff, but the habit is coming into fashion again, and I find the box useful for pepsine lozenges, without which I never go out. Stamps I carry in the back of my watch, and my cigar-case and flask in a patent chest-protector which gives the figure that beautiful pigeon-breasted



Auntie (to little niece, aged seven, who has been left temporarily in charge of brother, aged three). "WELL, EFFIE DEAR, I HOPE YOU HAVE BEEN QUITE A MOTHER TO HIM WHILE MUMMY'S BEEN AWAY."
Effie. "OH YES, AUNTIE DEAR, I HAVE! I'VE SMACKED HIM THREE TIMES."

other. The application of cold cream will cause the loose ends to lie dormant for a while; but it is not an absolute cure.

As for the even more trying case of enlarged buttonholes, snipping is obviously of no use. Here the only thing to be done is to buy bigger studs. If anyone devises a plan for reducing the size of an enlarged buttonhole he will be a true benefactor to the human family. Holes on the instep of evening socks are simpler. These can be dealt with by a dab of ink, black paint, or Aspinall's Enamel, but the last-named is not easily removed without the use of sandpaper or pumice stone.

effect which sets off the look of a good frock-coat so splendidly.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[The Expert Wrinkler is prepared to do his best to answer any reasonable request put to him by perplexed readers. He is nothing if not helpful.]

D'ORSAY (*Potter's Bar*).—I see no advantage in having your dinner-jacket water-proofed.

M.R.V.O.—(1) No. (2) Trousers should be turned down before entering a drawing-room. (3) Only when the deceased is a near relation; hardly for one's wife's second cousin.

HAUT TON (*Crouch End*).—In default of real astrachan you might try poodle-skin on your great-coat.

EARNST INQUIRER.—Walking behind Lord — the other day, in Bond Street, I noticed that he used an amber cigarette-holder; but, to my own way of thinking, amber and meerschaum are more toney.

UNDERGRADUATE.—When wearing evening dress the handkerchief may be carried in the cuff, but not inside the collar.

LANCASTER GATE.—Opera hats at weddings are not *de rigueur*.

EMOLLIENTS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

AMERICAN STYLE.

V.

MR. PONTIUS WATTLE, sitting in the library of Mrs. RONALD CAY's "House of Correctness," New York, looks a little like a changed man. His port shows more pride, his speech more authority. Mrs. CAY regards him with the complacency of a manufacturer examining her tolerably finished product.

Mr. W. And you remember my first visit to you? How far off it seems!

Mrs. C. As far as from the reception room to the library.

Mr. W. You know better than that. I'm not the same. Then I was just a plain millionaire. Now I am a philanthropist, a world-figure, a friend of Kings.

Mrs. C. You might have been more. If you had taken my advice you would now be a Queen's husband.

Mr. W. That's so, that's so. But none of the marriageable Queens on the list you gave me would do. They were Queens in such a small way of business. And, to be honest, they didn't like me. Not even after they knew how I stood in with the Emperor WILLIAM.

Mrs. C. They are an odd folk, Queens.

Mr. W. Queerest you ever saw. I only got far enough with one of 'em to talk abdication and marriage. And she was a strictly one-horse show.

Mrs. C. Not pretty?

Mr. W. You bet your life she was pretty—pretty as a peach—pretty as a red wagon. But guess what she said?

Mrs. C. I can't guess.

Mr. W. Said she'd like to quit queen-ing, and reckoned she could stand me, but she'd never live in New York. She'd consider—what do you think?—Idaho.

Mrs. C. Idaho! Are you sure?

Mr. W. Said she'd like a real Wild West life, a place where she could put her feet on the table, and drink whisky out of a tin cup, but that New York wasn't anything, not civilised and not barbarous—just rich.

Mrs. C. My dear friend, I cannot accuse myself of inexperience, but this is the first time I have heard "rich" used as a word of reproach.

Mr. W. Same here.

Mr. WATTLE gets up, walks about aimlessly, then comes to a halt in front of Mrs. CAY.

Mr. W. See here, Mrs. CAY. I did a lot of thinking coming home on the steamer. I said to myself, "WATTLE..."

Mrs. C. Don't you call yourself by your first name?

Mr. W. No, but you can, if you like. I said to myself, "What you want is an American woman for a wife, some top-notch who understands business. Not a party whose position's doubtful in Society, nor one who hasn't sense enough to see that the only real kind of aristocrat hasn't got to have family or manners, or even money—though I've got it, lots. The only real aristocrat's the man who's naturally the boss, no matter where you put him."

Mrs. C. You, for example.

Mr. W. Me, of course. Well, what do you say?

Mrs. C. I'll try to find somebody.

Mr. W. Haven't anyone in your head?

Mrs. C. No.

Mr. W. Well, I'm durned. This is an offer of marriage.

Mrs. C. To me? You're joking.

Mr. W. You're what I want—an American Society working-woman. I said to myself on the boat, "Ask the Widow CAY."

Mrs. C. The Widow CAY! But my... Well, I don't say no. Give me a little time. You have—how many millions?

Mr. W. I'll bring you a schedule of my property to-morrow.

Mrs. C. If I accept I shall drive a hard bargain.

Mr. W. That's all right. You'll find me an easy mark. I don't suppose you're marrying me for the fun of the thing.

Mrs. C. People will laugh at us, don't you think?

Mr. W. What of it, so long as they eat our dinners?

Mrs. C. And then, you see, I'm happy enough now.

Mr. W. That reminds me. You must give up this thing—this millionaires' training-school.

Mrs. C. Why? It's rather good fun, and it's the best school of the kind in New York.

Mr. W. That's just it. I ain't going to have any more fellows like me coming here from Idaho or Montana or Colorado and bucking against me in this Society business. I won't stand it. If I marry you I kill the most dangerous kind of competition. The only man you train will be PONTIUS WATTLE. And I'll go far, with you to back me.

Mrs. C. Do you mind my asking if that's the reason you wish me to marry you?

Mr. W. About twenty-five per cent. that. About twenty-five per cent. your position and efficiency. And say twenty-five or thirty your personal charm.

Mrs. C. That makes eighty per cent. And the rest?

Mr. W. I haven't figured it so close. Let you know to-morrow.

Mrs. C. Well—perhaps. Come early—about three.

Mr. W. Three sharp. Good-bye.

Mrs. CAY, left alone, contemplates the ceiling with a little perplexity.

Mrs. C. (*to herself*). "The Widow CAY"!... I wonder what made him think me a widow?... I shall have to go to Dakota and get a divorce from RONALD.

O. P. GOSSIP.

THE end of the close season at the Savoy Theatre will be marked by the production of *The Love Birds*. We would suggest that Sir WALTER PARRATT be engaged to lead the orchestra.

Topical allusions seem to be going out of fashion. "JOHN STRANGE WINTER" wishes it to be understood that the name of her new play, *The Question*, has no political significance, and that the reference to the English climate which has been discovered in her pen-name is purely fortuitous.

The Lord Chamberlain having insisted that the name of a new play entitled *The White Slaves of London* should be altered "because there are no slaves in London," we feel justified in announcing the following revisions:—*Alice through the Looking Glass* will be known in future as *Alice's Dream*, because it is obviously impossible to get through a looking-glass; and *A Chinese Honeymoon* is to be called *A Chinese Partnership*, since, as everybody knows, a properly constituted honeymoon, even in China, can only run for a month.

A SOIRÉE AT OLYMPIA.

It was indeed a Græco-Roman evening, or rather, a Terrible-Greeko-Turko-Russian gathering, with a very strong flavouring of most other nationalities thrown in, with the accent on the *thrown*. We had a Græco-Roman time of it, getting into the huge building, while seven thousand other competitors were endeavouring, pretty well simultaneously, to shove-in-as-shove-can. However, once inside the arena under the genial direction of the American manager, Mr. CHARLES S. WELLS, we were enabled to secure front seats, with plenty of elbow-room and no "half-nelsons." Then, under the glare of thirty arc lights touching one another in a row half round the "ring"—which was an elevated square with sloping carpeted sides for wrestlers who couldn't help it to toboggan down—we sat in comfort and marvelled.

First the troupe of the Terrible Greek, ANTONIO PIERRI, took the floor at eight o'clock. The Alarming Spaniard, CHORELLA, after a spill-and-tumble of eighteen minutes' duration, beat the Bewildering Belgian, LE MEUNIER. For part of the time the latter was teetotumming on his head, walking like a wheelbarrow on his hands, or wiping the perspiration off his brow on the Spaniard's back. The next bout was between two Formidable Englishmen, J. WHISTLER and T. BARKER, who caught-as-catch-could until the former upset his opponent in about nine minutes; whereupon CARROLL the Dreadful and FOURNIER the Fearsome had a "fall" (which was no fall, but ended in an *entente cordiale*) for the space of ten minutes.

Then came the event of the evening. Mr. FRANK GLENISTER proclaimed with a megafunnel to the four corners of the earth that between the Terrible Turk MADRALI and the Leonine Russian HAKKENSCHMIDT there were to be three bouts, and no "rolling fall" would be allowed, but only a "fair pin fall." True enough, you could have heard a pin fall in the breathless silence of expectation ere the arrival of the Two Tremendous Ones at 9 P.M. MADRALI with his top-knot, wherewith to be hauled into Paradise, and the little black leather charm around his neck, came first, accompanied by his seconds, TOM CANNON and PIERRI; a minute later "HACK," with his Teutonic supporters, KOCH and GRUHN, and Mr. DUNNING the referee. A handshake followed, and then came 44 seconds of distinctly crowded life and a dislocated elbow for the SULTAN's champion. Has it not all been recorded already in the Press (an appropriate word)? When the next Appalling Encounter occurs, may we be there to wrestle with it—on paper!



THE MAGIC WORD.

Huntsman (having run a fox to ground, to yodel). "RUN AWAY DOWN AND GET SOME O' YOUR FELLOWS TO COME UP WITH SPADES, WILL YE? TELL 'EM WE'RE AFTER HIDDEN TREASURE!"

"LIKE AS WE LIE."

THE Editor of the *Spatchcock* requests us to give prominence to the following:
THE "SPATCHCOCK" GREAT NEW COMPETITION.

£1,000—ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that, fresh from our recent competition triumphs, we have prepared a new contest which we believe will surpass anything ever previously placed, before the public.

We offer then the sum of *One Thousand Pounds* to the person who can tell

THE BIGGEST LIE

with reference to any subject which the competitor may select.

N.B.—No member of our staff will be permitted to compete.

NO COUPON IS REQUIRED,

but every attempt must be accompanied by a cutting from the fiscal statistics which appear in our columns.

You may possibly imagine that you have as little chance in such a competition as the late GEORGE WASHINGTON. Do not be discouraged. Look around you. Study our Japanese intelligence. Read Mr. CROSLAND on Woman. Ponder the anecdotes of your American friends. You will get a hint somewhere. Then Tell Your Lie.

A Competitor may send in any number of lies, but if, having sent in his first lie, he wishes to TELL ANOTHER, he must forward a second cutting.

ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, WAR LORD.

[In view of the proposed military changes, Mr. BALFOUR is said to be qualifying for the position of Chairman of the Defence Committee by a course of tuition at the hands of an Army crammer.]

THE gifts that Heaven on Man bestows
Are more than at first he might suppose;
Myself I hadn't included Mars
Among my various natal stars,
But always imagined I had to cope
With a merely civilian horoscope.

Early I found that I could pitch
Better than most in a bunkered ditch;
Early I saw my powers cut out
For dealing with Philosophic Doubt:
But I shouldn't have said I was fashioned for
The perilous post of a Lord of War.

It came but lately within my ken
That I was a natural Leader of Men;
Still later I found that I was made
Expressly to probe the laws of Trade:
But I never surmised by the inward sense
My singular talent for Home Defence.

It's true I had shown that mounted forces
Might be crippled for want of horses,
But nobody guessed from that one fact,
Proof though it was of martial tact,
That I could assume the nation's sword
As an *ex officio* First War Lord.

Duties of so select a kind
I always approach with an open mind:
For matters there are of grave concern
Which even a layman has got to learn;
Nobody—not the purest dunce—
Has settled convictions all at once.

I needed to know from coloured types
The rules that govern a non-com.'s stripes;
To learn what difference lay between
A bombardier and a horse-marine;
And whether your chest or the small of your back
Was the usual site for a haversack.

So, in the intervals hard to steal
From the business of doing a fiscal deal,
I take my satchel in hand and go
To an Army Coach for an hour or so,
And shape myself to a warrior's mould,
Cramming as much as I can hold.

I sit at my meals imbibing lore
From WINSTON's works on the Art of War;
From *Uncle Toby* I grow expert in
Fossé and counterscarp and curtain;
And, when my energy droops, I twitch it
With *Fights for the Flag*, by the Reverend FITCHETT.

So much for theory. Next, my plan
Involves the career of a Fighting Man.
I mean to encourage the present war-stir,
Going one better than ARNOLD-FORSTER;
Risky, I grant, it may appear,
But I think of becoming a Volunteer!

Already my heart conceives a hottish
Passion to list in the London Scottish;
And, if my serpentine length of leg
Looks out of place in a phillibeg,
I purpose to pass, in a few brief moons,
Into the Westminster Dragoons.

I cannot say if a soldier's death
Will follow upon my final breath;
But, failing this, I were well content
(Leaving my actual blood unspent)
To prove to the KAISER, spurs on heel,
That two can play at his *Weltkriegspiel*. O. S.

AN UNDERGROUNDING IN LITERATURE.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS's recent admissions as to the inspiration he drew from the Metropolitan Railway have not been long in producing imitations. The following literary items should be of general interest:—

Mr. CLARK RUSSELL has taken a pipe belonging to one of the water companies, where he will shortly produce a stirring romance of the main.

Mr. MAXIM GORKY is in treaty for a Very Much Lower Depth somewhere in the Caucasus, to be approached by a flight of Steppes.

Mr. GUY BOOTHBY has leased a coal pit so as to counteract his tendency to soar above the heads of the British Public.

Mr. HENRY JAMES has secured a disused shaft for the purpose of greater Obscurity.

Mr. ALLEN UPWARD (who is expected, in the circumstances, to adopt a pseudonym) hopes to acquire the basements of a couple of oubliettes, under the palaces respectively of King PETER of Servia and the Prince of MONACO. Here he will pursue his investigations into the "Secrets of the Courts of Europe."

Mr. CROCKETT has taken a small abyss for the Spring Season, and looks forward to completing a new story with more than usual precipitation.

It is hoped that the difficulties experienced in the South African Deep Level Labour Market may yet be met by the importation of some myriads of miner poets from the Mother Country.

The Metropolitan Railway is shortly to tempt young authors with season tickets at reduced rates, including guarantee of a fixed circulation. The Company is also prepared to hear from authors desirous of taking up a continued residence in the tunnels. Amateur Versifiers are invited to compare the Company's evenly flowing lines with their own. And to all writers suffering from the fickleness of the public the Company says:

TRY OUR PERMANENT WAY.

ABANDONED.

GOODBYE, dear, goodbye! Though it's always delightful
To live in your mild and magnificent eye;
Though I pine when we're parted, this weather's too
frightful;

So I've made up my mind I must bid you goodbye.

You must stay, dear; your duty demands it: you're never
A rebel when duty requires you to stay.

You'll be rained on and hailed on and snowed on for ever;
You'll be flooded and fogged, but I know you'll obey.

And I from our limitless lake-land near Marlow,
Where the Thames runs as high as a river can run,
Like a swallow in autumn shall seek Monte Carlo,
And watch the blue wavelets and bask in the sun.

And, oh, if at home, dear, you faint not nor slumber,
If your course and our interests you straitly pursue,
I'll put a small stake on your favourite number,
And invest the result in a present for you.

Ask for the new novel dealing with a national problem of
the day—*Great Britain; or, The Treasure Island*.



AS WE LIKE IT.

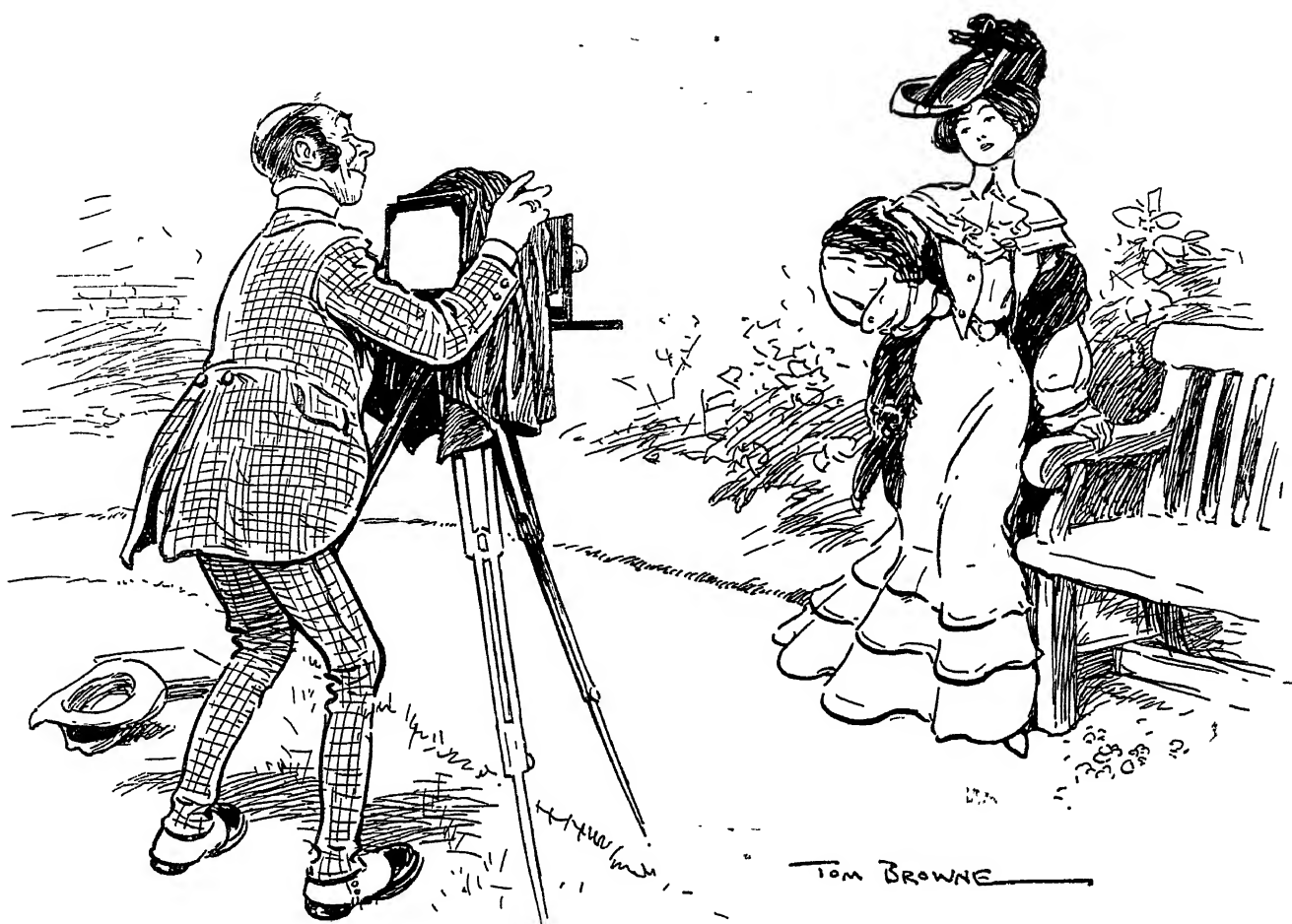
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Rosalind BRITANNIA.

Orlando MR. ARN-OLD-FIRST-R.

Charles the Wrestler OLD WAR OFFICE SYSTEM.

ROSALIND. "SIR, YOU HAVE WRESTLED WELL."—*As You Like It*, Act I., Scene 2.



Lady (who is posing and rather tired). "OH, MY DEAR MR. DOOLAN, HAVEN'T YOU YET GOT IT ALL RIGHT FOR TAKING ME?"
 Mr. Doolan (amateur photographer). "MY DEAR LADY, IT'LL BE FINE! YOU'RE JUST IN THE VERY ATTITUDE! COME ROUND NOW AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!"

THE DECAYED DRAMA AND SUBMERGED STAGE RESCUE SOCIETY (LIMITED).

Report of the First Annual Meeting, April the First, Nineteen Hundred and—(precise date still uncertain).

The Eminent Philosopher who presided said he thought they had, on the whole, some reason to congratulate themselves on the results of the past year. The Society's Training School now numbered fifty pupils of all ages, sorts and conditions, every one of whom had obtained prizes for proficiency in Oratory, Gesture and Pronunciation. (Cheers.) The high-class permanent theatre the Society had established by private munificence was not, perhaps, everything they could desire as regarded either comfort or accessibility. (Hear, hear!) If members were under any impression that they could run a West-End theatre on their annual subscriptions, all he could say was, they were vastly mistaken. Still, on the Society's stage, such as it was, they had already produced a continuous series of the dramatic masterpieces which had outlived the fashion of the moment. (Cheers.)

Among them he might mention those racy old English comedies, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, and *Ralph Roister Doister* (Applause); ADDISON'S sublime and classic tragedy, *Cato*; and Dr. JOHNSON'S equally immortal *Irene*. (Loud applause.) Coming to more recent authors, they had given representations of TALFOURD'S *Ion*; BAILEY'S *Festus*; and BROWNING'S *Paracelsus*. In spite of all this activity, he was bound to say that they had not as yet succeeded in attracting

the General Public. Why, he could not say, unless it was because their performances began at six. It was notorious that even Pittites nowadays were ashamed of dining earlier than eight, and had a servile horror of being seen of an evening out of an "evening suit." Possibly that, together with their prurient incontinence in the matter of tobacco, might account for it. Anyhow, they stayed away. (Cries of "Shame!") He feared that even Members of the Society were not so constant in their attendance as they might be. At the performance of SHERIDAN'S *Pizarro*, for instance, he was informed that there were only five people in the Stalls, fifteen in the Dress Circle, and two (counting a child in arms) in the Pit! When Members subscribed for seats, they really ought to sit in them, occasionally—if only to encourage the performers.

A Leader of Society said she had sat through the whole of the first two performances. Since then she had been unable to go herself—but she always made a point of sending some of the servants. She could not say, of course, whether they went or not. They said they did.

A Distinguished Painter said he seldom went to the play himself. He preferred sitting at home after dinner, and dreaming dreams more beautiful than anything in the British Drama. But his heart and soul were with the Society in their efforts to regenerate it.

A Well-known Barrister said so were his. But, after all, it was the Public who wanted educating—not themselves. For his part, after being in court all day, he did not feel

much inclined to turn out of an evening, even to enjoy the Society's productions. And if it came to that, how many of them had their Chairman attended?

The Chairman said that was *his* affair. A man in his position had his evenings pretty full—especially during the Season. He could assure them it was a continual hurry from one Society crush to another. Besides, he was obliged to drop in on the *un-intellectual* Drama now and then—just to keep his eye on it.

A Lady Novelist thought people would go more regularly if they could see our leading actors and actresses taking part in the Society's performances. *She* would, for one. Several of them were members, why were they not invited to give their services?

A Popular Actor said all the parts with any "fat" in them were allotted to the Training School pupils, and he could hardly be expected to play subordinate characters in six different dramas every week for such remuneration as the Society seemed to think sufficient. He was willing to make almost any sacrifice to preserve the Drama—but, naturally, his wife and family came first. He didn't think it was the *acting* that kept people away. It was not at all bad, considering. Indeed, his old friend and manager, *Mr. Fitzroy Flair*, a most enthusiastic supporter of the Society, had considered some of its pupils so promising that he had actually given them engagements to "walk on" at his own theatre! (*Cheers.*) No, it wasn't the acting—it was the pieces they put on. They might be classics—but they were good old chestnuts, every one of them! (*Murmurs.*) If they wanted to rake the Public in, they must try and get hold of something that would be a draw—a "winner," if they knew what he meant.

An Able Editor agreed that they had not done much, as yet, to encourage Contemporary Genius. He believed that *Mr. THOMAS HARDY* was publishing a drama. It would be a great feather in their cap if they could be the first to introduce such a work to the stage.

An Accomplished Critic said there was only one objection—the play in question was a Trilogy in Nineteen Acts, and a hundred and thirty scenes, and was intended for mental performance only, and not for the stage.

An Earnest Literary Lady said surely it was precisely plays of that kind that their Society had been established to produce.

A Cosmopolitan Composer suggested that there were several unacted masterpieces by *EOHEGARAY*, *MAETERLINCK*, and *GORKY*, which were admirably suited for the education of the British Playgoer.

A Gallant General said he didn't know much about such things, but he rather fancied that none of the gentlemen who had just been mentioned were what you might call *British Dramatists*, exactly, eh?

The Previous Speaker said that *was* so, and the more shame to the British Drama that it *should* be! For his own part, he never went to *any* play that wasn't written by a foreigner.

A Broad-minded Bishop said he could not go quite so far as his friend who had just sat down. A play might be English, and yet have much that was good in it. Their Society included more than one—er—fairly brilliant British Dramatist. Why not commission one of *them* to write a play for their purposes? It must be a *moral* play, of course.

The Chairman intimated that one of such members had already been approached, and had actually promised them a comedy. But for some reason or other he had backed out at the last moment. (*Cries of "Shame!" and "Name!"*)

A Brilliant British Dramatist said he supposed the Chairman meant *him*. He would tell them exactly how it was: The Comedy he had sent the Committee had cost him eighteen months' hard labour—("Oh, oh!")—he meant

work. As they were unable to guarantee him more than a month's run of two nights a week, it was obvious that any percentages he might receive would be less than he could count upon from any West-End house. But he did not mind *that*—the honour and glory of a production under the auspices of such a Society as theirs would have more than compensated him. (*Applause.*) He didn't "back out," as the Chairman called it, till he saw the lady and gentleman whom the Committee insisted on casting for his heroine and hero.

A Member of the Committee said perhaps the last speaker was not aware that they were their two very best pupils, and had each taken the Society's Silver Medal for Earnestness and Intelligence.

The B. B. Dramatist said what *he* objected to was that the gentleman, besides being undersized, was a trifle uncertain about his "h"s, while the lady, who he admitted was a competent elocutionist, suffered under the disadvantage of a marked visual obliquity. All his characters were titled people, and he could not think that either pupil would quite look the part.

A Leading Manager said that didn't matter a straw so long as they could *act* it. Any capable actor could, by sheer histrionic ability, sink his identity, and give life to characters seemingly opposed to his personality. (*Applause.*)

A Dramatic Poet said he did not mind *who* acted *his* play, so long as it *was* acted. There was a little thing of his own, a blank verse Tragedy in a Prologue and Five Acts, which, for the sake of resuscitating the British Drama, he was perfectly willing to place at their disposal. (*Applause, during which several other members who had little things of their own displayed a similar generosity.*)

A Learned Professor said he had been endeavouring of late to determine by a process of selection and synthesis the necessary components of the kind of piece most calculated to rejuvenate the British Stage, and bring about a healthier condition of things. He really believed he had succeeded at last. (*Applause.*) Perhaps some of his ideas might seem rather revolutionary at first—but anyway, he would tell them the conclusions he had arrived at. The ideal Play should be original in form (*applause*); it should not be too long. (*Some dissent.*) Well, really, some of the Society's productions had struck him as *rather* long! (*Renewed dissent.*) Then, he thought the Plot should be not too involved—in fact, he wasn't sure that it might not be dispensed with altogether. The Scenery should be simple—only one scene for each Act—but that one beautiful and harmonious in colour, like the costumes. Next, the story should be illustrated from time to time by Songs and Dances. (*Murmurs.*) Why *not*? What was the use of teaching their pupils singing and dancing if they were to have no opportunities of exhibiting these accomplishments? Lastly, he would introduce a Chorus, somewhat after the old Greek fashion, only with this difference—*his* Chorus should always be of the gentler sex, and of comely appearance—the older he got, the fonder he was of seeing young and pretty faces about him. (*Interruption.*) As for the story, that was of minor importance, the one essential was to have something bright always going on at any given moment. If all these conditions could only be fulfilled—and *he* thought they *could*—they would at last see—Eh? what? was that so?—He was informed by his friend the Chairman that what he had just been describing exactly corresponded to the type of "Octopus Musical Comedy" which had seized upon the majority of their playhouses! If so, it was a *most* singular coincidence—because, as it happened, the only theatrical representations he had witnessed for fifty years were the performances of the Society!

[*Confusion, amidst which the Meeting adjourned.*

F. A.

THE PURSUIT OF PERIPHRAISIS.

HINTS TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

No literary vice is more calculated to make the judicious grieve than that of repetition; none, on the other hand, within certain limits, is easier of avoidance. For example, if you have mentioned Berlin in one line and are obliged to refer to that capital in the next sentence or paragraph, it is easy enough to obviate the monotony of bald repetition by some such synonym as "Athens on the Spree." Similarly, if it is desirable to evade a second use of the name Bacchus, one can always substitute some artistic phrase such as "the pagan deity who was neither Mealer nor Teetotaller." If it be objected that some of our most eminent authors have lent the weight of their authority to the contrary view, *e.g.*, SHAKSPEARE, who is responsible for such solecisms as "To be or not to *be*," instead of saying "not to exist," it cannot be too strongly emphasised that between SHAKSPEARE and modern journalism a wide gulf is fixed; and that whatever merits the Swan of Avon may have possessed, he would never have made his mark as a leader writer, or even a high-class descriptive reporter.

But periphrasis, like all fine arts, is not to be mastered in a moment. I have given one or two instances in which the phrase leaps to the pen. But in the higher walks of modern journalism, in which the personal note is so persistently sounded, it is not everyone who can devise a really choice and up-to-date circumlocution. In such a case precept is useless unless reinforced by concrete examples, and I propose to illustrate the true and artistic method of dealing with this problem by a few specimens of illuminating periphrasis which may serve as models to the aspiring scribe.

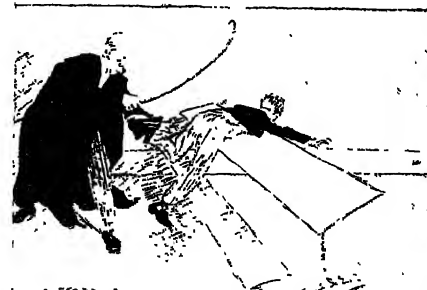
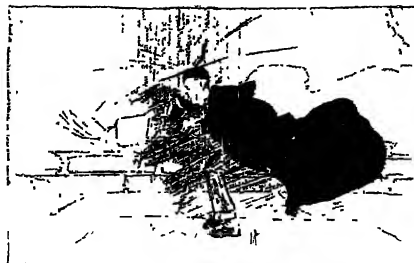
POLITICAL SYNONYMS.

Here of course the way in which the personal equation is solved will depend largely on the context. If, for example, you are dealing with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in connection with Mr. BALFOUR, it is subtle as well as apt to describe him as "The Fiscal HASKELL." If your attitude approximates to that of the Cobden Club, he may be safely labelled "The CATILINE of Highbury": if to that of the Tariff Reform League, do not hesitate to call him "The Birmingham ARISTIDES." It is the greatest mistake to suppose that a little learning is a dangerous thing.

In journalism a classical name or quotation, no matter how incorrectly given, invariably impresses the man in the street. From Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE the transition is



ANTICIPATION.



REALISATION.

easy. Here the note to strike is the sudden and unexpected animation of the Liberal Unionist leader, and I would therefore suggest such arresting phrases as "The Chanticleer of Chatsworth," or better still, "The ex-Ephesian." As I have said above, make a point of salting

your periphrasis with topicality. Should, therefore, President ROOSEVELT be the subject for the display of the evasive art, give the preference to "The HACKEN-SCHMIDT of the White House" over such musty and moth-eaten circumlocutions as "The ci-devant Cow-puncher."

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS PERIPHRASIS.

It is, perhaps, in the department of art, pastime, the drama, above all letters, that the widest scope for the display of this delicate accomplishment is found. Mr. SARGENT may be transformed into "The GREVILLE of the Brush," or "The Debreff Scarifier." Sometimes again the best results may be attained by a severe and chaste simplicity, as when Mr. C. B. FRY is styled "The English RANJITSINEJI," and Prince RANJITSINEJI "The Indian FRY." The claims of *Lemprière* are satisfied by applying the imaginative metaphor, "The Achilles of Old Trafford," to Mr. A. C. MACLAREN. Turning, as one naturally does, from cricket to the footlights, do not fail to note as suitable phrases for Mr. BEERBOHM TREE "The Mikado of Mummerys," or "The Great Japanjandrum of the Stage," while if repeated reference to Mons. WALKLEY be necessary "The mobilised MEZZOFANTI" should meet the case. Where omniscience is the theme, periphrasis becomes a pleasure. Thus Mr. ANDREW LANG's Protean versatility suggests in rapid succession "The Merry One," "The *Ency. Brit.* of St. Andrew's," "The Old Humourist," or (in a psychical context) "The un-canny Scot." For Mr. HENRY JAMES "The Lycophron of Rye" or "The Cinque Ports Outtlefish" may be confidently recommended, while Lord AVEBURY's literary, financial and apiarian interests are neatly hit off in "The City Centlivre" or "The MAETERLINCK of Lombard Street." With the Poet Laureate, as with Mr. LANG, the difficulty is not that of creating but of choosing. Some of the happiest euphemisms that have occurred to me are "The Tyrtæus of the Alhambra," "The Grand Old Gardener that we love," "The Swinford Old Manorist" and "The Paid Piper of Windsor." Lastly, the gifted and generous writer whose residence has cast a fresh lustre on SHAKESPEARE's birthplace may be suitably described as "The new ANNE HATHAWAY," or "The ANNIE S. SWAN of Avon."

FUR-COAT FASHIONS.

(By the Expert Wrinkler.)

REQUESTS for advice regarding the care of fur coats are so numerous, that, as a gentleman, I can no longer postpone my reply. To begin with, the commonest ailment to which the fur coat is addicted is, perhaps, baldness. For this I recommend the frequent application of Tatcho or some other equally efficacious capillary restorative. Better still, however, is it to take time by the fetlock and prevent the disease. As to the best antiseptics, opinions differ. My man makes an excellent mixture of assafoetida and cayenne pepper, sulphur and green tea, which he burns in a



THE VALENTINE.

"'ERE'S A PRETTY GO! I CAN'T REACH 'ERE, AND IF I TAKE IT TO THE POST-OFFICE THEY'LL KNOW WHO SENT IT!"

small brazier practically continuously through July and August, when moths' appetites are at their sharpest. Old cigar-ends steeped in resin are also useful. My grandmother had an old-fashioned country recipe for preserving tippets and muffs. It consisted of powdered toadstools, fir-cones, and the legs and tails of fieldmice, all worked up into a paste with paraffin and ignited in the fur closet. No moth could survive it.

THE CURE OF MOULTING.

Moulting is a calamity to which all fur coats, even the best cared for, are liable. When the attack comes on the best course is, perhaps, to consult a Vet., but home treatment is possible too. I attribute my own success with fur coats to a conversation I once had some years ago with JAMRACH, in which I received some priceless hints. Ever since then I have kept JAMRACH's ointments at hand, all ready to apply in case any of my coats throw out signals of distress. For the Polar bear I use nitro-glycerine; for astrachan, cream of tartar; for sable, anchovy paste; for chinchilla, Elliman's embrocation; and for mink, golden syrup.

A COMPLETE FUR OUTFIT.

The reader may gather from the foregoing remarks that I have too many fur coats. But I can assure him that in our variable climate no leader of fashion could do with fewer. My plan, which I can

recommend with the utmost confidence, is to be guided partly by the thermometer, and partly by the nature of my engagements. For example, if I am calling on a very cold day at a house which I specially desire to honour, I don the Polar bear. On an equally cold day, in less influential company, the leopard suits my purpose. For the opera, my lion-skin Chesterfield; for musical comedy, my zebra Raglan; for the pantomime, my marmoset covert-coat. My mole-skin aquascutum I reserve exclusively for travelling in the Tube, while for motoring I have had built a special crocodile skin Newmarket, lined with a judicious blend of ermine, lambs-wool and eiderdown. Between the outer and inner lining there is a water-tight compartment, which can be filled with hot water whenever the temperature falls below freezing point.

Nothing is so misguided as to restrict the use of fur to one garment. In winter one should present a symphony in fur. For instance, when I am patronising the Polar bear, I wear also reindeer mocassins, tiger-skin spats, python puttees, seal-skin knickers, a hair shirt, eel-skin braces, and a beaver hat. I may add that, in order to prepare himself for the custody of my sartorial menagerie, my man spent some weeks under the late Mr. BARTLETT as an underkeeper at the Zoo.

THE FUR COAT IN THE OFF-SEASON.

The fur coat, when not in use—that is to say, in the milder days of winter or in the summer months—may be employed in other ways. I have known a fur coat become quite a steady wage-earner for its master by being rented to a photographer for the use of his clients. Another fur coat of my acquaintance lent an illusion of prosperity to a theatrical manager on the brink of disaster (at half a guinea a week). But not everyone cares to see his garments worn by another. To these off-season uses I would add that the fur coat makes an admirable portière and an excellent hearthrug, while it is invaluable in private theatricals. A naturalist friend of mine kept his in the garden all through the summer, where it not only served as an efficient scarecrow but provided, in the pockets, a nesting-place for numberless wrens and tits, owls and orioles, to his no small delight.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUIDA.—If the Moths become very truculent, squirt the coat with a garden hose charged with ammoniated quinine.

ANTHONY ROWLEY.—Frogs certainly have a very stylish appearance, but should not be sported unless you hold a commission in one or more of the Services.



“VERY LIKE A WHALE.”

Lady Visitor (who has been listening to Piscator's story). “I DIDN'T KNOW THAT TROUT GREW AS LARGE AS THAT!”
Piscator's Wife. “OH, YES, THEY DO—AFTER THE STORY HAS BEEN TOLD A FEW TIMES!”

A VANISHED ART.

[“The once famous wit of the London cabman has degenerated into a mere capacity for profane abuse.”—*Vide New Liberal Review.*]

DELIGHTFUL Jehu, whose prolific wit
 Seemed to our wistful ears a joy for ever,
 Whose lips were nicely fashioned to emit
 A discourse no less opportune than clever;

Whose face, surmounted by the well-poised tile,
 Bespake (concealed inside) a soul seraphic,
 And aimed seductive pleasantries the while
 At casual pilots of competing traffic;—

What ails thee, gentle Jehu? People cry,
 Who travel much in cabs and omnibuses,
 That all thy wit is now supplanted by
 A vulgar stream of paralysing cusses!

The easy quirk, the quaint but artless quip,
 The free but never questionable banter,
 The answering sallies of a fellow whip,
 Extremely pointed and evolved instant;

The well-directed flow of repartee
 Touching the moral tone, the near relations
 Of passers by; the searching simile
 That hailed a rival's facial malformations;—

We never hear them now, the art is dead
 That raised thee from the ruck of base humanity;
 Our ears are now astonished in their stead
 By undiluted gusts of sheer profanity.

At least they tell us so: oh is it true?
 Has trade depression plunged thy soul in gloom or
 Has England been developing a new
 And more fastidious idea of humour?

Perchance our intellects are growing dense
 That hailed thee years ago the prince of japers,
 Perhaps the passenger's prehensile sense
 Is clogged by extracts from the comic papers.

Maybe a strain of humour still appears
 Amid the flow of alien imprecation,
 Which, if we didn't have to stop our ears,
 Might still revive thy tarnished reputation.

It's hard to say: but I've a lingering doubt,
 A fear, perhaps unworthy, that a brother
 Author was short of things to write about,
 And thought thee just as likely as another!

MOTTO FOR ENGLAND, when everything is excluded from the country by the New Tariffs—“*N'importe.*”



THE DANGERS OF SCIENCE.

IT HAS BEEN IMPRESSED UPON MASTER TOM THAT HE MUST NOT STARE ABOUT HIM DURING THE SERMON, BUT MUST KEEP HIS EYE ON THE CLERGYMAN. AN UNFORTUNATE BIRTHDAY PRESENT ENABLES HIM FOR ONCE TO DO THIS!

CHARIVARIA.

"UPPER Street, Islington, is the worst road for mud in London," said Judge EDGE at Clerkenwell County Court. We consider this attempt to make trouble with the Strand authorities most deplorable.

A writer in a lady's journal declares that the mourning fashions are now so pretty that the loss of a husband is no longer the terrible calamity it once was.

A contemporary stupidly wonders

"What the War Office will think of its proposed abolition." It is well known that the present War Office has no thinking department.

An interesting centenary has taken place. Trousers are a hundred years old. But not everybody's.

A dispute is raging as to who invented the Roddy Owen Collar. One would certainly like to drive home the responsibility.

There are traitors even among doctors.

A medical man has just published a book entitled "How to keep well."

In these days of publicity it becomes more and more difficult to keep a secret. The manager of the Hotel Cecil has informed a newspaper interviewer that in his hotel there are private detectives on every floor, and that not a soul outside the management knows it.

"Nonsense, by H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON," is the title of an article in the *Daily Mail*. Not every author is so modest.

Where will the Puzzle Competition Craze stop, we wonder? Six hundred and twenty guineas were given at a London sale-room last week for Sir ALMA TADEMA'S "Who is it?"

The London Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial has produced some remarkable examples of persons who have been buried while only in a trance, and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE is stated to be seriously alarmed.

Admirers of Lord ROBERTS will be glad to hear that the sensational statement of several papers to the effect that the Commander-in-Chief is to be abolished is happily untrue. The abolition refers only to the office he holds.

Through the efforts of the State Department, a former Chinese Minister to the United States, who was beheaded on the outbreak of the Boxer troubles, has now been pardoned.

"The Terrible Turk" does not strike us as being a very happy name for a new brand of cigarettes.

It is untrue that at Lord WIMBORNE'S Reconciliation dinner-party plain clothes police-officers were placed between each couple of friends.

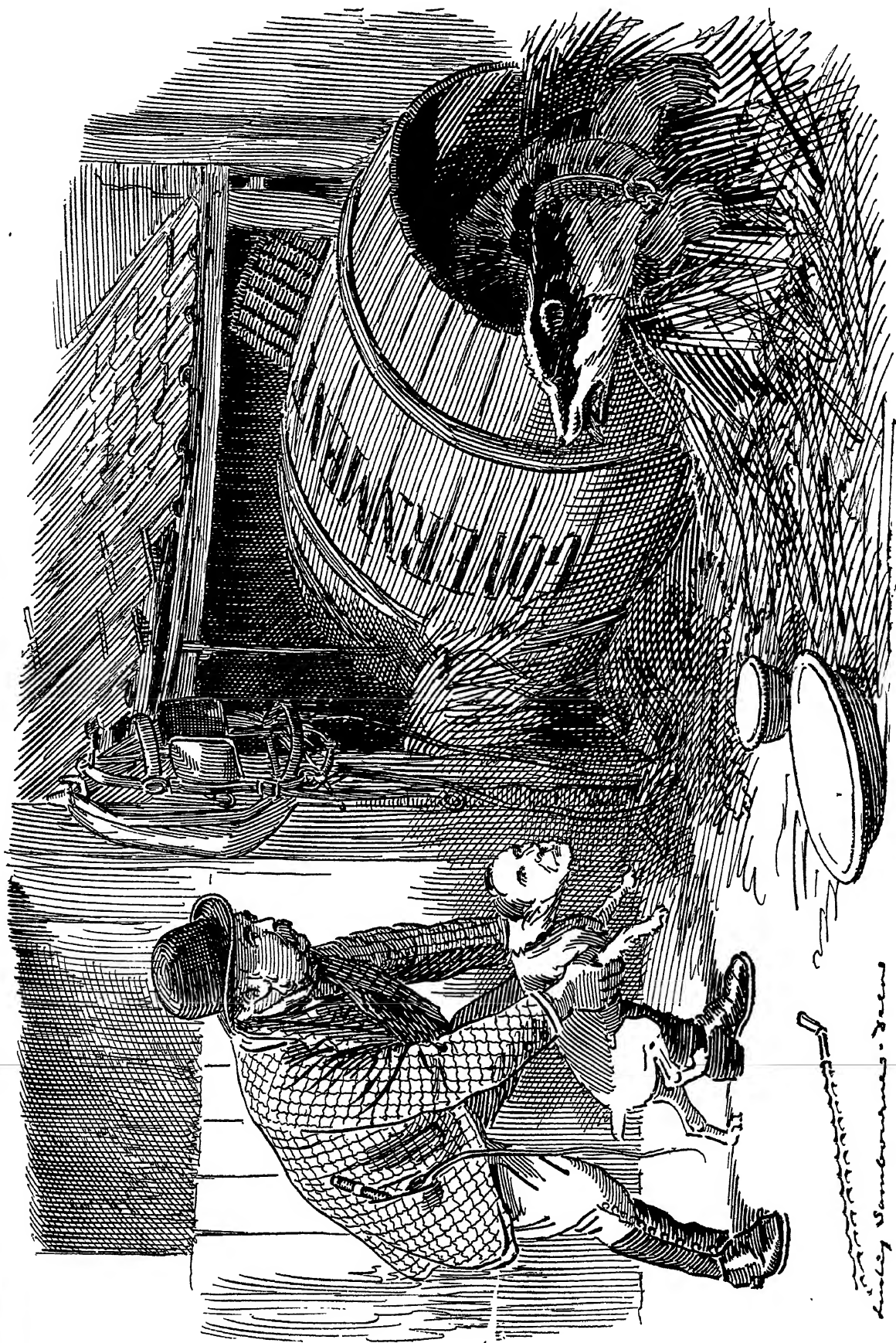
The Liberal Party to the Liberal Unionist Party:—"Up with your Dukes!"

The Jailbirds made their appearance last week at Wyndham's Theatre. *The Arm of the Law* will not, Mr. BOURCHIER informs us, be ready till the 16th inst. The Law's delays again!

To the delight of all good Britishers Japan's financial position has suddenly been improved. An American Correspondent has been fined ten shillings for photographing fortifications at Moji.

MISUNDERSTOOD.—*Enthusiastic Musical Amateur*. I say, old fellow, come and hear the "Kruse Quartet."

Apathetic Friend. Thanks, no; I don't care about nautical music.



A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

(Drawing the Badger.)

KEEPER C-MPD-LL-B-XX-RM-N. "GOOD DOG—FETCH HIM OUT!"

Wm. S. Gurney. 1904.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday night, February 2.—A great deal has happened since the prorogation last August.

days, GLADSTONE turned, not towards the youth who had spoken, but upon the proud parent seated on the very bench he occupied to-night, acclaiming the speech as "dear and refreshing to a father's heart."

House, no more need of sitting out long speeches by prosy Peers.

For thirty-five years there has been in the House of Lords a Marquis of SALISBURY on the front bench, either to right or left of the Woolsack. Under whatever circumstances he presented himself he was the predominant figure of the hour. Of late years, whilst he sat on the Ministerial bench, with chin sunk on his breast, fists dug into the cushion in support of a tired and drowsy body, he was still the centre of interest. At any moment he might wake up and plunge into debate, his lambent wit scorching some hapless Peer, not necessarily selected from the ranks of the Opposition. AMURATH to AMURATH succeeds. The MARKISS is dead; long live the MARQUIS. To-night he came up and signed the roll of Parliament, taking his seat near his father's old place in his new capacity as Lord Privy Seal.

Il y a fagots et fagots.

"And there are Marquises and Marquises," said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "Since we are dropping into foreign languages, perhaps I may add there is also *longo intervallo*."

On a night saddened by the illness and absence of PRINCE ARTHUR one other touching episode struck the eye and will dwell in the memory till death do us part. When Parliament prorogued, Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH occupied an appreciable space on the Ministerial Bench. He was Secretary of State for Scotland, and an uncommonly good one too. Then came the dramatic series of alarms and excursions from the Cabinet chamber in Downing Street. Under



REYNARD AMONG THE ROOSTERS.

(Mr. Chamberlain takes his seat between Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Edward Dring.)

Indications of extent and direction found in both Houses on this our opening day. In the Lords COUNTY GUY, strolling in only a few minutes late, passed the Front Bench where late he sat as Leader, and dropped into corner seat on front bench below Gangway. In the Commons AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Chancellor of the Exchequer, stood by the brass-bound box, spokesman of the Conservative Ministry, defending "my right hon. friend the Member for Birmingham" from the base attack of truculent C.-B.

Here at this very spot, eleven years ago come next April, stood Mr. GLADSTONE hailing the new-born morn with passionate pleading for his Home Rule Bill. In the midst of the crisis, on the eve of the Division, with no man sure what an hour might bring forth, the chivalrous veteran reined in his horse and lowered his lance in salute to the son of his ablest, relentless foeman.

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, not then dreaming of Chancellorships of the Exchequer, his furthest view modestly bounded by possibility, in some far-off day, of a Junior Lordship of the Treasury, had made his maiden speech. Of course it was against the war-worn chieftain's cherished Bill. What it could do in the way of riving it was done smartly. Recognising talent, remembering former

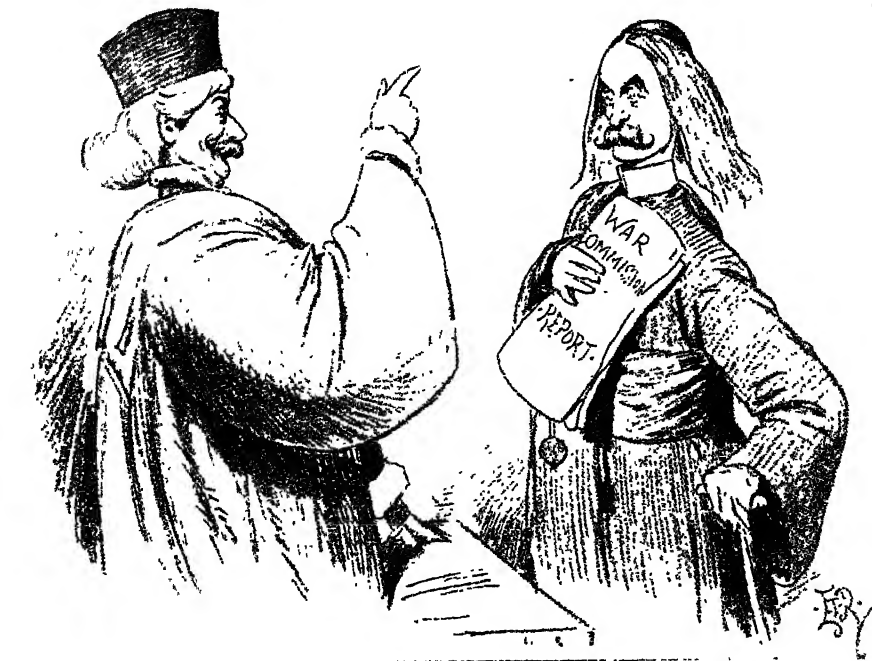
Here we are again, as used to be said at old Drury in Christmas-time. Eleven years have passed, the whole Eleven bowled out by Time. And behold the scene to-night. A slim, straight, youthful figure stands by the Box in bygone days battered by the vigorous palm of a great orator. Last Autumn the proud and pleased father, having plunged the Cabinet into dire perplexity, humbly fared forth, taking on himself once more the vesture of the private Member. To-night his orchid gleams from the very seat below the Gangway whence, eleven years ago, he bowed his head in almost reverential acknowledgment of his old captain's courtesy to the boy—the boy now a man, in the very prime of life, Privy Councillor, Chancellor of the Exchequer, successor to PITT, PEEL, GLADSTONE, DISRAELI, who, not puffed up with pride, mindful of past favours, takes under his protection "my right hon. friend the Member for Birmingham," letting whom it may concern know that those who strike at him will smite the shield of his son.

The Lords also had their personal dramas beyond the passing of COUNTY GUY skirting the Ministerial Bench with thankful thought that no more for him will be necessity for seeking his place sharp on the hour of the meeting of the



"KING CHARLES'S HEAD, MR. SPEAKER!"

"I noticed a perpetual endeavour and an earnest desire under all circumstances, at all times, to bring in somehow or other King Charles the First's head—the ex-Secretary of State's head—and to present it on a charger for the repudiation and the derision of the House."—Mr. Chamberlain.



"PORTIA" WYNDHAM.

"Therefore, Robson,
Though Justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of Justice, none of us
Should see salvation
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh:
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Tory blood, thy lands and goods
Are confiscate."—*Merchant of Venice*, 1904.

circumstances not altogether free from surprise, but highly honourable to him, B. of B. found himself out of office, he and COUNTY GUY walking hand in hand, like Babes in the Wood, with a vague but unmistakable conviction that somewhere about was a Wicked Uncle.

Where would the ex-Secretary for Scotland sit under the new circumstances?

It seemed probable that, having preceded COUNTY GUY in leaving the Cabinet he would follow him to his new quarters below the Gangway. The LORD CHANCELLOR took his seat; business was entered upon, speeches were made.

"He cometh not," said COUNTY GUY.

Suddenly the curious eye, wandering round the crowded Ministerial Benches, lighted upon BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH throned among the Bishops! To-night he wore layman's attire. But what with the subtle force of saintly companionship, what with spare surplises hanging round in the robing room, who shall say what the morrow may not bring forth?

Meanwhile BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH has fled to sanctuary, sitting among the Bishops with complacent confidence that if there is any fresh manoeuvring in Cabinet circles it cannot in his new surrounding affect him.

Business done.—The KING opens Parliament with Royal pomp and ceremony.

Friday night.—Through the week Parliament has sat on four days. This Diary, which purports to cover the full period, is, as the keen-sighted reader will observe, confined to a single entry. The circumstance seems to require explanation, but no apology—at least, from me.

I do not, this week, describe or comment upon proceedings in the House of Commons for reasons analogous to those which, on a historic occasion, prevented the Spanish Fleet being descried. The Spanish Fleet "was not yet in sight," and the doors of the Press Gallery having, by order, been closed against me, I have not passed them.

The whole story has an archaic, musty flavour pungent in the nostrils of the so-called Twentieth Century. Man and boy I have for thirty-two years had my box in the front row of the Press Gallery. For more than twenty years I, by favour of the constituency of Barks—that is to say, of the English-speaking race whose area is encompassed by Mr. Punch's "far-flung battle-line"—have, with more or less prosaic accu-

racy, recorded Parliamentary events on this page. But opportunity was not derived from the renown or position of my esteemed Master. Mr. Punch's *Chronicle* has no *locus standi* in the Press Gallery. It was by connection with a long-established London morning paper that entrance was permitted. It happens this Session that that particular section of the *Chronicle's* services has been transferred to another London daily paper of modern birth, a vigorous infant with a daily circulation exceeding 600,000.

Nominally admission to the Press Gallery is within the province of the SPEAKER. Actually the department is administered by the Sergeant-at-Arms. And the Sergeant-at-Arms courteously but relentlessly refuses to recognise the existence of this 600,000-pounder even to the extent of issuing for its service a single Gallery ticket.

The reason alleged is that there is "no room." Last Session it happened that two of the older London morning papers dispensed with the services of their reporting staff, thus clearing out of the Gallery an aggregate of fourteen gentlemen. Have these empty places been filled up? If so, how? If not, what becomes of the plea of no room?

The fact is, the whole relations of the Press and Parliament are tainted with the arbitrary conditions that marked them at an epoch when the freedom of the people was at its lowest ebb. To this day there stands in the Order Book a provision which makes it a high crime and misdemeanour for any newspaper to report Parliamentary proceedings. The enactment is a dead letter; but its spirit is not laid.

The London Press, being perhaps the most decently mannered, certainly the most impeccable, in the world, is also the most powerful. Yet it meekly suffers a condition of things that would not be permitted to exist for a week in the relations of the local press with a Town Council or Parish Vestry. The Sergeant-at-Arms is animated by no other motive than desire impartially to administer the business remitted to him by ancient usage. This he does with a courtesy that disarms resentment in individual hard cases. But, naturally, he knows little or nothing of the relative positions of the Daily Papers. The consequence is that the avowed desire of giving fair representation to the Press is even grotesquely frustrated. One journal has at its exclusive disposal three Boxes and admission for over a dozen reporters. Others have two Boxes and a proportionate number of tickets. Whilst a paper supplying the Parliamentary needs of a public wider than the aggregate circulation of three or four of these journals



IN LEAP YEAR.

Hopeless Widower. "NOTHING CAN MEND A BROKEN HEART."
 Hopeful Widow. "EXCEPT RE-PAIRING."

put together, is denied the privilege of admission for a single representative.

The House of Commons is slow to lay reforming hand on the Ark of its procedure. Within the last ten years it has, under sheer compulsion, applied itself to the task with the happiest results. It is time the anachronism of the supervision of the Press Gallery was dealt with through the machinery of a Select Committee.

Meanwhile, as far as I am personally concerned, the restriction that governs the chronicle this week will henceforward be inoperative. When the circumstances became known, TOBY, M.P. was overwhelmed with proffers from all parts of the House, not excepting the Treasury Bench, of good offices, Members placing at his disposal their personal privilege of obtaining admission for a "Stranger." For this demonstration of friendliness to a faithful servitor, *Mr. Punch* offers his thanks.

Business done.—TOBY, M.P.'s intermitted; but only temporarily.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A *Criminal Cræsus*, by GEORGE GRIFFITH (JOHN LONG), is a genuine romance, smacking of JULES VERNE and BULWER LYTTON at their best, and unsurpassed, as a work of imagination, by any work of either of the above-mentioned authors that the Baron can at present call to mind, except perhaps *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, and *The Coming Race*. The plausibility of the probabilities in the story is so convincing that any reader would not be surprised to find some extract from a daily paper confirming the most startling events and dramatic situations as they are described in this novel.

Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON has the precious gift of writing in the simple style of good talk. Reading *Fanny Burney*, the latest contribution to "English Men of Letters" (MACMILLAN), my Baronite has the pleased feeling of being seated in an easy chair, with a companionable cigar, listening to the scholarly chat of one who knew everybody worth knowing when GEORGE THE THIRD was King. In a volume of moderate size, and alluringly cheap price, Mr. DOBSON presents a charming picture not only of the author of *Evelina* but of her *entourage*. Not led away by habit of hero-worship, he presents to the student of literature a valuable judgment on FANNY BURNES's works and her place in literature. His summary of *Evelina* and of *Cecilia* is excellent, whilst he skims much of the cream from the diary of the lady who became Madame D'ARBLAY, and had her fame trumpeted by MACAULAY. On the whole a delightful work, unsurpassed in the series, possibly to some extent because in this case the Man of Letters chances to be a woman.

Parody is an evidence of popularity, and parody by an eminent parodist is a tribute to the exceptional popularity of the original. So that when that clever humourist in art, Mr. CARRUTHERS GOULD, the now well-known F. C. G., hits upon the idea of adapting Sir JOHN TENNIEL's immortal illustrations of *Alice in Wonderland* to the purposes of political caricature, the success of the venture is assured. And so it comes about that *John Bull's Adventures in the Fiscal Wonderland* (METHUEN), a clever political parody on LEWIS CARROLL's well-known and universally popular *Alice*, smartly

written by Mr. CHARLES GEAKE, and most amusingly illustrated by F. C. G., delights persons of all shades of politics possessing any particle of humour. In some few instances the parodying artist has so exactly reproduced the spirit and the lines of the original, as, at a first glance, to deceive even those most intimately acquainted with Sir JOHN TENNIEL's immortal work.

In MAX PEMBERTON's latest sensational novel, *Red Morn* (CASSELL & Co.), a sister is determined to avenge her brother's murder,—if murdered he was, which has to be proved. That a man should be shot in a duel which he himself has provoked can hardly be considered in the light of murder, where the adversaries are equally skilled in the use of their weapons. The cleverness of this novel is in the devising of the strange characters that carry on the story, and the sensational incidents wherein they appear. The description of the storm at sea and the horrors of a mutiny are given with a power that raises this book as romantic literature far above the ordinary run of modern novels.



NURSERY NATURAL HISTORY.

Dolly. "THERE'S HONEY FOR TEA."
Bob (always glad to give Dolly information). "YES.
BEES MAKE HONEY."
Dolly. "AND WHO MAKES JAM?"
Bob. "BEETLES, OF COURSE."

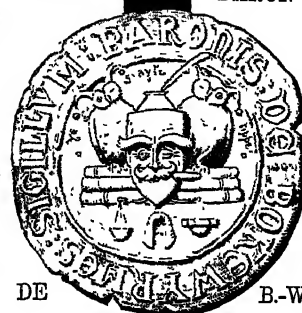
prefer being, as the late Lord BEACONSFIELD quaintly expressed it, "on the side of the Angels," i.e. of the ANGELOS. The notes from the Heralds' College, the excellent photographic reproductions, and the article headed "Cases from Early Chancery Proceedings," all combine to make this a volume equal to any of the foregoing.

Last week, in mentioning The Coggers of Coggers Hall, the Baron said he was certain that, somewhere or other, *Ingoldsby* had rhymed "codger" with "Roger," following COLEMAN the Younger. A contributor supplies the line:—

"A thirsty old codger the neighbours called ROGER,"

vide "Lay of St. Nicholas, *Ingoldsby Legends*, First Series."

THE BARON



An Unfortunate Exposure.

[Two butchers were recently mulcted in a large sum for "exposing" horseflesh as human food without indicating the nature of the meat.]

INDEED things are not always what they seem;

Perchance at times, when on "roast beef" she fares,
Dear Little Mary from the knacker's team
Doth entertain a gee-gee unawares.

SWORD AND PEN.

HOWEVER successful Captain BASIL HOOD may have been, and we believe has been, as a purveyor of eccentric libretti to the management of the Savoy Opera, and as writer of an amusing and very light piece, his previous good luck has apparently deserted him in attempting what he describes as "A New Comedy in Four Acts, entitled *Love in a Cottage*," at Terry's Theatre, now under the management of Messrs. GATTI and FROHMAN, who are presumably the managers responsible for this production. As the play had the advantage of having been "produced" "under the personal direction of the author," we may be quite sure that the gallant Captain will not flinch from accepting the entire responsibility of its success or failure, moyennant the corps dramatique practically and artistically carrying out their (temporary) superior officer's commands. It may be that the absence of the professional stage-manager would account for a certain conventionality in the situations, and a meagreness in the *jeu de scène*.

The best Act of this play is the one in "Creagh's Cottage," used as Officers' Quarters by Mr. FRANK COOPER, a good actor bravely struggling with a difficulty, and stoutly representing the honest, light-hearted, peremptory Captain Ulick O'Brian, D.S.O., as well as author could wish, and by Mr. SYDNEY BLOW, who, in a spirited manner, plays the aforesaid Captain's subaltern, Lieut. Thompson.

Mr. VANE TEMPEST, as the indifferent motorist and amateur conjurer, is very funny in the little bits where he comes into the show (the notion of this character is excellent), though why he, as a gentleman, when tied and bound into a chair as an amateur DAVENPORT Brother, and hidden behind a screen, does not make his presence known, as any gentleman would have done, in order to avoid hearing the private chat of three ladies, is one of those things that the author would find it hard to explain satisfactorily. We should have thought that this weakness must have been detected, and therefore remedied, at rehearsals.

As the *Earl of Kinooth*—"with a song"—Mr. BRANDON THOMAS is thorough-going, and revives memories of the fine old Irish gentleman in the time of CHARLES LEVER's *Knight of Gwynne*. He sings "*On the High Road*," which the programme informs us "was specially written by BASIL HOOD and composed by HAMISH McCUNN at the invitation of the Military Authorities for inclusion in a Soldiers' Song Book to be published by the War Office." Fancy musical inspiration coming from the War Office! Mr. BRANDON THOMAS and everybody on the stage joining in the chorus, evidently



TRUTH AT ALL HAZARDS.

Footinitt (energetically helping at Bazaar). "WON'T YOU PUT IN FOR A RAFFLE FOR THIS CUSHION?"

Visitor. "OH, NO, THANKS."

Footinitt. "OF COURSE IT'S RATHER USELESS AND GAUDY, AND SO FORTH; AND PERSONALLY I THINK THE DESIGN'S ROTTEN. BUT DO PUT IN FOR IT."

Visitor. "No, THANKS. I MADE IT!"

may yet be worked up and come out at the top, but 'tis doubtful.

AN INDEX OBJURGATORIUS.

It is stated that a Non-Swearer's Pocket Dictionary is to be published under the auspices of the Society for the Suppression of Profane Language. Mr. Punch therefore begs to contribute some emergency expletives.

For a Golfer, on smashing his Driver—Well, I'm Tee'd!

For the Same, on missing the Ball—Confoozle it!

For a Gentleman, on failing to find his Collar-stud in the morning—Dash my buttons!

For a Ditto, on missing his Train—Deary me!

For a Person with the Toothache, on being annoyed (i) with his Dentist—By gums, how you hurt! (ii) with Things in General—Suspend it all!

For a Fare, on remonstrating with a Cabman—Go to Heligoland!

For a Cabman, on disputing with his Fare—Assistme-robort, wot do you tyke me for?

For an Able-bodied Seaman, on all Occasions—Lawk-mercy!

For the Same, a Simple Vocative—You creature of Culinary Parentage!

For a Navvy in Distress—What the red-corpuscular, vital-serumy, &c., &c.!

"SOME STARTLING FIGURES."—Spectres.

IMPERIAL (CRICKET) EXPANSION.

["A large company had assembled on the Melbourne ground when NOBLE, having won the toss, decided to take first innings on a perfect wicket. In the first over after TRUMPER had scored four he was bowled by a swerver from HIRST. Another disaster soon followed, for off RHODES' first ball DUFF was given l.b.w."—*Typical Press Association Cable.*]

From the "Vesper Mail."

(As printed, after sub-editorial revision and additions, presumably by Marconigram.)

ALL roads at Melbourne led to the cricket ground this morning, and long before the hour for the start the ring was thronged with eager spectators. Larrikins and stockmen, sundowners with their blue-blanketed swags over their shoulders, blacks with narrow shields on their forearms and boomerangs in their hands—all sat in the shade of the eucalyptus trees waiting for the great conflict to begin. Soon the two great Captains strolled forth to examine the wicket; MONTAGU NOBLE, his intellectual countenance bearing an anxious look, and the irrepressible, boyish "PLUM," with a broad smile on his youthful face. A roar of "My word" from the crowd and a war-dance by enthusiastic blacks proclaimed that Australia had won the toss.

Then the English Captain led forth his men from the pavilion, and the crowd gasped as they saw the stolid HAYWARD, the lithe and strenuous BRAUND, gigantic ARNOLD, little JOHNNY TYLDESLEY, broad-shouldered HIRST, FOSTER of Fostershire, BOSANQUET the smiter, the tenacious LILLEY, REIF—the Sussex all-rounder, and last of all a pleasant-faced youth. Could that be the Kirkheaton Demon—the deadly RHODES? A shudder of doubt ran through the crowd. Could even United Australia face such an array of talent? Yet when cheery TRUMPER and sturdy DUFF stepped forth to do battle their hopes revived.

The Admirable CRICHTON of cricket was to face the first over. Who would be put on to bowl? WARNER tossed the ball carelessly to HIRST, and the Huddersfield Paragon, with a broad grin on his face, prepared to take the first over. A death-like silence crept over the ground. When one of the umpires sneezed it sounded like a cannon shot. "Play"—a rush—a whiz—and the ball which TRUMPER has never seen is safe in LILLEY's hands. Again and again this happens, but at the fourth ball a click is heard. BRAUND leaps wildly in the slips, but the ball expresses past him to the boundary. Hats wave—dingos bark—exultant boomerangs circle through the air. The next ball—a deadly Yorker—TRUMPER just manages to come



A PSEUDO-THRUSTER.

Farmer (to Sportsman, returning from the chase). "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT AIN'T YOU THE GENT THAT BROKE DOWN THAT THERE GATE OF MINE THIS MORNING?"

Mr. Noodel (who never by any chance jumps anything—frightfully pleased). "ER—DID I? WELL, HOW MUCH IS THE DAMAGE?"

down on in time. HIRST goes back to deliver his last ball—the dour look 'of stubborn Yorkshire on his face. Whiz—where is it going? The umpire opens his mouth to cry "Wide" when a crash of stumps is heard. The great VICTOR has been bowled by a ball which swerved right round the umpire standing at square leg.

CLEM HILL comes out grimly determined to stop the rot, and DUFF, taking careful centre, prepares to meet the elusive RHODES. The crowd laugh as the innocent-looking boy bowls a few practice balls to LILLEY. How slow and simple they seem! "Watch for the break, DUFFY," shouts an experienced

cricketer. With easy, graceful action the Kirkheaton Terror delivers his first ball. So slow and simple it looked—too simple, thought the great batsman, as he prepares for the deadly curl when it rises from the pitch. But there is no curl, and the straight, easy ball taps the batsman on the pad. "How's that?" roar the English team. "Out," says the umpire, and the puzzled batsman retires. Two wickets for four runs—there's life in the old country yet.

(Owing to the exigencies of space we regret being unable to quote more than a description of the first seven balls in the match from our esteemed—and enterprising—contemporary.)

THE OBITUARIST'S GUIDE.

EVERY precaution is now being taken by the Editor of *Willow's Annual* to prevent a mistake similar to that by which the author of *The Shutters of Silence* has been declared to be dead on the strength of the resemblance between the title of that novel and of *The House with the Green Shutters* by the late GEORGE DOUGLAS BROWN.

The editorial sanctum is in future to be placarded with some such monitions as those which follow, calculated to check the enthusiasm of the too intrepid necrologist.

It is well to remember that different books whose titles chance to contain the same word are not necessarily from the same pen. Thus *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* was not written by Mr. MARION CRAWFORD, although the circumstance that he is the author of *A Roman Singer* might of course naturally lead to that belief.

Kindly do your best to bear in mind that Sir LEWIS MORRIS is not the author of DANTE'S *Inferno*. The *Epic of Hades* was composed on the Metropolitan and District Railways, not among the Tuscan vines.

Abstain if you can from committing the error of supposing that "The Poet's Diary," now appearing in the *National Review*, is from the fountain pen of the late JANE AUSTEN.

Be careful not to be beguiled by partial resemblances, however striking. Although it is true that Sir George Tressady and Sir Richard Calmady are both baronets, and although the last two syllables of the surnames of each are identical, there is no relationship whatever between Colonel ENDERBY'S wife and Lady Rose's daughter.

It is much more comfortable for all concerned not to confound the authors of *The Christian* and *The Master Christian*.



Doctor. "WELL, MRS. MUGGERIDGE, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON? TAKEN THE MEDICINE, EH?"
Mrs. M. "YES, DOCTOR. I'VE TAKEN ALL THE TABLOIDS YOU SENT, AND NOW I WANT A NEW PERSECUTION."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE gentleman who has written to the *Athenæum* to endeavour to recover the proofs of a work entitled *The Literature of Swimming*, which he mislaid on the top of an omnibus, is not alone in misfortune. A little while ago the manuscript of an exhaustive monograph on Drought was left on the deck of a submarine, and it has not since been seen. As to *The Literature of Swimming*, one of our representatives having called at the offices of the London General Omni-

bus Company was informed that the proofs were perhaps wisely confiscated by the omnibus driver, with an eye to what will probably be required of him if the present mud continues and we have another summer like the last.

THERE was a young man of Devizes,
Whose ears were of different sizes;
The one that was small
Was no use at all,
But the other took several prizes.

ARMS AND THE WOMAN.

Being a privileged account of an Election at

THE LADIES' CAVALRY CLUB.

It was a solemn *séance* composed of martial dames,
Discussing likely candidates with military claims;
The doors were doubly bolted; but, through a little bird,
I am enabled to report exactly what occurred.

The Amazon presiding over the lists of Mars
Was Lady SUSAN CROPPER, of the Eighty-eighth Hussars,
And she had just put forward the name of BELLA SQUEERS,
Third cousin to a Captain in the "Bounding Buccaneers."

Then spoke a Horse Guard's lady, a welter-weight was she,
And rode her husband's chargers to hounds at sixteen-three:
"I ask for information; pray, *who* is 'BELLA SQUEERS'?"
And *who*, by all that's holy, are the 'Bounding Buccaneers'?"

"Cavalry of the Line I know; one meets them here and there;"
("The *Liner* she's a lady!" observed the angry Chair);
"But if you mean to keep select, you simply *can't* allow
The claims of fancy regiments raised Heaven alone knows how!"

At this a stout Yeowoman repressed a rising sob,
And called the previous speaker a horrid, horrid snob;
And said that if the Junior Arm should fail to get its dues,
Herself would bar all candidates related to the Blues.

Dare I describe the issue, what language rent the air,
What sudden transformations took place in people's hair,
Or how a West Kent's aunt-in-law had both her *pince-nez*
broke,

And something awful happened to a Kitchen Lancer's toque?

A Colonel's wife ("The Dye-hards") betrayed a natural pique
On being drenched with coffee all down her dexter cheek,
And, though of temperate habits and never known to faint,
Swore frankly like a trooper, and swooned from loss of paint.

I shrink to estimate the cost in limb and even life
Had not a nervous member screamed, "I disapprove of strife;
Stop! or I fetch my Father, a noted man of gore,
Experienced in handling a 'Gypsy' Camel Corps!"

* * * * *

Great peace ensued. They kissed again, like dear mock-
turtle doves,

Household and Line and Yeomanry, and called each other
"loves";

And by unanimous consent elected BELLA SQUEERS,
Third cousin to a Captain in the "Bounding Buccaneers."

O. S.

A DISCLAIMER.—We are authorised to state, clearly and emphatically, that Mr. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, speaking as *The Darling of the Gods* and of other parts of the house, absolutely declines to accept the very slightest responsibility for the present unhappy rupture of amicable relations between Russia and Japan. He has looked at matters by the light of the Red Lamp, and tried to bring about a personal meeting between the astute Russian diplomatist who was the principal personage in that play and *Zakkuri*, the Mikado's Minister of State, now on a visit to His Majesty's. Mr. TREE regrets being compelled to declare such contemplated meeting to be absolutely impracticable.

In real life, the London letter-writer on the *Westminster* informs us, the real name of "Mr. MAARTEN MAARTENS" is "JOOST M. W. POORTEN-SCHWARTZ." Joost so.

PICKY BACK.

(Being the Seventh Passage from the reinconanation of Picklock Holes.)

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SWISS BANKER.

ONE incident—I might almost call it an adventure—which diversified and added zest to the relations between PICKLOCK HOLES and myself is of a character so astounding as to completely and without the possibility of denial cast into the shade all those adventures which my duty to posterity no less than my vehement admiration for our one and only unparalleled detective marvel has hitherto compelled me to narrate. I will now endeavour to set it down, though I am fully aware how inadequate my humble powers of literary composition are to the task of doing justice to one so *primus inter pares* as was (alas! that I should have to use a tense which, as applied to him, is his only imperfection) as was PICKLOCK HOLES.

Much against our will we had temporarily left our comfortable *bourgeois* quarters in Baker Street. It was no easy matter for us, as may well be imagined, to tear ourselves away with so many investigations unfinished. When I say that the shocking murders in the *Rue Morgue*, and the all but inexplicable mystery of MARIE ROGET—affairs which had been so disgracefully bungled by M. DUPIN and Mr. POE of the united Paris and New York police—had been but recently confided to Mr. HOLES, it will be understood that our natural reluctance to depart had become well nigh insuperable. Still, duty is duty, and when the Duke COSIMO DI MONTE CARLO called upon us one day and offered HOLES a year of his ducal income if he would discover the whereabouts of his erring son, the Marchese CASINO DEI ROULETTI, we could no longer hesitate.

Having, therefore, given the landlady strict instructions to keep the Baker Street Rifle Club in full activity and to put any inquirers from the Free Trade Union off the scent, we departed one morning from Charing Cross with two black bags and a guide to polite conversation in four languages, and on the following morning, HOLES as usual taking the lead and driving all the railway engines, we found ourselves deposited in a bright little town on one of the many shores of the Mediterranean. Why we had come to that precise place I know not, nor did I gather its name. It was enough for me that HOLES was my leader. I ought to add that, the better to conceal ourselves and our mission from prying eyes, HOLES had assumed the disguise of a Swiss banker, while I was garbed as his sister, a not unprepossessing lady of forty-five summers, wearing a large hat with plumes and carrying a small yellow reticule suspended by a gold chain from my left wrist. Thus attired nobody could possibly have suspected that it was us, nor, if we could have seen ourselves, could we have imagined that we were other than what we appeared to be.

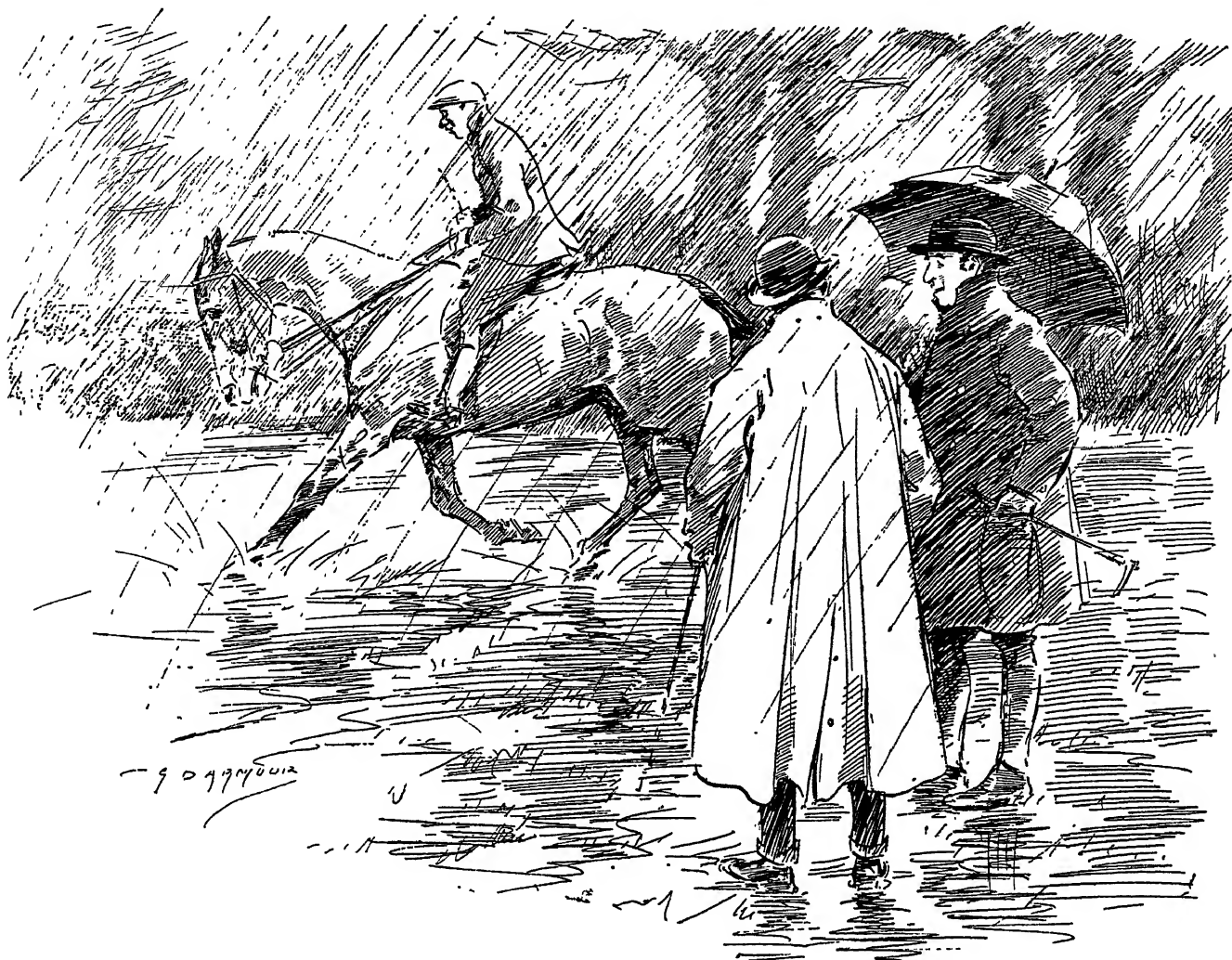
The scene as we entered what I afterwards learnt was the Ducal Palace was indeed a brilliant one, with its gathering of rank and fashion and beauty and wealth from all the quarters of the globe. HOLES, however, paid no attention to it, but, brushing his way haughtily and inductively past the innumerable obsequious and liveried attendants, he made his way swiftly to a gorgeously decorated inner hall, where crowds of Europe's bluest-blooded aristocracy were mingled with all that America could show of millionaires round numerous large tables on which was proceeding a game that was as obviously moneyed as it was manifestly mysterious.

"POTSON," said HOLES in a tremor of excitement, as we paused before one of these tables, "POTSON, do you see that man?" He pointed to an individual decently dressed in black, who was spinning a small ivory ball in a wheel set in the centre of the table. "That, unless I am mistaken—but tush! listen to him."



JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

SHADE OF PHARAOH. "‘JOSEPH?—JOSEPH?’ I SEEM TO KNOW THE NAME, BUT I CAN’T RECALL YOUR FACE."



FEBRUARY, 1904.

Dealer. "'E JUMPS LIKE A CAT, SIR, GALLOPS LIKE A RACE-HORSE——"

Customer. "OH, BOTHER ALL THAT! CAN HE SWIM?"

Saying this he pushed me into a chair next to the person in question, at the very moment when the weird phrase "*Renny var ploo*"—the meaning of which I did not understand—fell from his lips.

"Do you hear that?" hissed HOLES. "The last word was '*ploo*,' which rhymes to 'you.' Changing the pronoun we get 'I.' The other words you heard are Roumanian for 'am the missing heir,' and the full sentence, therefore, is 'I am the missing heir.' The fool has betrayed himself, and the reward will certainly be ours."

"But, HOLES——" I began.

"Silence, POTSON," whispered HOLES menacingly. "Silence, and observe me."

At this instant the massive figure of Duke COSIMO was plainly visible on the opposite side of the table. Horror was depicted upon his brow; his mouth was working convulsively. HOLES waited no longer. Taking a roll of banknotes from his pocket he handed them to me, instructing me where to place them. I did as he ordered me, and in a moment the notes were swept away. Again, again, and yet again the same proceeding took place, until at last I heard HOLES say, "The trap is baited. Now for the revelation."

With these words he made his way through the crowd, seized the man I have described, and, having ordered me in

a low voice to lay hold of all the money within my reach, shouted out in clear tones so that the whole astonished room could hear:—

"Duke, this is your son, the Marquis COSIMO! He has led the life of a *croupier*"—this, I have been told, means the life of a rake—"but it is yet time for him to reform, and to cast new lustre on the great name he bears."

The excitement and the confusion were at first frightful, but order was at last restored, and the Duke was eventually compelled to acknowledge his son, and to pay to HOLES the stipulated reward of ten million francs in gold.

"POTSON," said HOLES, as he pocketed the sum, "I shall place no less than one hundred francs to your credit."

"HOLES," I sobbed, "you are too generous. To be known as your friend is credit enough for me."

ANOTHER CASE OF PRECOGNITION.

MR. WILLIAM SYKES writes:—"An experience of mine will, I think, interest your readers. A little while ago I was, through a misunderstanding and some hard constabulary swearing, sentenced to six months in one of His Majesty's prisons. On entering the cell I was suddenly conscious that *I had been there before.*"

PHILOSOPHER AND PHILANTHROPIST.

"Years ago," confesses Mr. FREDERIO HARRISON in *The Fortnightly* for February, "*I wrote a piece urging Millionaires to consider if their public benefactions might not be as usefully bestowed on the drama as on libraries and laboratories.*"

If, as seems a plausible conjecture, the "piece" Mr. HARRISON wrote was a dramatic composition, it is a thousand pities that no Manager has, as yet, had the enterprise to produce it.

Is it possible that the following scene (which has been communicated to *Mr. Punch* "from a usually well-informed source") may be a fragment from this colossal work? Mr. P. himself prefers to express no opinion, merely remarking that the hero's name, "DERFERIO RASHIRON," reads suspiciously like an anagram, while, from internal evidence,—but the scene had better be left to speak for itself.

ACT VII., Sc. 21.—*The Study of Mr. CADMUS K. VOLLUMDUMPER, the American Multi-Millionaire. Mr. V. discovered at work with a cigar in his mouth.*

Butler (announcing). Mr. DERFERIO RASHIRON!

[Mr. RASHIRON enters. Butler retires.]

Mr. Rashiron. Mr. VOLLUMDUMPER, I come in the hope of enlisting your sympathies on behalf of—

Mr. Vollumdumper (genially). That's all right, Mr. RASHIRON. Sit right down. Any little thing I can do for you in the nature of a library or a laboratory—

Mr. Rash. (sadly). Thanks—but neither would be of any appreciable benefit in *this* case. I am here, Mr. VOLLUMDUMPER, to plead the cause of a once great educational instrument, now fallen from her high estate upon evil days.

Mr. Voll. (with ready sympathy). Some decayed School-marm? Well, I've never forgotten all I owe to *my* old School-marm. Say now, Mr. RASHIRON, how would it be if I purchased one of your leading Public Schools as a going concern, and fixed up your on-fortunate client as head-mistress?

Mr. Rash. You mistake me. The client I represent is the British Drama.

Mr. Voll. You don't mean to say the British Drama is as reduced as all *that*!

Mr. Rash. (impressively). It is suffering from a complaint which afflicts us all—an impatience of continuous attention, of serious thought, of any hitch in our ease, our luxuries, or our indulgences—in brief, a sort of tarantula of restlessness, which makes us skip from one pleasant spot to the next without greatly enjoying any one in peace!

Mr. Voll. (concerned). Mr. RASHIRON, if you're feeling so bad as all that, you want to go right home and take a Nerve Tonic. That's what you want to do. You've been using up the grey matter of your brain, Sir!

Mr. Rash. (slightly annoyed). When I said *we* were afflicted in that way, I did not mean *Myself*—I meant almost everybody else.

Mr. Voll. This is an age of Hustle, Sir, and that's a fact. But where does the British Drama come in?

Mr. Rash. It *doesn't* come in—it is going out. I assure you that the People who will sit steadily through three hours of intellectual drama is really very limited.

Mr. Voll. I guess that don't astonish me. Three hours on end of intellectual drama would be apt, in *my* case, to result in considerable cramps.

Mr. Rash. It may cramp the body, but it enlarges the mind. However, the modern Playgoer cares for nothing but "Stars," gorgeous robes, and nauseous sensations.

Mr. Voll. (interested). Is that so? And among your popular "Stars," Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM, Mr. JOHN HARE, Mr. TREE, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, Mr. BOURCHIER, and so on, which should you consider was dressing himself up most gorgeous, and providing the most nauseous sensations just now?

Mr. Rash. Why—er—to tell you the truth, I haven't had the patience to go and see any of their productions lately. I know that, as Drama, they would be beneath my contempt. I was referring more particularly to the deplorable craze for Musical Comedy.

Mr. Voll. Then it's Musical Comedy which supplies the demand for nauseating sensations?

Mr. Rash. So I understand from my friend Mr. JOHN HARE. I need hardly say I do not patronise such entertainments myself.

Mr. Voll. Well, you seem pretty well posted anyway. But what I don't catch on to at present, Mr. RASHIRON, is just where you imagine I'm going to be of any use to you.

Mr. Rash. (eagerly). If you only *would*, Mr. VOLLUMDUMPER, you might be the *Herodes Atticus* of a revived Athenian Drama!

Mr. Voll. I'm ever so sorry to disappoint you, Mr. RASHIRON, but I never had any gift for play-acting. I guess if I was to make my *début* on the boards in an Athenian drama, I shouldn't get bouquets flung at me—not to any great extent. Besides, I've no opinion of these old Athenian writers. I once dipped into *Homer* in a translation—but I couldn't get along with him. No, Sir!

Mr. Rash. (pained). I am not asking you to *act* in a theatre, my dear Mr. VOLLUMDUMPER. I merely ask you to *endow* one.

Mr. Voll. Is *that* your idea? But what am I going to endow a theatre *for*?

Mr. Rash. Why, to enable it to produce a constant succession of all the great British masterpieces that have been undeservedly forgotten, and make it independent of the cash taken at the doors.

Mr. Voll. I reckon *that* item would be a negligible quantity anyway.

Mr. Rash. Possibly. Then we should put an end to the detestable 'Long runs' which are almost forced upon Managers nowadays by our five or six million playgoers. We should give *no* play for more than two or three nights together.

Mr. Voll. Not even if all those five or six million playgoers were yearning to come and see it? That does sound harsh! I presume you have a sufficient stock of forgotten British masterpieces to enable you to worry along for a year or so at three nights apiece?

Mr. Rash. We need not depend *entirely* on the Past. If one of our leading playwrights were to offer us a drama that struck us as possessing sufficient merit, we should not be unwilling to produce it.

Mr. Voll. And may I take it your leading playwrights are all in revolt against this detestable 'long run' system?

Mr. Rash. I have received assurances of sympathy from no less than five of our principal dramatists, who would, I am sure, all consider it an honour to have their works performed on such a stage as ours, quite apart from any sordid pecuniary considerations.

Mr. Voll. They'd rather have a three nights' run with *you* than a year at the ordinary playhouses? Well now, that's vurry creditable to them! And who are going to perform in these dramas?

Mr. Rash. A cultivated and highly trained company, engaged at small permanent salaries, with a perpetual interchange of parts.

Mr. Voll. And will they be equal in talent to the ordinary popular theatrical "Stars"?

Mr. Rash. Equal? The additional experience they will acquire will soon render them infinitely superior.

Mr. Voll. And yet they'll stay on with hard work and small salaries, and never want to set up as Stars on their own account? I'd no idea such beautiful natures existed, Mr. RASHIRON! Seems a pity, though, there'll be no Public to appreciate their self-denial.

Mr. Rash. No Public? Out of five or six million playgoers! My dear Sir!

Mr. Voll. I understood you to remark that these five or six million playgoers were skipping about so under the influence of bites from restless tarantulas they can't give their attention to anything but nauseous sensations?

Mr. Rash. That unhappily is so. But an Endowed Theatre will educate them to appreciate the Intellectual Drama.

Mr. Voll. But they've got to come to it first to be educated. And they ain't likely to come till they are. That's where the sawdust seems to me to sort of trickle out of your scheme, Sir.

Mr. Rash. Putting that aside, is there no glory in being the very first philanthropist to endow a theatre? Is it nothing to feel secure of the applause of Posterity?

Mr. Voll. I guess you can't fill a playhouse with the applause of Posterity. It appears to me that a vurry essential requisite to an endowed theatre, with a permanent company on permanent salaries, is a permanent audience. And I don't just seem to see that permanent audience.

Mr. Rash. I have a list here of distinguished people who have signed an appeal for a Subsidised Stage, most of whom, I should say, would probably attend its performances. (Proudly) The signatories number over seventy already.

Mr. Voll. Quite a nice little crowd, Mr. RASHIRON! But say, don't you think they'd feel a bit lonesome inside a palatial subsidised playhouse? What's the matter with inducing your friends to club together for themselves and endow some suitable back-drawing-room?

[The remainder of this scene is unfortunately missing.
F. A.]

VANISHING CHANCES.

[Speaking of the new Defence Act, under which the State is in certain cases to bear the cost of defending prisoners, Mr. Justice BRIGHAM, at the Manchester Winter Assizes, was tempted to regret the various steps by which our legislation had gradually taken away from the unfortunate prisoner every chance of escape.]

THERE was once a time when Justice was more merciful by far, And, if blinder, she was kinder to the prisoner at the bar, For she bade him stand in silence while the tear-drops in his eyes

Mutely glistened as he listened to the prosecutor's lies. There is nothing like dumb sorrow in the rhetorician's art For appealing to the feeling of a jury's tender heart: So the culprit wept his hardest, looked a martyr, and in short He was pitied and acquitted by a sympathetic Court.

Then said Justice, "Give him counsel if he's got the means to pay,"

And she surely meant it purely in the very kindest way; So the culprit was defended and his case could set no more Legal science at defiance as it used to do before.

But his counsel still could argue, "Lo! my client's lips are shut.

Could you hear him, you'd revere him as an injured martyr, but—"

And the aposiopesis might be calculated to Rob the jury of their fury and to bring the culprit through.

Next said Justice, after pondering the problem in her breast— Need I mention her intention was entirely for the best?—

"Let the prisoner summon witnesses to strengthen his defence, If he fancies there are chances thus to prove his innocence." So the witnesses were summoned to the sessions, as you know; They were flustered, and they blustered, and they made a sorry show;

Even jurymen saw through them, their offences were so rank, So their fictions brought convictions and the prisoner's chances sank.



THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"ONE HUNDRED PENNY CIGARS. THAT WILL BE EIGHT-AND-FOURPENCE, PLEASE, MADAM."

"THANK YOU. NOW WILL YOU JUST PUT THEM IN A FLOR DE CUBA BOX; BECAUSE THAT'S THE ONLY SORT MY HUSBAND REALLY CARES FOR!"

Yet again said gentle Justice, "I will let him speak himself, Nor restrict him, hapless victim, to a tongue that pleads for pelf."

So she took away the muzzle which was seldom known to fail, And his stammer went to hammer in his coffin one more nail; But he still could tell the jury, "I am poor and cannot pay Huge expenses for defences as a richer person may"— 'Twas the only trump-card left him, but it even yet might win On occasion his evasion from the consequence of sin.

Then a last time kindly Justice: "Never, never let it be Said or written that in Britain I'm a thing of £ s. d. Let the State provide him counsel, let her stick at no expense To befriend him and defend him with the rarest eloquence." Cruel kindness! for no longer as a victim can he pose Of a system which dismissed him undefended to his woes— When he's every opportunity, the chance that's left him still Of acquittal, lately little, now is practically nil.

Stage Actuality.

SCENE—His Majesty's Theatre during an Interval.

First Stalled Lady. Isn't it wonderfully realistic? I can't think how any critic can say it's not like the actual thing.

Second Stalled Lady. Nor can I. And a friend of mine who is just back from the Far East says that Mr. TREE has quite caught the Japanese accent.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF MR. JAMES MACLAREN COBEAN had bestowed a trifle more care on construction when developing the well-imagined plot of *The Iron Hand* (JOHN LONG), he would have given us a story, not less absorbing, but far easier to follow through its various scenes. Pity that to this author it should be so difficult to keep out of his romance a kind of inferior *Sherlock Holmes*, instead of taking the trouble to invent a brand-new type exactly suited to his purpose. The characters are well devised, the dialogue is generally to the point; and the action throughout stimulates the reader's curiosity.

In *The American Prisoner* (METHUEN) MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS makes a new departure from the novels that have justly established his fame. It and they have in common the plains and hills of Dartmoor and the vigorous life of Dart. In his latest work MR. PHILLPOTTS has essayed a more elaborate plot, which takes longer in working out, and demands fuller muster of *dramatis personæ*. My Baronite cannot say it lures him from his early love, *The River*. But it is a masterful book, grounded upon historical interest, full of dramatic episodes, enriched by the talk of rustics recalling THOMAS HARDY at his best. One of the strongest characters is *Lozey Lee*, the gipsy miser with a capacity for miscellaneous crime perhaps not rare in woman. *Peter Norcot* is another type of villain drawn with strong sure hand. Apart from rustic humour the sombreness of the story is relieved by the nobility and self-sacrifice displayed by the half-gipsy youth, *John Lee*. In sternly realistic manner the narrative recalls scenes in Merrie England during the time of the titanic struggle with NAPOLEON.

To their series of *Highways and Byways* MESSRS. MACMILLAN have added a volume on Sussex. MR. E. V. LUCAS supplies the letterpress, which is charmingly and liberally illustrated by MR. FREDERICK GRIGGS. The work is less a guide-book than prattle, light but learned, about the districts dealt with. As MR. LUCAS puts it in happy phrase, his aim has been rather to gather a Sussex bouquet than to present facts to the prosaic traveller. The result is a charming volume. My Baronite fancies the next best thing to going on a little tour through Sussex is to sit down and read MR. LUCAS's chat about its highways and byways, the eye dwelling with pleasure on the sketches of MR. GRIGGS.

Thoroughly appreciating the lightness of touch and the delicacy of humour that are the characteristics of MR. ARCHER's journalistic work, the Baron hailed with pleasure the appearance of a volume from his pen entitled *Real Conversations* (HEINEMANN), to which he expected to find some sub-title qualifying the descriptive adjective. But he was disappointed: it turns out to be a plain though not very simple record of his dialogues with various persons, most of whose names are as household words to all who, in England at least, are in any way conversant with literature and drama. MR. WILLIAM ARCHER pays twelve visits and (alas, the word!) "interviews" twelve different persons, each one in his own home. We know now what MR. ARCHER says when he calls upon MR. PINERO, how he commences a conversation with MRS. CRAIGIE or with MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, and how pleased MR. W. S. GILBERT appears to have been to receive the genial interviewer at his country house: and so with all his other smiling victims. Well, this sort of thing is a matter of taste; as JEREMY BENTHAM puts it, "it may not be my taste nor your taste, but I have no right to condemn it as bad taste." The last (but one or two) of the Barons, is content to let it rest at this; and

personally he will rejoice to hear the last of "The Last of the Interviewers."

L. T. MEADE's story of *Nurse Charlotte* (JOHN LONG) is pathetically interesting, and told with charming simplicity. The Baron takes it for granted that the author's graphic sketches of Hospital work (which, as being quite free from anything approaching false sentimentality, are neither particularly attractive nor peculiarly repellent) are true to life. If so, the moral of this portion of the story will serve an excellent purpose.



NOTE ON A RECENT APPOINTMENT.

THERE was a French piece produced some few years ago entitled *Les Deux Gosses*, played at the *Ambigu*, a theatre nominally most appropriate for its production, there being evidently a certain ambiguity about the title. Of course, there never were *Deux Gosses*—il n'y en a qu'un, and that is EDMUND GOSSE, author of, amongst some twenty volumes of prose and verse, "*Gosse sips in a Library*," so suggestive of not drinking too deep of the Pierian spring; and now, having been appointed Librarian to the House of Lords, he will be able to indulge to the full his thirst for knowledge. For his rare wit and humour MR. GOSSE was created a Knight of the Royal Norwegian Order of St. Olaf, the patron, as the sound of the name implies, of merriment. MR. GOSSE speaks French like a Frenchman, English like an Englishman, German as well as a German, and in various other languages he can lecture, converse, write poetry and prose. And with all these accomplishments his taste is purely Gossemopolitan.

LITTLE FARCES FOR THE FORCES.

THE NEW ARMY COUNCIL.

SCENE I.—*The ante-room to the Council Chamber at the Horse Guards. The Four Military Members are chatting together rather nervously.*

First Member. Everything is to be after the strict Admiralty pattern, I understand. I do hope we shall not be asked to go to sea in the *Enchantress*.

Second Member. I trust not; I suffer very severely from *mal de mer*. I have had an anchor tattooed on my forearm to give local colour, and am using a strap with my overalls instead of braces in order to hitch them up occasionally. I trust that will give the necessary seafaring touch to my appearance.

Third Member (producing a telescope). I have brought this with me to carry under my arm. I have never seen any distinguished sailor painted without one.

Fourth Member. I proposed to rub my hands this morning with a pennyworth of tar and to chew a quid, but my wife dissuaded me.

First Member. We shall smoke long churchwardens and drink hot rum-and-water, I presume.

Second Member. I think that is only done in *Black-eyed Susan*.

Third Member. A great command of nautical language is no doubt necessary.

Fourth Member. I have memories of some of MARRYAT's novels.

[A Messenger attired as a Margate Pier Official appears, touches his cap and tells the Four Military Members



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Governess. "WELL, MARJORIE, HAVE YOU DONE CRYING?"

Marjorie. "NO—I HAVEN'T. I'M ONLY RESTING!"

that the Secretary of State awaits them in the State Cabin. The Fourth Member says "Ay, ay" feebly, and they follow the Messenger through the door.

SCENE II.—The interior of the Council Chamber, which is decorated with stars of cutlasses, chain shot, captured naval ensigns, handspikes and coils of rope. The Secretary of State for War, in a frock-coat with epaulettes stitched on to it, a patch over one eye, and a cocked hat with skull and cross-bones on it, sits at the head of a long table with a cutlass, a sextant, and a book of Admiralty Regulations before him. The Financial Secretary and Permanent Under-Secretary, similarly disguised, sit at the other end.

Secretary of State (as the Military Members enter). Ship ahoy! Bring yourselves to an anchor, my brave lads.

First Member. Ay, ay, Mate. I'll pick up my moorings here. [He sits.]

Secretary of State (to Second Member). Go under the Under-Secretary's stern and haul up alongside here.

Second Member. Ay, ay. England expects that every man— Ay, ay, Sir.

[Sits.]

Secretary of State. You other sons of sea cooks sling your hammocks where you like.

Third Member. Then we'll bring up with a round turn where we are.

[They sit.]

Secretary of State. How many bells have gone?

Permanent Under-Secretary. Eight, your honour.

Secretary of State. Make it so! (With change of manner) Gentlemen, you will pardon me if my nautical language fails me, but I have a horror of the sea and all appertaining to it. However, with the assistance—the kind assistance—of the experts who secured the NELSON statuette, I have transformed this room into an exact model of the Admiralty Board Room, and I congratulate you on your striking resemblance to Lords of the Admiralty.

[The Members rise and bow.]

First Member. We reciprocate your sentiments unanimously.

Secretary of State. We shall naturally proceed at once to remodel the Army on the lines of the Navy.

Third Member. I would suggest that Army Corps should be hereafter known as Fleets.

Fourth Member. A General transmuted

to an Admiral will ipso facto become an efficient officer.

Second Member. And the substitution of "A Life on the Ocean Wave" for "The British Grenadiers" will enable Tommy the Handy Man to go anywhere and do anything.

Secretary of State. The Hornpipe will of course be taught both at Sandhurst and at Woolwich, and I have instructed the Clothing Department at Pimlico in future to cut the biennial issue of trousers tight at the knee and loose over the shoe. I feel sure that the pean of delight with which the country has received the conversion of the War Office into an Admiralty will be repeated if we can only make of the Army a first-class Steam Reserve. Now to details.

[They become absorbed in details.]

LATEST FROM THE FAR EAST.—It is semi-officially stated that as a result of her efforts to obtain an ice-free outlet Russia has already succeeded in getting into warm water, but is still searching for the way out.

SPORTING MOTTO.—"Give a fox a bad name and hunt him."



Loafer. "WOULD YOU KINDLY GIMME A SUBSCRIPTION, MADAM, FOR A SOCIETY AS I BELONGS TO?"

Lady. "WHAT'S THE SOCIETY?"

Loafer. "IT'S—ER—WELL, IT'S A PUBLIC SOCIETY. WE ENTERS 'OUSES, MADAM, FOR THE PURPOSE O' PUTTIN' DOWN THE DRINK."

SYMPATHISING WITH JAPAN.

EVERYONE is, or ought to be, praising "the plucky little Japs." No one, not even the *New York Herald* writers, could admire the methods of government and diplomacy which prevail in Russia. But the idiots in a provincial theatre, who hissed some quite inoffensive performers because they were Russians, were sublime in their stupidity. If our neutrality, combined with reasonable personal sympathy for Japan, is to be displayed in this manner, we may soon expect to read such items of news as the following:—

A fearful scene was witnessed yester-

day evening at the Amphitryon Restaurant. One of the diners ordered some caviare. The waiter explained that caviare was no longer served. The gentleman complained to the head waiter, who offered him Japanese rice instead. By this time the dispute had attracted the attention of the other diners, who rose in a body. When peace was restored, the unfortunate gentleman was rescued from a position of great discomfort under a broken table, and proved not to be a Russian at all, but a Mr. JOHN ROBINSON of London.

Yesterday a lady walking in the Park was followed by a hooting crowd. The

police, after repeatedly charging the mob, saved her from attack. It was then discovered that she was supposed to be wearing a mantle of Russian sable. However, when she explained that it was only imitation, and almost certainly made in London, the crowd cheered her loudly and dispersed.

A bootmaker's shop in Oxford Street was entirely wrecked the night before last. Just as the magistrates were about to send for the military and read the Riot Act, the cause of the tumult was explained. It appeared that a pair of brown boots in the window was labelled "Best Russia." A passer-by, assuming these words to imply the superiority of the Muscovite Empire, for he was too excited to notice the boots, raised a cry of indignation, and the building was almost completely wrecked before the mistake was made clear.

A gentleman of studious appearance, and wearing spectacles, was yesterday observed to be reading the English translation of a novel by Tolstoy in a District Railway train. The other occupants of the compartment nearly tore his clothes off his back, and threw him out on the platform at South Kensington station. It was then found that he was a schoolmaster at Ealing, and not a Russian professor, as was supposed.

The establishment of a provision merchant and grocer at Brixton was burnt down yesterday evening, after an extraordinary outbreak of popular violence. It appears that he sold eggs at various prices, and that a customer, who had bought some of the cheapest quality, stated publicly, or in a public-house, that they were imported from Russia. About seven hours later, in the early hours of the morning, when the building was entirely gutted, and the mob was kept back by the infantry drawn up at the end of all the neighbouring streets, the grocer was able to prove, to the satisfaction of the police authorities, that the eggs were new-laid and came from Canada.

Without waiting for the Borough Council to take action, the residents in St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater, fearing popular violence, have removed all the inscriptions of the name in that street, and have substituted the words—"Tokio Terrace."

A New Vogue.

Lady Caller. Is Mrs. HAMILTON at home?

Maid. No, Mum.

Lady Caller. But I thought this was her "at home" day.

Maid. So it used to be, Mum, but she's had no time for it since she took up Cruelty to Children.



“CATCH AS CATCH CAN.”

RUSSIAN BEAR. “HERE! I SAY, AVAST HEAVING! I WASN'T READY!”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, February 8.—Have often observed that depth of dulness is plumbed in Commons when it enters upon debate with long preparation. Here we are at last unmuzzled, as Mr. G. said when in an earlier century he, thrown out at Oxford University, went down to Lancashire. Last Session none of us dared open our mouth on the Fiscal Question under pain of PRINCE ARTHUR's shocked displeasure. Members grew accustomed to beholding sudden transformation. One moment he would be sitting smiling, debonair, on Treasury Bench. Someone, greatly daring, asked him what Ministers were going to do about DON JOSÉ's scheme of Fiscal Reform. Instantly transmogrification took place. Secret was disclosed that behind a smiling countenance PRINCE ARTHUR hid an angry face. His anger was terrible to look upon.

By and by it became the practice of Members about to put the question to assume a position equivalent to being in laager. On the Opposition side the brothers WASON found themselves in singular request. At question time their company was sought with a pertinacity that became embarrassing. No one is quite certain which is the loftier height. Clackmannan claims pre-eminence for EUGENE; Orkney and Shetland swear (in Gaelic) for CATHOART. However that be, there is historical record that united height of Bounding Brothers is 12 ft. 6 ins. and their aggregate weight 36 stone 5 lbs. avoidupois. To whatever lengths PRINCE ARTHUR's anger might carry him, howsoever his eyes might flash, his brow frown, a man firing off a question about Fiscal Policy entrenched behind either WASON was physically safe.

These little manoeuvres no longer necessary. Yester year, driven into a corner by DON JOSÉ's activity, having, as he frankly admitted, no settled convictions on question of Fiscal Reform, PRINCE ARTHUR hit upon happy device of appointing departmental committee of inquiry. It was a sort of Vehmgericht, meeting in secret. Few knew where, not many could repeat the names of the Members composing it. What the House of Commons knew only too well was that as long as this dread inquest was going forward no Member must speak of Fiscal Reform in hearing of Prime Minister.

Little game now played out. Embargo removed; the most inconsiderable Member may say "Fiscal Reform" without danger of losing his head. Nay, amendments may be moved and Ministers are boldly challenged to declare on which side of the fence they mean to descend. It is true that, owing to accidents all deplore, there is no one



"HEAR, HEAR!" FROM THE DUKE.

"Mr. Chamberlain possesses in marked and peculiar degree the genius of friendship."

to reply. Let us be thankful for small mercies. It is at least something to have regained the privilege of being allowed to ask.

It must be confessed that the Millennium has brought not ecstasy but depression. Already on this, the first, night of the far-trumpeted advance in battle array, Members on both sides are yawning and wondering when it will be over. Only interesting feature in to-night's debate was to watch ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS trying to walk on both sides of the way. An avowed Free Trader, he cannot enrol himself under the flag unfurled by DON JOSÉ. JOHN MORLEY's amendment, before the House to-night, is aimed directly at the twentieth century Unauthorised Programme. But, being cast in the form of an amendment to the Address, it is technically a vote of no confidence in Ministers. If carried, they must go, and C.-B. would march in.

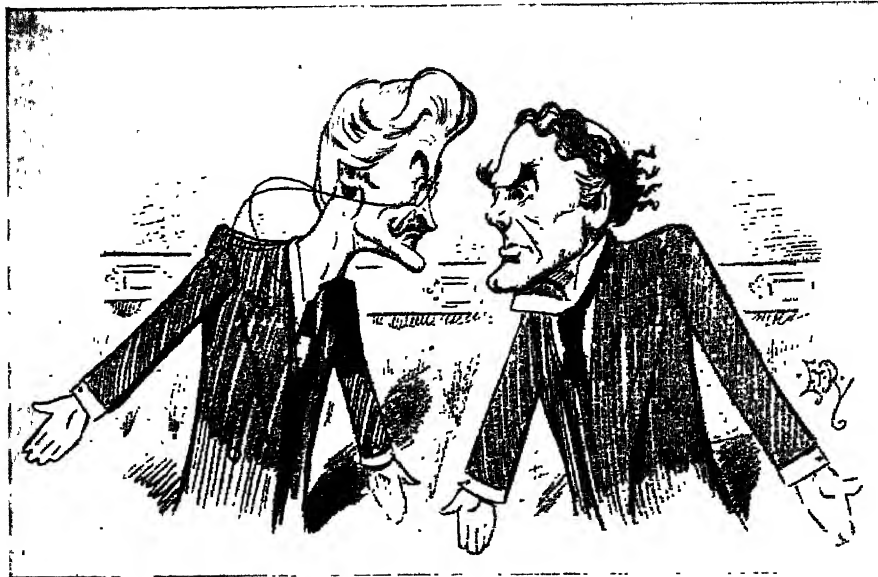
Now ST. MICHAEL has a horror of C.-B. that finds no justification in that much-abused statesman's character or career. To the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer he is what the historical sherry, advertised as an antidote to gout, was to Lord

DERBY's grandfather. As between C.-B. and Protection ST. MICHAEL has tried both and prefers Protection. So, having extorted applause from the Opposition by hesitating dislike of DON JOSÉ's policy, he sat down amid ringing cheers from Ministerialists hailing his declaration that he would vote against the amendment which denounced it.

Business done.—Debate on Fiscal Reform dully opened.

Tuesday night.—Except the MEMBER FOR SARK and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD few Members in present House were present at the historic scene when Major O'GORMAN made his maiden speech. It was *à propos* of NEWDEGATE's annual motion relating to conventual institutions. Desirous of enabling his audience to realise enormity of proposition the Major attempted to sink his thunderous voice to a feminine whisper, put on mincing manner, and related imaginary conversation between a Nun of Royal birth and one of NEWDEGATE's inquisitors.

Said the Nun (according to the Major), "My sire is a king; my mother was the daughter of the sixth JAMES of



THE MARIONETTES AT LOGGERHEADS.

In the absence of the master-hand the wires would appear to have got a bit mixed, and the figures are all dancing different steps.

(Mr. G-r-l-d B-l-f-r and Mr. Alfr-d L-tt-lt-n.)

Scotland and the first JAMES of England. His mother, Sir, was Queen Regent of Scotland——"

The Major climbed no higher up the genealogical tree. Laughter grew so boisterous the Nun was inaudible, even when she roared in the Major's natural voice.

Since that far-off time—it was thirty years ago next June—House has heard nothing more delicious than ROWLAND HUNT's speech. Don't know the gentleman; never saw him before; evidently a recent importation; certainly his maiden speech; carefully prepared, fully written out, read with unction. First thing that attracted House was emphasis with which, after consulting MS., he declaimed the line, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Seem to have heard it before. Quite new to HUNT, who looked round searchingly to see how the novelty struck Members.

"I know a man," he added a few minutes later. This not unusual in individual cases. Long, anxious pause followed, HUNT looking up his man through disarranged leagues of manuscript. House, now on the alert, eagerly awaited introduction. And what a man he was when found! Had set forth on a voyage, whether to Southend or more distant Margate not mentioned. On the voyage a great change was wrought. Stepping on board a Free Trader, the starry silent firmament, the illimitable, inscrutable sea, the changed circumstances of his sordid life, worked a miracle.

He came back a convinced Chamberlainite.

This impressive. Mr. HUNT could be

sarcastic too. His voice vibrated with scorn when he pictured "the spirit of the mighty COBDEN, quitting his home in some distant star, returning to earth to find his ancient foibles no longer predominant."

Climax reached in passage almost a paraphrase of Major O'GORMAN's glowing prose.

"Seated under one of England's mighty oaks," observed Mr. HUNT, turning over a fresh page, "was an ancient Druid. There came by BOADICEA, Briton, Warrior, Queen, her back seared with the Roman lash."

BOADICEA's remarks and the Druid's rejoinder were unfortunately lost in the prolonged shout of laughter that followed. Mr. HUNT, looking up over the rim of his manuscript, regarded uproarious scene with curious interest. What on earth were they laughing about? Couldn't imagine. However, this was the prize passage in his essay; cost him a lot of work. They should have it all. So he pounded along, mixing up the Druid with COBDEN, BOADICEA with DON JOSÉ, whilst Members rolled on their seats in paroxysm of laughter.

Business done.—Further debate on JOHN MORLEY's amendment.

Friday night.—That was high praise, finely phrased, that JOHN MORLEY bestowed upon DON JOSÉ. "He possesses in marked and peculiar degree the genius of friendship." *Experientia docet.* J. M., as he said, has known DON JOSÉ during half a lifetime, and has within that period had opportunity of testing friendship's varying moods. As COUNTY GUY discovered when he differed from his Unionist

ally on the question of Free Trade, adhesion to DON JOSÉ's views at a particular epoch is indispensable to maintenance of friendly relations.

With that reservation the tribute paid in the House on Tuesday night was well deserved. Relentless as an enemy, DON JOSÉ is priceless as a friend. He will do anything, and, what is sometimes even more valuable, will insist upon others doing something, for faithful adherents. There is a touch of pathos in his relations, running back for more than thirty years, with the late POWELL WILLIAMS and the happily still living JESSE COLLINGS.

"My dear TOBY," he once said to me, "you may gird at me as you like; say what you please. I don't care. But I do beg you as a personal favour not to hold up to ridicule JESSE COLLINGS or POWELL WILLIAMS."

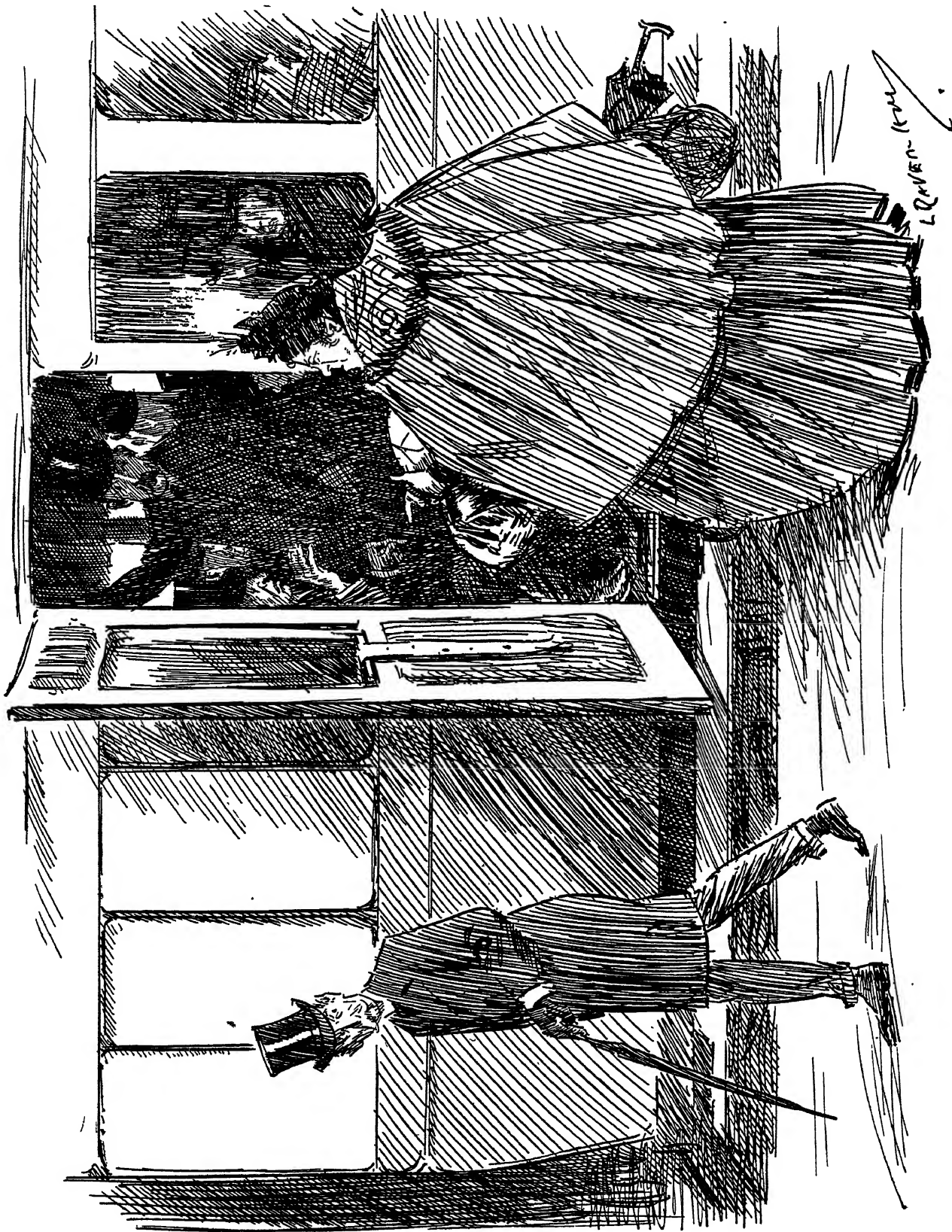
Rarely has friendship laid on a coffin so costly a garland as was placed on that of POWELL WILLIAMS by the hand of a statesman who on the Continent is regarded as a sort of man-eating ogre, who by a large section of the public at home is looked upon as a relentless, adamantine-hard, self-seeking politician, eager only to serve his own ends, relentless in trampling down any who stray in the way. On the eve of a great Parliamentary battle, where he alone had skill and strength to withstand a combined attack personally directed against him, eager as ever for the delight of battle, conscious of the value of this last opportunity of defining and defending his position, he withdrew



ANOTHER UNCONSCIOUS HUMORIST.

"Seated under one of England's mighty oaks, Mr. Speaker, was an ancient Druid——"
(Screams of laughter.)

(Mr. R-wl-nd H-nt.)



LOGIC.

Scout Party. "WHAT! NO ROOM! AIN'T THAT MAN JUST GOT OUT? IF PEOPLE CAN GET OUT, PEOPLE CAN GET IN!"

from the fight, shrinking from breaking the silence of his old friend's newly-dug grave by the brawl of political faction.

There is nothing novel or surprising in this for those who know DON JOSÉ behind the veil of private life. It will, I fancy, strike an unexpected chord in the public breast.

Business done.—Still harping on the MORLEY amendment.

CHARIVARIA.

UNIVERSAL indignation is expressed in Russia that Japan should have commenced hostilities without consulting Russia as to whether the date was a convenient one.

War is a very terrible thing, but I fancy we all agree with the *Daily Mail*, that better war than that the *Daily Mail's* forecast as to the inevitability of the conflict should have proved wrong.

A correspondent complains of the difficulty of getting hold of a Japanese flag. The Russians are experiencing a similar difficulty.

The CZAR has been kissed by a large body of naval cadets. Our natural prejudice in favour of our own allies still leaves us some humane feelings for the other side, and we therefore proffer to His Majesty our respectful sympathy.

The latest war news is that Holland will be neutral, also Switzerland, and that Monaco and Sahara will, of course, play the game.

It seems to be the eternal misfortune of Russia to be misunderstood. The Blue Book on Tibet which has just been published shows that a Russian Mission to that country, as to which our Government had its suspicions, proved on inquiry at St. Petersburg merely to have been sent to convey the hope that the DALAI LAMA was very well to-day.

An Alien has bequeathed £300,000 to the London hospitals. A Desirable Alien.

MR. REDMOND is stated to have asked for a day to be set apart for the discussion of the Cause of the Deterioration in Limericks.

MR. SWIFT MACNEILL has been asking a question in the House to show his disapproval of the wholesale destruction of stores by the military authorities at Durban. That other anxious inquirer, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, who had a regrettable experience at St. Albans (Hurts), holds



FRENCH TOURIST, ON A VISIT TO LONDON FOR THE FIRST TIME, MAKES A NOTE IN HIS POCKET-BOOK OF THE NAME OF THE STREET IN WHICH HIS HOTEL IS SITUATED.

that, if there were any eggs among the stores, the destruction was entirely justifiable.

An aged Malay trader, on trial for attempted murder at Capetown, confessed to having had twenty-seven wives. The fact was mentioned in mitigation of punishment.

We would respectfully draw the attention of *Truth* to a disgraceful case of 5,200 per cent. per annum being charged in respect of a loan. A small boy borrowed a penny, and the lender—another boy—made it a condition that the borrower should pay him twopence for it at the end of a week.

"Spring hats have already made their appearance," says a writer on "Dress and Fashion." For ourselves we cannot imagine a lady looking attractive in a Gibus.

A Cardiff gentleman has issued a sheet entitled, "How to tell the time by the stars to the fifth of a second every night for ever and ever." A rival publication is promised which will give the same information for ever and ever and ever.

The *World* has come to the conclusion that Woman is not clubable. We thought that it had always been conceded that it is bad form to hit a woman.

"PLAIN LIVING."

"QUITE SERIOUS," in the *Daily Mail*, writes on the subject of University allowances:—"I should like to say that many undergraduates are living respectably and comfortably on £700 a year—certainly at the smaller colleges." Mr. *Punch* has received the following additional letters on this subject:—

SIR,—You will be surprised to learn that last year I only overdrew my father's allowance to me, of £650 a year, by £400. After this can it be honestly said that the old Universities are expensive? My father is a country parson, and has only *nine* sons. *Verbum suff.*, as we say in the "Little-Go."

Yours, &c.,

ECONOMY IN SMALL THINGS.

SIR,—I am glad this correspondence has been opened. It will do good. Undergrads at the 'Varsity are needlessly swindled. Thus my tailor's account in my first year for fancy waistcoats was £47. I determined to economise, and found in my second year that my bill for the same necessity only touched £43 10s., and for that sum I obtained sixteen of them. This saving involved hardly any deprivation.

Yours, &c., CAREFUL.

SIR,—The question entirely hangs on the style of motor-car you go in for. Personally I have found that keeping the hobby within due limits and only having *three* of them considerably decreases one's expenses. One can hardly include the initial outlay of £1870 as an *annual* expense. I give an epitome of my last year's expenditure at College. It will show how a young man of simple tastes may live, if he wishes, comparatively cheaply.

	£	s.	d.
Clothes	118	10	0
Chauffeur's wages	93	12	0
Repairs to Motor-cars	277	8	0
Petrol	32	2	0
Private Dinners	101	10	11
Wine bill	69	2	0
Tobacconist's bill	82	7	4
Subscription to drag	30	0	0
Occasional visits to Town	233	8	0
Proctor's fines	17	13	4
Private coaching for "Little-Go" (this might easily be sacrificed)	9	9	0

£1065 2 7

Yours, SIMPLICITY.

P.S.—This excludes a few misfortunes I had in Turf matters.



THE ADVANTAGE OF EDUCATION.

M.F.H. (who has had occasion to reprimand hard-riding stranger). "I'M AFRAID I USED RATHER STRONG LANGUAGE TO YOU JUST NOW."
Stranger. "STRONG LANGUAGE? A MERE TWITTER, SIR. YOU SHOULD HEAR OUR MASTER!"

at Christie's. We should be confined as collectors almost exclusively to the works of the early Victorian R.A.'s.

Mr. Carnegie. And no more MILTON manuscripts!

Mr. Pearson. Would not Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's autographs do as well? I have several.

Lord Burnham. What then, gentlemen, is our decision? Shall we reduce our incomes to £250 a year—which, by the way, is about the interest at three per cent. on the Nobel Prize money—or shall we make a sacrifice and go on as we are?

[On a vote being taken, the company decided to go on as they were.]

SPARKLETS FROM THE SPRINTERS' GAZETTE.

Mental meat juice, stimulating and nutritious, distilled from the bulkiest brains of to-day.

WATT Ho!

No man was ever killed by reading a novel.—*Mr. A. P. Watt.*

A NORTHERN LIGHT.

Without energy and will power we can effect nothing.—*Leo Tolstoi (specially translated for the Bristol East Anglian).*

ACCURACY ABOVE ALL THINGS.

We must never forget that two and two make four.—*Sir Robert Giffen.*

NEED OF KNOWLEDGE.

Mother wit, *minus* a scientific education, is like a battleship without armour plates.—*Sir Norman Lockyer.*

THE PROPHECY OF A PASSIVE RESISTER.

What will be the issue of the grave and reprehensible struggle that has just commenced between Russia and Japan no one can yet tell.—*Dr. Clifford, on Sunday, February 14.*

WHAT A GREAT HUSTLER SAYS OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

I consider that, next to the initiation of the Missing Word Competition, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's advocacy of Tariff Reform is the greatest event of modern times.—*Mr. C. A. Pearson.*

A PEER'S DILEMMA.

I cannot say which affords me the more exquisite pleasure, to bring down the house by an effective exit or to break the bank at Monte Carlo.—*Lord Rosslyn.*

THE DEARTH OF GENIUS.

There is only one great poet living, and he is no longer young. It is a sad truth that the height of perfection is the beginning of decay.—*Mr. Alfred Austin.*

WHAT THE HISTORIAN OF THE MAMMOTH THINKS OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

The vindictive treachery of the Duke in attempting to stab Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the back while holding up both his hands in sanctimonious horror, has fortunately no parallel in our political annals.—*Sir H. H. Howorth.*

EQUINE INCONSISTENCY.

A child may succeed without undue difficulty in inducing a two-year-old filly to approach the tank, but not all the trainers in Arabia could force her to imbibe its liquid refreshment against her will.—*The Paddock.*

THE LUMINOUS COMMENT OF A GREAT FINANCIER.

Directly we cross the frontier we may be said to set foot on foreign territory. An exception, however, must be made in the case of those who, like ourselves, live on an island.—*Lord Avebury.*

CHARIVARIA.

"HITHERTO," says the *Kölnische Zeitung*, "Russia has played first fiddle in the concert of Europe. Now the German Empire will play it." This should be a pleasant change from the customary Trum-pet.

A correspondent, in a letter to a contemporary, asks whether at the present moment there are pro-Japs in Russia, and pro-Russians in Japan, or is anti-Patriotism a purely British product? As a matter of fact, here is just the one point as to which the *Daily News* is willing to concede Great Britain's superiority.

It is not, we believe, generally known that the Government offered Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the use of a Protected Cruiser for his holiday trip, but the head of the Fair Trade party thought it would look like advertising.

When in Cairo Mr. CHAMBERLAIN paid a visit to the local Zoo. While there, it is said, a great wave of home-sickness passed over him as his thoughts wandered to the House of Commons.

"Owing to the clearness of the air," says the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, "conversation in the Arctic regions can be carried on by persons two miles apart." This explains why the inhabitants so bitterly oppose the introduction of cats into those parts.

A company has been formed in Paris with a capital of 350,000 francs to

establish a cemetery for domestic pets. The rent of a tomb will be five francs for dogs, cats, and birds, with a slight extra charge for elephants.

the result." We agree with the *Court Journal*.

While always ready to admire enterprising novelty in advertisement, we cannot help thinking

that the following form of appeal is somewhat unfortunate:

GEMS FROM OUR GERMAN GRAMMAR.

"Has the foster-brother of the butcher's great-aunt the tooth-ache? . . . No, but he has No. 1 of THE RAPID REVIEW."

The gentleman who, on the 14th inst., sent a valentine to a lady acquaintance bearing the inscription, "Darling, my heart's on fire," is to be proceeded against for Valentine and Arson.

Piccadilly is up, and St. James's Street is up, and visitors arriving in London imagine the Season has already begun.

"We are nearly all teetotalers in the business now," declared a publican in the Southport County Court last week. This is not the first complaint we have heard as to the quality of the liquor obtainable at the average public-house.

An article in a contemporary on

"Terrors of Modern Warfare" omits to mention the newspaper articles by Military and Naval Experts.

Everybody longing for April, when it is hoped we shall only have showers. Meanwhile those persons who had only put by for a rainy day are feeling the pinch of poverty.



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

She. "BUT IF YOU SAY YOU CAN'T BEAR THE GIRL, WHY EVER DID YOU PROPOSE?"

He. "WELL, HER PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AWFULLY GOOD TO ME, AND IT'S THE ONLY WAY I COULD RETURN THEIR HOSPITALITY."

The *Court Journal*, in drawing attention to the fact that Charity Bazaars are going out of fashion, says, "An amateur Academy would surely prove a great attraction. If some hundreds of well-known people were to promise to paint a picture in the cause of charity, all London would rush to see

LETTING LOOSE THE WILD DUCKS OF WAR.

ULTIMATE source of England's vital sap!

Ye of the Press who trade in seasoned Truth
And find in this affair of Russ and Jap

Dainties to touch the town's fastidious tooth,
Filling with spice of purple-hued despatches
The yawning void between Australian matches:—

'Tis not within my province to review

The methods you employ to raise the wind,
With what imposing colours you endure

The cause to which the people's faith is pinned,
Or how you gather, by instinctive gumption,
What suits you best for popular consumption.

Each to his taste; demand provokes supply;

The hook that Londoners elect to bite

Is baited with another brand of fly

Than that which titillates the Muscovite;

And from its local news each several nation

Sucks matter for profound felicitation.*

Yet, though you justly hold that wars are made

To serve the pressman's ends for primal use,

Oh, kindly bear in mind the fatuous raid

That checked the output of the fabled goose;

It was an act unspeakably absurd

To wring the neck of that auriferous bird.

Frankly, I think you started far too well;

Those early legends were a little stiff!

Shadows of doubt already dim your spell;

Men pass your posters by and shrewdly sniff.

What will be left to pique our sated senses

In two years' time—just when the War commences?

For, if I read my *Chronicle* aright,

That date will mark a full-accomplished feat;

In fact, the Russians, working noon and night,

Will have their commissariat complete;

And then, on one of these fine frosty days,

The struggle might assume an active phase.†

In yonder spacious times, when things will hum,

And larger breezes fill your fancy's sail,

The chance, if long deferred, will surely come

Of telling lies upon a loftier scale;

Meanwhile I would suggest the better course is

To hold your breath and husband your resources.

See, too, that if the Russian bides his hour

The smouldering ash may burst in redder flame;

A prudent print will therefore use its power

Farsightedly to urge the waiting game,

Nor bid the Christian Tartar sink his *credos*

On the receipt of five or six torpedoes.

But, most of all, eschew a martial air;

Beat not the tocsin like a butler's gong;

No doubt a general European flare

Would suit your book, but not for very long;

With German squadrons anchored off Blackfriars,

Your primrose path would soon be choked with briars.‡

* "Admiral ALEXEIEFF is receiving congratulatory telegrams from all parts of Russia."—*Reuter's Agent at St. Petersburg, February 17.*

† "By the end of the second year we may expect to see the Russian troops take the field . . . with perfected commissariat and transport arrangements."—*Military Expert in "Daily Chronicle," February 18.*

‡ "There was nothing to stop a German gun-boat from coming up the Thames except a few police boats."—*Admiral Close at the Royal United Service Institution, February 17.*

Enfin, "beware of entrance" to a feud;

Adopt a more detached and neutral tone;

And imitate the blameless attitude

Of men like CAINE, who leave these things alone;

A bright ensample! Think what might have been

Had he encouraged Man to intervene! * O. S.

FOOTWEAR FANCIES.

(By the Expert Wrinkler.)

THE FULLY-FURNISHED FOOT.

I HAVE often been asked how many pairs of boots and shoes a gentleman should possess. After giving much thought to the subject I reply, forty. These are divided thus: ordinary pairs for walking, four black and two tan; shooting boots, two; spring-side Wellingtons for cub-hunting; silver-plated sand shoes for Trouville; a pair of Alpine waders for climbing the Wetterhorn; hob-nailed elephant-hide boots with shark-skin laces for receiving duns; other boots of various kinds; court shoes with paste buckles; and dancing pumps. The above are obligatory, but personally I keep a pair of full morocco Bluchers for calling at the *Times* Office. My friend Major HOWE, who fought in Bhootan under Field-Marshal DOWIE, once remarked to me on the supreme importance of having enough boots, and I have never forgotten his advice.

UNDERSTUDIES FOR TREES.

The question then comes, Should one have separate trees for each pair? Being always, to the best of my ability, the friend of the economical, I say, No. There are various methods by which one may contrive inexpensive substitutes for trees. To fill the boot with moist plaster of Paris is a sure preservative of its shape, but to extract the cast is sometimes a little tedious. A better plan is to place a pair of shooting stockings in the boots and, after hermetically sealing them, to apply a bicycle pump and inflate them to their fullest extent, renewing the operation whenever the air seems to have escaped. The inventive mind will doubtless think of other expedients.

SANDALS NOT RECOMMENDED.

The fashion of wearing sandals has come in a good deal of late, but after giving them a good trial I have come to the conclusion that they are not suited to our climate in the winter months. As I was crossing the Strand one wet day in December one of my sandals came off, and, before I could recover it, was run over by an omnibus. In any case do not wear spats with sandals. Another point on which I am often consulted is whether one should wear yellow boots with a tall hat. My man, who is rather a purist in these matters, discountenances the habit, but, on the other hand, I have seen the Hon. REGGIE DOUBLEWELT wearing the combination in question in Piccadilly. No hard and fast rule can be drawn: it all depends on the social status and position of the individual. I know a Guardsman who wears anatomical boots; on the other hand Lord NETHERSOLE always shoots in patent leathers, and the Marquis of — skirt-dances in elastic sides. As the saying is, *de minimis nil nisi bonum*.

TO AVOID WET FEET.

An excellent preventive of the too rapid deterioration of the sole is to paint it morning and evening with a thick coat of creosote. It is also on wet days a good thing to fill the interstices between the soles and the uppers with

* "A proclamation has been issued in the Isle of Man commanding that the declaration of neutrality shall be strictly observed by the inhabitants."—*Daily Press, February 18.*



After the coloured sunk-relief from the great temple of RAMESES III., at MEDINET HABOO, near THEBES.

PROGRESS!

EGYPT, CIRC. B.C. 1200 (UNDER RAMESES III.).

The Pharaoh Rameses Mai Amun, of the 20th Dynasty, is represented in his chariot, attended by his far-bearers, while the royal scribes count over the number of hands cut from the conquered.

BELGIAN CONGO, A.D. 1904 (UNDER LEOPOLD II.).

"Each time the corporal goes out to get rubber, cartridges are given to him. He must bring back all not used, and for every one used he must bring back a right hand."—Report of our Consul at Boma.

putty, carefully blackened with Day and Martin. This will exclude much moisture. Or you may acquire from any builder a pint or so of damp course, to which has been added a sufficiency of some nigri-fying powder, such as triturated charcoal biscuits or granulated truffles. In fact no gentleman who knows his way about need suffer from wet feet.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF LARGE FEET.

One of the severest taxes on the purses of men with refined tastes but limited incomes is that entailed by the necessary outlay on boots. You know the French proverb, "With good boots no man ever was ill-dressed: with bad boots no man was ever well-dressed," and there is undoubtedly a great deal of truth in the maxim. Some men, however, are cruelly handicapped in the race of life. There was my friend, Sir ALGERNON TREADWELL, for example, one of the finest fellows who ever stepped, but his feet were so large that he had to put his trousers on over his head. They were, in fact, if I might venture on a pleasantry, regular cubic feet, and he was never at his ease in company or indeed anywhere until he emigrated to Colorado and received a large salary and a public testimonial for his efforts in crushing the beetle. Sir ALGERNON'S boot bill was something tremendous. No good maker would build him a pair under three guineas, and when he was hard up—which was not uncommonly the case—he was sometimes driven to stay in bed for days at a time rather than venture forth in boots unsuited to his social status.

CHEAP BOOTS. A HAPPY DISCOVERY.

Hitherto I have set my face like a



American Hostess in London. "BUT WHY HAVEN'T YOU BROUGHT YOUR FIANCÉ?"

Guest (from Dakota). "I RECKON HE'S THROWN ME OVER. HE DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND OUR WAYS OUT WEST."

Hostess. "WHY, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE NOW?"

Guest. "NOTHING. I JUST ASKED HIM, 'SAY, WILL YOU LOVE ME ALWAYS, ALWAYS, EVEN AFTER WE'RE DIVORCED?'"

flint against cheap boots. Letters have poured in containing agonised appeals to me to sanction the purchase of Abyssinian or Borneo boots at 7s. 6d. the pair. I have always replied that no self-respecting member of the Mayfair inner circle should think of paying less than half a guinea for his boots. But one lives and learns. Within the last week I have had a sample pair at 6s. sent me by the "Majestic" Boot Com-

pany. Do not speak of "goloshers."

DEBRET.—One's blood must be intensely blue before one can wear carpet slippers at a *levée*.

It is reported from America that a sum-fish has just been captured off the coast of California weighing a ton. The cable informing us that it was caught by a little boy with a piece of string and a bent pin has not yet come to hand.

pany, which have emerged with distinction from a succession of the severest trials. On Monday morning I stood in them for half an hour in my bath without feeling the slightest sensation of cold or damp. In the afternoon I wore them at a medallion-digging picnic at Wormwood Scrubs, and in the evening at a subscription dance at Pinner. One peculiar merit of the "Majestic" boots is that they are not severely right and left, but can be worn indifferently on either foot, thus requiring only a single tree and not the customary forest. A superior quality with elastic sides and toecaps, at 6s. 6d., is also to be had, and is an extremely dressy type of footwear. Indeed, I cannot imagine a more useful christening gift or wedding present. The leather of the uppers is perhaps a little hard at first, but I got my man to wear them for a day or two, and they were thus thoroughly broken in before I put them on.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILLIE WORKIN-FAST.—No; natural wool socks should not be worn with pumps.

(K. BOOTLE).—Always remove your gums before entering the house on an afternoon call, but do not carry them into the drawing-room with

ROYALTIES I RECOLLECT.

By H-L-E V-C-R-S-O.

XLVII.—THE KING AND QUEEN OF PANTOMIMIA.

NEVER shall I forget the nerve-thrilling emotion with which, after duly presenting my credentials to one of the officials, I found myself inside the royal and ancient palace at Drörilehn-Boestriet, awaiting the entrance of that august couple, King SOLLUM and Queen SPRITELY of Pantomimia.

A gaudy multitude has gathered in the splendid hall at the foot of the grand staircase; there is a pause; the hangings of the arch above part, a glittering *cortège* of pages and *dames d'honneur* descend, two by two. Then a flourish of silver trumpets, and, in a flash, the Queen has fallen down the entire flight of steps, and picked herself up with the serene nonchalance that only long habit can impart.

Must I confess that my first sensations were scarcely those which I usually experience in the presence of Royalty? The Queen has hardly a trace of the majestic bearing, hardly a hint of the easy dignity, that distinguish so many Sovereigns of my acquaintance. Her appearance is quaint, almost to homeliness. I had an instant intuition that my verses were not only unknown to her, but that probably she would be even unaware that they had had the honour of being crowned by the French Academy. It crossed my mind, indeed, that her Royal Consort must, like King COPHETUA of old, have chosen a bride who was not altogether his equal in rank.

But any suspicion of this kind was immediately put to flight by the arrival of the King. He came in, looking radiant, though very grave; he wore no smile on his massive countenance, though I fancied I could detect a twinkle of humour in the small, wonderful eyes, whose colour and depth reminded me of those *solitaires* in which twisted strands of blue and green are embedded, as prawns in translucent aspic.

The Queen's eyes, deep set and lustrous, with a fixed appeal in their dark, inscrutable gaze, are decidedly her best feature; the nose is too sharp and too highly coloured at the tip, the flexible mouth too wide to be strictly beautiful, and she evidently concerns herself very little about the style and arrangement of her *coiffure*. Still, hers is a face that cannot easily be forgotten by those who have ever been privileged to look upon it.

I was amazed by the extreme condescension and affability of her manner with her Court. On the evening when I had the honour of being admitted to her audience she entertained us all by an inimitable account of her previous matrimonial experiences, for it appears that she had been a widow at least once before His Majesty invited her to share his throne.

Her former husband had not, it seemed, borne the most exemplary of characters, and she even hinted that certain eccentricities on his part had been cruelly misunderstood by the police, but with a delightful freedom from false shame she kept her hearers in ripples of uncontrollable mirth by revealing matters on which most Sovereigns I have met would prefer to observe a discreet reticence.

Both she and the King speak the English tongue with perfect ease and fluency, and a complete mastery of colloquialisms, though with a perceptible accent.

His Majesty is a keen student of English politics, and has been known, so I was informed, to express fervent sympathy with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in his fiscal campaign; on this occasion, however, he was more guarded in his references to the subject.

He is a powerful if not a melodious vocalist, but affects the ballads of the people rather than more ambitious compositions.

Like other monarchs I might mention, King SOLLUM is

addicted to frequent and rapid changes of costume. When I first saw him he was wearing a brown and gold Court suit, set off by the crown and Royal robes; on the next occasion his portly form was enveloped in a dressing-gown of startling hue and design.

Subsequently he was in a bold-patterned tourist suit, with a hat several sizes too small for him, appearing a little later clothed in a military uniform which I was unable to identify. Yet when again he met my view, to my unspeakable surprise another change of dress, another change of face and humour, was presented for our admiration; he was encased in a waterproof suit and diver's helmet.

From all I could gather, His Majesty is no *gourmet*, and is content with fare of the simplest description, his favourite *menu* being bloaters and beefsteak pudding.

The Queen exercises the strictest supervision over the household expenditure. I happened to be present at an informal visit which she paid to the Royal Kitchen, where she held a consultation with her female *chef*, who is rather on the footing of an intimate friend than an ordinary domestic.

It was marvellous to see how searching was Her Majesty's scrutiny of every item in the accounts; not a detail escaped Her Majesty's comment—from the market price of tomatoes and potatoes to the excessive consumption of soap and lard; from the condition of a steak and kidney pie to the abnormal appetite of the Royal cat—a remarkably fine animal, by the way, of the rare breed which Pantomimia alone produces.

Later on, this same female *chef* and her son (a youth whose natural intelligence is refreshingly free from any precocious tendency) were honoured by the Royal command to play "Bridge" at their Majesties' own table—the Queen herself condescending to instruct them in the rules of the game. I was positively aghast at the want of tact and *savoir faire* with which the Minister of the Interior accused her Royal Mistress of a revoke—a *bêtise* that would, in at least one Court where, though a youthful foreigner, I have been treated like an honoured guest, have certainly been regarded as *lèse-majesté*.

Imagine my surprise on finding the offenders shortly afterwards included in the party on board the King's submarine house-boat!

I cannot conclude without making some reference to certain startling events which took place during my visit, and which for a time seemed likely to render the King and Queen permanent exiles from the throne and kingdom.

This was brought about by a mysterious usurper of obscure origin, who was alleged—though I cannot vouch for the authenticity of the statement—to have recently emerged from the interior of an egg. But the plot, which had something to do with the possession of a ring and the identity of a long-lost Princess, was so involved that I shall not attempt to unravel an intrigue which perhaps will never be completely understood except by those behind the scenes.

Fortunately, everything ended in the happiest possible manner, and when the Royal pair finally passed from our view they were bowing right and left in a blaze of colour, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the admiring multitude.

But even at that moment I could not restrain a half childish disappointment. Of all the many Monarchs by whom I have been entertained, these two were the only Sovereigns who had neither requested a copy of my Roumanian Ballads, nor entreated me as a boon to inscribe an original poem in their autograph book!

F. A.

O. P. GOSSIP.—It is reported that Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH is about to dramatise his novel *The Shaving of Shagpat* as a curtain-razor.

LITTLE JACK IN A CORNER;

OR, THE INVISIBLE BOY OF ROSEDALE COURT.

A mystery in Four Acts now being played at the New Theatre.

"To be seen, but not heard," is the condition on which, from time immemorial, children are permitted by their parents and guardians to appear in the drawing-room when visitors are present. That a child should be neither seen nor heard may be a kindness to visitors; but would not such conduct be considered rather harsh on the part of the parents? Now the son of *Herbert* and *Sylvia Fitzallen*, called "*Little Jack*," on whom the whole plot of the play entitled *My Lady of Rosedale* really depends, is heard of throughout the piece from the First Act to the last, is affectionately alluded to, or, so to put it, "honourably mentioned," and yet never "gets a look-in!" The audience is on the tiptoe of expectation, anxiously awaiting the appearance of this little person of considerable importance, aged seven, whose name they are surprised to find does not appear in the programme. This omission is naturally attributed by the spectators to a mere oversight, or to some printer's error easily remedied in the next issue. The old song, "*Jack's the boy to work, Jack's the boy to play*," seems specially applicable to this little chap, as, unless he be asleep, or at play, and he is always doing either one or the other, he is invariably represented as unable to come to his mother *Sylvia* (Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS), who is so devotedly attached to him that, apparently, she permits him for the greater part of the day to be out of her sight. May be, as a judicious mother, she does not wish to bore her friends by bringing him with her on a visit; but be that as it may, when the presence of *Master Jack* is most particularly requested, and when all the house, in the middle of the most interesting Third Act, is on tenterhooks of expectation for the entrance of this child of promise, the nursery governess, *Helen* (Miss LILIAS WALDEGRAVE), descends the steps of the terrace with the information that the bright boy in most joyous mood has been taken by his amiable father, as a great treat, for a drive with him in a dogcart. His mother is in despair, for her reckless ill-conditioned husband, from whom she is expecting to be legally divorced, has thus asserted his authority, and she may be compelled by maternal instinct to follow wherever her crafty worse-half may have taken their child. She does not even feel sure of ever seeing the boy again, and the audience sympathise with her most sincerely, for *they* have never seen the boy at all up to now, and *now*, if he does not turn up in the course of the last Act, they will have to leave without ever having caught a glimpse of this invisible child! Cruel on the mother, hard on the audience, unkind of the French author and English adapter, Monsieur ALFRED CAPUS and Mr. COMYNS CARR.

The Fourth Act is played, and not a sign of the boy! He is not lost; no—for value received, and because his father can do without his family ties, the boy is to be returned to his mother, with care, right side up, after the play is over; and his mother is to be free to go for her divorce and then to marry *Ralph Wigram* (Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM), the kind gentleman who has saved her credit at her banker's by giving thirty thousand pounds for a place worth about a third of that sum, with the female fixture, however, *Sylvia Fitzallen*, thrown into the bargain. *Voilà tout*. Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM makes the part fit him, and has a good scene or two with the somewhat unemotional *Sylvia*.

Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON may, in the course of the run, perhaps make more of scheming *Lady Prothero* than she did on the first night.

Both Miss MARY MOORE as *Lady Mordaunt*, and SYDNEY BROUGH as her husband, do and say nothing in particular in the most effective manner.



SUCH AN EXAMPLE.

Wife (to husband, who has barked his shins violently against the bed, and is muttering something to himself). "OH, JACK, HOW CAN YOU! SUPPOSING BABY WERE TO HEAR YOU!"

Mr. ALFRED BISHOP is excellent in one of his elderly gentlemen parts, *Sir Arthur Prothero*, a judge.

Mr. NYE CHART and Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX excite as much placid interest in their characters as can be expected to be taken by third parties present in any ordinary pair of youthful lovers.

The one part that stands out from all the *dramatis personæ* is that of the scoundrel *Herbert Fitzallen*, most admirably played by Mr. EILLE NORWOOD.

The dialogue is good, as anything written by Mr. COMYNS CARR is sure to be. But we cannot but consider Messrs. CAPUS and CARR as two wicked uncles, who have burked the one babe in the wood, the unfortunate *Little Jack*, the Invisible Boy!

History Corrects Itself.

THE floods in the low-lying environs of Windsor have caused a question to be raised as to the authenticity of WELLINGTON'S remark upon the cause of his victory at Waterloo. It now appears that the Iron Duke has been wrongly credited with a phrase which was after all only an adaptation from a *mot* of NELSON'S, uttered just before his fatal wound; and that it was not the Battle of Waterloo, but that of Trafalgar, which was "won on the playing-fields of Eton."

WAR NOTE.—The "Czar of all the Russias" must not be confused with Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, who is known to admiring Tariff reformers as merely the "Prince of all the Hustlers."

THE *Daily Chronicle*, under the heading "*M.C.C. v. New South Wales: Fine Batting Display by KNIGHT*," said, "The wicked played admirably." Can this gallant KNIGHT be really so Black as he is painted?

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

"THE more one considers the question," remarked the Librarian of the House of Lords the other day, "the more is one amazed at the want of enterprise displayed by the publishers of the seventeenth century." Nothing could be truer. The result was that books, which now, if properly exploited in the advertisement columns of the *Westminster Gazette* and other journals, would sell in their thousands, then sold only in their tens.

Yet how much better for all concerned, manufacturer and consumer alike, had some of the really excellent literature of the time been rightly brought beneath public notice! As thus:—

It's no use talking. The only way to be *up-to-date* is to read the books of the season.

Cut out the following list and send it to your bookseller or librarian:—

HOLY LIVING. By JEREMY TAYLOR.

SAINTS' EVERLASTING REST. By RICHARD BAXTER.

SIGHS FROM HELL. By JOHN BUNYAN.

Do not neglect this opportunity of enriching your posterity.

Buy a First Folio
SHAKSPEARE

while they are cheap.
The price is sure to rise.

A Pantomime between Two Covers.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

By DANIEL DEFOE.

Don't be afraid of the title.

Ask your Bookseller for
THE ANATOMY OF
MELANCHOLY,

By ROBERT BURTON,
and see that you get it.

BEN JONSON, the famous playwright, after reading a chapter at the "Mermaid," remarked, "This Burton is Double X and no mistake."

THE SORROWS OF SATAN INDEED!

Read

PARADISE LOST.

By JOHN MILTON.

A distinguished gentleman who has seen this manuscript writes as follows:—

"A novel in blank verse may daunt frivolous minds, but this richly variegated Epic will appeal to intelligences of every calibre. In evidence of the thoroughly up-to-date character of the poem it may be noted that the tactics of aerial warfare are discussed in full detail. A touching feature in connection with the work is the fact that the author is afflicted with blindness, and, being unable owing to straitened circumstances to afford the luxury of a typewriter, dictated a great portion of his poem to the two Mrs. MILTONS."

READ THE EPIC BY A BLIND MAN.

At all Bookstalls.

FRAGMENTA AUREA.

By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

N.B.—The rumour that this work has been Bowdlerised is totally without foundation. The publisher cannot think how it got about, but he is delighted to be able to contradict it.

The Book that beguiled a
Great Statesman.

Before leaving for the French Court yesterday the Duke of BUCKINGHAM was observed to alight at his favourite bookshop, and after a rapid examination of the shelves to take up

HYDRIOTAPHIA, OR URN
BURIAL.

By Sir THOMAS BROWNE.

On the news becoming known twenty copies were at once sold to gentlemen of the Court.

If you must lose your head,
do it with dignity.

Ready to-day at all the Libraries.

EIKON BASILIKÉ.

Was he Mad?

Read the new problem play,
HAMLET.

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

The publishers earnestly hope that no intending reader will be put off by the homely title of this superb and engrossing drama. No one who wishes to be in the movement, to know how smart society occupies itself and what intellectual people are thinking, can afford to be without it. Toxicology, parricide, duelling, private theatricals, the reform of the lunacy laws, phantasms of the dead, marriage with a deceased husband's brother, rat killing as a fine art—these are only a few of the topics treated in this record-breaking congeries of scalp-raising incidents and searching analysis.

A Genius at last.

An Epic Poem in 12 books.

KING ARTHUR.

By RICHARD BLACKMORE.

The publisher is confident that he has here discovered a work of enduring splendour. Too often have geese been mistaken for swans; there is no such error in the present instance! The publisher is convinced that long after MILTON and SPENSER are forgotten the epic of *King Arthur* will still be arresting attention.

ON the vexed question of the distinction between "whole-hoggers" and "little-piggers," Lord HUGH CEOL has sent the following protest to the *Daily Mail*:—

"My free-food tastes are not porcine at all. They are intensely human."

This is the first known case in which a CEOL has openly confessed to cannibalistic tendencies.

It is rumoured that in the event of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN forming a Ministry, Sir CONAN DOYLE's political services will be rewarded by an offer of the posts of Holmes Secretary and Secretary for Scotland Yard.

MOTTO FOR THE JAPANESE. — *Cedant arma Togo.*

BALM FOR THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

THROUGH the courtesy of a certain Editor, who placed it at our disposal, we are able to publish the following letters, selected from the contents of a waste-paper basket which has a circumference enormously larger than that of any other:—

SIR,—The accident of which your correspondent complains is one that might happen to anybody. All that he needs, in my opinion, is a little perseverance and determination. Perhaps travel would prove as efficacious in curing him as it was in curing me under similar circumstances. The object of my devotion was a lady whose refined singing and dancing had created something of a furore at the music-halls. My life was temporarily blighted by the discovery that she was already married, and that her youngest son was then playing *Hamlet* in the provinces. But I soon recovered on joining my ship and going for my first voyage, and since then her memory has cost me scarcely a pang. Like the good sailor I am, I have now a wife at Marseilles, a second at Amsterdam, a third in London, and others at Nagasaki, New York, Athens, Archangel, and, I believe, Constantinople.

I am, yours, &c., VIKING.

SIR,—Your correspondent might derive consolation from the history of the Israelite kings. King SOLOMON was in all probability jilted—perhaps frequently—in his salad days. Yet in the end, by persevering and not giving way, he amassed the substantial total of one thousand (1,000) wives. Without counselling him actually to go and do likewise, I should like to point out to your correspondent that this is the right spirit.

Yours, &c., THEOLOGIAN.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—Take my advice, and look on the bright side. What seems a misfortune at first sight, often proves in the end to be a blessing. Many years ago I was engaged for six months to a lady who afterwards refused to marry me. What was the result? Misery? Gloom? Not a bit of it. I wrote and placed to great advantage articles on "How to Propose," "Buying the Ring," "Do Girls

like Presents?" "The £ s. d. of Courtship," "Should Kisses be Taxed?" and "How to write a Love-letter;" also two hundred and four sets of verse, and a powerful story called *The Jilting of Joshua Jenkins*. I attribute to my engagement and the experience I derived from it my present position of sub-editor on *Blogg's Weekly Nuggets*. Verb. sap. Yours in haste,

ENERGETIC JOURNALIST.

A gentleman could devote each arm simultaneously to the opposite sex without invidious comment. Similarly, each ANGELINA might be escorted by twin EDWINS, neither of whom could claim precedence. Here there is a future of great possibilities.

Every one would learn to reverse in dances—and dance in reverses, fortified by the ability to rotate withershins as well as clock-wise. There would be no

carving nor shaving—these two expressions are not intended to be synonymous—against the grain. Sinistral operations need then not necessarily end in sinister results. When man is truly bimanous there will be no "off-side" to a horse or a cricket-pitch—spinal curvature, on the one hand, will be unknown among equestriennes; on the other, there will be no dislocation of the field, caused, as now, by temporary appearance of a left-handed batsman. Each willow-wielder will stand l.b.w. and cut to leg or pull to thirdman indifferently. The uncertainty of the noble game will be more glorious than ever.

Picture, too, the saving of time when Paterfamilias, in a hurry to catch the city train, lights his cigar with one hand and kisses his wife or finishes his breakfast with the other. His spouse will be able to take her hair out of curling papers with a dexter movement, and at the same time deal out sinister spans to her rebellious offspring. The descendant in question can be pulling the cat's tail and pouring ink over the table-cloth contemporaneously.

It will be an undoubted advantage to squint. Individuals with independent optics under the new régime may engage two persons' attention or wink two

separate winks at once. Parties who have celebrated the occasion will know how to deal with a double moon without further difficulty or loss of equilibrium.

Gauche and *gaucherie* will lose their present signification. We may even come to say, "She was so *dexterous* that she smashed the china," or "He is his master's left-hand man!"

If the Society needs assistance in its double-handed dealings we shall be happy to lend them a hand. Only let them not ask us to become quadrumanous—such a reversion *Mr. Punch* does not bargain for!



PROFESSIONAL PARTNERSHIP.

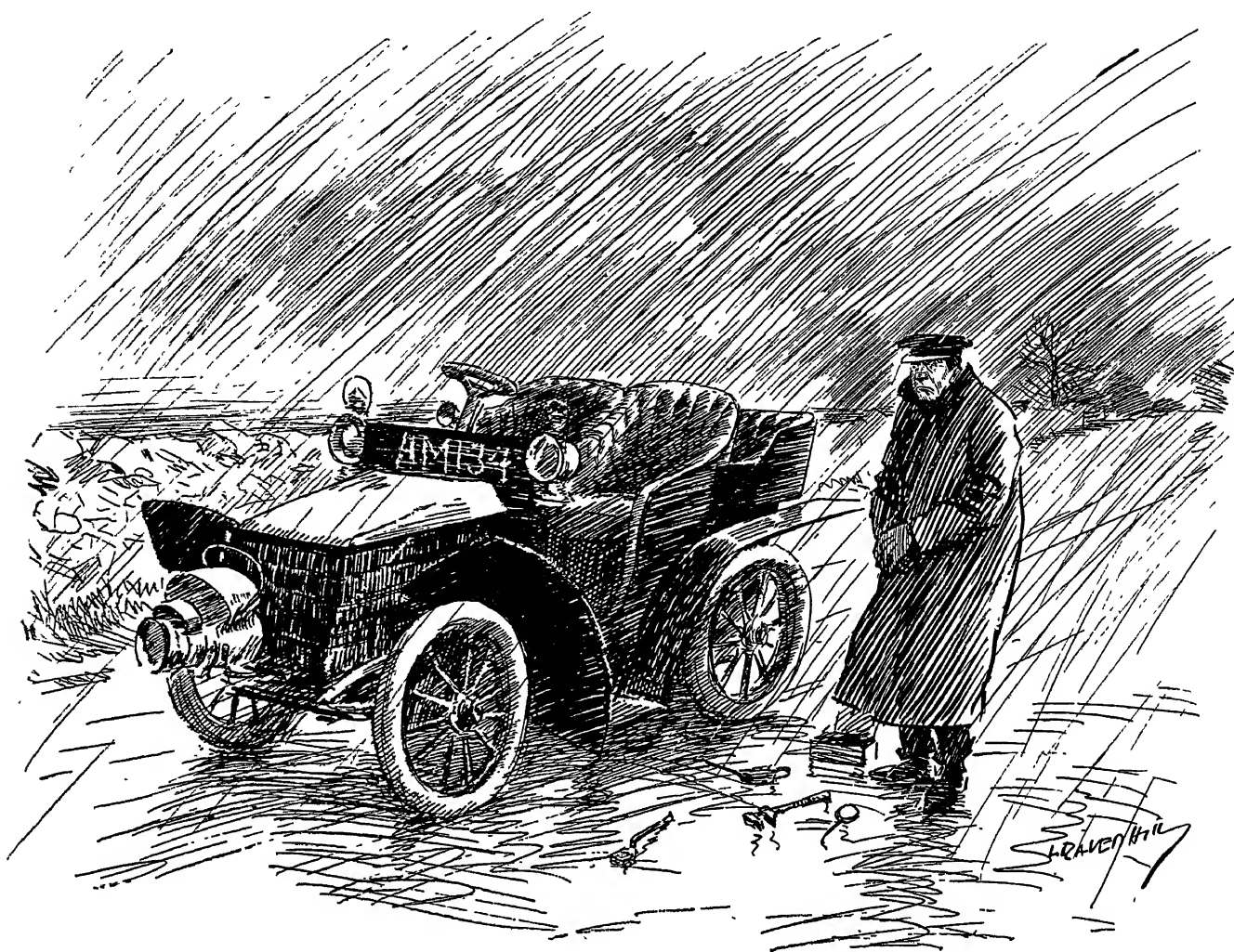
Village Organ-blower (to Lady Organist, who has been trying a new voluntary). "How did it go, MARM?"

"OH, ALL RIGHT. WHY DO YOU ASK?"

"WELL, MARM, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I WAS A BIT NERVOUS ABOUT IT. YOU SEE, MARM, I'VE NEVER BLOWED FOR THAT PIECE AFORE!"

AN END TO GAUCHERIE!

AN Ambidextral Culture Society has lately been formed by Sir JAMES HENDERSON, Dr. CUMMINGS, and General BADEN-POWELL (amongst others) as Vice-Presidents. This should be joined off-hand. Consider the advantages of bi-lateral development. To begin with, there would be no getting out of bed on the wrong side in the morning—the public would emerge from under both hems of its counterpane with equal dexterity. Impartial serenity and good temper would thus reign throughout the day.



FICKLE FORTUNE.

! "AND ONLY YESTERDAY I WAS FINED FIVE POUNDS FOR DRIVING AT EXCESSIVE SPEED!"

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK.

February 22.—This day four years ago was remarkable for the fact that there were three hours of sunshine and only two heavy showers, in the course of which a church in the Midlands was destroyed by lightning.

On this day, 2900 years ago, the editor of the first halfpenny paper in Japan had his head cut off for circulating a false report of the fall of Troy.

February 23.—Thirty-second anniversary of Canon RAWNSLEY's first sonnet. Since then he has written upwards of 3000, many of which have appeared in the local papers. When this number is multiplied by 14, the number of lines in a sonnet, it will be seen that Canon RAWNSLEY is one of the most voluminous poets of the century.

February 24.—On this day, just 1908 years ago, the Roman Senate suppressed the *Speculum Diurnum* for encouraging the Roman matrons to play cards and desert their spinning-wheels.

February 25.—Five years ago to-day the mansion of the Earl of BLARNEY was broken into and pillaged by burglars. As a writer in the *Blarney Sentinel* observed at the time, "After a fruitless search all the jewels were recovered except one pair of boots."

Dr. JOHNSON was born on this day in the early part of the eighteenth century. In spite of his uncouth exterior and ungracious manners, he endeared himself so much to his contemporaries that DAVID GARRICK, the eminent actor, publicly saluted him as "Rare BEN JOHNSON." Amongst those who joined him in his revelries at the "Mermaid Inn" were EDMUND BURKE, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, OLIVER GOLDSMITH, Dean SWIFT, JOHN DRYDEN, and WARREN HASTINGS.

February 26.—On this day three years ago there was heavy rain coupled with a high wind, during which Mr. CHAPLIN's umbrella was blown inside out as he was walking from the House of Commons to the Carlton Club.

Just seven years have elapsed since

on February 26, 1897, Mr. H. G. WELLS, on the recommendation of his medical adviser, abandoned Indian for China tea.

Precisely 6480 years ago to-day the foundation stone of the Pyramid of Cheops was laid in the presence of a distinguished company.

February 27.—On this day, just half a century back, the Poet Laureate shot his first rabbit and commemorated the event in the following epigram:

Alas, poor Bunny!
Nor love nor money
Can splice life's thread
Once you are dead.

February 28.—SEMIRAMIS vaccinated B.C. 2431.

In connection with the *Strand Magazine* articles entitled "Sovereigns I have Met," a Mr. STONEY BOLINGBROKE writes from a Monte Carlo address to say that he could produce a much more extended series on the subject of "Sovereigns I have dropped."



THE RETURN OF ARTHUR.

"AND ALL THE PEOPLE CRIED,
'ARTHUR IS COME AGAIN.'"—Tennyson.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

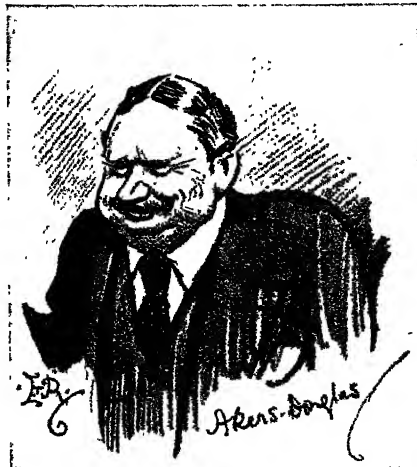
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday morning, February 16.—The first hour of a new morning was half sped when a solitary pedestrian might have been observed crossing Palace Yard. In height, in breadth, and withal a certain swinging stride of the right limb, there was something familiar in the figure. As it passed under the gaslight by the iron gates and cast up a furrowed countenance to regard the gloomy night, recognition was complete.

It was, in truth, the Right Honourable AETAS AKERS-DOUGLAS, Principal Secretary of State, late Captain in the East Kent Yeomanry, at the moment looking as if he were sadly in need of a remount.

Metamorphosis created and completed by a fortnight's experience of Leadership of House of Commons; seven days spent in charge of debate on DON JOSÉ's new crusade. Hard enough at any time to be suddenly summoned to box-seat. In existing circumstances the trial sufficient to age an amiable man seven years in as many days. AKERS-DOUGLAS an excellent Whip in more senses than one. For twelve years he whipped-in Conservative Party. Men of his time at Oxford will remember the tall slim figure, proudly set aloft on box of dog-cart as he drove his favourite pair tandem-wise.

"Strange," he murmured to himself in voice whose hollow sound startled him, "how well I managed them. Here when I, so to speak, go out with WALTER LONG in the shafts and GERALD BALFOUR tandem, as soon as ever we start, President of Board of Trade turns round in harness and looks me straight in the face. Tried t'other way about; just the same. Changed horses every night; no two will pull together."



"Akers-Douglas had a smile that went a long way..."



THE UNIONIST BUCKINGHAMS ARE LED OFF TO (POLITICAL) EXECUTION.

Chorus of Doomed Ones—

"Go with us, like good angels, to our end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on us,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice.
Lead on."
Hen. viii., Act. 2, Sc. 1.

(Mr. W-nt-n Ch-rch-ll, Lord H-gh C-c-l, and Major S-ly; Sir Al-x-nd-r Acl-nd-H-d, and Mr. J-sse C-ll-ngs.)

For a mild-mannered man, modest by nature, silent by intention, the week just closed has certainly been a sore trial. In days of old, whilst still Whip, later still when at the Board of Trade, AKERS-DOUGLAS had a smile that went a long way at particular crises. It was non-committal; it was reflective, ingratiating; possessed the advantage, incalculable in certain circumstances, of having nothing whatever to do with the question at issue. More hot-headed Ministers saying Yes or No, or even taking refuge in the ejaculation "Ah!" (capable of many meanings) might have got themselves into trouble, even embarrassed the Government. AKERS-DOUGLAS filled up the awkward pause with a meaning smile—meaning anything or nothing.

Tried the smile on during early days of his lieutenantancy. Had no effect in curbing the impetuosity of BONAR LAW, who insisted upon showing his nominal

chief at Board of Trade that he was utterly mistaken in his fiscal ideas, knew absolutely nothing on the critical matter of the exportation of iron ore from Canada to Westphalia, a transaction which, in able hands, is completed entirely at the foreigner's expense, leaving a handsome profit in the hands of shrewd Scotchmen. Then there was WALTER LONG, irritating the young bloods below the Gangway by "saying things" about them to the constituency.

Next, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, with the carelessness of youth, selected Friday for the delivery of a speech naturally looked for with extreme curiosity. Everybody knows Friday is an unlucky day. The MEMBER FOR SARK cites a case where, it being inadvertently selected as the occasion for launching a lifeboat, men whose courage had been proved in a hundred storms declined to put to sea.



"QUOTH THE RAVEN, 'EVENMORE.'"

Mr. G-rge W-ndh-m. "Confound that bird! I thought I'd settled it!"

What happened in connection with the CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER's speech? Why, the Front Opposition benchmen, resolved to make half-holiday, sent across to AKERS-DOUGLAS note to that effect. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, dying to deliver his carefully-prepared speech, was obliged to step aside, leaving debate on Ministerial side to a child in finance like EDGAR VINCENT, and a mere twin like FREDERICK LAMBTON. *Pour comble de malheur*, both these loyal Ministerialists went dead against the Government, whilst the House remains ignorant of the view the CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER would have taken of evidently growing intention on part of former colleagues to throw over "my right hon. friend, the Member for West Birmingham."

This last the record of single day; and there were seven of them, more than an ordinary Parliamentary week. Small wonder that the smile shrivelled on the lips of the HOME SECRETARY, that his manly figure seemed positively shrunken as he wearily walked home, wondering whether anything was worth while anyhow.

Business done.—Ministers declare JOHN MORLEY's amendment to Address a vote

of No Confidence. On division majority run down to less than one-half normal figure.

Tuesday night.—Amid dreary drip of speeches of multitudinous words ALWYNE COMPTON dropped a gem. It was one of those jewels, four words long, which, stretched on the forefinger of Time, will sparkle through the ages.

HENRY SAMUEL moved new amendment to Address, denouncing employment of Chinese labour in the Transvaal. Made a speech that would have been twice as effective had it been half as long. For an hour and a quarter he stood in the breach. Major SEELY, seconding amendment, spoke for fifty minutes. Here, out of a sitting providing maximum of eight hours' talk, equally apportioned among six hundred and seventy Members, two appropriated a full quarter of the allowance!

MACNAMARA not the man to be beaten in game of this kind. Hasn't had a real breather this Session, and it already three weeks old. What will they say in Camberwell? Plunged in like duck taking to the water, splashed round with almost irritating evidence of enjoyment.

"What," he shouted at the rate of

one hundred and twenty words a minute, "will the British soldier say when he finds that the sequel to all his fighting in South Africa is this indentured yellow slavery?"

"He will say, 'Nonsense,'" answered Lord ALWYNE, who, as despatches testify, served in South Africa.

This incomparably the best speech yet delivered in the fifth session of the first Parliament of King EDWARD THE SEVENTH. Observe how directly it speeds to the spot, unweighted by superfluous words. Later SWORE cust—I mean, CUST swore at large (of course in Parliamentary sense) at MACNAMARA, planting one or two well-directed blows. A smart and effective speech. But COMPTON takes the cake.

Business done.—Debate opened on Chinese labour in Transvaal.

Friday night.—Everyone sorry to see an empty seat on Front Opposition Bench. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD came to town for the Session, but has only fitfully attended. Not ill, not yet weary of the old game in which he has played a brilliant part through thirty-five memorable years. An affection of the throat has temporarily deprived him of use of his voice for platform purposes. What it must have cost him to stand aside whilst the Birmingham financial heresy was under discussion for seven nights who shall say? He looked in once or twice whilst affair in progress. But made no sign.

A hard hitter, the SQUIRE through a long fighting career has never smitten a man below the belt. For twoscore years he has vigorously pounded honourable gentlemen opposite, whether known as Tories, Conservatives, Dissident Liberals, Unionists, or Fair Traders. To-day he has as many personal friends in their ranks, is held in as high estimation, as if he had fought by their side through dubious wandering.

"I look upon HARCOURT," PRINCE ARTHUR once said to me, "as the last living captain of the Old Guard of Parliamentarians. He has his little ways like the rest of us. But he is a possession the House of Commons would be grieved to part with."

Business done.—After three weeks' talk, Address voted. Now for business.

SPEAKING of the recent Mid-Herts election, the *St. Albans Times* admits that "in Liberal quarters there was an element of cheerful sanguinarity." Blood, however, is not, of course, so thick as eggs.

More White Slave Traffic.

WANTED, by Widow, a HUSBAND, to push Fried Fish Saloon Business, or to be Sold.—Advt. in "Lincolnshire Echo."



"RANK BLASPHEMY."

Squire Oldboy, M.H. (enjoying a long and very slow hunt). "THERE SHE GOES! AFRAID IT'S A NEW HARE THOUGH."
Bored Sportsman. "HOW LUCKY! THE OTHER MUST BE GETTING DOOSID OLD."

FEBRUARY 29;

OR, SHOULD GIRLS PROPOSE?

(With acknowledgments to Mrs. Armstrong's
"Letters to a D butante.")

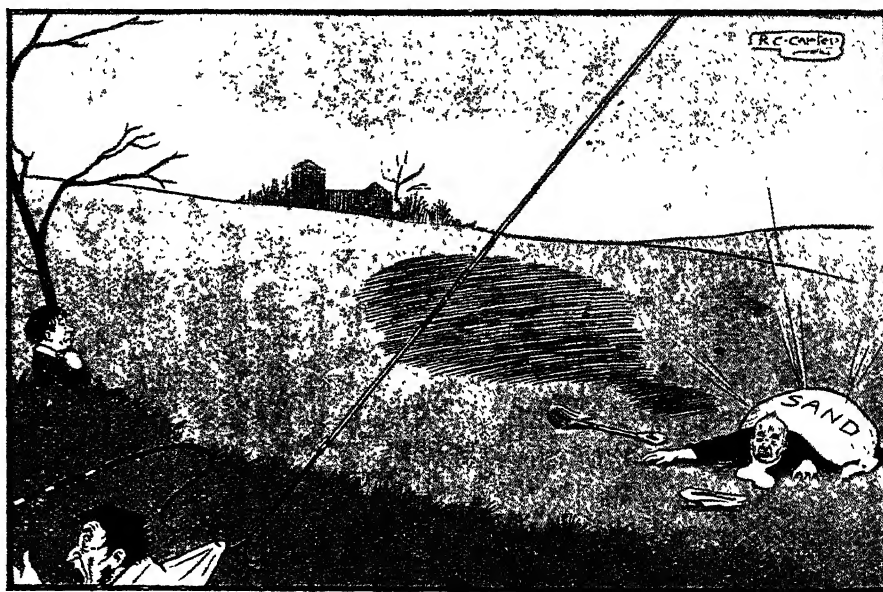
ON BEING ENGAGED.

I LITTLE thought, my dear REGGIE, when I wrote my last letter to you, on what a very important subject I should write my next epistle! My lucky REGGIE! Barely out, so timid, and so wanting in self-confidence; and to think that your fate is already settled, and you should have gone and got engaged at your very first ball! Well, I am truly surprised. I did not expect it so soon, though I can't say I am so utterly astonished at MAUD BAREPHACE's proposal as you seem to have expected me to be. I have always fancied she cared for you since you joined the hockey club, and I felt it was not entirely accident that brought you so often together of late. But I never breathed a word of it in my letters to you, for I knew you were just the kind of boy who would never have looked at her again had such a thing been hinted.

I am so glad that the ball was such a brilliant success, and that you had such a number of partners, and such a thoroughly twee time of it in your new dress-suit. Her sending you the button-hole beforehand must have made you feel happy to begin with, and when you got to the house there was she standing in the doorway looking for you and not dancing with anybody till you came! And all your shyness went away like a cloud when you saw the pleasure in MAUD's eyes and you felt you were not a wall-flower or a waif and stray, but of the highest consequence to someone—the only person she cared for in the room. There is something so protective in her manner that she seemed to make you feel at ease and safe, like a boat that has got into harbour. And then came the dances, and the bevy of partners, and the horrid old dowager you didn't like, and MAUD took you away from her, and you two hid in the conservatory so that Lady SCAVRECROWE shouldn't find you, and somehow it all

came about in the most natural and bissextile way in the world! I am so glad for you, REGGIE, and yet I could almost have wished it had not come to you quite so soon. But I am sure you have made a good choice, and that MAUD BAREPHACE, who has known you ever since you were a little boy in the Kindergarten, must seem doubly precious to you now that you are going out into the world in the midst of strangers, with no one of your very own to consult.

And now you ask for a whole heap of advice from your elderly aunt, for life has become very important to you, and you don't want to make a false step at starting. I am glad you made up your mind to tell Lady KAYKWAUKE at once, for it would have been very improper to



A BALLOON IMPRESSION.

have kept her in the dark, as you are staying in the house, and she is responsible for you to your mother. I can quite understand your feeling that you would like to have kept it to yourself a little time; but it would not have been right under the circumstances. I am sorry she is a little disappointed; I suppose she would have much preferred your accepting a rich and solid *parti* like Lady SCAVRECROWE. About telling other people. As a rule, only the relatives and intimate friends are told, and then the news gradually gets round. But if the engagement is going to be a short one you may get your mother, or Lady KAYKWAUKE as your chaperon, to announce your impending chance of name through the medium of the press.

Good-bye for the present, dear REGGIE. Believe that you have all the sympathy of your affectionate Aunt

LUCINDA.

MR. PUNCH'S IMPERIAL COUNCIL.

IN the absence of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, *Mr. Punch*, always ready to learn, and anxious for Imperial Co-operation, has invited the Prime Ministers of our Greater Colonies to think Imperially on the Far Eastern struggle and wire him the result. He has already received the following interesting communications:—

Ottawa.

Yours on Far East received. People of Canada inspired by glorious memories WOLFE and MONTCALM survey Oriental convulsion with coolness, only demanding voice in making of any Treaty hereafter concluded between Powers at War.

LAURIER.

P.S. (Unofficial).—What do Japanese eat? We are large sellers wheat, butter, cheese, best yellow. Consult STRATHCONA.

Melbourne.

Australia preserves strict neutrality—will not borrow money from either belligerent. Fleets and armies approaching our shores liable to six months' imprisonment as Undesirables, also fine not exceeding one hundred pounds. No appeal allowed

to Privy Council. Let 'em know this.

DEAKIN.

Capetown.

Are they at war? So am I.—Kindly suggest Japanese War Office engage JAMESON to raid Manchurian Railway—Bond will pay his passage one way. Might get RUTHERFORD HARRIS settle question date of firing first shot.

Excuse brevity. Busy.

SPRIGG.

Wellington.

Glad to see Japan took my advice. Always told MIKADO torpedoes the thing. Russian chances dead as frozen mutton. Warn both sides not to employ Chinese. They are a demoralising influence in submarine mines. Tell dear old England my message to her in present crisis is "Chops and Preferential Sauce."

Yours,

SEDDON.

REALLY BUSINESS-LIKE!

EVENT—The “Annual General Meeting” of any society, institution, or charity, in any provincial town. **SCENE**—probably a dingy apartment at the back of the Town Hall or reading-room, furnished with wooden benches. On the Chairman’s table is a bottle of water—a rich vintage, long in bottle, to judge from its colour. **DRAMATIS PERSONÆ**—four Retired Military Men, two Doctors—rival practitioners, not on the best of terms, a sprinkling of Clerics, and a dozen Ladies. There is a hum of subdued but general conversation.

The Chairman. As our meeting was called for three o’clock, and it is now—er—considerably past that hour—(conversation continues. Secretary thumps the table and remarks “Order! Chair!” in a ferocious tone)—I really think, ladies and gentlemen, that (with a deprecatory smile) we had better—er—get to work. Perhaps the Secretary?

Secretary (promptly). Yes, at once. (Fortissimo) “Minutes of a meeting held on,” etc., etc. (He reads several pages.)

Chairman. Thank you, Mr. Secretary. A—a most able summary. We will now proceed (aside from the Secretary)—ah, yes; of course, of course—we will now put the minutes to the Meeting. Those in favour of their adoption will say “Ay.” (No one says it.) Really, ladies and gentlemen, I should be so grateful if you would express your opinion! Those on the contrary will say “No!” (A loud “No!” from a small elderly lady at the back of the room, who shows every symptom of embarrassment when all eyes are drawn to her.)

Secretary. Be good enough to state the grounds of your objection, Madam!

Lady (covered with confusion). I—I haven’t any objection to anything—but I thought the Chairman asked me to say “No!”

Chairman. Then I declare the minutes passed—(audible aside to Secretary: “Do you pass minutes? Oh, ‘confirm’? Thank you”)—the minutes are hereby confirmed. I think that our worthy friend Dr. Squills has a motion to bring before us.

Dr. Squills. Yes, Sir, I have. By Rule 47 the monthly Committee meetings are fixed at 4 P.M. on a Monday—a most objectionable hour, Sir, chosen solely in the interests of—(catches the eye of Dr. Bolus, his rival)—well, we won’t go into that. But having been a member, Sir, of this institution for upwards of nine years, during which time I have— (A lengthy autobiography follows. Conversation becomes general. One of Dr. S.’s best rhetorical pauses is



SCENE—South of France Winter Resort.

Aunt. “KITTY, IF YOU DON’T BEHAVE YOURSELF PROPERLY, I’LL TELL YOUR MAMMA. WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, I WAS A GOOD GIRL.”

Kitty. “AND ARE YOU VERY WICKED NOW, AUNT?”

broken by the remark, made by one lady to another, not at all for publication: “So it turned out to be simply indigestion.”)

(Titters. At the end of ten minutes Dr. S. succeeds in reaching his motion, which is “That in Rule 47 the words ‘5 P.M. on Tuesday’ be substituted for ‘4 P.M. on Monday.’”)

Chairman. Does any lady or—er—gentleman second this proposition?

Military Gentleman (all in one mouthful). Great-pleasure-in-seconding.

Chairman. Then I will put it to—

Dr. Bolus (with solemnity). Concerned as I am—concerned as you, Sir, doubtless, are—concerned as every right-minded and loyal inhabitant must be for the growth, welfare, and prosperity of this admirable, useful and important institution—

(He talks for a quarter of an hour, ending by moving an amendment. The Secretary proposes an amendment to the amendment. Someone else proposes an amendment to the amendment to the amendment. Discussion goes on for an hour or so, becoming more personal and warmer as it proceeds.)

Chairman (with a happy inspiration). Ladies and gentlemen! We have done an immense amount of work this afternoon. (Cheers.) Would it not be well to adjourn the further consideration of this—er—knotty problem to our next annual meeting?

(General assent. Hearty vote of thanks to the Chair and the meeting adjourns, every member feeling that he has spent a really industrious two hours.)

"WHO'S WHO?"

THRONED in a place of honour on my shelf
There is a volume I delight to skim in
My leisure moments, which concerns itself
With men and women.

How brief with all its records is the roll
Of these biographies; yet how emphatic!
How bald, yet business-like!—and, on the whole,
How democratic!

Here, and no otherwhere, I'll wager it,
Do CHAMBERLAIN and Dr. CLIFFORD nestle
("Under the whelming C's," as MILTON writ,)
By Lord HUGH CECIL.

Where else are BURNHAM and JOHN BURNS, M.P.,
Whom oft the *Daily Telegraph* has slated,
Or courtly CHESTERFIELD and "G. K. C."
Associated?

How truly entertaining, too, to note
How these important persons take their pleasure:
How rod or racer, bicycle or boat
Beguile their leisure.

How some delight to scale the mountain top,
And one, an aëronautic man of mettle,
To soar triumphant over highest Pop-
ocatapetl.

And one there is who "carpenters," and one
Whose sport assumes the form of "church-bell
ringing,"
And one glad soul who, when his tasks are done,
Will fall to "singing."

Then "change of work, and photographing views,
Cycling, or anything but sport"—one guesses
What writer's are those recreations. Whose
But "G. B. S.'s"?

Play on, my brothers. Sail, and shoot, and sing,
Golf, garden, gad about the globe, be zealous
In the pursuit of every living thing.
I am not jealous.

One shred of privacy I still retain:
To keep it sacred is my stout endeavour.
The public knows not how I rest my brain,
Nor shall it ever.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

AMONG a variety of classics of English literature published in handy form at moderate price Messrs. NEWNES are issuing reprints of famous novels. My Baronite is just now reading GODWIN's *Caleb Williams*, a book whose name has been familiar to him from boyhood though he never before came across it in the calf. To be precise the little volume is daintily bound in what the publishers call "limp lambskin." Delightful to hold, clear type makes it easy to read, and thin paper gives lightness to its five hundred pages. Amongst his various avocations GODWIN himself was a publisher. But he never turned anything out neater than this, certainly not at the price. Other novels of later date, forming part of the same series, are *Harry Lorrequer*, *Night and Morning*, and *Old St. Paul's*. The field to be reaped is illimitable, the harvest rich.

Cruikshank's Water Colours, with introduction by JOSEPH GREGO (A. & C. BLACK), is a collection of illustrations that

have long been familiar, in black and white, to all readers of DICKENS and AINSWORTH and to those who are acquainted with W. H. MAXWELL's *History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798 and Emmett's Insurrection in 1803*. The special wrapper, reproduced in this work as a frontispiece, was drawn and coloured by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, and was used as "an illustrated cover to a new edition of *Oliver Twist*, revised and corrected," when re-issued in ten numbers. The Baron perfectly remembers all these curiously clever illustrations in black and white, but of the same designs in colour he cannot recall many. A few of the very best, here presented, possess a certain delicacy of tone that one is accustomed to associate with Sevres china. On the other hand, though in the majority of CRUIKSHANK's coloured work there is a sort of patchiness and uncertainty, yet there is scarcely one illustration that, judged from this point, is ineffective; while, for powerfully representing dramatic action in picturesque scenery, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, quaint mannerist though he was, and possessed of a very limited sense of female beauty, was unequalled. The coloured pictures consist of scenes from *Oliver Twist*, *The Miser's Daughter* and *The Irish Rebellion*, with very full excerpts from the stories and from the history they originally illustrated.

THE BARON



A MANX MALADY.

(The ladies' papers announce that unlimited tails are *de rigueur* on stole, muff and pelerine, and no woman can consider herself smart unless liberally equipped with these graceful little excrescences.)

Why do I shun the crowded street
And choose the lonely track,
And if a friend I chance to meet
Why do I turn my back?
Because from sympathy or scorn
My shrinking spirit quails;
Because, disreputably shorn,
I've only seven tails!

Spring's magic madness leaves me cold,
My heart is like a stone,
And preternaturally old
I sink along alone;
My cry goes up from budding vales
To the unhearing heaven,
"Why *should* ELAINE have nineteen tails
While I have only seven!"

Time was—and that's what breaks my heart
And stabs me through and through—
I was the smartest of the smart,
I'd *chic* enough for two;
And if, with creditable zest,
I'd grappled at the sales,
I might have purchased, like the rest,
A *magasin* of tails.

"We are fortunate," writes a lady much interested in ecclesiastical affairs and dignitaries, "in possessing an Archbishop distinguished for his convocational powers."

TITLE FOR A PARLIAMENTARY FARCE.—*Blame Box but 'Skewes* *Cox*.



A SUGGESTION FOR THE PRESENT HUNTING SEASON IN THE MAIDENHEAD DISTRICT.

[“The course of the River Thames is in some parts five miles wide instead of fifty yards.”—*Vide Daily Papers.*]

A MELO-MUDDLE DRAMA.

MESSRS. ANTHONY HOPE and HARRISON RHODES have chosen to describe their play of *Captain Dieppe*, now being performed at the Duke of York's Theatre, as “a light comedy.” A more correct description of it would be melodramatic-farcical-comedy. The hero of this amusing muddle-drama in three Acts is *Captain Dieppe*, perfectly played by Mr. H. B. IRVING. He comes on as does *Captain Charles* in *Who Speaks First*, rendering signal service as intermediary between the husband, *Count Andrea* (Mr. NICHOLAS HOLTHOIR, good in a difficult rôle), and the wife, *Emilia* (Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS, amusing in a less difficult rôle), whose conduct in compromising herself with a scoundrelly adventurer, one *Paul de Roustache* (or “Moustache,” which is much in evidence, Mr. IVO DAWSON melo-dramatically gnawing at it) will remind most playgoers of the combined indiscretions of *Mrs. Mildmay* and her aunt *Mrs. Sternhold* in regard to *Captain Hawksley*. As *Guillaume Sevier*, a rascally detective, Mr. EDWARD O'NEILL is good, while the female detective, *Madame Sevier* (reminiscent of *Mrs. Bucket* in *Bleak House*), is cleverly, if a little too noisily, played by Miss HELEN FERRERS. In the midst of all the bustling situations it is pleasant to be able to congratulate Mr. DION BOUCICAULT on giving us, by his rendering of the *Abbé* (erroneously styled “Father” in the programme) *Alfonso* (this also is quite wrong unless “*Alfonso*” be a surname) a few restful moments. That the venerable *Abbé* cannot be entirely acquitted of causing scandal by his patting and pawing manners with ladies, and by his allowing them, however innocently, to rest their heads on his shoulders, is as unfortunately true as is the fact that the worthy *Abbé*, perhaps a little upset by these exceptional

familiarities, seems to have forgotten the professional manner of imparting a blessing. In every other respect Mr. BOUCICAULT's *Abbé* is excellent.

GOOD NEWS FOR GOOD GIRLS.

DEAR Ladies, I note with indignant distress
The way you're attacked in the sixpenny press.
There's never a weekly which doesn't contain
An article holding you up to disdain.

They sneer at your manners and gibe at your taste,
And taunt you with stupidly squeezing your waist.
They twit you with thinking of nought but your clothes,
And larding your maidenly converse with oaths!

You secretly swallow your *Eau de Cologne*.
Your youthful complexion is seldom your own.
You gamble at Bridge in your bedroom till dawn,
And borrow from Men—if your pearls are in pawn!

You're bored and rebellious, you scheme and you plot,
You say and you do all the things you should not.
You're heartless and soulless, your minds are a slough,
And Love is a stranger to whom you won't bow!

In short, though it's certainly horribly sad,
You girls are apparently all that is 'bad!
But don't be despondent, for, Ladies, you see,
A morsel of comfort is left you in me!

Though cynical weeklies dissect and revile,
This heart shall still flutter whenever you smile!
To me you are ev'rything charming and good;
I'd marry you all on the spot if I could.

A PLEA FOR DISSOLUTION.

A SOMBRE dawning, dashed with snow,
Brings in the deadly punctual day
When I must urge my pen to flow,
And have an air of being gay;
And this poor fool, that once a week
Works out in rhyme his soul's probation,
Looks vainly round the void to seek
A cause for public cachinnation.

He hangs his harp, already strained,
Beside the waters parched with dearth;
The long established founts are drained
That once emitted stuff for mirth;
And, on the tilths he held in fee,
Kaiser and Laureate, turning traitors,
Have spoiled his pitch and grown to be
Their own unequalled commentators.

Rivals have reeved his ancient rights—
REUTER, on Russian feats, for one—
Making our serious Press o' nights
To team with quaint unconscious fun;
Or KIPLING tries his prentice luck
Amid the fume of carburetters,
Spurring his Muse to run amok
All down the line of English letters.

"Yet there's no lack," you say, "of grist
To yield your grinders full employ,
So long as Parliaments exist
To prove the jester's constant joy."
But Loyalty would loathe to turn
To cynic ends a leader's blunder;
And Sportsmanship declines to spurn
With flippant boot the dog that's under.

Now is the ninth successive year
That I have found myself allied
With Heaven (what chance for humour here?)
Upon the big battalions' side.
But courage nerves the heart again,
And hope foresees a fair fruition,
With liberty to talk profane,
Like Lucifer, in Opposition.

Speed, blessed day! The sands run low;
A sharp and momentary wrench—
And I shall see LLOYD-GEORGE & Co.
Beam from the Ministerial Bench.
Ah! let me dwell, but one sweet moon,
By that pellucid source of laughter—
I shall have lived! nor care how soon
The certain deluge follows after.

O. S.

MANY OLD MASTERS AND THREE GRACES.

At a season of floods like the present, when water has a bad name, it is pleasant to find something in favour of that unpopular element. One need not travel farther than 39B, Old Bond Street, where Messrs. THOS. AGNEW AND SONS are holding their thirty-eighth annual exhibition of water-colour drawings. Here is the justification of water indeed! All the great masters are represented: TURNER (one good TURNER not only deserves another but gets many), PROUT, DAVID COX, and ROBERTS, PETER DE WINT, COTMAN, THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER (with pictures of cows—for a change!), GIRTIN, WILLIAM HUNT, VARLEY, BIRKET FOSTER, COPLEY FIELDING, and FRED WALKER. Most charming of the living painters who are on exhibition is Miss M. L. Gow with a trio of large studies of fair ladies. Fairer and more graceful *Mr. Punch* never saw, and his heart is now divided into three.

THE HIGHER COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

THE only alternative advice which the opponents of Tariff Reform have so far offered to meet the needs of our failing commerce is that we should improve our Technical Education. *Mr. Punch* in his Business Manual supplies a long-felt want.

To show, for instance, what may yet be done with one of our two great basal trades (the meat and drink trades) he is happy to give an extract from the above work, and place before an expectant world

MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG BUTCHER.

It is not easy to outline a course of training for the embryo butcher. He will of course start with a sound secondary education. Then we recommend him to take the bull by the horns (we may be pardoned a trade simile) and go straight away to Argentina. Here he will spend a year in studying the manners and customs of the ox in its native teacup. An equally long visit should be paid to New Zealand, where the sheep can be observed in its lair. From New Zealand the young aspirant should return in the cold-air store of a steamer, so that he may properly note the effects of frigidity on the animal carcass.

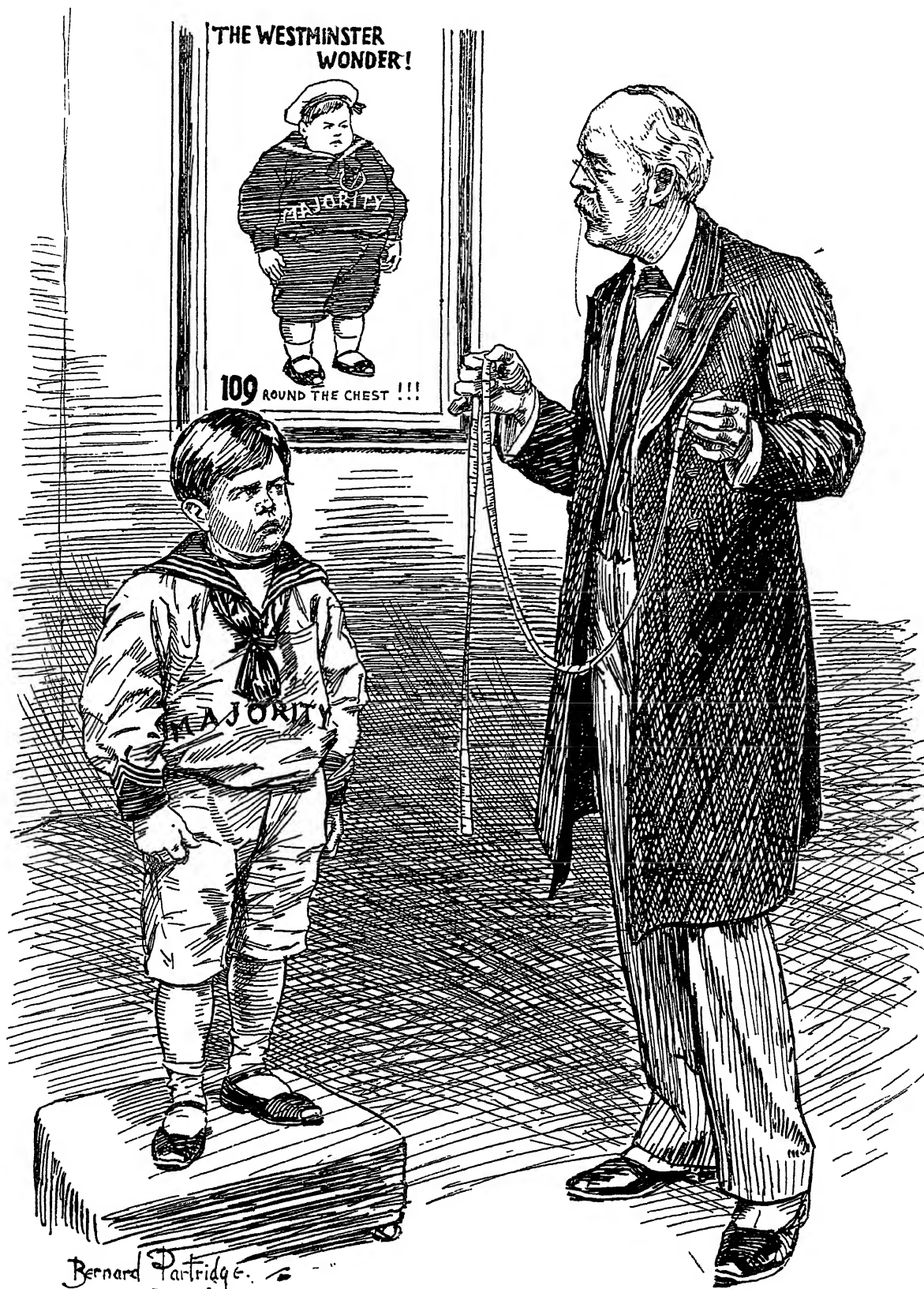
Now that the student has an adequate knowledge of the whole animal (alive or dead) he should take a course of anatomy and study dissection. Under Sir J. CRICHTON BROWNE he will learn how to cut up anything.

Next we should indicate for the earnest butcher a continental tour in which he will observe the manners, customs, costumes, and trade utensils of the foreign butcher, and consider whether any of them could be advantageously introduced into England. It is essential that he should spend at least a year at the Charlottenburg University Abattoirs. He might also see in the course of his travels if any new animals, such as the porcupine or the armadillo, would prove desirable additions to the British bill of fare.

Then a certain time should be devoted to the study of languages. A butcher who knows the leading European languages undoubtedly has a great advantage over his competitors. Imagine the case of a British butcher who receives an order for a leg of mutton from say Genoa, and has no knowledge of Italian. Could anything be more calculated to check trade? French, Spanish, Italian, and above all German (essential to one who wishes to follow the scientific development of butchery) ought to equip the student for his life's work. Nor should the metric system be neglected. A butcher who is able to render his bills in grammes and kilogrammes will never be troubled with those ruinous deductions from accounts so trying to the ordinary practitioner.

To turn to another side of the business, a butcher who calls at many houses and converses with many servants ought to be a master of the art of graceful repartee. This is to some extent a natural gift, but a study of "Rita's" novels will greatly help the student. Then, too, he ought to take lessons in the art of depreciation. It is often needful on a busy Saturday evening that a butcher should pour oratorical contempt on the wares of his rivals across the road. Therefore a close study of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S eloquence should be advantageous. A butcher should also not neglect his general culture. One of the most prosperous butchers in Hackney Road attributes his success in life entirely to the fact that he has always been a regular reader of the *Spectator*.

Perhaps the course of study we have outlined may seem an extensive one, but it cannot be too strongly asserted that the days of the common butcher—the "anywhere-you-like-eightpence-Mum" butcher—are numbered. The future lies with the scientific butcher.



THE FAT BOY OF WESTMINSTER.

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BALFOUR. "I SAY! IF YOU GO ON SHRINKING LIKE THIS WE'LL HAVE
TO CUT SHORT YOUR ENGAGEMENTS!"

CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that the fact that the life of Consul, the Chimpanzee, was heavily insured has led to the appearance of several persons who claim to be his next-of-kin.

The report that the price of the *Daily Mail* is to be reduced is a *canard*.

A number of people interested in the boot-trade are complaining that the increased use of tramcars is having a serious effect on their business. We feel sure it is only necessary to draw the attention of the public to this, and they will take to walking again.

The Russian Government declares that the Jews throughout Russian dominions are now the aiders and abettors of high treason. The ingrates!

The Fiscal Question continues, in spite of the War, to absorb a large amount of attention. It has now been discussed by the Lords. It is not known how they came to hear of it.

Many Members of Parliament are complaining that they get no chance of delivering their orations. It has been proposed, with a view to meeting these cases, that on

private Members' days four shall be allowed to speak at the same time until arrears are worked off.

The newest fashionable pet is the Mexican devil-fish. Fashion is certainly wonderfully fickle. One day the favourite is a cat, another a bird, then a dog, then Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, and now a fish!

As a means of defence for women in

case of attack by a ruffian, a stiletto hat-pin is about to be placed on the market. We understand that on each hat-pin will be engraved the words, "On no account to be used by the ruffian."

We have more than once called attention to the dangers of duelling. As the result of an encounter at Paris M. DARNOTTE and M. DUBOIS have parted bad friends.

A gentleman writes to the Press as follows:—"1844, 1854, 1864, and 1874 were all very good harvest years. May we hope that, in spite of the unfavourable atmospheric conditions at present experienced, this ten-year cycle may extend to 1904?" We have great pleasure in giving our permission.

LORD SELBORNE has expressed himself as greatly pleased with the progress made by the Naval Volunteer movement on the Thames and the Clyde. He announces that negotiations are now in progress for the establishment of Volunteer divisions on the Severn, the Forth, the Tay and the Mersey, and it is even rumoured that an armoured outrigger is to be placed on the Wandle.

MR. JAMES P. LEE, the famous American inventor, is dead, but the brood is not extinct. The Far East representative of the *New York Herald* has cabled to his journal that trains of twelve cars are now arriving at Port

Arthur every ten minutes.

The Motor Car Show held at the Crystal Palace last week was a great success, though several visitors who came to purchase cheap cars were appalled at the prices, and had to content themselves with a pair of motor spectacles.

The Weather Authorities declare there is no pleasing us. They tried a change last week, and it turned out a frost.



The Professor. "PERMIT ME TO PRESENT MY FRIEND MR. SKINNER, ONE OF OUR MOST PROMISING YOUNG TAXIDERMISTS."

Hostess (who prides herself on always saying the right thing). "BUT HOW INTERESTING! AND ARE YOU FOR OR AGAINST MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS?"

MR. GEORGE MOORE declares that authors with beautiful names write beautiful books, and Miss MARIE CORELLI is said to be quite annoyed at the insinuation that she cannot help it.

Messrs. NEWNES announce that they will shortly issue number one of *Fry's Magazine*. Notwithstanding its title this new venture has no connection with "CADBURY'S JOURNAL."

PICKY BACK.

(Being the Eighth and Last Passage from the re-inconanation of
Picklock Holes)

THE STORY OF THE LOST PICKLOCK.

THERE are some things a man never forgets. Years may pass: a nomadic existence may find a rest in Baker Street; Baker Street in turn may give way to more aristocratic things and a better quarter of the town; there may be marryings and births and burials; any one, in fact, of the innumerable events to which even a conanical existence is liable may bring its obliterating influence to bear on the mind, but these unforgettable things, when once they have occurred, stand out for ever with a startling and permanent distinctness that none of the chances and changes of this mortal life can ever manage to thoroughly or even partly efface or, for the matter of that, to injuriously affect. Of such was the adventure which, in pursuance of my duty to HOLES and humanity at large, I am about to describe.

We had been for some time past living a quiet life, disturbed only by a series of telegrams from the Emperor WILLIAM and a prolonged quest for a briar-root pipe and a cairngorm shirt-stud (an heirloom in the HOLES family), which, as it subsequently turned out, had been abstracted and stomachically concealed by *Laura*, the favourite parrot of Mrs. COLES, our landlady. In the investigation which had followed on the disappearance of these articles HOLES had displayed all his marvellous acumen. Never had I known his deductivity to burn with a steadier and a more brilliant flame. How well I recall that memorable afternoon when he sprang suddenly from the horse-hair armchair on which he had been resting and, with a look of concentrated essence of intellect which was almost overwhelming in its Bovrility, shouted to me:—

"Potson, fool of my heart, you are sitting on it, you are sitting on it."

"Am I, HOLES?" I replied, gently. "I am glad to know it, for I have never yet sat on a pipe or a cairngorm, and the feeling is both novel and agreeable."

"Not that, you worm," hissed the great detective, "I don't mean that—at least not in the way you mean," and he proceeded to prove to me that the cushion on which I was seated, being covered with red plush, was intimately allied with the legs of a footman, and that thus, proceeding by the stages of hair-powder, powder-puff, puff-paragraph, par-value, value received, he was able to prove that I had actually been at one time or another in receipt of the lost objects. Ten days afterwards, *Laura* having in the meantime given up the ghost, they were found in her inside. I shall always consider this one of HOLES's most astounding experiments. But I am straying from my point.

For some weeks I had noticed that HOLES seemed ill at ease. Nothing worried him quite so much as the consciousness that events which he could comfortably have controlled and moulded to the benefit of the human species were passing without any help from him; that those who had set these events in motion had done so without consulting him. "It is strange," he would mutter in that far-away ascetic voice of his, "that after all I have done both for the CZAR and the MIKADO they should have had the face to go to war without a word to me."

"HOLES," I broke in impatiently, for I am free to confess that I could never keep my temper in face of a slight put upon the man whom I considered to be the marvel of the century, "HOLES, it is worse than a crime: it is a blunder of unparalleled magnitude. But there is one comfort: the fools will live to regret it."

"Hush, hush, Potson," said HOLES not unkindly, "we must not judge them harshly. Let us remember that possibly even an Emperor and a Mikado may be subject—

it almost shocks me to think so—to human frailties. They may be jealous; on the other hand they may be merely ignorant. And yet even they must have heard what unexampled facilities I possess for concluding wars. Potson, do you recollect—?"

"Do I recollect!" I interrupted. "Why, HOLES, everybody knows that you finished, absolutely and entirely finished, the South African war months and months and months before the army had begun to dream of peace. That has always seemed to me one of the surest proofs of your massive and superhuman intellect."

Here I broke down, and sobbed like a child.

"Nay, Potson," said HOLES, patting me on the back with one hand, while with the other he brushed away what I was tempted to think might be the nearest approach to a tear that had ever trickled over that thought-worn and meditative cheek, "nay, Potson, you must not repine. Though we are not matched in brain-power—Heaven knows I did not ask for all I have, nor did you intend to have so little—we still have one another. Yet I own that, things being what they are, I am—pardon my weakness, Potson; I cannot help it—I am lost in amazement—"

"No, no, HOLES," I shrieked in anguish, "not lost. Don't say that. Not lost. What should I do without you? Not lost."

But the bolt had fallen. The silver cord was broken. The pitcher had gone to the well once too often. Apollo had bent his bow for the last time. The last cartridge had been expended. HOLES, the mighty detective, the unequalled discoverer of the lost, was now lost himself. He had said it, and it was not for me, the poor Baker Street doctor, to contradict him.

"Shall I try to find you, HOLES?" I asked timidly.

He turned on me with a blaze of anger in his eyes.

"Potson," he said, "you really are a most consummate fool."

Since then I have abandoned my efforts. For one in my desolate condition the well-tried clues would have been useless. The brain that had given them their unique value had departed with HOLES, and no other could deal with them as they ought to be dealt with.

And so, for the present, my task is done. Yet in the silence of the night-time, or in the busy haunts of men by day, I sometimes hear a voice which says in mysterious accents:—"Some day you shall meet him again."

THE NEW DIFFIDENCE.

"We are not given to prophesy," said the *Spectator* last week, "but if we were—" and then came the inevitable prognostication. After such a statement as that we are prepared to find anything in any of the papers. "It is not our habit to be censorious," the *Saturday* will aver. Or, "If, as is not the case, we ever had an inclination to be critical—"

"Alarmists we certainly have never been," the *Daily Mail* will assure us. Or, "Our aim having been ever to look on the bright side of things and suspect no danger—"

And other openings somewhat in the following manner may be expected from other papers:—

"Eager as we are not for a moment to add to the difficulties of England in the Far East—" *Times*.

"Much as we dislike England's enemies—" *Daily News*.

"It has never been my habit to find fault, but if I did—" *Truth*.

"Averse as we are from suggesting any sympathy with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's fiscal campaign—" *St. James's Gazette*.

"The policy of frivolousness which we have always endeavoured to maintain—" *The Rock*.

[THE MUSE OF HISTORY.

THE value of the Limerick as a hand-
maid to history has not been sufficiently
considered by the commentators who
have ministered to its revival. Many of
the smaller yet significant phases of
modern life can find adequate record
only in its irresponsible jocundity.
Other chronicles jumble and hesitate,
doubt and stammer: the Limerick goes
straight to the point, as the following
specimens, touching events of the
moment in affairs of literature, amply
prove. They have been collected from
several sources, but the illustrious
authors preferring to remain unknown
Mr. Punch has indicated ownership
merely by initials:—

JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

There was an old statesman who took
A trip to the Nile *viâ* Cook.
Whenever his mind
To old AKERS inclined,
He laughed till the Pyramids shook.
D.

THE FISCAL PROBLEM.

A Premier from North of the Tweed
By JOSEPH was hopelessly treed;
From a very back seat
He exclaimed with much heat,
"As long as I'm Leader I'll lead!"

It chanced, from his sofa at Brighton,
That he asked, "Is the new man a
right 'un?"

When they said, "His name's
SLACK,"

He collapsed on his back,
And you ne'er saw a wearier Titan.
H. C.-B.

TREASURE-HUNTING.

There once was a bard named LE
GALLIENNE,
Who toiled up the slopes of Schiehal-
lion.

In his mouth he'd a song,
In his hand he'd a prong,
For he hoped to unearth a medallion.
A. C. S.

LIBRARIAN TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.
There once was a Board of Trade bard,
Who now the Peers' bookshelves must
guard:

He'll dole out a novel
To Dukes (if they grovel),
But the lot of the Bishops is hard.
A. D.

THE MUSES AMONGST THE MOTORS.
There once was a chauffeur named
KIPLING,
Who rushed through the country *pip-
pippling*.

Whenever he stopped,
Out a parody popped,
But the things weren't remarkably
rippling.
A. A.



ON HIS DIGNITY.

Sam. "MAMMA BOUGHT ME A PAIR OF GLOVES YESTERDAY."

Auntie. "REALLY! WHAT ARE THEY? KIDS?"

Sam. "NO, THEY'RE MEN'S."

THE BUDGET.

A Chancellor once of Exchequer
Tried nobly to keep up his pecker;
His intentions were good,
And he did what he could,
But his Pa was a terrible wrecker.
C. T. R.

"THE DEATH OF ADAM."

There once was a poet named BINYON,
Whose verses were printed in minion;
In a state of collapse
He demanded small caps,
But the comps. had another opinion.
H. N.

SPADE WORK.

There was an old man with a spade,
Who frequently cried, "Who's
afraid?"

He called all to see
What a digger was he:
But they found that the spade had no
blade.
A. J. B.

MR. JUSTICE BUCKNILL said last week
that he had been erroneously reported
in the *Times* as saying that "only once
before," instead of "twice before," had
he inflicted a sentence of "twelve
strokes of the cat." But surely if
he leaves the second word unaltered
an error still remains uncorrected.

Strict Neutrality.

G OVERNESS, Junior; Intermediate; male
and female.
Advt. in the "*Christian Advocate*."

A REVISED LITERARY CATECHISM.

(Compiled from Mr. GEORGE MOORE'S "Avowals" in the "Pall Mall Magazine" for March.)

Question. Can you tell me with whom the English Novel began?—Answer. It began with FIELDING.

Q. What do you know about FIELDING?—A. He was the first English author who sat down to write for money; his voice is unmistakably the voice of an entertainer, and his greatest novel is only a seeming—it seems profound because it has the tone of the smoking-room, and is written flowingly.

Q. With whom did the English Novel end?—A. With JANE AUSTEN.

Q. Was *she* a great novelist?—A. No, but she created a style—though it was but woolwork.

Q. Have there been any distinguished novelists since?—A. None that I am aware of.

Q. What do you think of SCOTT?—A. His sentences roll as easily as empty barrels, but some of his novels roll no longer, and the rest will go to pieces in a little while.

Q. To what would you be inclined to attribute his failure?—A. To his having been born with such a snub-nosed, conventional, pot-bellied name as WALTER SCOTT.

Q. And that settles SCOTT?—A. That settles SCOTT.

Q. How about THACKERAY?—A. His name is a poor one—the syllables clatter like plates; it is the name one would naturally use when one wants the carriage at half-past two.

Q. Was *he* a great writer?—A. No, merely an eminently respectable and commonplace person, who is already condemned to oblivion.

Q. Should we think our fathers and mothers stupid for admiring him?—A. No, we must try not to judge them by a modern standard.

Q. And that disposes of THACKERAY?—A. That disposes of THACKERAY.

Q. How would you describe DICKENS?—A. He had a name only fit for a page-boy, and therefore he could not have evolved the music of the Spenserian stanza. To read him reduces any intelligent mind to the condition of a blank Sahara.

Q. And that does for DICKENS?—A. That does for DICKENS.

Q. Who was ALFRED TENNYSON?—A. A man with a beautiful name but with a mediocre intelligence.

Q. Then we need not trouble ourselves about TENNYSON?—A. Nobody ever *does*, now.

Q. What do you know of GEORGE ELIOT?—A. Very little. Her real name was MARIA EVANS, a chawbacon, thick-loined name, but withal pleasing.

Q. Then why did she assume the *nom de guerre* of "GEORGE ELIOT"?—A. Because the Providence that shaped the writer to its ends required a hollow barren name without sign of human presence, and like a white-lipped sea-shell on the mantelpiece of a Pentonville front parlour.

Q. So as to be in harmony with her books?—A. Precisely.

Q. How do you like the name of SHELLEY?—A. It is a perfectly lovely name!

Q. And the name of SHAKESPEARE?—A. It is the most beautiful name of all, and was chosen by BACON on that account, as the only one under which his plays could be written.

Q. What is your opinion of CHARLOTTE BRONTË?—A. Her name was all right—but she was a governess, and wrote melodramas about governesses, and it is a sign of weakness to write about ourselves.

Q. Tell me anything you know about BYRON.—A. He was not by nature a versifier, but he wrote in verse because he wanted freedom from the restraints of prose.

Q. What *are* the restraints of prose?—A. I suppose the laws of rhyme and metre. Anyhow, verse is the legitimate

vehicle of thought in England, because it is made out of the vast unchanging life within us.

Q. Then it is not a sign of weakness for Poets to write about themselves?—A. They mostly *do*.

Q. Can you state Mr. GEORGE MOORE'S latest critical discovery?—A. He has discovered that the name a writer bears interprets the quality of his writing.

Q. Does this refer to his real name or his *nom de guerre*?—A. To whichever suits the theory best.

Q. Can you give any proof of this theory?—A. I can. All our English Poets, without exception, have beautiful names.

Q. For example?—A. AKENSIDE, BROWNE, BROWNING—

Q. Surely you would not call BROWNING a Poet?—A. I was forgetting. But CRABBE, CRASHAW, DEKKER, DONNE, DYER, FLETCHER, JONSON, LODGE, NASHE, QUARLES and WITHER are all beautiful names.

Q. And what kind of names have modern Novelists?—A. They have vulgar squashy names like pot-hats and goloshes.

Q. Can you give instances?—A. Certainly; BARRIE, BESANT, EGERTON CASTLE, CONRAD, MAURICE HEWLETT, ANTHONY HOPE, MARRIOTT, MEREDITH and FRANKFORT MOORE.

Q. And what deduction should be drawn from these hideous surnames?—A. That their owners are a broken-kneed, wind-galled, spavined lot of hansoms.

Q. Do these epithets apply to them as drivers, horses, or vehicles?—A. The comparison is all the more appropriate because it does not go quite on all fours and must not be driven too far.

Q. What would you say about the names of French and Russian novelists?—A. They are *always* beautiful.

Q. Mention some.—A. ABOUT, BELOT, DAUDET, GABORIAU, DOSTOEVSKI, POUCHKIN, and GORKI.

Q. Having dismissed most English novels as beneath contempt, can you mention any modern works from the pages of which a kind of soul arises?—A. I seem to remember a book called *Wee Macgregor*.

Q. Don't be ridiculous! Come, pull yourself together. What are the only two novels referred to in *Avowals* in terms of respect and consideration?—A. I suppose you mean *Evelyn Innes*, and *Sister Teresa*.

Q. How do you like the name of MOORE?—A. TOMMY MOORE sounds *most* melodious and sacchariferous.

Q. I mean GEORGE MOORE, not TOMMY. Didn't he write *Evelyn Innes*?—A. I believe he *did*.

Q. And does it resemble the colourless productions of SCOTT, THACKERAY, DICKENS, or GEORGE ELIOT, in any one particular?—A. Not to my knowledge.

Q. And what does Mr. GEORGE MOORE do when he is weary of original work?—A. He takes an æsthetic holiday.

Q. Can you define an "æsthetic holiday"?—A. It appears to consist in lounging through the National Portrait Gallery and making a long nose at every writer who has enriched our Literature.

Q. Should you expect this exciting adventure to create any slump in the sale of their works?—A. I should not.

Q. Does Mr. GEORGE MOORE expect us to take his discoveries seriously?—A. I trust he has not quite so low an opinion of our intelligence as all *that*.

Q. Does he take them seriously himself?—A. I think more highly of *his* intelligence than to suppose so.

Q. Then what has impelled him to print these amiable indiscretions?—A. The æsthetic necessity he has himself avowed.

Q. And what is that?—A. To fill a column. F. A.

THE VERY LAST ON THIS SUBJECT.—A correspondent wishes to be informed whether the male relative of Little Mary is Little Tummy?



WHERE IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS.

(Gentleman with comic face has just finished very pathetic story.)

Brown (who is very deaf, and has been watching his expression). "HA! HA! VERY GOOD! FUNNIEST THING I'VE HEARD FOR A LONG TIME!"

MY LAST ILLUSION.

MORE years ago than I can state
(Or would divulge if I were able)
It was my privilege and fate
To worship the enchanting MABEL.

She was a maid of sweet fifteen;
Blue-eyed and flaxen as a fairy
Was MABEL; as a rule I lean
To something darker, but I vary.

And for awhile we lived enrapt
In our young loves, and all was jolly;
Till I was shamefully entrapped
By one who bore the name of MOLLY.

For MOLLY's eyes were black as ink;
And MOLLY's hair was deepest sable;
It pains me even now to think
How badly I behaved to MABEL.

But I was doomed to pay the price,
For MOLLY proved both false and giddy;
I gave her some sincere advice
Once, and was jilted for a middy.

O bitter, bitter was my cup!
I almost felt like one demented;
I hardly cared for bite or sup
Till I saw MABEL, and repented.

But MABEL's wrath was undisguised,
She was distinctly cold and haughty;
I told her I apologised,
I owned that I was very naughty;

I left no stone unturned to woo
The suffrage of her tender mercies;
I wrote her letters not a few,
And some extremely poignant verses;

Tears, vows, entreaties, all were vain:
We parted with a final flare-up—
I only saw her once again,
Just at the time she put her hair up.

For several years we ranged apart;
But though in minor ways unstable,
Down in its deeps, my torpid heart
Has always hankered after MABEL.

And often, when I heard the name,
It would begin to throb *con moto*
In homage to my boyhood's flame,
And anguished longings for her photo.

I have no longings now. To-night
For one brief hour we came together,
And for that one brief hour you might
Have knocked me over with a feather.

Perhaps the fault was mine. Perhaps,
In nourishing a youth's Ideal,
I had forgotten how the lapse
Of time would modify the Real.

Maybe the charms that won the boy's
Young heart were there in full per-
fection.

But could no longer counterpoise
My bias for a dark complexion.

But ah, what boots the abstract doubt?
Seeing that she has wed another,
What boots it that I thought her stout,
And growing like her dreadful Mother?

'Tis but my last illusion fled,
Perished, dissolved in idle folly;
The MABEL of my dreams is dead;—
I wonder what became of MOLLY!

DUM-DUM.



A MODERN LAOCOÖN.

An Incident on the Field of Waterloo (Altcar).

WAR NEWS.

THE *Novoe Vremya* declares in the most positive manner that the Japanese army in Korea has been entirely routed, that twelve Japanese battleships, twenty-five torpedo boats and one fishing-smack have been sunk by the Vladivostok squadron, and that the MIKADO has fled to Wei-hai-wei disguised as an English lord.

The *New York Herald* says positively that there is absolutely no truth in the rumours of disaffection in Russia, or of a deficiency in the supply of alcoholic liquors in Port Arthur. 569,231 troops left Moscow last week for Manchuria.

STOP PRESS NEWS. (From our extra-special Correspondent with the Japanese Army).—All the war correspondents are detained in Tokio. The weather is fine for the time of year. Bright sunshine recorded at Yokohama yesterday 2.01 hours. To-day's earthquake very slight. All very comfortable here. Nice tea houses. Nice tea parties. [The remainder of the telegram has apparently been suppressed by the Censor.]

STOPPER PRESS NEWS. (From our extra-special Correspondent with the Russian

Army).—[The whole of this telegram has apparently been suppressed by the Censor.]

NEW KINDERGARTEN METHODS.

[“Whenever you say ‘Don’t’ to a child you crush the creative within him which is the richest and most precious thing he has.”—Mr. G. Archibald of Montreal, Child Specialist.]

Ye fathers, ye mothers, ye guardians,
indeed

All ye persons “*in loco parentis*,”
Who in infancy sow educational seed,
Which you reap in the teens and the twenties,

If the sheaves you would gather are
goodly to see,

Here's a rule that will help you to
win them:—

Consider your charges; be guided by
me,

And don't crush the creative within
them.

Should the genius of MARMADUKE lead
him to rear,

From the dining-room floor to the
ceiling,

A palace of crystal and china, oh! fear
To exhibit an atom of feeling.

But your Satsuma bowl you will cheer-
fully bring,

And, where others would threaten to
skin him,
You will beg him to do as he likes with
the thing,

Lest you crush the creative within him.

If LUCY refuses potatoes and bread,
And calls for meringues and for trifle,
Or anything else that may enter her head,
Such yearnings another would stifle.

You will hand her a menu-card, beg her
to state

What she happens to fancy for dinner,
And pray that you never may find it
your fate

To crush the creative within her.

See our little people, at work or at play,
And own your mistakes are gigantic!
See yourselves in the new Psychological
Ray

Which beams from beyond the
Atlantic!

Those brains-of-an-oyster, believe me,
you owe

To the brutal Malacca and sinew
Which urged you along “in the way
you should go,”

Yes!—and crushed the creative within
you.



OPPORTUNITY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, February 22.
—Fundamental difference between House of Lords and House of Commons brought into strong light. On Order Paper of former stands resolution of proportions of one of those short speeches for which the soul of Major RASCH yearneth. It is fathered by Lord MUSKERRY, and proposes nothing less—indeed nothing more—than suspension of Irish Land Act passed last year. Incited by action of DON JOSÉ, MUSKERRY wants to appoint his own Commission to inquire into the effect of previous legislation on same lines.

Had any eccentric Member of Commons conceived this notion and desired to read a paper expounding it, he would have found himself obliged to seek opportunity at the mouth of the ballot-box. He might have balloted week after week, and when, after long buffeting, fortune favoured him, he would probably, shortly after rising, have found himself counted out, his paper unread.

They manage these things differently in the Lords. Any Peer, consulting solely his own convenience, may put down, on any night, whatsoever fantastic proposal occurs to his mind as he sits in his baronial hall. It is printed at the expense of the nation; House sits in full form, if not in full force; the precious paper, from which the family circle, the butler standing rapt at respectful distance, have already suffered, is ruthlessly read to the end.

That Young Fellow, WEMYSS, once introduced pleasing variation upon custom. Having given long notice of

stupendous resolution affecting either China or Peru, he observed on entering House that PRIME MINISTER had not turned up. Accordingly, postponed his speech for a week, when the hapless MARKISS, admitting fatuity of attempting to evade it, more or less comfortably slept through its delivery.

MUSKERRY not so fastidious. House nearly empty, but his manuscript full. *Forti et fidei nihil difficile* is the MUSKERRY family motto. So he drums away half an hour, waking up LANSDOWNE on three several occasions by audibly snapping his fingers at Maynooth.

More than a generation passed since introduction of that word into Parliamentary debate stirred the blood. With the fourth Baron MUSKERRY the wound still bleeds. Is convinced that Maynooth is at bottom of the failure of Land Act GEORGE WYNDHAM piloted through the Commons with natural grace and cultured skill.

"It seems," he says, "to have been the object of the authors of this machinery of robbery and confiscation to tickle the cupidity of well-to-do farmers from whose rents Maynooth (*click!*) is recruited and provided. Maynooth (*click!*) is encouraged; the gentry, artisans, civilisation and labour may go to ruin."

Almost expected the inspired orator to drop into poetry after the manner of RUTLAND in his salad days:

From Gentry, Art, and Labour stand aloof,
But fill, oh fill the pockets of Maynooth!

In verbatim note of passage from speech here quoted the word in brackets marks the explosion created by contact between the noble Lord's thumb and forefinger. Thing quite new in Parliamentary debate; wonderful effect upon argument. Strengthened by peculiar action attending it. Ordinary people, when at mention of Maynooth or other personally exasperating word they snap their fingers, extend arm and fire away. Possibly MUSKERRY was driven from ordinary practice by fact that right in front of him, solemn on the Wool-sack, bewigged and begowned, sat the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. Had he even appeared to be snapping his fingers at that dignitary, remarks would have been made.

Accordingly, whenever the word Maynooth welled up, the indignant Peer, turning half a pace to the right, fired away in that direction, as if he were out shooting in the demesne at Drumcollogher and a woodcock had sped by.

When all the ammunition had been shot away and Maynooth understood to be riddled, MUSKERRY sat down. An Irish Duke and eke a Baron said a few words. Motion withdrawn. House solemnly adjourned, not a smile having

flickered over features of noble Lords throughout the delightful comedy.

Business done.—Lord MUSKERRY moves to suspend working of Land Act. Lord ASHBORNE protested that "no one with any sense" would affirm that the Act



"CHIN-CHIN" OR A "CHINESE COMPOUND."

Viceroy of the Provinces of Teh-Ku-In, and Peh-Yu-Loh.
(The Rt. Hon. Alfr-d L-tt-lt-n.)

was a failure. Lord MUSKERRY had reiterated that assertion. *Argal*—but we won't pursue the proposition.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—At Question time conversation quite Ollendorffian in style. COLONIAL SECRETARY stated that a person would be appointed to China to explain to Chinamen the nature of contracts entered into for service in South African mines. This followed:—

Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. Is this person to be all over China, or in some particular place?

Mr. LYTTELTON. He is to be in that place where it is desirable he should be.

Mr. MACNEILL. Am I to understand that the details of the arrangement are to be left to the discretion of Lord MILNER?

Mr. LYTTELTON. No, Sir; you must not understand that.

Mr. MACNEILL. Then I do understand it.

Ever since the MEMBER FOR SARK has been going about with reminiscences of similar passages from the original.

"Have you the pink umbrella of your grandfather's cousin?"

"No; but I have the green sunshade of his wife's sister-in-law."

Army Estimates on yesterday. To-day Navy has a look in. Concatenation of circumstance useful as bringing into strong light the subtle policy that underlies administration of the two Services. ARNOLD-FORSTER understood to



KING JOHN (OF BATTERSEA).

"If I were King, I wouldn't stand it."

Mr. J-hn B-rns's speech on the advertisement monstrosities near Buckingham Palace.

know something about Naval affairs. He has, in fact, reviewed the fleet From a Conning Tower. He is, accordingly, sent to take charge of the War Office.

Then there is Captain PRETYMAN. He is a man of war, has smelt powder fired on Royal birthdays and the like by the Royal Suffolk Volunteer Artillery. Whenever in past days Army matters were to the fore, he sure the gallant captain would be around putting things right.

"The very man for the Navy," says PRINCE ARTHUR, regarding him critically.

So the honorary Colonel of the First Suffolk Volunteer Artillery is made Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Thus are the Services brought into closer touch. To-day it fell to PRETYMAN's lot to defend the Navy Estimates, which include purchase money of two Chilian war vessels.

Last March, when subject before House, PRINCE ARTHUR scorned suggestion that these vessels, then in the market, should be bought. They were, he insisted, in every way unsuitable for brotherhood of the British Fleet. Now, at a price reaching a million and three-quarters sterling, they have been acquired. How is this, Committee wants to know.

PRINCE ARTHUR not here to explain. If he were, he might recall BENEDICK's remark when charged with inconsistency: "When I said I would die a bachelor. I did not think that I should live till I were married."

So PRINCE ARTHUR: "When I said I would not have these Chilian vessels as a gift, I did not think I should live to give £1,875,000 for them."

In his absence PRETYMAN volubly explains that the transaction is really an economy. Suppose we hadn't bought them, some other nation would. Thereupon we should have had to build two others, which would have cost at least a couple of millions. Transaction therefore actually puts a quarter of a million sterling into the pocket of British taxpayer.

In matters of domestic finance *Wilkins Micauber* not in it with ERNEST GEORGE PRETYMAN, late Captain in the Royal Artillery. "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds nought and six; result misery."

Compare with that PRETYMAN's economical dictum and see how trifling was *Mr. Micauber's*.

"Two war ships cost two millions sterling. Buy them for one million eight hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds no shillings and pence, and you collar for the working-man (whose vote will soon be wanted) one hundred

and twenty-five thousand pounds no shillings and pence. Result, return of Government with increased majority."

Business done.—Captain PRETYMAN, late of the Suffolk Volunteer Artillery, now at the Admiralty, comes out in new character as authority on finance.

Friday night.—The last words of eminent men are treasured up in literature. Some are beautiful; some grim;



A KEEN WIT.

Frederick Lambton, twin.

several apocryphal. JOHN PENN, for a dozen years Member for his native town of Lewisham, was not numbered among the great of the earth. A simple-minded, shrewd-headed, kind-hearted man, he shrank from the cheap publicity of the Question hour, never wasted time of House by prosy or argumentative speech. Still I venture to think his last recorded words, in respect of their sublime unselfishness, the rare consideration for others at the awful moment when humanity is usually concerned for itself, are worthy of record. Only to-day I hear of them from his old Harrow housemate, the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND.

"Don't bury me on Thursday," PENN whispered, the hand of Death already upon him. "There is a little girl opposite going to be married on that day, and it would be gruesome."

The little girl opposite was the daughter of Sir WEETMAN and Lady PEARSON, now Lady DENMAN. As far as I know, PENN was not personally acquainted with the family on the opposite side of Carlton House Terrace. But he had heard of the coming marriage, and, deep in the shadow of the Valley of Death, his first thought, as it had been through his lifetime, was for others.

Business done.—Musical Copyright Bill considered.

MOTTO FOR DENTIST.—*Facile Forceps.*

THE EGREGIOUS ENGLISHMAN.

[The Scotch Education Department, not satisfied with the pronunciation in vogue beyond the Tweed, has appointed a Liverpool gentleman to instruct the teachers of Scotland how to speak polite English.]

A PLAGUE on yon Department, JEAMES!

It maun be aye appearin'
Wi' sic a host o' daft-like schemes,
Forever interferin'.

Tis past a joke when feckless fouk
Awa' in Lunnon ettle

Wi' a' this fuss tae talk tae us,

The Schule Board o' Kingskettle.

I'll tell ye hoo it comes tae pass—

The facts are easy stated:

They tak' inspectors frae a class

No richtly eddicated,

An' when the fules inspect oor schules

I'll swear upon my life, JEAMES,

There's no a man can unnerstan'

The classic tongue o' Fife, JEAMES.

An' whaur's the cure? The thing tae dae

Tae pit them on their mettle

Wad be tae raise inspectors tae

The staundard o' Kingskettle;

But eh! I fear frae what I hear

Thae fouk in Lunnon toun, JEAMES,

Are bent the noo on findin' hoo

Tae eddicate us down, JEAMES.

For hae ye heard their latest plan?

I canna weel believe it—

Deil tak' the impidence o' man

That ever daured conceive it!

They're sendin' down a Southron loon

Frae far across the border

Tae lairn us hoo tae shape oor mou'

An' set oor tongue in order.

Noo hoo could ony man expec'

We'd thole thae Angliceesms

An' lairn a furrin' deaelec'

O' crude proveenciealesms?

Tae think a fule frae Liverpool

Should undertak' tae settle

The kind o' way we oucht tae say

Oor wordies in Kingskettle!

STILL ANOTHER CASE OF PRECOGNITION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I don't quite know what this precognition means that everybody is talking about, but I believe I experienced a marvellous instance of the mysterious sensation just now when I happened to be saying goodbye in the hall to Mr. EDWIN JONES, to whom I had at that moment become engaged. Without warning he took me in his arms, and it was then, *Mr. Punch*, that there flashed across me the weird intuition that *I had been there before*. Of course I did not tell him so. Yours ever, A.

P.S.—Men *are* so like one another, aren't they?



THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BETTER EXPRESSED.

Captain Swayne (at a Mi-Carême fancy dress ball, perfectly satisfied that he is saying a happy thing and paying a very great compliment). "WELL, YOU DO LOOK DELIGHTFUL! FASCINATING! TOO CHARMING FOR WORDS! WHAT AN AWFUL PITY IT IS YOU ARE NOT ALWAYS LIKE THAT!"

GOLF AND GOOD FORM.

By the Expert Wrinkler.

Is it good form to golf? That is a question I have been so repeatedly asked of late by correspondents that I can no longer postpone my answer. Now to begin with, I fear there is no doubt that golf is a little on the down grade—socially. Golf is no longer the monopoly of the best set, and I am told that artisans' Clubs have actually been started in certain districts. The other day, as I was travelling in Lancashire, a man in the same compartment—with the most shockingly ill-cut trousers I ever saw—said to a friend, "I like 'Oylake, it's 'ealthy, and it's 'andy and within 'ail of 'ome." And it turned out that the chief attraction to him at Hoylake was the golf. Such an incident as this speaks volumes. But I always try to see both sides of every question, and there is unquestionably a great deal to be said in favour of golf. It was undoubtedly played by Kings in the past, and at the present moment is patronised by Grand Dukes, Dukes, Peers and Premiers.

GOLF AND DRESS.

But the real and abiding attraction of golf is that it mercifully gives more opportunities to the dressy man than any other pastime. Football and cricket reduce every one to a dead level in dress, but in golf there is any amount of scope for individuality in costume. Take the case of colour alone. The other day at Finsbury Park station I met a friend on his way home from a day's golfing, and I noticed that he was sporting the colours of no fewer than five different Clubs. On his cap was the badge of the Camberwell Crusaders; his tie proved his membership of the Bickley Authentics; his blazer was that of the Tulse Hill Non-descripts; his brass waistcoat buttons bore the monogram of the Gipsy Hill Zingari; the roll of his knickerbocker stockings was embroidered with the crest of the Kilburn Incogs. The effect of the whole was, if I may be allowed the word, spicy in the extreme. Of course it is not everyone who can carry off such a combination, or who can afford to belong to so many first-class Clubs. But my friend is a very handsome man, and has a handicap of *plus* two at Tooting Bec.

KNICKERBOCKERS OR TROUSERS.

The burning question which divides golfers into two hostile camps is the choice between knickerbockers and trousers. Personally I favour the latter, but it is only right to explain that ever since I was gaffed in the leg by my friend Viscount—when out cub-sticking with the Cottesmore I have

never donned knickers again. To a man with a really well-turned calf and neat ankles I should say, wear knickerbockers whenever you get a chance. The late Lord SEPTIMUS BOUTGER, who had very thick legs, and calves that seemed to begin just above the ankles, used to wear knickerbockers because he said it put his opponent off his play. If I may say so without offence he was a real funny chap, though a careless dresser, and I am told that his father,



QUOTATIONS GONE WRONG.

"LIFE HAS PASSED
WITH ME BUT ROUGHLY SINCE I HEARD THEE LAST."
Courper.

old Lord SPALDING, has never been the same man since his death.

STOCKINGS AND CALVES.

Another advantage of knickerbockers is the scope they afford for the display of stylish stockings. A very good effect is produced by having a little red tuft, which should appear under the roll which surmounts the calf. The roll itself, which should always have a smart pattern, is very useful in conveying the impression that the calf is more fully developed than it really is. I noticed the other day at Hanger Hill that Sir ARLINGTON BALL was playing in a pair of very full knickers,

almost of the Dutch cut, and that his stockings—of a plain brown colour—had no roll such as I have described. Then of course Sir ARLINGTON has an exceptionally well-modelled calf, and when in addition a man has £30,000 a year he may be allowed a certain latitude in his dress and his conduct generally.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The question of footwear at golf is one of considerable difficulty, but there is a general feeling in favour of shoes. My friend the Tooting Bec *plusser* affects a very showy sort of shoe with a wide welt and a sort of fringe of narrow strips of porpoise hide, which fall over the instep in a miniature cataract. As regards the rival merits of india rubber studs on the soles and of nails, I compromise by a judicious mixture of both. If a waistcoat be worn it should be of the brightest possible colour. I saw Lord DUNCHING the other day at Wimbledon Park in a charming waistcoat. The groundwork was a rich spinach green with discs of Pompeian red, and the buttons were of brass with his monogram in blue and white enamel in the centre. As it was a cold day he wore a mustard-coloured Harris tweed Norfolk jacket and a sealskin cap. Quite a large crowd followed him, and I heard afterwards that he had raised the record for the links to 193.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A VALET.

One thing is certain—and that is we cannot all be first-class players. Personally, owing to the accident I have already referred to, I hardly ever play at all, but I always make it a point, if I am going on a visit to any place in the country where I know there are no golf links, to take a few niblicks with me. A bag for clubs only costs a few shillings, and it looks well amongst your other paraphernalia on a journey. In engaging a valet, again, always remember to ascertain whether he knows the rules of the "royal and ancient game." I shall never forget my humiliation when down at Lord SPRINGVALE'S. As I was taking part in a foursome with the Hon. AGRIPPA BRAMBLE, Lady HORACE HILTON, and the Second Mrs. BUNKERAY, I got stuck in a furze-bush and my man handed me a putter. I could have cried with vexation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAVENDISH, CHATSWORTH.—As to the treatment of divots different methods are recommended by different authorities. My plan, and I am not aware of a better, is to put them in my pocket when the caddie is not looking. When thoroughly dried they form an excellent peat for burning, or can be used for bedding out rhododendrons.

"NIL DESPERANDUM," BECKENHAM.—The

best stimulant during match play is a beaten-up egg in a claret glass of slice gin. The eggs are best carried in the pocket of your club-bag.

A. FLUBB, WOKING.—No, it is not good form to pay your caddie in stamps.

ALCIBIADES, WEMBLEY PARK.—If you must play golf on Sunday, I call it nothing short of hypocritical to go down to the links in a tall hat.

JOURNALISM IN TABLOIDS.

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MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

(The "Boots" at the Shadow of Death Hotel, in the back block of Australia, on seeing a pair of boot-trees for the first time.)

"I SAY, BILLY, THAT POOR BLOKE IN THE BED-ROOM MUST 'AVE 'AD A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT. HE'S GOT TWO WOODEN FEET!"

which the coupon is taken. The elaborations will be the work of skilled journalists, and are guaranteed to give every satisfaction.

ORDER EARLY.

In a month or two the price may be
A Sovereign.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

(An American writer, Mrs. STETSON-GILMAN, has published a book entitled *The Home*, in which she argues that a nation which forces its women to concentrate their minds on food is doomed; and that we must therefore cease to eat at home and to entertain, and dispense with cooking-pots, if we would achieve anything.)

Up, up, revolting daughters! What!

Are ye content that life

Should be a thing of pan and pot,

A round of fork and knife?

Are ye content, O slaves, to bear

With furrowed brow and thinning hair

The drudgery of household care,

The burden of the wife?

Up, sisters, up! The fault's your own

If many a wasted span

Is spent slave-driving greasy JOAN

And idle MARY ANN.

Why meditate through half the night

New dishes, succulent and light,

To tempt the pampered appetite

Of over-eaten man?

No! Let him feed, if feed he must,

Upon the mid-day steak,

So that at eve some simple crust

Sufficient meal may make;

And he no doubt in time will learn

To eye with joy on his return

The simple tea-pot, caddy, urn,

And slice of seedy cake.

Thus, too, your sons shall come to view

All gluttony with scorn;

Indulgence shall be held taboo,

And luxury forsworn;

Nor shall a race be bred to vex

Our much-abused, long-suffering sex,

And with their greedy wants perplex

Girl-babies yet unborn.

Why entertain? Or if you care

To see your friends at all,

Why not let every street and square

Have its reception hall?

A simple room which one can sluice

With disinfectants after use,

With floor of stone or well-scrubbed spruce

And tiles upon the wall.

Then up, my sisters! Only think—

To be forever free

From kitchen, pantry, larder, sink—

Eternal drudgery!

Pack all our cares to Jericho,

And how serenely life will flow!

Sans all that makes home home-like, O

How home-like home will be!

AN IMPERIAL POLICY.

THAT the rôle of *Ruy Blas*, the hero of VICTOR HUGO's romantic melodrama, should have attracted Mr. LEWIS WALLER, as a lifetime it attracted FINCHER, is quite in the nature of things; but it is a pity that Mr. WALLER should not have been contented with the old play, which, cut and polished up, might have proved a gem of some value.

At the Imperial Theatre the scenic artists, Messrs. BANKS, HICKS and CRAVEN, have done their best for Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON's version of *Ruy Blas* entitled *A Queen's Romance*. It would have been better for the action had some little licence in the matter of dress been permitted to Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL as *The Queen of Spain*, to Miss LYDIA THOMPSON as the *Duchess of Albuquerque*, and to many of the ladies of the Court, who, attired as they now are, can only give such play to their feelings as extensive hoops and heavy petticoats will allow. The *Queen* is a perfect "Court Circular" in herself. Her devoted *Ruy Blas* may get round her with far greater facility than he can get at her. It may be that this is why her imprisoned Majesty, herself under petticoat government, seems to be so peculiarly bored by the attentions of her desperate adorer. How delighted would all the Spanish Court of the Imperial Theatre be even now, if over the doors were inscribed "All hoops abandon ye who enter here!"

Of such telling situations as this "blank version" offers to the actor, Mr. LEWIS WALLER makes the most, and in the last scene of all that closes the tragedy of the lunatic lacquey's strange career Mr. WALLER puts forth all his power, touches our hearts, excites our sympathy, and leaves nothing to be desired,—except that all the previous material had permitted acting such as this.

Mr. FULTON's *Don Salluste* is even more melodramatic than VICTOR-HUGO-DAVIDSON's double-dyed stage villain. It is like Mr. WALDENGARVER's *Hamlet*, "massive and concrete." Mr. THOMAS KINGSTON is fortunate in being cast for the delightful rôle of the always popular *Don César de Bazan*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT's work on Ireland (JOHN MURRAY) is the most valuable contribution to the understanding of a vital and complex question issued for some time. Long before he, with suitability of person to post not a prominent feature in all Ministerial appointments, was placed at the head of the Irish Agricultural Department, Sir HORACE, in modest practical manner, grappled with the subject. He perceived that at the root of the matter was the desirability of agricultural co-operation through voluntary associations. The gospel he preaches is that Ireland must work out her own salvation; at the same time he is not above recognising the necessity of supplementing voluntary effort by a sound system of state aid to agriculture and other industries. Not by agriculture alone is Ireland to be saved. "The best way to stimulate our industries," writes Sir HORACE in two of the many wise sentences that illuminate his book, "is to develop the home market by means of an increased agricultural production and a higher standard of comfort among the peasant producers. We shall thus be operating upon agriculture on the side of consumption as well as production, and so increasing the home demand for Irish manufactures." My Baronite, with pretty intimate knowledge of the history and moulding of the Irish Land Bill, recognises its founder in the Vice-President of the Irish Agricultural Board. GEORGE WYNDHAM watered, but HORACE PLUNKETT planted. His establishment of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society demonstrated the truth of his axiom, "Ireland is to be re-created from within. No body of men at Westminster, though they may help or hinder, can do the main work."

The Baron begs to acknowledge the fourth edition of the *Hindi Punch*, just received from Bombay. Mr. Punch, who traces his own origin back to prehistoric times when the Pharaohs and such like moderns were neither born nor thought of, when all the world was young, as Mr. Punch himself ever remains, is delighted to find his family so well represented and so highly popular in India as from this volume of the *Hindi Punch* is evidently the case. It is brought right up to date, and shows clearly how thoroughly *The Hind* and *Brahmin Punch* agree, and what useful service, wherever reform is needed, our Indian cousin is always ready and willing to render. In some instances he appears to be a very hot Punch, steaming in fact, but that is a matter of climate. The Baron tenders congratulations on the present volume, and, on behalf of Mr. Punch himself, wishes *Hindi Punch* continued success in the future.

This fresh edition of *Adonais* (METHUEN) is a dainty dish to lay before any king. It is fresh only in the sense of being just printed, since it is an exact reprint, page for page, not omitting the errors, of the edition of 1821 published at Pisa "with the types of Diderot." My Baronite reads *Adonais* whenever he finds it at hand. In this charming edition, frocked in pale blue, he finds fresh delight.

What can be done to help the British Stage was the plaintive heading of an article by Mr. W. L. COURTNEY in the *Fortnightly Review* for last month. The question was emphasised not only by quotations from a letter written by Mr. JOHN HARE to the *Times*, but also by an excerpt from a lecture recently delivered by Mr. PINERO; but the appeal was scarcely strengthened by a letter from Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON (not to be confounded with Mr. MAUDE's partner in the Haymarket management), whose claim to be regarded as an authority on theatrical matters has yet to be allowed. The Baron would be inclined to surmise, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, that Mr. HARRISON's acquaintance with theatrical matters in England is probably limited to the circumstance, as he has here stated it, of his having once upon a time written "a piece" (the Baron supposes he means a play) with, apparently, a purpose. What has become of this immortal work? The erudite Baron is compelled to confess, with compunction, his entire ignorance of the very existence of this literary and dramatic treasure. It may have been published anonymously, as anonymity has been on one occasion at least, of which the Baron happens to be cognisant, adopted by the philosophic Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON. If however by "piece" he did not mean a play, what was it, and why was it referred to in this connection?

The Poet Laureate of course has made his *début* under Mr. TREE's auspices as a dramatic author, and there are, we take it, not many playgoers who, having once seen our ALFRED's *Flodden Field* during its not extraordinarily prolonged run at His Majesty's, are likely to forget it. In the March number of the *Fortnightly* there appears a second list of thirty-seven "signatories" of whom only a dozen names can fairly be cited as practical experts. But what is it that these worthy "signatories" (we allude to such names among them as are not usually associated with the drama) require? Whatever it may be, had not the entire subject better be left to experienced professional actors, with Sir HENRY IRVING as their president, who thoroughly know the public, and will be universally recognised as authorities in such a matter?

THE BARON





GETTING OVER THE DIFFICULTY.

Noel (who has painted a cow in blue). "I DON'T NEVER 'MEMBER SEEING A BLUE COW."
 Elsie. "NEVER MIND. LET'S SAY THE COW'S COLD."

WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

Berlin.—In giving audience to the Ban of CROATIA to-day the Emperor WILLIAM observed, with reference to the war in the Far East, that the nation which secured the command of sea and land would ultimately win.

Tokio.—The Vladivostok squadron of the Russian fleet is frozen up. According to an unsubstantiated rumour a desperate charge of Japanese cavalry on the Russian cruisers was beaten back by machine-gun fire. An armoured ice-train was brought into requisition for the journey there and back.

Nagasaki.—The Russian squadron from Vladivostok attempted to bombard Hakodate to-day. The squadron was annihilated by sunken mines, and

after firing on an inoffensive merchant steamer, steamed slowly away in the direction of -- (name suppressed by Censor).

Chifu.—Last night the new Admiral tested the defences of Port Arthur. The Russian torpedo flotilla was sent out of harbour and instructed to make a surprise attack on the port. Owing to a misapprehension the fire from the forts destroyed the flotilla. The Admiral, who expressed himself highly gratified at the fine marksmanship displayed by the Russian artillery, was subsequently blown up—by the Czar.

Seoul.—It is reported that the Korean EMPEROR has ordered the mobilisation of the First (Bow and Arrow) Brigade of Infantry. The Russian Consul, appealing to the neutrality laws, has protested

against the command of the Brigade being given to the correspondent of the *Daily Mai*—(rest of name suppressed by Censor).

Yokohama.—Captain FLINDERS, of s.s. *Perseus*, who arrived here to-day, reports a curious occurrence in the Yellow Sea. A large serpent-like creature, eighty feet long, with fins on either side and a mane, raised itself from the sea and gazed steadily at his vessel. Captain FLINDERS is under the impression that it was the sea-serpent. (Ed. NOTE.—A submarine is here indicated; the presence of the sea-serpent in the time of marine warfare being unprecedented.)

PATRIOTIC SONG FOR THE TARIFF COMMISSION.—"For England, Home and Booty!"

THE DECLINE AND FALL-OFF.

Among traditions which explain
Our wonted lordship o'er the waves,
And why we steadily disdain
The bare idea of being slaves,
There is a *dictum*, taught, no doubt,
Upon the playing-fields of Eton,
That Britain's sons are born without
The gift of knowing when they're beaten.

Whether it ought to be ascribed
To qualities of heart or head—
This virtue which we see imbibed
By every bull-pup nicely bred—
Who knows? It may be simply beans
Or due to mental limitations
Imposed by Providential means
On insular imaginations.

I must regrettably omit
To trace the ethnologic germ
Of that hereditary grit
Which keeps the country's bulwarks firm;
Suffice to note, this racial trait
That won us our superb position
Shows signs of comatose decay
In certain types of politician.

Not theirs to fight forlornly on,
Filling the gaps where comrades fall,
And last, with ammunition gone,
To leave their bodies by the wall;
They recognise long months ahead
In what direction things are drifting,
And while their Captain counts his dead
Secure an early chance of shifting.

Let THOMAS ATKINS, blind with pluck,
Firmly decline to own defeat;
These warriors scent a lapse of luck
Almost before the armies meet.
Let JACK at sea, good simple soul,
With riddled pumps sublimely wrestle;
These tars assume the softer rôle
Of rats that leave a sinking vessel.

"Tall talk," you say, "and vainly spent;
Heroics hardly meet the case
Of such as look on Parliament
As just a pleasant lounging-place—
A club, with stiffish entrance-fee,
But social standard lightly lenient,
Where men may saunter in to tea
And vote at leisure, if convenient.

"It little moves them how the State
Emerges from the strife of tongues,
If they can once negotiate
Society's initial rungs;
Though Tory fortunes rudely swerve,
Still in provincial vales of Tempé
These heroes, flushed with Attic verve,
At worst can sign themselves ex-M.P."

That is their point of view, you say.
But was the House, through which they flit,
Constructed, like the Sabbath day,
Largely for them, or they for it?
This common type, I hold, exists
For single ends, of which the sum is
To swell their party's voting lists
As loyal unassuming dummies."

O. S.

A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

(Fragment of the diary of Mamie Harding, typewriter to a Man of Genius.)

Feb. 5.—I put on his table this morning a personal letter I opened by mistake. It said, among other things: "So poor TOM JACKSON's lost his wife. The baby did not live either, I'm told." When he came in he read as far as this. Then he said, sadly: "You may go, Miss HARDING; I shall not dictate any poetry to-day. For me there is a mournful, beneficent, gracious task."

Feb. 6.—His room was in disorder this morning. Heaps of torn paper lay on the table, on the floor, everywhere. He looked noble when he came in. "These little papers," he said, with *such* a wave of his hand, "are to be counted among my failures. But I have achieved it—a letter of condolence, as the world says, to poor JACKSON." I said something about giving up to one person the talent meant for the world. He answered: "Little girl, little girl, how shall I make you understand? To JACKSON his grief is not precious. To him his loss is an unlovely thing, merely hard to bear. My duty is to send him words which, though he regards them not now, nor at all perceives their savour, shall in after years be taken to the light, like glowing gems from their case; when JACKSON, rereading them, shall realise that death, even death, is susceptible of a treatment essentially decorative."

Taking a bit of manuscript from his pocket, he added: "As for the world, my biographers may fight for this copy." He leaned against the mantelpiece, his head resting on his hand, and read aloud: "In the presence of such misery as yours no words of mine, with however true a sympathy they are spoken, can sound aught save a discord in your ears. You loved ELINOR: you have lost her. Faint indeed, my friend, faint and fading, thin and distant echoes of a grief that smites and slays, will be anything that I can add. To the tones of my answering sorrow you can give no more heed than the traveller, stricken by the swift irrevocable bolt of the gods, pays to the reverberations of that flash which brought him suddenly to the end of things." He sighed a little, shook his head, and said two or three times: "Death itself, to the artist, may be an occasion for tender arabesques."

It was hard, but I did it. I said, of course in my refined way: "Yes, it's a very pretty piece"—he shuddered a little, I don't know why—"but I don't quite understand. How could a man who'd been killed by lightning pay attention to the thunder, even if he wanted to?"

As soon as he caught the idea he dashed off this wire: "THOMAS JACKSON, The Parentage, Little Mitching, Sturton Sowley, Salop. Confidential letter intended for another mailed you by mistake. Please return unopened. Sincerest sympathy. Will write.—WARWICK PAPRIOT." For the rest of the day he was inattentive and melancholy.

Feb. 8.—I was the witness of a distressing scene this morning. He was dictating a poem, a really superior one, in praise of common persons, and had just intoned the line,

"Glory of SMITH in the morning, and glory of JONES at night,"

when there was a noise in the passage, and a young man tumbled into the room—a sort of Squire, I expect, with an out-of-door skin, and jolly eyes. He pounded Mr. PAPRIOT on the back. Mr. PAPRIOT looked dignified, and said, "But, my poor JACKSON, how—?"

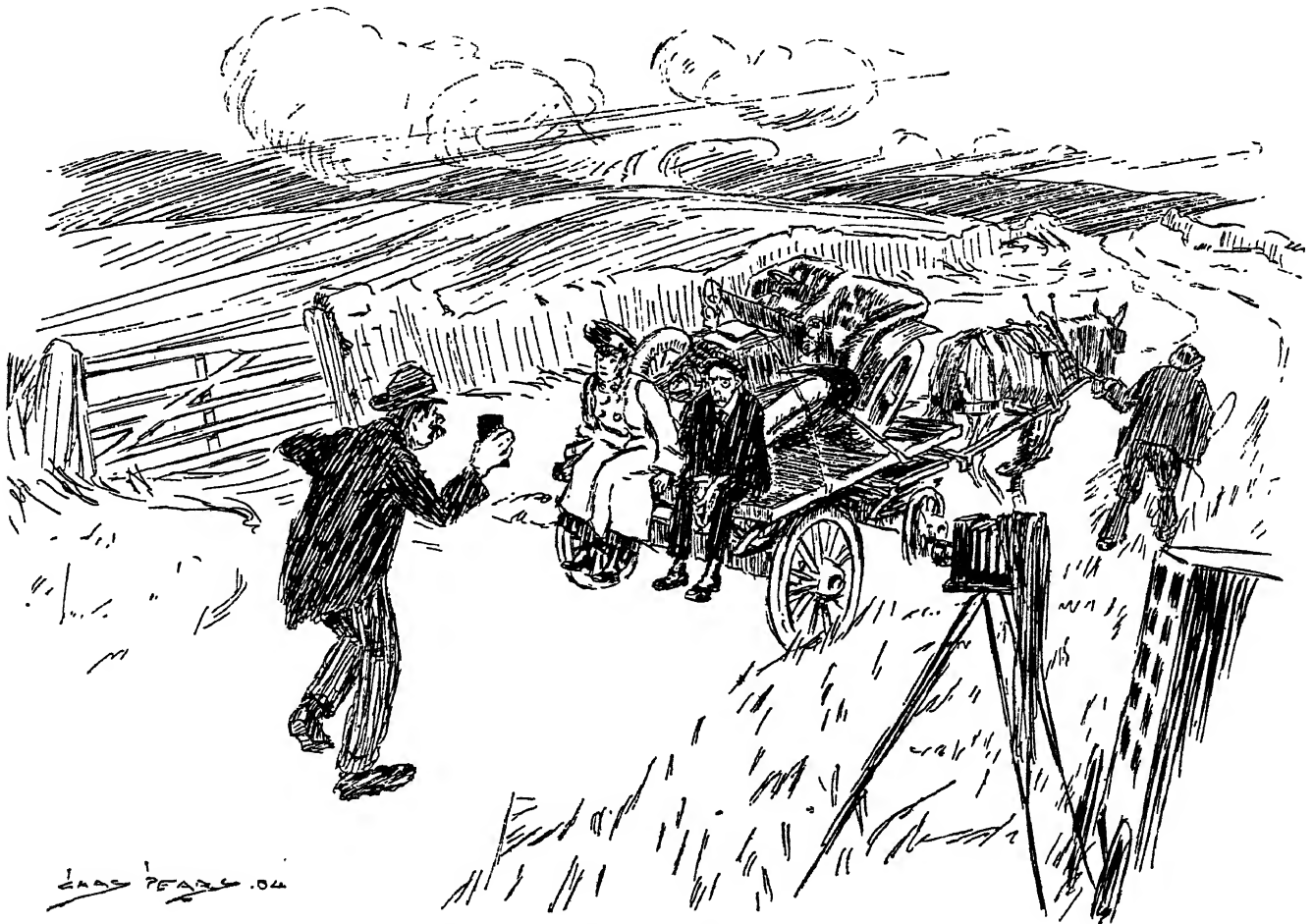
But Mr. JACKSON wouldn't let him finish. "I say! I say!" he shouted. "Great, isn't it? Sorry, old man, but I opened your letter—came before the wire. Rattling good letter—you must have worked uncommon hard. But NELLY's not dead. Doing fine! Twins! All three well." And he poked Mr. PAPRIOT in the ribs.

After he went Mr. PAPRIOT gave me a half-holiday. The well of genius, he said, had been poisoned or defiled, I forget which.



NE "PLUM" ULTRA.

BRITISH LION. "THINK WE'VE HAD MOST OF THE LUCK!"
AUSTRALIAN KANGAROO. "NOT MORE THAN YOU DESERVED!"



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

Tramp Photographer. "Now, SIR, JUST AS YOU ARE FOR A SHILLIN'!"

[And little Binks, who prides himself upon his motor driving, is trying his best to get his wife to promise not to tell anyone about the smash.]

A "FIRST NIGHT" SUPPER.

SCENE—A Corridor in the Hotel Magnifique. TIME—About 11.30 P.M. SYDNEY SHELCASTLE, a diffident young Dramatist whose first Comedy, "Facing the Music," has been produced that evening at the Jollity Theatre, is discovered in the act of giving his hat and coat to an attendant.

Sydney Shelcastle. Er—Mr. BERKELEY CARLTON expects me. I believe he has a supper-party here?

Attendant. Quite correct, Sir. Straight down the corridor and third door on the left.

Syd. Shel. (to himself). Almost wish I'd gone to the Jollity first. (As he reaches door of private supper-room) However, I shall soon know now!

[He pulls himself together and enters; the only persons in the room as yet are his host, BERKELEY CARLTON, the popular Actor-Manager; HORSLEY COLLARD, who plays the chief character-part in his piece; and SPRATT-WHALEY, the lessee of the Jollity. The first two greet his arrival with a heartiness which strikes him as overdone.

Syd. Shel. Well? Did it—did it go off all right?

Berkeley Carlton (raising his eyebrows). "Did it go off all right?" Why—weren't you in front?

Syd. Shel. (embarrassed). Well—a—no. I didn't feel quite equal to it. (Watching their faces) I hope it wasn't—?

Horsley Collard (with a glance at CARLTON which does not escape the Dramatist). Haven't you heard anything?

Syd. Shel. Not a word. I—I haven't met anybody who could tell me. I came straight here.

Berk. Carl. Been strollin' up and down the Embankment to pass the time, eh?

Syd. Shel. No—as a matter of fact I went to the Hippodrome. Berk. Carl. Did you, though? What did you think of the show?

Syd. Shel. Capital! That is, I didn't pay much attention to it—wondering all the time how *Facing the Music* was getting on.

Berk. Carl. Ah? Glad you gave us a thought now and then. I say, HORSLEY, know whether ANGELA DAVENTRY means to turn up?

Hors. Coll. Can't say. She may be feeling too upset. Perhaps I'd better go and see where the others are. (To BERKELEY CARLTON, in a too audible undertone) I'll leave you to break it to the poor chap while I'm gone. [He goes out.]

Berk. Carl. Well, SHELCASTLE, you seem to have spent a pleasant evenin' anyhow. Always amusin' beggars, elephants. And these plunge, don't they? By the way, you don't know SPRATT-WHALEY. (He introduces them.) He's just been tellin' us all about his new motor-car.

[The unhappy Playwright strives to affect an interest in automobiles, while wishing that CARLTON would not be so confoundedly tactful—until HORSLEY COLLARD returns with the other invited members of the Company, who are obviously putting considerable restraint on themselves. Miss Angela Daventry (the extremely charming and sympa-

thetic actress who impersonates S.'s heroine.) Good evening, Mr. SHELCASTLE. I hear you didn't patronise our poor little efforts to-night. Oh, we quite understood. And we all think it so wise of you. *(She approaches the fireplace.)* Br-r-r! Isn't it cold! I'm sure there's a frost to-night!

Miss Daisy Archbutt engaged for the light comedy part. Oh, my dear! For goodness sake don't mention frosts! Before poor dear Mr. SHELCASTLE, too!

Blundell-Foottet (whose forte is Society idiots). I say, you know. Now you have done it! If you hadn't said that, Mr. SHELCASTLE wouldn't have been any the wiser—he wasn't there.

Mrs. Chesterfield Manners (the Dowager in S.'s play). I'm afraid it must have been an effort for you to give us the pleasure of seeing you at all this evening, Mr. SHELCASTLE—under the circumstances!

Syd. Shel. Well, you see, Mrs. MANNERS, when I came here I hadn't heard—in fact, I don't know anything definite even now—though I—I gather—

Horsley Collard (compassionately). Now, my dear old chap, do take a tip from me. Don't you spoil your supper by trying to gather any more. Be jolly while you may!

Angela Dav. But you will spoil his supper. It isn't fair to keep him in suspense like this!

Berk. Carl. Don't fuss, dear. You leave it to us. He'll find out quite soon enough—and now let's have supper.

[They sit down.]

Syd. Shel. (who is seated next to DAISY ARCHBUTT). You might just tell me this, Miss ARCHBUTT—was there—was there much of a row?

Daisy (with a giggle). I—I really shouldn't like to say, Mr. SHELCASTLE. But in the last Act you might have fancied you were in Church—so much coughing, you know!

[FOOTTET guffaws suddenly.]

Syd. Shel. I was always afraid of that last Act. But—it didn't all drag, eh?

Hors. Coll. Not while I was on, old man. I took care of that. I hate gagging as a general rule—inartistic, I call it. But I simply had to bring in a wheeze now and then—just to keep the Gallery quiet.

Syd. Shel. (with a pale smile). I can quite imagine it—a—would have that effect. Still, if you don't mind, COLLARD, I must ask you to stick to the original lines, for the future.

Hors. Coll. Certainly, dear boy. It will be quite a relief not to have to be funny!

Angela (indignantly). HORSLEY! How can you?

Berk. Carl. Ah, well—there's this to be said: a first-night house isn't like any other.

Hors. Coll. Fuller, for one thing!

Berk. Carl. You can always paper. And I don't despair of seeing the piece catch on yet, SHELCASTLE, if we can only see our way between us to cutting, say, about a third of each Act.

[Another guffaw from FOOTTET.]

Syd. Shel. You may do what you like with it, CARLTON—but I'm hanged if I touch the beastly thing again!

Angela (aside). BERKELEY! Do stop it! Only look at his face, poor little thing!

Berk. Carl. (aside to her). Nonsense, dear, he's all right! *(Aloud)* Well, it must take its chance as it is, then. After all, it might have had a worse reception. If they did boo a bit, they didn't mean it ill-naturedly. Anythin' amusin' you, BLUNDELL?

Blun. Foot. (who has guffawed again). No—nothing particular. I—I was only thinking of that chap in the gallery.

Berk. Carl. Oh, ah, the beggar in the brown bowler. He was rather nasty at times. I'd have had him chucked, only the Gallery all seemed to be with him. Still, I distinctly saw some of the stalls applaudin' when it was all over.

Whaley-Spratt. What will the critics say to-morrow, my boy, that's the question!

Berk. Carl. We shall know before we're much older. Old BILL BURLEIGH can't say much, anyhow, for he bolted in the middle of the Second Act. But JACK HALL came round afterwards and said there could only be one opinion about the piece. Didn't like to ask him what.

Miss Dav. (impulsively). Haven't you rubbed it in quite enough? Mr. SHELCASTLE, you mustn't mind them—!

Berk. Carl. My dear child, he don't. It's nothing to him. Why, he didn't even care enough to come and see us. Preferred the performin' elephants!

Mrs. Chest. Man. And I've no doubt he found them far more graceful and accomplished comedians.

Syd. Shel. I—I assure you you're mistaken. I wasn't indifferent. I knew I couldn't have a better cast and that you'd all do your very best for me. It was the piece that was all wrong. I saw that at the last Dress Rehearsal. And—well, I'm afraid I funk'd the first night. I'm awfully sorry it's come to grief—for your sakes as well as my own. I suppose I ought to have known I couldn't write a play. *(He rises.)* And now I must ask you to excuse me. I—I've got to go home and pack. . . . I'm going away early to-morrow, for—for a little holiday. I may be away some years.

[Reaction, followed by general applause.]

Angela. Now I will speak! Dear Mr. SHELCASTLE, don't you see? We've been taking you in all this time. Oh, I knew it was perfectly piggish of us. Only we did think you might have been there, you know!

Syd. Shel. I—don't understand. You don't mean that the piece wasn't such an absolute failure after all?

Berk. Carl. Considerin' we were all called five times after every Act, and I had to make a speech and explain that the Author was not in the house at the end, I shouldn't describe it myself as a howling frost precisely.

Daisy. Why, they simply roared all through! I was only chipping you about the coughing.

Blund. Foot. And that Johnnie in the brown bowler—all spoof, you know. Jove! I nearly gave the show away by smiling like a silly ass once or twice!

Hors. Coll. I'd no need to gag, my boy. Got my laughs all right without that!

Berk. Carl. And I don't think there'll be much to alter to-morrow. Every scene seemed to go.

Whal. Spratt. The Box Offices have come forward in style. We shall want three extra rows of stalls.

Syd. Shel. (sitting down heavily). Look here—you—you're not pulling my leg again, are you?

Angela. Indeed we're not! And you must try to forgive us for doing it at all. Say you do!

Syd. Shel. (recovering). But there's nothing to forgive. I knew all along that it couldn't really have gone wrong.

Berk. Carl. Of course you did, old boy. Pity you've got to go home and pack, though. How many years did you say you would be away?

Syd. Shel. (rising and going towards him). You didn't think I meant it, did you? When I've got an idea for a new comedy which would—I say, I should like most awfully to tell you about it.

Berk. Carl. (pressing him back into his chair). Now just you try and manage a little food first, old fellow. You haven't had a mouthful yet. You've lots of time to write me a new comedy—we shan't be wanting it for another eight months at least!

[SYDNEY SHELCASTLE sits down and makes the discovery that he was hungrier than he imagined.] F. A.

"ANTI-CANNIBAL" calls our horrified attention to the following advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*:
REQUIRED, at the Gresham Club, by the 15th, a ROASTMAID. Apply between ten and eleven A.M.

CHARIVARIA.

THE newspaper which declared that there were forty war correspondents lying idle at Tokio used an unfortunate expression. An article on Sleeplessness declares that a simple way of banishing insomnia is to stare at one's reflection in a mirror. always attractive subject of "Sin," Bishop MACKAY-SMITH declared that the working poor are happier than the rich. He might have added that they are also more unselfish, for many of them would be willing to change places with their less happy brethren.

That Lord ROSEBERRY affects Harris tweeds is well-known. Mr. BRODRICK has now announced his intention of wearing an Empire-grown cotton shirt. "I undertake to put my back into it," he declared, amid cheers, to a deputation on the subject of British cotton.

An inmate of the Blackburn Workhouse has just died at the age of 105. It is stated that he was always a smoker and a non-teetotaler. In some circles, therefore, his death will occasion no surprise.

All of us felt the sudden cold snap more or less last week, and a Passive Resister at Bromley asked to be sent to the stake.

"A West-End Clairvoyant" has disclosed to a *Daily Mail* representative the remaining events of the war. "The claims of the Clairvoyant in question," said the *Daily Mail*, "can be tested by cutting out this article, and noting, as events transpire, the correctness or otherwise of his bold predictions." That is so.

According to the *Echo de Paris*, General KUROPATKIN has said, "The war will last, perhaps, eighteen months, but all the necessary steps have been taken to ensure that none of the Japanese who may have landed will ever return to their country." The Japanese, however, deny that they wish to settle in any numbers in the conquered territory.

But surely this, in many cases, leads to nightmare?

It has been officially stated in the House of Lords that the object of our expedition to Thibet is to establish amicable relations with that country, and that, if necessary, we will fight.

In a sermon at Philadelphia on the

tins of condensed milk yearly — not tons, as has been incorrectly reported," said the *Daily Mail* last week.

A contemporary is offering £100 for "the best Temperance story." We always think the assertion that there is no alcohol in ginger-beer is hard to beat.



PLAYING DOWN TO HIM.

Young couple (who expect the visit of a very miserly relative, from whom they have expectations) are clearing the room of every sign of luxury.

Wife (earnestly). "WE MUST DO ALL WE CAN TO MAKE UNCLE FEEL AT HOME."
Husband (caustically). "THEN WE HAD BETTER LET THE FIRE OUT."

The Authors' Club thinks there are too many authors. The members have just entertained Lord Justice MATHEW, who has never written a book, and their next guest is to be General FRENCH. This idea of giving dinners as prizes to persons who do not write books strikes us as being admirable. Had we only known earlier!

The report that the oldest man in the United States is dead is not true. We are informed that the oldest man in the United States is alive.

Sometimes the papers provide their own Charivaria. "Finsbury people consume a million and a half

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XII.—SHOULD ALL PERIODICALS COST ONLY A HALFPENNY?

SCENE—Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons' Headquarters.

PRESENT.

Mr. A. J. Balfour (in the Chair).

The Editor of the "Quarterly."

The Editor of the "Nineteenth Century and After."

The Editor of the "Economist."

The Editor of the "Westminster Gazette."

The Editor of the "Daily Chronicle."

The Editor of the "Daily News."

The Editor of the "Daily Mail."

The Editor of the "Daily Express."

The Editor of the "Police News."

The Manager of Messrs. W.

H. Smith and Sons.

The Master of the Mint.

Mr. A. J. Balfour. I have been asked to take the chair at the interesting debate which is about to ensue, for the reason that absolute impartiality could be found only in one who never reads the papers. As I am in that enviable position it follows that it is all one to me whether they cost a halfpenny or a king's ransom. So far as I can see, however, a halfpenny is the prevailing sum; yet, on my attempting recently to purchase the *Quarterly Review* at the Brighton bookstall for that coin, the boy with some asperity demanded five and elevenpence-halfpenny more.

Editor of the "Quarterly."

The boy was undoubtedly right. We have, it is true, introduced signed articles, but our enterprise will go no further just yet, unless to return to anonymity.

Editor of the "Nineteenth Century and After." Had our gifted Chairman purchased the *Nineteenth Century and After* he would have been money in pocket. How much, I leave to the breakfast-table mathematicians who read the *Daily Mail*.

Mr. Balfour. I believe that is so; but the length of the Review's title is prohibitive. While I am asking for it I always miss my train.

Editor of the "Daily Chronicle." My experience is that a halfpenny is the only fitting amount to ask for a penny paper. But the editing must be done with enterprise and originality. There must be signed articles, a magazine page, and so forth. Everything novel and fresh.

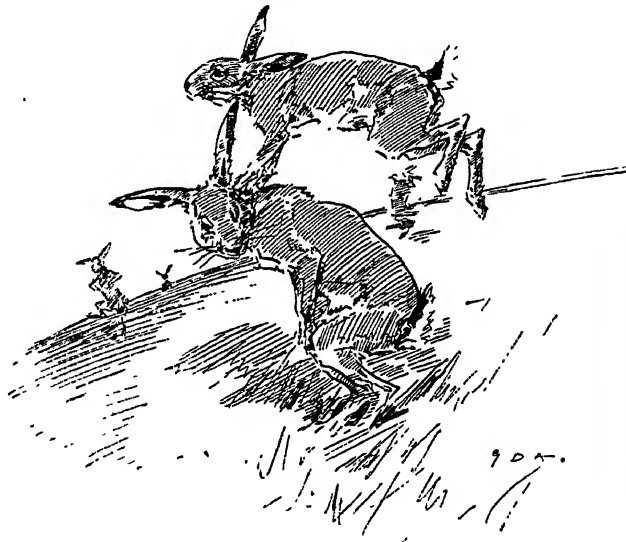
Editor of the "Daily News." Speaking with a considerably larger experience

of controlling a halfpenny paper than the gentleman who has just spoken, I may say that he has omitted to mention one prime factor in the success of such an undertaking. There must be an article by Mr. CHIOZZA MONEY.

Editor of the "Police News." Is there not a contributor named CHESTERTON who writes most of the papers now, weekly as well as daily?

Editor of the "Economist." The reduction of all periodicals to one halfpenny would liberate a vast amount of money for other purposes.

Mr. Balfour. Is the *Economist* coming down? I am informed by Sir JAMES KNOWLES that it rejoices in the eccentric valuation of eightpence. I cannot remember anything ever having cost eightpence before. How does one arrive



WHAT MAKES THE MARCH HARE SO MAD?

JOY! BECAUSE HARE-HUNTING FINISHED FEBRUARY 27.

at eightpence as a good working figure for a weekly paper?

Editor of the "Economist." Our contemporary, *Notes and Queries*, is fourpence.

Editor of the "Police News." And a very good paper it is, too.

Editor of the "Daily Mail." Still, there is no doubt that a halfpenny is the unit of the future.

Editor of the "Daily Chronicle." I wonder how many halfpennies there are in £100,000.

Editor of the "Daily Mail." I see no occasion for referring to that particular figure.

Editor of the "Daily Chronicle." It merely occurred to me as a good example of a round sum.

Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons' Manager. Practical politics are against the halfpenny unit. If all papers were a halfpenny the bookstalls would be larger than the stations.

Editor of the "Quarterly." How would the new clientele affect the character of the publications? Would the *Quarterly* have to adopt cross-headings?

Master of the Mint. One aspect of the halfpenny revolution which has so far escaped attention is the coin itself. We shall have to issue many more to meet the demand.

Editor of the "Nineteenth Century and After." I suppose there is no means of paying for papers in kind?

Mr. Balfour. You mean half bricks, for example?

Editor of the "Economist." I am even now perfecting a scheme by which today's halfpenny paper can be exchanged for yesterday's penny paper. For example, a *Telegraph* of March 2 would purchase a *Chronicle* of March 3, or a *Sporting Times* of February 27 might be exchanged for two *Morning Leaders* of February 29 or a *Referee* of February 28.

Editor of the "Quarterly." The scheme seems to be an admirable one.

Editor of the "Economist." So I think. My only difficulty so far has been with Messrs. W. H. SMITH AND SONS and the other newsagents. Payment might also be made in comestibles, especially such as are available at breakfast-time. It would be very convenient, for instance, to be able to purchase four *Mirrors* with an egg, or to exchange a sardine for the *Morning Post*. It would help to solve the question what to do with superfluous breakfast.

Master of the Mint. Another point troubles me. I have

ascertained that there is no colloquial term for a halfpenny. The word "brown" covers both a penny and its moiety. The word "copper" covers all bronze.

Editor of the "Police News." And it is also ambiguous owing to its further application to our brave boys in blue.

Master of the Mint. Will not some gentleman suggest a word for the halfpenny, or undertake to start a competition to that end?

Editor of the "Daily Express." Would not "ALF" be a good word? "Lend me an ALF" sounds reasonable enough.

Editor of the "Daily Mail." Or an "ARTH"?

Editor of the "Daily Express." I prefer "ALF." It is not only appropriate, a halfpenny being half (or ALF) of a penny, but it has also an historical significance.

Editor of the "Daily Mail." Yet think of the value of the word "ARTH" when



Benevolent Old Gentleman. "POOR LITTLE THING! IS IT HURT?"

[But it was only the week's washing.]

the time came to sell a cricket edition. Cricket and the "ARTH"!

Editor of the "Economist." Is there any objection to calling a ha'penny a "hape"?

Editor of the "Nineteenth Century and After." None; except that £500 is known as a monkey.

Editor of the "Economist." True. I see your point.

Mr. Balfour. What then do we decide? Are all periodicals to be a halfpenny?

Editor of the "Westminster Gazette." Personally I don't care to come down to a halfpenny. As it is, we give away a bit of GOULD almost every evening for a penny. That ought to be concession enough. [Stampede.]

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—March 17: First Night of an entirely New Moon. The curtain will rise at 5.39 A.M. precisely, when all persons are earnestly requested to be in their beds.

TEMPERATE ORGIES.

(Written to oblige a distinguished prelate, who recently asked for a spirited drinking-song for the use of teetotallers.)

BRING me, boy, a lusty jorum,
Filtered from the local Main,
Let me drink, and drown decorum;
Let me sing, and banish pain;
Fill the cup, and every sip 'll
Bid the cares of being go;
Tell me, who can find a tippie
To compare with H₂O?

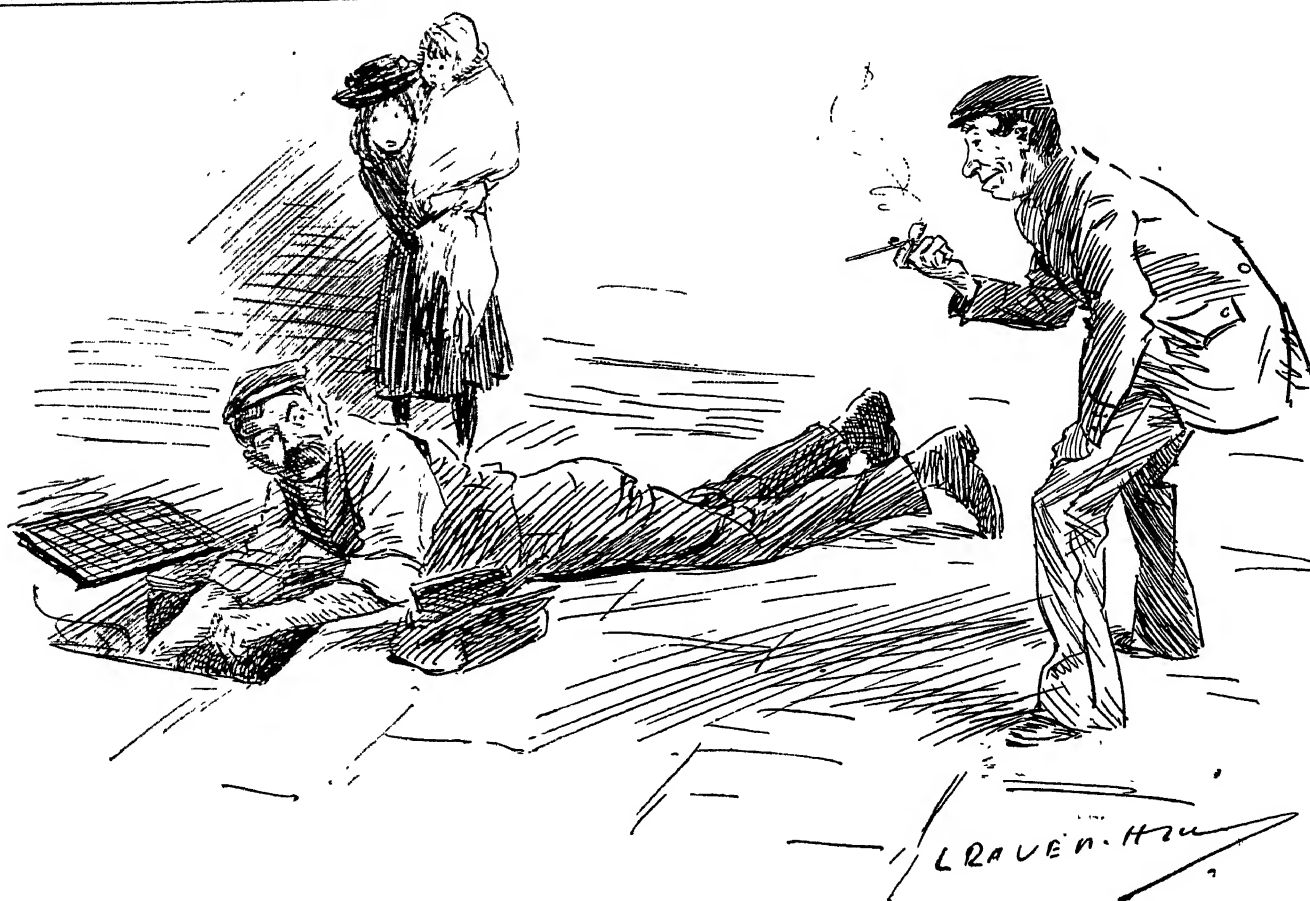
Fools are they that squander life on
Gallic Grape or British Hop;—
Mountain Dew with gassy Syphon—
Juniper with Ginger-pop;
Watch them, swollen, pale, dishevelled;
Slam the door and see them jump!
Better far that they had revelled
On the boiled and filtered Pump!

Mine shall be a full libation
From the constant Town Supply,
Void of consequent inflation,
Aching head and rheumy eye!
Keep the pot a-boiling, laddie;
Let the jolly filter flow;
Those that like can use the caddy,
I shall stick to H₂O. DUM-DUM.

Light on the Fourth Test Match.

THE cricket-loving public can hardly be too grateful for the way in which our Home Commentators have illuminated the crude and obscure statements of the reporter on the spot. "HAD HAYWARD," says the *P. M. G.*, "been dismissed earlier the Englishmen would not be so well off as they are."

THE YELLOW PERIL.—Orange-peel on the pavement.



ITS LATEST APPLICATION.

Man in the Street. "'ULLO, MATE, 'UNTIN' FOR GOOD OLD 'IDDEN TREASURE?'"

Skilled Workman (examining electric connection). "NOT ME! I'M A WATCHIN' THE BLOOMIN' TEST MATCH"

NAE DOOT.

Noo, Scots wha hae wi' WULLIE bled, and a' ye Southrons, too,
The foe is here, the battle's near; it's time to daur and do!
Set a' your ranks in order, men, and gar your captains stand
Prepared to lead the stormy charge that brings you hand to hand.

See, BANNERMAN has grasped his spear, and FOWLER shakes
his blade,

And ASQUITH wi' his banners oot is mairchin' to their aid;
And pawky little CHURCHILL's flingin' deevots in the van—
But whaur's the ERRL o' ROSEBERRY, that well-loved fechtin' man?

He's got a League, a braw young League, of clansmen true
and leal;

They've bound themsel' wi' mony a vow to serve their
chieftain weel;

And noo the battle's lowerin' near they ca' him by his name,
"AIRCHIE, come oot"; "I'll no'," says he, and so he sits at
hame.

"Come oot, for JOSEPH's gaed awa to Egypt's sandy links:
Aiblins he's climbing Pyramids or speering at the Sphinx.
Come oot," they cry, "ERRL ROSEBERRY; it isna very rash;
Come oot and join the bonny dance, and gie them a' a bash.

"Oor foes, they canna thole oor charge; they're looking sair
and black,

For each has got a Chinaman tight claspit on his back:
They bits o' doited loons and a' we'll pit them soon to root;
Come, AIRCHIE, gie's your hand, my man,"—but AIRCHIE says,
"I doot."

"Come, AIRCHIE, come," they cry to him, "if somewhere ye
maun bide,

Oor taibernaicle's grand enough: its doors are open wide;
Ye'll see nae man that's no' your freend, if ye'll but tak'
your place."

Says he, "I fear there's someone there that canna thole my
face."

And so he bides and speers and doots and canna fix his mind;
And while his freends are richt in front the ERRL is left
behind.

"What ails ye wi' the battle, man?" he hears his comrades
cry,

But a' he says to them is this:—"I'll tell ye by and by."

"THE MERMAID SOCIETY."—This sounds a kind of very Odd
Fellow Association, for surely there must be *one* Merman,
a mere man among so many Mermaidens. No matter for
the sound, or the apparently fishy associations suggested by
the name, it is a Society whose motto is, "The Play's the
thing," and whose object is to give finished performances of
standard old comedies at the Court Theatre. The next
performance is on March 20, when the Mermaids and
Mermen propose presenting CONGREVE'S *The Way of the
World*. The members of this Submarine Society, with
subscriptions coming in plentifully, are well able to keep
their clever heads above water, and, in view of performing,
on future occasions, some old musical dramas, they are now
regularly practising their scales. Success to the show *tali
auxilio!*



LEAVING THE LISTS.

[Sir William Vernon Harcourt retires from Parliamentary life after thirty-five years' active service.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, February 29.—Talk through long winter night all about the Navy. Everything going well. We've got the men, we've got the ships, and we've paid the money too. Three years ago total of Naval expenditure slightly exceeded thirty-two millions. Estimated outlay for coming year demands forty-two millions. Pretty stiff for peace establishment. But taxpayer satisfied if only assured he gets something for his money. As FORTESCUE FLANNERY said just now, in one of those trumpet-toned sentences that hurtle through the shivering ages, "What is an excessive Budget compared with safety of the country?"

This one for C.-B., who had been hinting that we are rather going it in the matter of national expenditure.

Happily proof forthcoming that the Navy is not only in healthy contented state of mind that would have amazed the mutineers of the Nore, but that it is impregnated to its lowest depths with spirit of loyalty worth more than a Chilian ironclad in the hour of battle. Testimony all the more valuable that it cropped up on side issues, and was incidentally mentioned by Secretary to Admiralty. Discoursing of the educational establishment of late-created Osborne, PRETYMAN told how he had been approached by a grateful mother who, showing alarming intention



"N-ls-n, Bl-ke,—and the Earl of S-lb-rne."



"CHILIAN BATTLESHIPS."

The designer of H.M.S. *Swiftsure* and *Triumph* describes his offspring to the House of Commons.

(Sir E. J. R-d, K.C.B.)

of desire to embrace him, descanted on the happiness of her cadet.

"Why," she exclaimed, "he has cream with his porridge!"

There, in a sentence, is explained the secret of the prowess of the British Navy. Budding midshipmites have cream with their porridge. Whether it were wise thus to blurt out secrets, with France, Germany and Russia listening at the door, is matter for consideration of Board of Admiralty. Anyhow it is out now. If, next year, our rivals shall have so far profited by the lesson that it will be necessary to increase existing proportion of strength to meet demand that Great Britain shall be as powerful on the sea as any possible combination of two maritime Powers, with PRETYMAN will rest responsibility.

The other testimony also came from Osborne, seed-ground of dauntless Admirals. A cadet, asked to name the three greatest Admirals known to history, promptly replied, "NELSON, BLAKE and the Earl of SELBORNE." House laughed long and loud when PRETYMAN told the story. If we come to think of it we shall discern deeper meaning in it than appears at first glance. Small boy

of course inaccurate in point of form. There is a difference between the First Lord of the Admiralty and a mere Admiral like NELSON or CHARLIE BERESFORD.

As a matter of fact, in accordance with far-sighted policy alluded to last week, our present First Lord learned the art of war ashore. Before he went to the Admiralty he was accustomed to set in battle array the third battalion of the Hampshire Militia.

That is a detail. Wiping lips still succulent with cream in his porridge; confronted by the query, Who are the three greatest Admirals? having named NELSON and BLAKE, the small cadet's mind was permeated with the subtle personal influence of the head of the King's Navee, a personality felt from the flagship to the tiniest torpedo-boat. Naturally the name of SELBORNE leaped to his tongue.

The youngster was quite right. Of all Departments affected by reconstruction of Ministry of 1900, none has been so successfully administered as the Admiralty. Whilst squabbles have raged round every other, healthful peace has brooded over Spring Gardens.



A DOWN-TRODDEN INDUSTRY!

"The Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain to-day received a deputation of brewers. . . . He was unable, he said, to hold out any hope of being able to remit the taxes on beer and spirits."

"Odd thing," says the MEMBER FOR SARE; "of all Cabinet Ministers First Lord of the Admiralty is the only one who hasn't been at sea."

Business done.—House in Committee on Navy Estimates.

Tuesday night.—Haven't for some sessions heard anything of Mr. FLAVIN. Time was when his latest new suit, in hue a note of flaming ochre, in cut a masterpiece of the tailor of Tralee, fascinated the House. He was up every day at question time; occasionally interposed in debate with conundrums addressed to the Chief Secretary about the size and weight of ears of Irish corn compared with British. Now rarely seen in his place; still more rarely uplifts his voice. Never been the same man since the night he was carried out shoulder high by four policemen, involuntarily marching to the air "*God Save Ireland*," sung by the captive, with expelled compatriots chiming in.

Gaiety of the House long eclipsed, to-night restored. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER in low spirits; contemplates with gloomy anticipation framing of his Budget. 'Tis a hard fate that marks him out as its victim. In ordinary course of events, stretched over a term of forty years, what has happened in the matter of finance has been that a Conservative Ministry coming in to power have found themselves heirs of a fat surplus. When it has disappeared, and in its place huge deficiencies confront the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, the

Conservatives have gone out, and GLADSTONE, with his magic wand, or SQUIRE OF MALWOOD with his Death Duties, has come in to put things right again.

Now, owing to exceptional prolongation of power, Nemesis, with helm and wheel, alights on the scene. It is a Conservative CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER who has to deal with the dilemma, he young withal and new to the place.

Pondering on these things Mr. FLAVIN, with native generosity, broke his vow of silence. Emerged from retirement, proffering comfort and consolation. Has heard of a special brand of Scotch whisky composed of four parts English spirit, one of raw grain patent spirit, a babe not twelve months old. This the thing to cheer up CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER brooding over deficit. Adroitly approaches overture by asking if CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER ever heard of this particular blend. Reply in the negative.

"If I provide a sample," said Mr. FLAVIN, throwing out his arms with lavish gesture suggestive of a half-gallon nip, "will the right hon. gentleman take the responsibility of sampling it himself?"

"Sampling" is good as suggesting a business transaction quite apart from personal hankering. Had AUSTEN been privily approached he might have yielded to the seductive offer. Publicly made, with a General Election almost

in sight and the Temperance Party going strong, he firmly but politely declined.

Business done.—Still on Navy Estimates.

Wednesday.—A fortnight ago, in connection with the absence of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD from debate, something was said on this page of his peculiar personal position in the House. To-day those sentiments are universally voiced. Wherever two or three Members meet together the talk is of the SQUIRE's pending retirement from public life.

"I have felt bound," he writes to his constituents, "not without pain, to come to the conclusion that I should not be justified in seeking at the next Election to renew the lease of my Parliamentary life, the obligations of which I cannot discharge in a manner which would satisfy myself or those I had the honour to serve."

It is a dignified farewell, worthy close of a long life spent with rare distinction in the service of the State.

The House of Commons will be distinctly poorer by the withdrawal of this stately figure, with its high political principles, its impregnable honesty, its kind heart, and its (occasionally) bitter tongue. The Tired Warrior has well earned his rest. His helmet now a hive for bees, he will retire to the loved shades of Malwood. Priam at the Scæan Gate will look from afar on the battlefield in the tumult of which his soul long delighted.

He will have the satisfaction of knowing that he carries with him the affectionate remembrance of his personal friends, the admiration and esteem of his political adversaries.

Business done.—Private Members' Bills.

A *Daily Chronicle* correspondent, writing about Port Arthur, says:—

"The soldiers of the forts are working like horses, harnessing themselves to the carts and singing while drawing them."

This must be the kind of horse we have long wanted for neighbourhoods suffering from agricultural depression.

The following telegrams, taken from the *Daily Telegraph*, are very significant when placed in proper juxtaposition:—

"The Pacific liner *Korea* has arrived at Nagasaki with 12,240 barrels of beef for Port Arthur. The cargo has been detained by the military commander."

"The Diet will probably open at Tokio on March 20."

Lines for an Interview with
Mr. P. F. Warner.

"Such was, and is, the Captain of the Test, Though half his virtues are not here exprest;

The modesty of fame obscured the rest."
Dryden.



JUST INDIGNATION.

Master Reggie (who has been presented with the brush on his first appearance in the field). "Oh, I say, Effie! This is hard lines! I've jumped three ditches and five fences, and come in all but first, and here they've given me the tail! I do think they might have given me the head."

HINTS ON SMOKING.

(By the Expert Wrinkler.)

My weekly budget of correspondence brings me many letters which I am unable to answer in detail. Now and again, however, a point of such vital interest is raised that I can not, in my capacity of trustee of public manners, withhold a definite pronouncement. Such, for instance, is the query put to me by "Dindigul"—Is it good form not to smoke? Of course there are some people who can't smoke, and ought not to be blamed for it. For instance, there was my friend Lord ERNEST CONKLETON, a very bright and sociable fellow, who had such an extraordinarily aquiline nose that he could not smoke a cigar or cigarette without burning the tip of it—I mean his nose. Then I have known some very nice fellows, occupying excellent positions in society, good solo-whist players, thoroughly well-dressed and honourable men, who either honestly didn't like tobacco or with whom it completely disagreed. These, however, are only the exceptions that prove the rule. Smoking is not only a sign of manliness, and a sociable habit, but it sets off a man, in certain surroundings, almost as well as a good hat or a well-tied tie. But here, as in everything else, *noblesse oblige*, and a refined man of fashion must not only be careful what he smokes, but how and where he indulges in the habit. Anyone may smoke shag on a desert island, but even Dukes abstain from anything stronger than a cigarette in the breakfast parlour. Some famous author once remarked that brandy was the drink for heroes. Well, to adapt the phrase, I should be inclined to say that cigars are the smoke for gentlemen. But, of course, we must cut our coat according to our cloth. One of the saddest things in life, as I have often remarked, is that the most refined men are often hampered by limited incomes. Or, to put it in a more concrete form, many a man who is worthy of the finest Magnifico Pomposos is obliged to put up with "Dutchmen," twopenny cheroots, or Burmah cigars.

THE DANGERS OF PIPE-SMOKING.

Much greater latitude prevails in regard to smoking in the streets than when I was a boy, but the line must still be drawn at pipes. A cigarette or even a cigar is permissible in Bond Street, but a pipe—never. My friend Baron ZELTINGER, a very good fellow, but strangely absent-minded at times, was pilled at the National Liberal Club for no other reason that I could ever find out than that he had been seen smoking a meerschaum in Pall Mall. The disappointment quite broke him up, and he shortly afterwards married the

daughter of a bath-chair proprietor, became a vegetarian, and now goes about in hygienic homespun. I merely mention this to show what disasters may happen to a man if he does not regulate tastes in accordance with the requirements of good form. A pipe is all very well for the privacy of home, but for smoking in public the cigar or gold-tipped cigarette is *de rigueur*.

CIGARETTES—HOME-MADE AND OTHERWISE.

Personally I don't mind confessing that I roll most of my cigarettes myself, but I never do it in public. The only



"DOOM'D FOR A CERTAIN TERM TO WALK THE NIGHT."—*Hamlet*, Act I, Sc. 5.

serious drawback is that you can't buy gold-tipped cigarette papers. I tried once painting the papers with gold, but it wouldn't dry, and came off on my lip without my noticing it. When I turned up in the smoke-room of the Junior Commercial Travellers' Club that evening you can imagine I was properly chaffed. If, then, you prefer to buy your cigarettes ready made, you can get a very serviceable article at the rate of about three a penny if you buy them by the ounce. Personally I prefer to buy them in large quantities, and can cordially recommend DIAMANTOPOULO's Lion-tamers at twenty shillings a thousand. The objection to most cigarettes is that you can go on smoking them indefinitely;

but I have never seen any man smoke more than three Lion-tamers on end. Besides, they are invaluable in a small conservatory from their insecticidal qualities. Green fly may defy a green cigar, but they simply curl up at the mention of DIAMANTOPOULO. I admit that they aren't universally appreciated, and old Lady HUBBLETHWAITE, who smokes like a chimney, when I offered her my case the other day, replied, very rudely as I thought, "No, thanks—I like smoking, but I don't care about being fumigated."

Other reasonable brands of cigarettes that I can recommend are the halfpenny Pecksniffs, the Noracreinis, an excellent Irish brand, and MANGOLD's Ensilage Mixture cigarette, sold in packets of thirty for sixpence, but not to be had at the Carlton for love or money.

USEFUL ECONOMIES.

A good device is carefully to preserve the paper bands—or "waistcoats," as a funny friend of mine insists on calling them—of really first-rate cigars, and then transfer them to weeds of inferior calibre. My firm impression is that in these matters imagination goes a long way, and that if you give a man a twopenny Borneo wrapped in silver paper with the waistcoat of an Absolute Flora he will discover in it all the fine qualities of a half-crown cigar. Another device of my own invention is that by which a cigar of ordinary dimensions may be lengthened so as to simulate a six or eight-inch Intimidad. My plan is to cut the cigar in half, and connect the two halves with a wooden tube, which is concealed by a coloured and gilt paper band of exceptional width. When the top end is nearly consumed you can either substitute a half-smoked cigar from your cupboard and begin again, or else remove the tube and finish off the second half without any further disguise. Remember also that cigar ash is a useful substitute for blotting paper.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GAY LORD QUEX.—I don't think a hookah looks well in a hansom cab.

TAB, WOKING.—(1) The correct form is "Won't you have a cigarette?" not "May I offer you a cig.?" (2) The accent is on the second syllable of cheroot.

STRAIGHT-OUT, MAYFAIR.—Embroidered smoking-caps with a tassel are no longer worn by the best people, but if your *fiancée* has already made you one, it will always come in handy at private theatricals.

ROMEO.—Your objection to the Invisible Trousers Stretcher, that if trousers are invisible they do not need to be stretched, is not valid. The word invisible applies to the stretching machine.

LITTLE ARTICLES BY GREAT MEN.

I.—DO WE TAKE OUR AMUSEMENTS SERIOUSLY ENOUGH?

(By Mr. C. B. F. * *)

THE frivolity of the British people is to my mind the saddest sign of the age. I shall never forget the shock with which I saw a newspaper bill when MACLAREN (great-hearted Mac) was struggling against Australia. The placard had in huge letters the words, "British Disaster." With trembling hands I purchased a paper, and turned nervously to the cricket columns. Nothing was there. I turned to the stop-press news and found that this catchpenny bill was due to nothing more than the cutting up of a troop of Yeomanry by the Boers. From the fuss made one would have thought that the Adelaide pitch had been cut up. The frivolity of the Press is only paralleled by the frivolity of the public. Take the light and airy way in which the spectators at our great cricket grounds treat the imposing functions provided for them. Suppose little (but heroic) JOHNNY TYLDESLEY runs out to that wily, curling ball which sunny-faced WILFRED RHODES pitches thirty-three and three-quarter inches from the block. Up glides his trusty willow, and a fortieth of a second after the ball has pitched descends on the leather. With a wonderful flick of the elbow he chops the ball exactly between square leg and point. Is the raucous "Well hit, JOHNNY," of the crowd a fitting, a reverent salutation? Our Elizabethan dramatists knew better. Have you not noticed in their stage directions, "A solemn music"? Two or three phrases of CHOPIN played, let us say, on the French horn by the *doyen* of the Press-box would be a better tribute to such a miracle of skill. There are, however, elements of better things in our crowds. Before now I have seen the potent JESSOP smite a rising ball to the boundary with all the concentrated energy of his Atlantean shoulders, and as the ball reached the ring the spectators with involuntary reverence prostrated themselves before it.

A while since I beheld the Arsenal Forwards swooping down on the Tottenham goal. The crowd cried, "Go it, Arsenal!" "Buck up, Spurs!" but a friend whispered to me, as he pointed to the red-shirted Forwards, BLAKE's famous lines:

"Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night;"

and I felt that his comment was a higher, a more rational one. We need on our cricket and football grounds a rhapsodic bard to interpret the emotions of the moment. And what have we? not a HOMER—not even a LEWIS MORRIS—but a Poet CRAIG.

Nor do our greatest men gain the public honours which are their due. In ancient Greece a great athlete was a national hero. The name of LADAS has come down to us through the ages with those of SOCRATES and XENOPHON. Think of the sad contrast in modern England. Why is not PLUM WARNER (I knew him in long clothes) a Knight of the Garter? Why is not RANJJI (exquisitely delicate RANJJI—the WALTER PATER of the cricket field) Viceroy of India? There are living cricketers, with an average of over eighty, and a dozen centuries in one season to their credit, who have never even been sworn of the Privy Council. If Derby had been a Hellenic city, some worthy citizen would have erected a votive altar to the gods as a thank-offering for the gift of BLOOMER. The careless Derbians have not even set up a horse-trough to commemorate their miraculous inside-right. Amongst men of culture the same lack of earnestness is found. A philosophic friend of mine has been for years gathering material for a *magnum opus* on "The Characteristics of First-League Centre Half-Backs, with a Dissertation on the Art of Tripping," and yet has found no encouragement to publish. Contrast this with the money which was lavished



UNNECESSARY REMARKS.

"WHAT! HAVE YOU MISSED IT?"

to produce a mere system of philosophy by the late HERBERT SPENCER, who never even played in an Athenæum "A" team.

On every side I trace the growth of the same spirit. England is devoting itself to art, politics, literature and theology, and in the rush and hurry of our modern life there is a sad danger that sport will be underrated or overlooked. My countrymen must learn to concentrate their minds on the things which really matter. In your nobler moments would you not rather stand at the wicket than at the table of the House of Commons, or on the political platform of the City Temple, or on the stage of the Alhambra? Save her sport and you save England.

THEATRICAL SOUVENIRS.

It has been noticed that a certain monotony marks the efforts of British theatrical managers to commemorate dramatic anniversaries. With a view to lending variety to an institution hitherto treated on stereotyped lines, *Mr. Punch* ventures to put forward the following suggestions for suitable souvenirs to be distributed on anniversary nights of the following plays:—

Madame Sherry. A butt of Oloroso.

The Earl and the Girl. A handsomely bound copy of *Debrett*.

The Duke of Killierankie. A Philibeg.

The Darling of the Gods. A dwarf Japanese tree.

The Arm of the Law. A silver-mounted truncheon.

Little Mary. A diamond-hilted stomach-pump.

For Problem-plays generally. A portrait of Sir FRANCIS JEUNE.

JAPAN has been extraordinarily successful in keeping her intentions secret. But an equally strict censorship can hardly be expected on the part of the Chinese authorities: and, according to the *Northern Whig*, Mr. BENNET BURLEIGH was able to send home from Shanghai the following information regarding the attitude of the *Mandjur* at that port:—

"The Russian gunboatmbambambambambn."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A LITTLE more than twelve months ago my Baronite, visiting Trinidad, chanced to come across a meanly-printed book giving an account of an expedition up the Caura affluent of the Orinoco. The narrative had apparently been published in a local newspaper, the type, divided into paged spaces, printed on rough paper and cheaply bound. Full many a gem of purest ray serene the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear. My Baronite speedily discovered the treasure hidden in this unalluring shape. He wrote a notice of the work in this column, hinting that a London publisher would do well to look it up. Messrs. SMITH, ELDER took the tip, and have

reproduced the narrative in a handsome volume, with thirty-four illustrations and a map. The author is still a young man, EUGÈNE ANDRÉ by name. In his book, *A Naturalist in the Guianas*, will be found a notable addition not only to geographical knowledge and incidents of personal adventure, but to rare information of hitherto unknown birds that swarm in the pathless forests of Venezuela.

For well-constructed plot, for picturesquely descriptive writing of a high order, for clear narrative, sustained and all-absorbing interest, for dramatic dialogue and tragic action, *Strong Man*, by S. R. CROCKETT (WARD AND LOCK), stands well at the head of the very best novels published within the last twelve months, though the broad Scotch dialect is a hard nut for a southern Englishman to crack, and he may break some of his teeth in any rash attempt to read it aloud. To all novel readers and lovers of good literature this exceptional romance is strongly recommended by the Baron. One word as to the clever illustrations by MAURICE GRIFFENHAGEN. In very few instances does the picture face the scene it is intended to illustrate; either it is in advance of, or after, the event. This placing is inartistic. A reader does not want to be told pictorially of what is going to happen three pages ahead; nor, having mastered the situation, does he feel the slightest interest in seeing it pictorially represented some pages after he has done with it. Again, the composition and execution must to a certain extent suffer from the formal compression to which the artist has bound himself hard and fast, so that most of the pictures suggest the simile of an attempt to place, within the narrow limits of the Theatre Royal back-drawing-room, scenes that to be really effective should have had the stage of Drury Lane entirely to themselves.

"Most people know a flounder," writes Sir HERBERT MAXWELL in his *British Fresh Water Fishes*, just added by Messrs. HUTCHINSON to the Woburn Library of Natural History edited by the Duke of BEDFORD. My Baronite blushes with conscious pride at this assumption on the part of a high authority that he, among others, possesses this gift of discernment. Truth compels him to admit that he is most familiar with the fish when *souché*, and is not quite certain he would recognise it if he met it off the coast. He is therefore gratified to learn that inaccuracy on the point is not singular. "On the west coast of Scotland," Sir HERBERT testifies, "the flounder is known as the fluke, and the term flounder is applied popularly to quite a different fish, the plaice." This is a mere detail, a speck on the Milky Way of knowledge possessed by the Admirable CRICHTON recognised in the House of Commons as the Member for Wigtonshire. Sir HERBERT's range of information, wide and deep, is happily equalled by his industry. Only the other day he edited a book which for personal and political interest vies with the

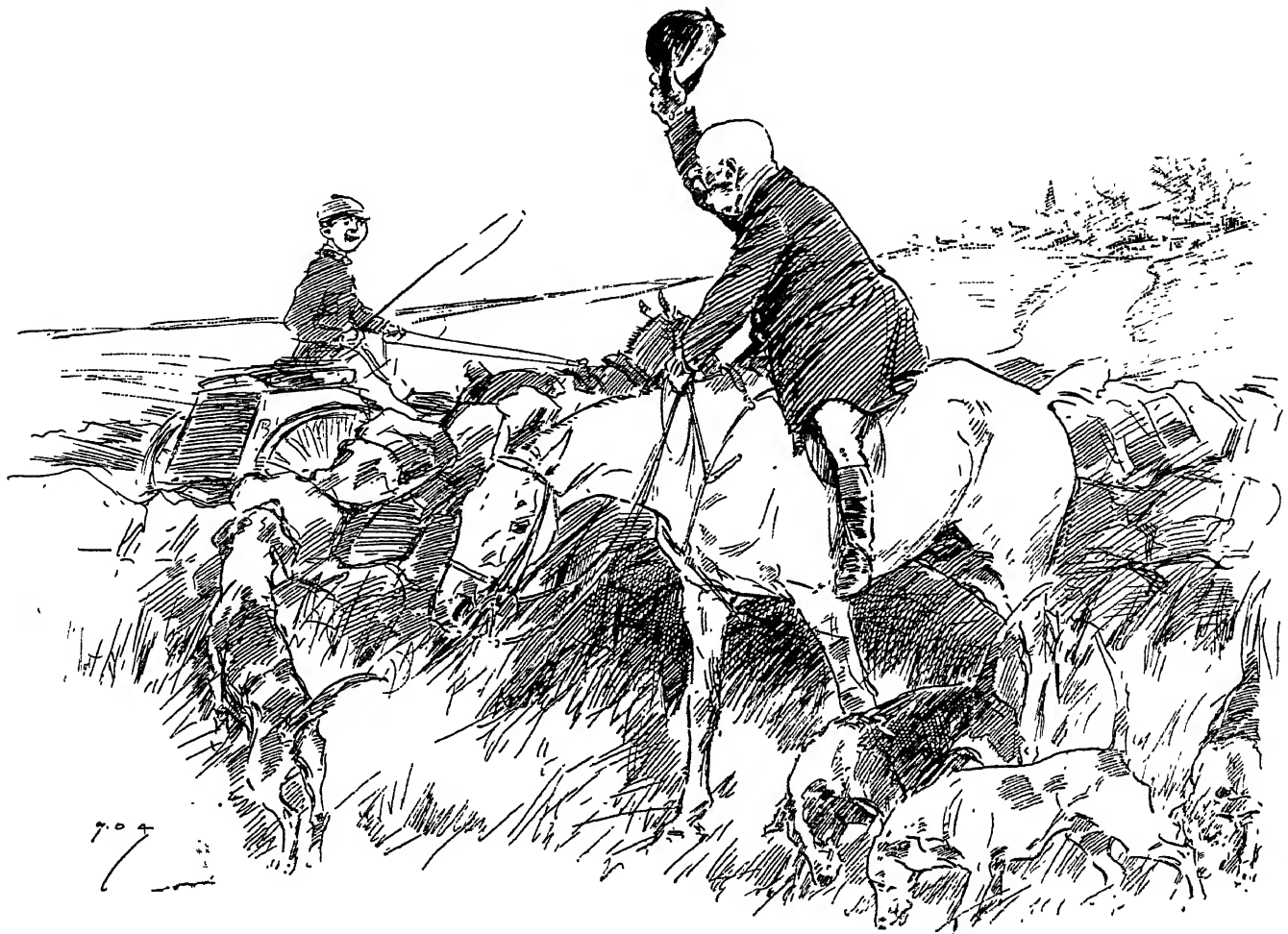
Greville Memoirs. To-day one comes upon him mermanning in British rivers, airing his acquaintance with the ancient perch family, distinguishing between the three-spined stickleback and its ten-spined kinsman, saying a good word for the gudgeon, glancing *en passant* at the shad, the eel, and the lamprey, and shedding vivid light upon salmon problems. Sir HERBERT is appalling learned. Withal he has the gift of making the simple understand.

The Baron, who is only too happy to be able to recommend to his readers the distraction of a really stirring sensational novel, regrets being unable to do more than give considerably qualified praise to *Room Five*, by M. HAMILTON DRUMMOND (WARD, LOCK & Co.). His picture of the village doctor is clever, and his graphic description of the shipwreck is excellent. The commencement of the story promises well, but the performance is not equal to the promise.

In this tenth number of the *Great Masters* (HEINEMANN, London; HACHETTE, Paris &c.) that has just appeared, the first picture, by NICHOLAS MAES, entitled *An Old Woman saying Grace*, beautifully reproduced, is, in the Baron's opinion, were it standing alone, in itself full value for the price, "the ridiculously small sum of five shillings," for which can be purchased any one of the numbers in this series. The homely pathos and piety of it—and 'tis not a matter of meat-piety, as it is evidently merely a fish dinner,—and the gratitude of the ancient dame, for what she is about to receive, are delightful. You can scent the broth, which in this instance too many cooks can't spoil; you see how the good lady has the best sauce in the world to take with her fish, namely that supplied by a good appetite; while, as a lotion for her throat, what is in that inviting-looking pottle-pot? A wee drappit o' schnaps to which she can put her lips when so disposed? or may be only thin beer? No matter, Madam—here's your health, and may your appetite be soon appeased. And what ought to be our English title for this picture? Is it not evident?—why, of course: *My Old Dutch*, or *Her Grace before Dinner*. Attractive too as are the Holbein, the Correggio and the Gainsborough, 'tis this old dame, of Fish Pie 'Ouse fervour, that has won the Baron's heart. What charm! What a grace!

Bygone Eton. The Baron resents the title. Yes. Messrs. SPOTTISWOODE & Co., LTD., publishers of what is certain to be a delightful series of pictures, of which "Part I." has just appeared, yes, *iterumque*, the Baron resents the title. There can be no "by-gones" for Eton. *Flouret Etona!* Let "by-gones be by-gones," and away with them! This collection is described as one of "Permanent Photographs." There is some comfort in this. First tableau, "View of Eton College in 1621." Here are the "foundations," and, but for the statue of the Royal Founder being conspicuous by its "absence" (i.e., he did not answer to his name in the school yard), here is the old place as it was, and very much as it is. Then we come to 1700, when we find that the College has rapidly developed itself. In front there is absolutely "the wall" (height about four feet) where the lolly-pop and "sock" merchants of yore (a little later than 1700) were wont to drive a roaring trade among the sucking dukes, marquises, lords, and very short commons, all Eatin' boys. The schoolyard in 1814 finishes the set for the present. The Baron awaits further developments.





THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

(A Reminiscence of the Past Harrier Season.)

Major Topknot, M.H. (to butcher's boy). "Hi! HULLOAH! HAVE YOU SEEN MY HARE?"
Butcher's Boy. "GA-A-RN! 'AVE YOU SEEN MY WHISKERS?"

THE TATE-À-TATE GALLERY.

It has been suggested recently in one of the papers that the National Gallery is becoming more a rendezvous for engaged, or would-be engaged, couples than a haunt of the earnest student of the Old Masters. If this is the case—and with the weather we have been having it would not cause surprise—so pressing a matter had better be regularised without delay. We beg therefore, with all diffidence, to call the attention of the Director, Sir EDWARD POYNTER, to the following more or less needful improvements:—

As the rooms are now inconveniently large, they should be partitioned off by a number of screens. This would ensure at least partial privacy, and provide "cosy corners," of course under due supervision, to advanced students. Each compartment would be supplied with easy chairs, tea table, mistletoebough, and other necessities.

The staff of attendants should be adequately increased by the enrolment of Stewards and Masters of Ceremonies, well versed in Leap-Year, Covent Garden, Smart Set, and Bank Holiday etiquette.

The staircases should be multiplied, as many members of suburban dancing clubs are accustomed to such accommodation, and use no other, for sitting-out.

The lighting should be more subdued, if possible, than at present, with the exception, perhaps, of one fairly well-lit chamber for beginners.

The majority of the pictures should be turned with their faces to the wall, or removed altogether, as they are productive of suicidal melancholy, or, at any rate, induce a headache and a desire to go home forthwith. They might be replaced by the idyllic and Early-Victorian love-scenes so frequently depicted by a well-known R.A., or else by a series of the most cheerful and popular postcards. A few of the more presentable

portraits, such as those of Lady HAMILTON or the Parson's Daughter, might be retained, unless it is considered that they would lead to invidious comparisons, in appearance and behaviour, with young ladies of the present day.

To ensure the strictest propriety, admission should be by Season Ticket in the case of those whose addresses can be traced in the Court Directories, and by Ticket-of-Leave in the case of others. Such tickets to be revocable by the Department of the London County Council.

Only students and visitors between the ages of seventeen and fifty-in-the-shade should be allowed to enter, and no devotee of art permitted to encumber the rooms with easels and such-like painting apparatus.

Lastly, the Institution should be renamed the "Tate-à-Tate Gallery," a similarly-named building at Millbank being available for life-study on identical lines.

CEDANT ARMA TOGÆ?

[The Berlin Correspondent of the *Express* mentions a Ministerial decree which "states that soldiers who hesitate to kill or wound offending civilians are unworthy to wear their uniforms, and render themselves liable to imprisonment. . . . Though the issue of this decree indicates no new departure, it is intended to emphasise the fundamental idea in German militarism that military men are a class of society far superior to civilians." The following lines are respectfully placed in the lips of the German Minister of War]

PRIDE of the Fatherland! Superb police,
Whose business is to keep in constant fettle,
Be it not said the rust of armed peace
Has paralysed your military mettle;
Prove that a courage equal to the best
Still agitates the Teuton's mailed chest.

You cannot always wallow in a sea
Of Gallic gore, or bulge with heathen booty;
The Watch upon the Rhine or else the Spree
Entails a homely round of bloodless duty;
But, while the counter-jumper walks the streets,
Scope should be surely found for martial feats.

There is a vicious habit, so we hear,
Which Army men are very rightly shocked at,
Of showing disregard for warlike gear—
The Captain's corset and the General's cocked-hat;
Men do not drop their dazzled eyes and faint
Before the warrior in his awful paint.

Yet, as the Brahman has his holy cow,
Or the primeval Hottentot his totem,
Two things there are to which we Germans bow
(Almost too widely known for me to quote 'em),
Two Faiths, our final stay in stress and storm—
The KAISER and the KAISER'S uniform.

And shall a man of mere commercial breed,
Lacking the elements of true gentility,
Pass in his homespun cloth or Harris tweed
Unchallenged 'twixt the wind and your nobility?
Not while you wear a sabre at your side
With which to perforate his paltry hide!

Should such an one (to take a common case),
Emboldened by excessive bouts of Munich
In some beer-garden which you deign to grace,
Brush disrespectfully against your tunic,
Or soil your Blüchers with civilian mud—
Out with your instant blade and have his blood!

Unter den Linden, when the sun is low,
And, in a leisure hour exempt from drilling,
With rigid gait and clanking spurs you go,
A dream of godlike beauty, simply killing,
If any knave dispute the path you tread,
Your falchion should at once remove his head.

Noblesse, of course, *oblige*. You mustn't trail
Your sabre-tache for vulgar churls to step on,
But seize occasion and you cannot fail
To find the man you want to flesh your weapon;
Should he (unarmed, for choice) provoke the strife,
Why, then your course is clear; you take his life!

Let not a low civilian wipe the eye
Of but "a single Pomeranian Grenadier";
Rather let Art, with Laws and Learning, die—
Pursuits to which the meaner types of men adhere;
I'd sooner even dislocate our Trade
Than let the Army's honour be mislaid.

That honour it is yours to guard unstained,
Burnished as though by frequent use of emery,
Keeping our glorious record well maintained,
Just as our mighty Lord of blessed memory,
The ne'er-to-be-forgotten WILLIAM ONE,
Would, were he living, like to see it done. O. S.

REED'S ENTIRE.

THIS show, at Messrs. BROWN AND PHILLIPS' Leicester Galleries, must not be missed by anyone who loves genuine, good-natured, genial caricature. No cruelty in the mixture. Even if you happen to be one of the caricatured, say Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Lord ROSEBURY, or Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, you couldn't be angry; you'd be bound to laugh and exclaim "how absurd!" Among the many comic presentments of "Joe," who may be looked upon as the universal provider of matter for political caricaturists, there is one here that at first sight might be a quizzical portrait of GEORGE GROSSMITH giving one of *his* humorous sketches, vocal and instrumental. No. 30, "*The Jackdaw of Louth*," Mr. TIM HEALY, M.P., is perfect as a specimen of Mr. REED's black and white art. Another, "selected" as specially good and wonderfully delicate in tone, is No. 36, "*The Tariff Spider at work in his Web*." Very far removed from caricature, but on the contrary a delightful portrait, is that of His Majesty King EDWARD THE SEVENTH, as we all love to see him, in excellent health and spirits, "starting the Marionettes," that is, opening Parliament and setting the figures a-moving. This No., 63, is a very remarkable and effective piece of work. 85—"when found make a note of"—"*Rosebery Bunsby*." "Whereby, why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then! The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it. Awast then, keep a bright look-out for'ard, and good luck to you!"

The best of the "Unrecorded History Series" is, to our thinking, No. 110, suggested by "HOLBEIN's attempt to swim the Channel." Mr. REED might give us a recently discovered Assyrian tablet showing the most ancient Parliamentary proceedings of the Hittouts (in Opposition) and the Sittites (the Government). But where there are so many excellent things every purchaser may feel assured that he individually has got the pick of the basket. A great number we see are already marked "Sold," and many intending buyers, arriving too late, will be in the position of those pictures (and be hanged to them!) when they only meet with the polite custodian's explanation, "All gone, Sir." No matter, there's more where those came from, let us hope, for many years to come.

There's many a true jest spoken in earnest.

WE are indebted to the *Indian Planters' Gazette* for calling public attention to the following passage from the *Advocate of India*, in which a comparison is drawn between German and English methods of commercial training:—

"The budding principal is drafted into an office through Oxford, where he has distinguished himself in the dead languages and won his spurs and his stiff knee in the eight who contest the annual football match at Lord's, or his blazer and straw hat in the fifteen who pulled off the cricket match between Mortlake and Putney."

"OUIDA" must look to her laurels.

FRENCH ADAPTATION.—HONOUR to Mr. BARRIE. The authorities of the *Français* have under serious consideration an adaptation of Mr. BARRIE's now celebrated play. The scene is on board a Channel steamer. *Le Mal de Mer y est* has been suggested for the title.



THE WISDOM OF THE EAST.

JAPANESE OFFICER (*to Press Correspondent*). "ABJECTLY WE DESIRE TO DISTINGUISH HONOURABLE NEWSPAPER MAN BY HONOURABLE BADGE."



A LITTLE SURPRISE.

John (finishing the evening paper and wanting to commence the annual discussion). "WELL, DEAR, IS IT TO BE LIGHT BLUE OR DARK BLUE THIS YEAR?"

Edith. "HOW CLEVER YOU ARE, JOHN, TO KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING ABOUT! I DIDN'T CARE TO MENTION IT. IT IS GOOD OF YOU TO SUGGEST MY GETTING A NEW ONE! I SHOULD SO LIKE A DARK BLUE COSTUME! LIGHT BLUE IS VERY NICE, AND SUITS ME TOO, BUT DARK BLUE IS EVER SO MUCH MORE SERVICEABLE, AND WE OUGHT TO THINK OF THAT." [And John hadn't the heart to explain that he only referred to the Boat-race.

LIFE'S LITTLE EMBARRASSEMENTS.

(By the Expert Wrinkler.)

THE true test of greatness, as I have always held, is a man's ability to rise to the occasion, be it great or small. Your true man of the world will never be floored by an emergency, though, as I have often found myself, it may put him to serious inconvenience. For example, the first time I went to pay a visit to a ducal mansion, I found, on going up to dress for dinner, that my man had omitted to put up an evening waistcoat. I confess that I had what our festive friends across the Channel call "a bad quarter of an hour" before I saw my way out of the difficulty. Ringing the bell I took the footman into my confidence, and in ten minutes he had procured for me a cast-off waistcoat of the Duke's, which I bought off him—the footman, not the Duke—for a sovereign, and still keep amongst the most valued treasures of my wardrobe.

I need hardly say that on my return I gave my man such a talking to as he did not forget for years. An oversight of this sort is a regular crime, and it is folly to overlook it. My friend, Lord EUGENE SANDOWN, who was a very powerful man with a violent temper, whenever his man forgot anything in this way, used to throw it at him as a reminder. The man stood it for a while, but gave warning after being hit on the nose by a boot-tree. I am afraid, from what I hear on every side, that the loyalty of domestic servants is not a patch on what it used to be.

TABLE EMBARRASSEMENTS.

One of the most fertile sources of embarrassment is to be offered a dish with the composition of which you are not familiar, or which you don't know exactly how to manipulate. I shall never forget the awful experience I went through years ago at a very stylish dinner, when I tried to eat the sort of paper box in which portions of salmon

were served. On another occasion, in a fit of absent-mindedness, I put a large spoonful of ice pudding into my mouth, thinking it was hot. Over the sequel I draw a veil. We all of us have done foolish things in the past, and I only allude to the episode in order that it may serve as a danger signal to my readers. It is consoling, however, to know that persons of high rank and noble birth do not escape these unpleasantnesses. For instance, there was a foreign Count, I think he came from Circassia or some such place, who was invited to stay at Lord HIGHOLERE's, and when they brought him hot water in the morning, not knowing what to do with it, he drank it! Shrimps, again, are a severe trial to men of refined natures. And many men are often seriously embarrassed by being given tea or coffee too hot to be swallowed with impunity. In such a case at all hazards resist the temptation to blow on the boiling beverage or empty it into your saucer. Some men in these circumstances

extricate themselves by indulging in facetiousness, *e.g.*, saying to their hostess, "I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you for some more cow-juice," or, "Look here, you seem to think that I'm like Lord TEIGNMOUTH, who can swallow anything." On the whole I think it is better form to wait until the fluid has cooled of itself. Some people, however, carry about with them little refrigerating tabloids, which will reduce the hottest tea to an endurable temperature. In this connection let me give my readers a piece of advice. If by any ill chance you should drop an oyster or a poached egg on the cloth or the floor, do not attempt to pick it up yourself, but allow the hunt to be conducted by one of the domestics. One generally makes bad worse in the attempt, besides calling attention to one's misfortune.

MISCELLANEOUS AGONIES.

There is perhaps nothing so painful for a smart man as to find himself unsuitably clad. I shall never forget once seeing at the Oxford and Cambridge match a tall man with a pointed beard, wearing a low evening waistcoat and a black-bow tie. He did not seem in the least conscious of his position, and I found out afterwards that he was a Russian Grand Duke. That no doubt enabled him to carry it off. For myself, one of the few experiences in my career that I should like to obliterate was that of finding myself in Piccadilly wearing a frock-coat and a straw hat. It was a warm morning in May, and without thinking what I was doing I put on a straw hat and walked out from my chambers in the Albany in the direction of the Park. Most providentially I had not got as far as Devonshire House when my old friend the Hon. PERCY MARTINGALE met me, and, leading me up Berkeley Street, explained what had happened. I concealed myself in the passage leading to Curzon Street until he called a fourwheeler, and went home with the blinds down. My only excuse was that I had had a sharp attack of the "flu," which occasionally affects the memory. Fortunately I was able not very long afterwards to repay the Hon. PERCY MARTINGALE for his kind service in a somewhat similar way. Meeting him in the Park, I noticed that he had omitted to remove the label from his new Chesterfield, which bore the inscription, "Sale Price, £2 12s. 6d." I feel pretty sure that if his father, Lord PUNCESTOWN, had seen it, he would have cut him off with a shilling.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

YELLOW PERIL, SHOEBOURNESS.—(1) I am afraid I cannot tell you why boot trees are so called. Perhaps they could enlighten you at Kew Gardens. (2) No. WELLINGTON invented his boot before

the Battle of Waterloo. (3) Gladstone bags were, I believe, so called owing to the Liberal leader's historic reference to "bag and baggage."

CYRANO DE BERGERAC, BRONDESBURY.—It is not usual to have a frock-coat made of Harris tweed; in fact, owing to the facial defect from which you suffer, I should say it would not suit you.

CASABIANCA, BURNTISLAND.—(1) If your expression is melancholy, an excellent corrective is to turn up the ends of your moustache. (2) Yes. A trouser-press

APOLOGY.

DEAR CHAP,—Beg pardon. I thought this letter, which I return, was addressed to me, and so—like the unexpectedly bad egg—it was



"OPENED BY MISTAKE!"

would be an excellent wedding present; but be sure you address it to the bridegroom.

Rare Combination!

A PIANOFORTE recital (announced for the 15th) by Miss LLOYD at Bechstein Hall under "the management of G. SHARPE." Not likely therefore to be a flat affair. Further good news: Miss LLOYD is to be "assisted by Mr. MARIS HALE (Bass) and accompanist Mr. HAMILTON HARTY." There's a combination! Two performers, "HALE and HARTY." And the HALE is Bass!! Pity it isn't for next Tuesday, but 'twas for yesterday. No matter; for such a trio there must be an encore.

THE MUSE OF HISTORY.—II.

TEST MATCHES.

THERE once was a skipper named PLUM,
Whose team made the prophets all glum;
"It's bad through and through,"
They declared: "it won't do."
But to-day all those prophets are dumb.

COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTIONS.

A SOLON + SHAKESPEARE named SHAW
Wished to fashion St. Pancras's law.
He'd a Moderate mind,
And to Progress inclined;
But St. Pancras resented his jaw.

TOKIO.

There were once Correspondents galore
Bottled up in a town by the shore.
They could float its pagodas
In whisky-and-sodas,—
But where is their news of the War?

LORD HUGH CECIL.

There was a lean lordling named HUGH,
Who looked like a pious Hindoo:
But beneath that disguise
We could all recognise
The chief of a cannibal crew.

LORD ESHER.

"The Critic I'll never forget
For the way he designed to upset
My pet Army corps
And the Office of War,
Is—REGINALD BALIOL BRETT."

MR. BRODRICK.

There is an ex-warhorse named Brodder,
A most conscientious old plodder,
He sees in Ah Sin
TOMMY ATKINS's kin,
And daily grows odder and odder.

LORD ROSEBERY.

A Primrose, of character canny,
Who modestly bloomed in a cranny,
Though bland and urbane,
Once was heard to complain
He'd be blanked if hestood Pretty FANNY.

THE GOVERNMENT.

There once was one pamphlet (not two),
And oh, what a hullabaloo!
Suppose there'd been three . . .
But, how glad we should be
There was only one pamphlet (not two).

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

In the fine art of parody
KIPLING progresses fast,
While in each new endeavour he
Still goes beyond his last.

MOTTO FOR JAPAN (from popular old Sporting Song).—The Boy in Yellow wins the day!

CHARIVARIA.

THE War between Russia and Japan is taking place under the most distinguished patronage. We learn from the newspapers that our own little Princes, and the CZAR, have purchased maps, and pins with flags, and are following the course of events with the greatest interest.

It was reported one day last week that the Koreans, "as the result of a collision" at Kangsye, had driven the Russians back beyond the Yalu. Those who know the Koreans will agree that it could only have been the result of an accident.

Last week's *Dispatch* contained "A Baronet's Jokes." We are pleased to find Baronets making jokes. It raises our profession.

Some surprise was expressed at the arrival of some warm sunny days last week, but surely one would expect a Leap Year to have a certain amount of Spring in it.

Last week it was stated that the signal-book of H.M.S. *Prince George* had been thrown overboard by some evil-disposed person, but public anxiety was somewhat relieved by the announcement that, like all signal-books, it was so weighted that it would sink, and still further relieved by the news that it had been found floating in the Tagus.

It is so difficult nowadays to be a gentleman that one feels really grateful to the *Daily Mirror* for publishing a *communiqué* on the subject of handkerchiefs. A representative of that organ was fortunate enough to get a glimpse of the KING's Royal Handkerchief at the Shire Horse Show, and in future all but rank outsiders will use a small cambric handkerchief with a deep red border in the morning, and a plain white one in the afternoon and evening. *This applies both to country and town.*

Meanwhile, among the lower orders the colour most affected would still appear to be dark white.

The War is already developing a "light side." The "Jolly Japs" have had a good joke at Port Arthur by causing the Russians to waste ammunition on dummy boats, and it is now reported that General KUROPATKIN has bought three magnificent chestnuts.

The *Westminster Gazette* publishes a column entitled "Men, Women, and Things," and the ladies and gentlemen



THE ENTHUSIAST.

Jones (whose breakfast has been waiting for the last half-hour). "Now, IF ONLY THEY CAN GET FROM CHENCLPO TO WI-JU," ETC., ETC.

whose names figure therein hope they come in one of the first two categories.

We are reminded of a certain provincial paper which, in describing a social function, stated, "*Inter alia* we noticed his Worship the Mayor."

Messrs. ANTHONY TREHERNE & Co. have produced "the smallest *Shakspeare* in the world." SHAKSPEARE himself was once this.

The article in the current number of the *Strand Magazine* entitled "Battles with Bergs" is not an advertisement for Insect Powder.

Mr. HAVELOCK ELLIS has written a book in which he attempts to ascertain what goes to make British Genius. Mr. ELLIS

announces that he is still pursuing his investigations, and it is rumoured that several of our most prominent authors and authoresses have offered themselves for examination.

Resolutions of sympathy with passive resisters were passed last week at the Free Church Council. We are inclined to think that the Free Church Council is right, and that the poor creatures are objects for our sympathy rather than our anger.

Two Dickies in the Field.

THE *Yorkshire Post*, describing the interest created in the House by the debate of the 9th inst., speaks of "a hundred men who had been dining and presented expanses of shirt front on both sides."

INSULAR PROTECTION.

[In an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, Mrs. JOHN LANE, from the point of view of the American hostess, wonders if it is shyness that makes the Englishman so hard to entertain.]

Chorus of American Girls.

O sons of Britannia, the thought of you lured us
To cross in Cunarders the perilous sea;
We braved the wild billows, for rumour assured us
That nowhere were men so delightful as ye.
But when we look kind you are solemn and frigid,
You blush at the glint of a maidenly eye,
And the more we unbend, you become the more rigid—
O sons of Britannia, why are you so shy?

Chorus of English Men.

Columbia's daughters, we're filled with emotion
At thought of the favours you heap upon us,
For—distance no object—you traversed the ocean
To spoil us with kindness and flattering fuss.
But we're so accustomed to manners which freeze us,
To tongues which are dumb, that we're tempted to fly
When we meet with a countenance anxious to ease us,
And that is perhaps why you find us so shy.

Chorus of American Girls.

O sons of Britannia, in vain will you harden
Your adamant hides to the snares of the foe;
We still will pursue you in ball-room and garden,
On river and race-course—wherever you go.
You've old country seats and delectable titles;
All arts known to woman we're going to ply;
We'll borrow love's arrows and aim at your vitals,
And teach you to be just a little less shy.

Chorus of English Men.

Columbia's daughters, we've British-made beauty;
Whatever the charms of American fairs,
Still England expects us to stick to our duty
And preference give to our own native wares.
In vain have you boarded the heaving Cunarder,
In vain for our castles and scutcheons you sigh;
Our country is calling; the patriot's ardour
That burns in the Briton still bids us be shy.

THE COMING OPERA SEASON.

THIS year two Arts join hands and dance through the London Season together up to a certain point, when Painting outstays Music; for the Academy and the Opera are announced to commence together on Monday, May 2, and while the Opera comes to an end on July 25 the Academy continues with us for some days longer.

As to the Opera, *Mr. Punch* is able to announce that Dr. RICHTER is to be entrusted with the interests of Wagnerian productions, and will direct special performances of *Tannhäuser*, *Tristan* and *Die Meistersinger* without any cutting remarks. This is kind: so we shall hear these works in their entirety. Perhaps the Doctor's prescription will be a trifle too strong even for some Wagnerians.

Ballo en Maschera is to be revived, and this will interest not a few ancient *habitués* who, clearly remembering MARIO in the chief rôle, can only look upon his successors as, by comparison, mere Mario-nettes.

Dr. RICHTER, Signor MANCINELLI the Merry, and Herr LÖHSE, will be the conductors to ward off the stroke of the critics' lightning. The strings in the orchestra are to be strengthened with chords, and it is hoped that the *grande caisse* in front of the house will be considerably benefited by all the new arrangements. On the opening night it is expected that the

best known *habitués* and strenuous supporters of the Opera will bow from their stalls and private boxes. The National Anthem, arranged as a trio (with chorus), will be sung by Lord DE GREY, Mr. HIGGINS, and Lord ESHER. The forces will be under the supervision of General Manager MESSENGER; while Mr. NEIL FORSYTH will be again at the post whereon he will be perched throughout the season to which *Mr. Punch* heartily wishes the greatest success.

THE BUMBLE-BEE-BOY.

THIS is a tale that was told to me
Of a boy who was born a Bumble-Bee.
He never required to wet his throttle
With a drink of milk from a feeding-bottle;
They never brought him pap in a ladle;
He never was rocked in a ribboned cradle;
Nobody saw him gasp or struggle,
Or box with his fists or crow or guggle;
And none of his mother's friends said "There!
Did you ever? I never. I do declare
You needn't be born with a taste for photos
To see that the child, from his tootsie-totos
To his sweet little damp little lips of coral,
Is—look at the pet—his Ma's own moral.
But his nose, when it's formed, I think will rather
Remind us all of his blessed father;
While, as for his eyes which are blue as blue,
They're the child's own eyes and his ears are, too."
And never a nurse, as far as I know,
Said, "Bless him, he isn't one to pine, no,
Not he; it's a week since I weighed him last,
But he's done so well, and he's growed so fast,
That, law, you might a'most call him bloated,
And next week, sure, he must be short-coated."
He never sat in his chair and bubbled,
And his dear little temper was never troubled
With dust in his eyes or a safety pin
Stuck by mistake in his tender skin;
And as to his teeth—you know that pest
Which robs us of all our lawful rest—
I'm game to wager a brand-new penny
That he didn't fret, for he hadn't any.

They never took him and washed his head
Or his body and legs with soap or borax;
A window-pane was his simple bed,
And he hadn't a neck, but he had a thorax.
And, oh, he was jolly and fat and round—
You never saw such a fat round fellow—
With wings that buzzed with a booming sound,
And a body of black with a dash of yellow.
Whenever he wished to, out he flew
As fast as a car with a X horse-power,
And skimmed the bushes and drank the dew,
As he flitted and perched from flower to flower.
And when he was tired he flew again
Back to his bed on the window-pane.

He was never worried with A.B.C.,
He was never troubled with one two three,
But he did what he jolly well liked, as free
As a Bumble-Bee-Boy is bound to be.

THE Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechase is fixed for April 12. Several difficult Legal Points are now being raised. To certain propositions, that have been made to the Committee, the riders strongly object.



THE TERTIUM QUID.

"DO YOU KNOW, MABEL, I BELIEVE IF I WEREN'T HERE, CAPTAIN SPOONER WOULD KISS YOU."
 "LEAVE THE ROOM THIS INSTANT, YOU IMPERTINENT LITTLE BOY!"

THE LAST GASP.

[A medical man, writing in one of the papers on the bad ventilation of the House of Commons, asks, "May not such a somnolent and unhealthy atmosphere account for many a bad argument, feeble speech, and faulty Act of Parliament?" and suggests that the air of the House is conducive to "cerebral anæmia, inertia, and possible sudden death."]

WE M.P.s, we are blessed with a lot
 That is dismal and sad and dejected;
 We embark on a life
 Of tempestuous strife
 As soon as we're duly elected.
 Could the public but view on the spot
 The conditions we're labouring under,
 They would pity, not blame,
 If our speeches sound tame,
 Or the Acts that we pass seem to
 blunder.

From the seats where Hibernians lurk
 To the place of the ladies and strangers,
 We're compassed about
 With a hideous rout
 Of countless invisible dangers.
 Quite apart from the strain of our
 work,

Which, as everyone knows, is enormous,
 Each mouthful of breath
 Is a possible death—
 At least so the papers inform us.

In the face of these facts can you blame
 If we scarcely attain your ideal?
 (Not one of us knew
 They existed, it's true,
 But the menace was none the less real.)
 Spite of all, have we lowered our aim?
 If we've failed, has a man of us
 faltered?

But we'd legislate soon
 To a different tune,
 If only the air could be altered.

HOME CURED.

UNDER the heading "Spring Weariness," the *Daily Mail* describes the utter languor and prostration that assails the run-down woman at this season of the year, and informs those who cannot afford a trip to the Riviera like their richer sisters, but from force of circumstances must remain in town,

that they will find themselves materially strengthened and restored by washing the face and hands. We should like to add for the further benefit of such sufferers that we have found the occasional brushing of the hair, and even the cutting of the finger nails from time to time, a wonderful remedy for disorders of this description.

As an extreme resort in cases of utter prostration the removal of the foot-gear before retiring to bed will be found both efficacious and inexpensive. Where acute depression and ennui supervene, a noticeable alteration in the style of coiffure will stimulate the spirits and add interest to the life of the most dejected, the constitution often gaining in tone and the nerves becoming revitalised by a complete change of hair.

"THE Polish contingent in the Russian army," says a correspondent of the *Times*, "is limited to 15 per cent. of the whole." It is considered wise to distribute them among various Regiments, the *mot d'ordre* being "Poles asunder."



FISHY!

Lady. "REALLY, MR. GUDGEON, YOUR FISH SEEMS TO GET DEARER EVERY WEEK!"
 Fishmonger. "WELL, MUM, WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT WITH ALL THE RAIN WE'VE HAD?"

HINTS FOR THE VERY YOUNG.

In sudden cases of shock, such as being confronted, without further warning than the discomfort of a clean robe, with paternal great-aunt or maternal bachelor friend, it has been found efficacious to contract the arms and legs, stiffen the spine, contort the features, open the mouth and hold the breath till blueness of face supervenes. The immediate and occasionally violent removal of the apparition is ensured by these simple tactics, and rapid return to the nursery guaranteed.

The habit of screaming at a hovering teaspoonful of dill-water cannot be too strongly deprecated. The open throat plays into the unscrupulous hands of the operator and defeats its own ends. The mouth may be left open after the last protest, but the throat should be closed, in order to allow the noxious fluid, augmented with tears and dribbling, to run out of the corners of the lips and escape down the neck unperceived. In the case of the nose being held, the only remedy is to choke to suffocation, thereby preventing any repetition of this unsportsmanlike practice.

Regarding night-work it is always advisable to retain the services of both

parents, paternal joggling forming a pleasant variety to maternal swaying. If eventually returned by heartless paternal parent to cradle to scream at merely, in which the Very Young indulged in, training being wasted on such a changeable commodity as nurses. The early education of parents, however, is emphatically recommended.

In the matter of bathing, when conducted by a young mother, it is as well to create a precedent while the experience is fresh to both. It will be found a helpful practice—apart from screaming eyes full of soap—to slip through the uncertain hands into the deep water of the basin. This manœuvre, in spite of personal inconvenience, not to say risk and agitation that there is always a hopeful possibility of the bath being discontinued for the future.

The Cherub in the House.

WANTED, Nurse, after Easter, one child, year old, willing to help in the house.
Yorkshire Post.

Protracted Addresses.

HOTEL proprietors are hereby warned against printing too much information on their note-paper. Faithfully reproduced by the innocent foreigner it has been known to yield the following result, as reported by a correspondent:—

Esq.
 Calorifères dans toutes
 Les Chambres.
 Lawn Tennis,
 Hôtel Verdi,
 Rapallo,
 Italy.

Mr. Punch's modesty would be offended, if he were addressed, on tour, as,

Mons. Punch,
 Central Heating.
 Patronised by the Best
 American Families.
 Vue Magnifique
 Sur le lac,
 Roosevelt Hotel,
 Geneva.

Sporting Youth (reading cricket news at breakfast). I see TRUMBLE broke a foot and was unplayable.

Nervous Mother. I do wish, Bertie, you wouldn't read such distressing things aloud at meals.



CRUSHED · AGAIN.

RIGHT HON. ST. J-HN BR-DK-CK (*Author and Military Impersonator*). "IT'S ONE THING TURNING ME OUT OF THE LEADING PART IN MY OWN PLAY, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO HAVING IT COMPLETELY RE-WRITTEN— I'VE A JOLLY GOOD MIND TO GO IN FRONT AND BOO."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 7.

—The MEMBER FOR SARK has vivid recollection, dating back to early manhood, of sitting enthralled through a play called *A Scrap of Paper*. As far as he remembers there was a sort of family cabinet council. Someone wrote a dubious document round whose suspected existence mystery brooded. At last Mr. KENDAL found it rolled up as a spill in an ornament on the chimney-piece, and there was the doose to pay.

As *Juques* (not the Emperor of the SAHARA) once said, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." To-night, by special desire, *A Scrap of Paper* was staged at the T.R., Westminster. Boxes full; pit crowded; galleries thronged; standing room only. Enter JOHN ELLIS; wants to know all about the *Scrap of Paper*.

Story of play runs something like this: At Cabinet Council held in August the PREMIER, alleged villain of the piece, went down to Downing Street with two documents in his possession, one reposing in left coat-tail pocket, the other disposed of in the right. One, the bulkier, declaring against Protection to the length advocated by the Second Villain (Dox José), was, as in the course of the play the First Villain airily remarks, "published at a price that brought it



THE WESTMINSTER LOUNGE AND THE WHITECHAPEL LOAF.

(The Burdett-Coutts walk and its undoubted origin.)

Coster. "Lor' lumme! Ain't 'e got the walk an' all!? Fancy them toffs a-himitating hus! Wot wiv the tilt of the 'at and the trousers cut a bit saucy, blow'd if yer wouldn't 'ardly know us apart!"

within reach of Liberal millionaires." The other, the *Scrap of Paper* that gives the play its name, flatly contradicted the pamphleted MS., and declared in favour of Preferential Tariffs.

JOHN ELLIS, sombre-visaged, hard-voiced, implacable, wants to know where is that *Scrap of Paper*? By the great Heavens above, by Styx rolling gloomily through pathless wastes below, he demands its production.

"JOHN ELLIS," said PRINCE ARTHUR *sotto voce*, leaning his elbow on the Treasury Bench as with head on one side he curiously watched the Member for Nottinghamshire, "was born out of due season. He is some centuries too young. He ought to have lived in days when the Inquisition, to a certain extent, filled the place of the London County Council. Or better still, he ought to have been the executioner. Yes, now I come to think of it, one watching JOHN on occasions like this subtly feels the unaccountable, and, if I may say so, the unbecoming, absence of the mask and the axe."

PRINCE ARTHUR'S reverie interrupted

by call-boy. Promptly responding had enthusiastic reception. Theatre audience, especially the gallery portion, always have sneaking affection for the villain of the piece. Rarely on the stage is seen one so *débonnaire*, so guileless as PRINCE ARTHUR, standing to-night at the Table whilst crowded Opposition Bench eagerly eyed him, and on back bench sat JOHN ELLIS sharpening an invisible axe on an imperceptible grindstone.

Nothing apologetic in bearing of the accused. A casual observer not having caught thread of the story might well suppose that if anything had gone wrong about a *Scrap of Paper* the peccant person was seated on benches opposite. The trend of PRINCE ARTHUR'S glance, its severity when it fell upon serene countenance of C.B., suggested that *there* sat the real villain of the piece.

As usual on these occasions PRINCE ARTHUR'S manner was founded upon that of the *Walrus*—not the companion of *Alice in Wonderland*, but the one whose habits were studied by the French poet:

*Cet animal est très-méchant;
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.*



"Sombre-visaged, hard-voiced, implacable."

(Mr. J-hn Ell-s wants "a stream" of Ministers.)

He hit out all round, not forgetting late colleagues below the gangway. But ever he came back to the blameless C.-B. Talking about speculations current at period when the Scrap of Paper first fluttered in Downing Street, speculations culminating in assurance of break-up of the Ministry, he observed, "Every kind of suggested combination reached my ears. Though by the way I do not remember that the name of the right hon. gentleman opposite came into any one of them."

A hit, a palpable hit. House roared in delighted mirth. JOHN ELLIS moved uneasily at his grindstone. This most irregular. PRINCE ARTHUR was, so to speak, in the dock. Technically he was there; but instead of whimpering for mercy, promising repentance, or even endeavouring to explain away compromising matters, here he was banging the jury on the head, butting the judge in the stomach, utterly ignoring the authority, and even the presence of the tipstaff, selecting the most blameless, supremely respectable looking gentleman among the audience, and fixing upon him whatever guilt might attach to the Scrap of Paper, whatever obloquy resulted from its manipulation.



REMARKABLE COIFFURE IN THE PEERS' GALLERY.
(Lord Sp-n-o-r's novel head-dress, or the strange effect of winter gloves.)

Very little to do with the indictment. But it is high comedy. Final touch given by circumstance that whilst public business is set aside, House seething with excitement over personal incident, DON JOSÉ, who created the situation, is quietly enjoying himself under summer skies, "leaving the anguish to us."

Business done.—Adjournment moved by way of indicting PREMIER for conduct in connection with throwing overboard from Cabinet JONAH RITCHIE and JOHANNA HAMILTON. Ministerial majority still nominally over a hundred. Mustered only sixty-five in defence of PREMIER under charge he himself described as that of "jockeying his colleagues."

Wednesday night.—MR. WHARTON, P.C., Director of North Eastern Railway, Knight of Grace and of St. John of Jerusalem, is thinking of retiring from the business of statesmanship. To-day perceived great opportunity; seized it by the hair, as they say at Boulogne.

Opposition, eager to make most of Ministerial difficulties, had put up PIRIE with motion deprecating language used by certain of His Majesty's Ministers advocating Preferential and Protective Tariffs. This designed less with view of declaring vote on Opposition benches than with hope of catching Free Fooders in Ministerial camp. At best they could not vote against the motion, and Ministers would have another bad majority.

Then WHARTON rose to full height, which exceeds six feet. Determined to save the Government. Characteristic of a statesman who combines railway directorship with Knighthood of Grace, WHARTON bent upon compromise. If he could frame amendment to PIRIE's motion so drafted as to provide a golden bridge over which Unionist Free Fooders might march into Lobby with their leaders, surely they would gratefully accept it.

Took off his coat; sat down; bound his knightly head in spotless linen cooled in New River water; seized a Knight of Jerusalem's quill pen; in half an hour produced his masterpiece. Amendment declared approval of "the explicit declaration of His Majesty's Ministers that their policy of fiscal reform includes neither a general system of Protection nor of Preference based on the taxation of food."

"That'll fetch 'em," said the Knight of Grace, wiping his Jerusalem pen on the lining of his West-end frock coat. Showed it to ACLAND-HOOD.

"Capital," said Ministerial Whip.

"The very thing," said PRINCE ARTHUR when it was submitted to him.

When amendment appeared on Paper painful discovery obtruded itself. As on historic occasion GRANDOLPH "forgot GOSCHEN," so now the Knight of Peace had forgotten the Chamberlainites within the Ministerial fold. These met, a hundred strong. Recognised in amendment distinct, deliberate, public, irrevocable chucking-over of DON JOSÉ. Sent ultimatum to hapless PRINCE ARTHUR. If amendment persisted in they would vote with Opposition; whereupon it was the Government, not DON JOSÉ, who would be chucked.

Nothing to be done but wipe out WHARTON and his amendment. To-night, when motion moved and seconded, opening made for amendment, Opposition jubilantly shouted "WHARTON! WHARTON!"

But WHARTON was not.

Business done.—On motion directed against fiscal reform in direction of

Protection, Government majority run down to 46.

Friday night.—DON CURRIE no longer with us in the Commons. But he is not forgotten. Memory lingers over the vision of the alert, keen-visaged septua-



Mr. Ch-pl-n shows signs of boredom when Free Trade doctrines are being uttered.

genarian flitting about the Lobby, always with an armful of documents to be considered, letters arrived by the latest post. Everyone sorry to hear that he is just now, contrary to lifelong habit, taking it lying down. SARK brings the latest news from the sick bed.

"Sir DONALD," so it runs, "is progressing favourably. He is able to sit up for a short time twice a day."

Something pathetic in that last sentence. Known DON CURRIE pretty intimately a score of years. Through that period have observed it was his custom to make other people "sit up," not merely twice a day, but all day, or as long as his transaction with them lasted. That only in the way of business, when Highland blood, ever keen at bartering, manifested itself. In the relations of private life there were revealed other aspects of the Highlander—as generosity, high courtesy, and a certain air of chivalry.

DON CURRIE the kind of shrewd business man, accustomed to handle large affairs, who largely helps to form backbone of Commons. He did not often speak. Such men don't. But his influence distinctly felt.

Business done.—Private Members'.

"THERE is an almost absolute absence of news from the East." This is now the accepted preface for the usual six or eight columns of "War-news" in our leading papers.



BREAKING THE NEWS.

Newly Affianced One. "MAY I BE YOUR NEW MAMMA, TOMMY?"
Tommy. "I SHOULD LIKE IT, BUT YOU MUST ASK PAPA."

CRICKET REFORM.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Gilbert Jessop.)

Now that the Test Matches are over and attention can be paid to cricket at home, I should like to bring forward a few points which have been omitted from my contributions to the *Daily Mail*, but upon which I feel very deeply: they are all, I need hardly say, put forth in the interest of cricket as a noble spectacle.

SHOULD RAIN BE ALLOWED?

The recent Test Matches are in themselves sufficient proof of the mischief and havoc that can be wrought in the king of games by a steady down-pour. What the M.C.C. Committee ought to do before anything else, is to endeavour to come to some decision with regard to rain.

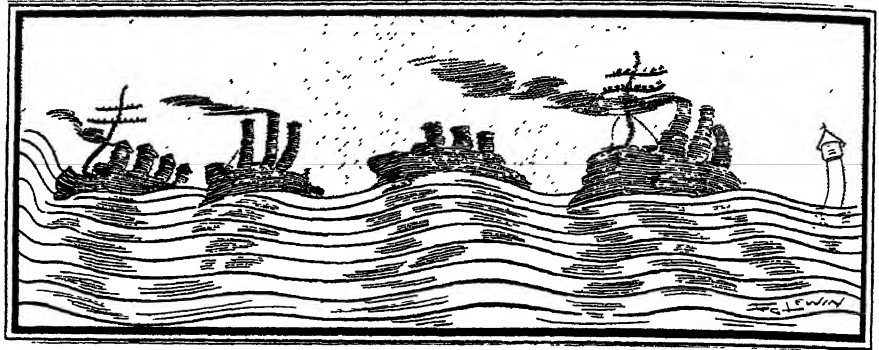
Tenders for rain-stopping should be invited from all the leading scientists, such as MAXIM, EDISON, MARCONI and H. G. WELLS. Unless something is done cricket might as well be discontinued. Over and over again the best batsmen are dismissed for a round 0 or a mere handful of runs, owing to the disastrous effect of rain on the pitch. All wickets should be plumb. In the event of the experiments of the scientists failing, every county ground should be supplied with an umbrella large enough to cover the whole pitch, without interfering with the view of either spectators or reporters. The umbrella's stick is the only difficulty; but I have no doubt that some device could be hit upon by which the canopy could be held up. It might be suspended from a captive balloon.

SHOULD POPULAR BATSMEN BE GIVEN OUT?

Here we touch upon delicate ground. But the fact remains that, under the prevailing conditions, Englishmen who have paid their money to see certain batsmen perform are too often compelled to leave the ground baffled of their desire. That so many worthy persons should be disappointed is surely a state of things not contemplated by the original compilers of the laws of the game. The circumstance that cricket exists to amuse spectators makes it of the highest importance that a favourite performer should have a full innings every time. To this end I propose to deliver a series of lectures to bowlers and fielders on the principles of altruism, showing them how the lowest, even a long-stop, may contribute his mite towards the prolongation of a batsman's life when the happiness of the greatest number demands it.

TUBES IMPERATIVE FOR BATSMEN WHO MAKE DUCKS.

Probably no sight is more cheerless to



THIS IS NEITHER THE RUSSIAN NOR THE JAPANESE FLEET DURING A STORM; IT IS MERELY A VIEW OF OUR NEIGHBOURS' ROOFS AND CHIMNEY STACKS THROUGH THE BAD PANE OF GLASS PUT IN OUR TOMMY'S BEDROOM WINDOW THE OTHER DAY.

the spectators of cricket, and certainly few experiences are more depressing to the batsman, than the return to the pavilion after failure to score.

In the foregoing paragraph I have given my reasons for holding that blobs or even short innings should be made impossible; but in default of that I am persuaded that in as far as possible mortification should be spared. To this end I wish to revive an old project of the present Colonial Secretary for an underground passage from the wicket to the dressing-rooms. To make this passage would be a very simple business. The entry would be gained by an ordinary man-hole just behind the stumps at the pavilion end, and it would need to be kept carefully closed until wanted, in case the wicket-keeper fell in at a critical moment.

The other end would be somewhere well within the pavilion walls, to obviate that most painful part of the whole *débâcle*, the ascent of the pavilion steps. The tube would be lighted by electricity, and there might perhaps be a writing recess in it, furnished with ink, pens and paper, in which the batsman could record for the morrow's paper his impressions of the fatal ball while they were still warm and vivid.

THE NEED OF GREATER FACILITIES FOR CRICKETING-WRITERS.

That very necessary person the cricketer-writer is confronted every day by new obstacles, which I feel it my duty to attempt to remove. For example, suppose that CHARLES FRY has undertaken to forward a column descriptive of his innings, ball by ball, to the *Daily Half-Volley*, and he is in for four hours. It stands to reason that if he does not begin his record until he is out he is in danger of losing sight of the character of some of the early balls: his perceptions will be blunted; he will forget whether he snicked this for three or cut that for two; and his readers—the great generous reading public for whom we

all toil—will be disappointed, if not positively defrauded. What I suggest therefore is that a five minutes' interval be taken every quarter of an hour during the day, in which all cricketers who have journalistic engagements may jot down their impressions. Few on the field would be idle. I would suggest that note books and telegraph forms be compulsorily carried by the umpires—several for every man, in case a literary impulse overtook him. Only in this way can cricket be properly written about; and without writing the game falls to the ground.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S EXPENSES.

["In the South it is no uncommon thing for a club of twenty-five men to pay £1250 yearly for the right of fishing in two or three miles of stream. Considerations of that kind stimulate the imagination . . ."—From "*Trout Fishing*," by W. Earl Hodgson (A. & C. Black).]

Mr. Punch's imagination, all afire with these golden "considerations," has been projected into the future, and rewarded with an impression of a few items in the advertisement columns of a sporting journal which will appear fifty years hence.

Salmon.—To be Let immediately. Splendid rock overlooking good spring salmon beat in the North. Three feet square, only twenty-five yards from water. Tenant may cast from rock (fly only) two days a week. £1000.

Trout Fishing.—Visitors to the Wild Ass Hotel, Poddleton, have the privilege of angling from the municipal bridge over the Slosh, both sides. Terms, £3 3s. a day, include fishing tickets.

Thames Fishing.—To Let, commodious Windsor chair in punt, commanding best gudgeon swim in the Thames, from June 16. Only £15 a week.

Irish Lakes.—First-rate trout fishing may be had in Loughs Bog and Slough

by staying at the Eringobragh Hotel. Terms, with boat and boatman, a shilling a minute.

Angling.—Every man his own fishery owner! Why go to Thibet for your fishing when you can have it at home? Try our patent up-to-date trout lakes. Can be affixed to any back garden. All sizes, from 100'—upwards. Also artificial india-rubber trout (open and shut mouth, move fins and tail, equal to real five-pound fish as in millionaire's preserves. Every man his own millionaire. Order at once from Messrs. CHUCK AND CHANCIT, Fleet Street, E.C.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

MON CHER LÉOPOLD,—Pour le moment on me laisse tranquille. On nous dit des injures à tour de rôle. Maintenant c'est à vous. Sont-ils embêtants avec leurs "atrocités!" Mais depuis longtemps je m'en fiche, et vous aussi sans aucun doute. En effet ça ne doit pas vous déranger le moins du monde si les affaires marchent bien.

Cependant j'ai une bonne idée. Voulez-vous quitter la Belgique et devenir Pacha du Vilayet de Monastir? Je vous offre ça de bon cœur. Vous vous amusez très bien. Un peu de sévérité d'abord, et puis on ne vous dérange plus. Vous aurez une bonne petite armée, un palais très bien situé, et surtout un grand harem. Un harem! Pensez-y, mon cher. Rien de plus agréable.

Vous êtes allé à Berlin rendre visite à notre cher ami GUILLAUME. Avez-vous obtenu quelques petites concessions? Il faut toujours penser à ses petits bénéfices. Un peu de bakchisch, hein? Où est donc le docteur CARL PETERS? Je vous donne un bon conseil. Nommez-le Viceroy du Congo, car il sait gouverner les indigènes à merveille.

J'ai encore une petite idée. Pendant que les Russes se battent en Asie—avec qui que ce soit, ça m'est égal—je vais tâcher de tranquilliser le Vilayet de Monastir. J'ai un excellent système. Tout sera arrangé avant votre arrivée. Vous viendrez, j'en suis sûr, car vous ne ressemblez pas aux autres Giaours, qui m'agacent en poussant toujours leurs cris de Liberté, Égalité et Fraternité. Pour des Arméniens ou des Congolais, bismillah!

Votre tout dévoué, ABDUL.

Pourriez-vous me prêter cinquante mille francs?

MON CHER ABDUL,—Enchanté de recevoir votre lettre. Vous êtes si aimable, mon cher ami. Quelle triste chose que la vie! Chacun est rasta, ou snob, ou voyou, et il n'a qu'une idée, celle de vous dévaliser. C'est effrayable pour un homme aussi pauvre que moi.

Les affaires ne marchent pas du tout. Il y a si peu de caoutchouc, savez-vous, et il y a tant d'imbéciles qui s'occupent de cette petite industrie congolaise, et s'écrient contre ce qu'ils appellent "l'esclavage." En Belgique il y a des imbéciles qui détestent le jeu. Par conséquent mon petit terrain à Ostende ne rapporte rien. Les entreprises belges en Russie sont en baisse, ou en liquidation. Rien ne va plus. Et par dessus le marché on intente un procès contre moi à Bruxelles même.

Je voudrais bien me réfugier quelque part. Je deviendrais Roi de Macédoine très volontiers, savez-vous, mais le pays n'est pas assez tranquille. Je serais écrasé, comme le fruit dans une macédoine. Tout ce que je désire c'est la

C'est vrai que vous n'avez pas le Bosphore, mais vous devez avoir un lac quelque part dans votre parc. Mais on est rarement forcé d'aller aussi loin. Ordinairement une bonne bastonnade suffit.

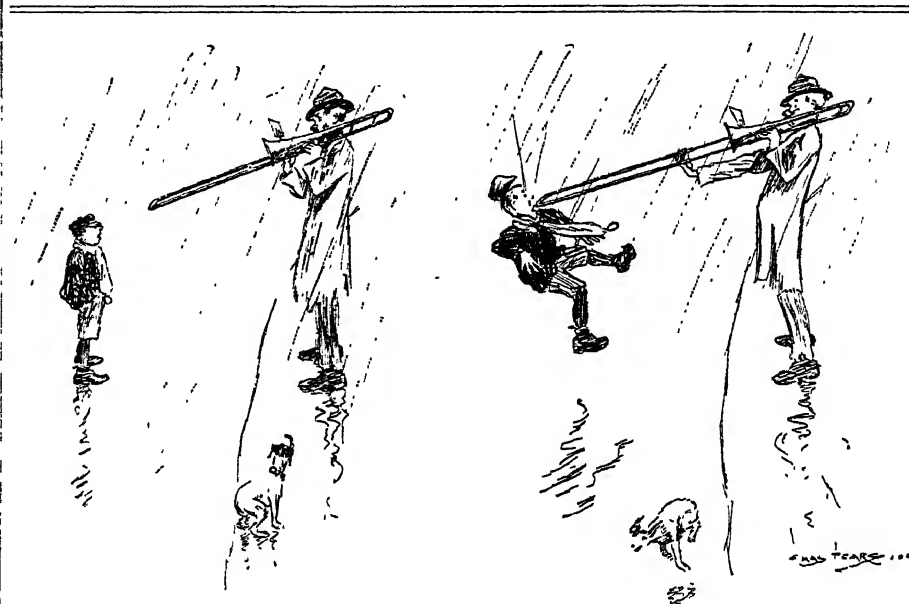
C'est dommage que vos affaires marchent si mal. Moi je n'ai pas le sou. Et cependant je tâche de faire quelques petites économies. J'ai une bonne idée. J'attendrai encore quelques mois, et puis j'achèterai tout ce qui reste de la flotte russe. C'est une chose qui me manque.

Si vous n'avez pas cinquante mille francs, voulez-vous me prêter vingt louis?

Votre tout dévoué,

ABDUL.

MON CHER ABDUL,—Je me sers d'une carte postale. Ça coûte moins cher. Vraiment je n'ai pas vingt louis à



IT IS THE UNEXPECTED THAT HAPPENS.

paix. Un petit nid sur la Côte d'Azur, un bon chef, un luxe de fleurs, et quelques petites femmes. Voilà tout! Avec dix millions de rentes je pourrais être parfaitement content.

Malheureusement il m'est impossible de vous prêter cinquante mille francs. Je suis presque à sec, et je n'aurai pas de quoi payer les frais de ce sacré procès. Mais, savez-vous, j'ai une proposition à vous faire. Voulez-vous acheter l'État du Congo? Je le vendrai très bon marché. Vous pourrez y exiler tous les Arméniens.

Votre ami sincère,

LÉOPOLD.

MON CHER LÉOPOLD,—Un procès contre le roi! C'est inouï. Si un Turc intentait un procès contre moi! Nous avons depuis longtemps notre petit système, pour ceux qui ne sont pas contents. Essayez-le. Envoyez chercher les plaignants, les témoins et les avocats, et faites apporter des sacs. Voilà votre affaire.

gaspiller. Mais si vous désirez du caoutchouc, j'en ai, savez-vous, et de première qualité. En gros je vous ferai même un petit rabais.

Tout à vous, LÉOPOLD.

FROM a local Bedford paper we learn that "Professor PHINEAS J. MUBBS, of the New York Board of Health, argues that motoring is a cure for crime. . . . It is suggested that each resident of Dartmoor Prison or Holloway shall be allowed to take a daily spin on a 50-h.p. car. It is certain that if this plan prevailed many confirmed criminals would not be seen again in prison." *Mr. Punch* entirely agrees as to the practical certainty of their disappearance.

LITERARY GOSSIP.—Messrs. GREENING announce a new novel by Mr. WHITEING, a new edition of BROWNING, and a history of Reading.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

[Mrs. EARLE has again been airing her views on diet in the *National Review*.]

In my Surrey retreat I have found it most sweet to devote my seclusion and quiet

To devise the best course to grow strong as a horse by a diligent study of diet,

And as so much depends for oneself and one's friends on the kind of the food that one swallows

It has seemed to me best that the world be possessed of the little *résumé* which follows :

Don't be tempted to eat of the poison called meat, but eschew such insidious dishes ;

If you're wise you will scowl at the whole *genus* fowl, and avoid all descriptions of fishes ;

Tea must never be had ; coffee's equally bad ; cocoa's worse, for its action is quicker,

And of course I taboo any venomous brew which is known as intoxicant liquor.

Deadly danger I see in the pulse and the pea, and I cannot be over-empathic

In condemning most fruits and the tuberous roots, while asparagus makes one rheumatic ;

Few and simple, say I, are the things which supply all our bodily wants and our mental,

For we need nothing but a banana or nut, or an apple, an orange or lentil.

Then, as well as the kind, it's important, I find, to consider how much should be eaten :

To avoid all excess is the rule I profess, and it's one that can never be beaten.

Do not gorge till you're ill on the nuts of Brazil ; though the lentils be ne'er so delightful,

Don't continue to eat when you once are replete, but abstain ere you feel yourself quite full.

But while greed should be stopped don't be moved to adopt the uncheerful ascetic demeanour ;

I detest the poor soul who just toys with a roll and who daily grows leaner and leaner ;

Eat your nuts with delight and a sound appetite—I've a liking for those who can grapple

With an extra Brazil or devour with a will a banana on top of their apple.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is a pleasant flavour of good old-fashioned melodrama about Mr. MURRAY's latest novel, *V.C.* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). Nine out of ten writers, having the story to tell, would have found situation and local colour in the war in South Africa. Mr. MURRAY goes back fifty years to the time of the Crimean War, episodes of which he introduces in vivid passages. The period thus remote, the stage is appropriately trodden by the dishonest father ; the gallant General, who, having retired on a competency, is ruined by trusting the villain ; the proud impeccable son of the wicked father, who loves the daughter of the ruined General and breaks away from his home to take the Queen's shilling. It is an old old story, in some of its particulars dating as far back as the *Newcomes*. Mr. MURRAY tells it briskly, and no one taking up the volume will be inclined to put it down till he reaches the not-too-distant end. My Baronite finds the master touch in the incident of the repudiated swindling father going out to the Crimea and tenderly watching over the sick bed of the wounded son who had renounced him.

In *David March* (METHUEN) Mr. FLETCHER shows trace of

the influence of Sir WALTER SCOTT, which my Baronite finds refreshing after a long meal of novels of the day. He goes back to the Stuart period, and skilfully fills his canvas with characters that might well have peopled Cheapside at the time, or dwelt in the leafy streets of country towns. Unfettered by modern conventionalities his men and women walk with free and easy stride. The hero, a foundling apprenticed to a village blacksmith, comes across the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring squire. Straightway he falls in love with her, which was not surprising even "somewhere about the end of the month of May in the year 1683," as the date is alluringly fixed. Where the marvel comes in is that *Cynthia Gervase*, with equal suddenness and completeness, falls in love with the grimy blacksmith, sticks to him through thick and thin, marries, and lives happily ever after. Historical characters, King CHARLES, Judge JEFFREYS, and CHRISTOPHER WREN among them, flit through pages aglow with life and colour.

A Maid of Mystery, by L. T. MEADE (F. V. WHITE & Co.), is a sensational romance that the Baron has no hesitation in recommending to the attention of all those who, seeking distraction from the cares and troubles of this extra-ordinary mortal life, find their haven of rest in perusing an absorbing sensational romance, as they sit in an old arm-chair cosily placed in a warm corner. So far in praise of this story in a general way, but the Baron, as he must needs be critical, is compelled to admit that as to the originality of the idea he has his doubts, unless of course the author has never read or heard of *Pauline*, by ALEXANDRE DUMAS, one of the best romances ever written, to which this present work bears a certain very evident resemblance. Again, the Baron, unwilling to interfere with the pleasure of those who have not yet read the book, but representing the curiosity of those who have, would like to be informed, *First*, who was *Ishmael*? *Secondly*, who attempted the crime which, had it succeeded, would apparently have been a blunder? *Thirdly*, what was the secret of which *Nurse Elton* was all along in possession, which she promised to reveal at the right moment, which she was implored by the heroine to discover to her, but which *Nurse Elton* kept so strictly to herself that even the author may have merely a suspicion of its character? The title would have been more to the point if, instead of *The Maid of Mystery*, it had been called *The Nurse-maid of Mystery*.

Cherry's Child (F. V. WHITE), by JOHN STRANGE WINTER, is a puzzling story,—that is, to a mere man. By the superior sex in petticoats it will be appreciated at its full value. Putting aside *Booile's Baby*, as one separates *Pickwick* from all DICKENS's other works, this is, in the Baron's opinion, the best of Mrs. STANNARD's many novels. It is difficult to understand the heroine or the two heroes,—which terms are merely conventional as indicating the principal characters of this story. And for this very reason, therefore, it is life-like, and, being so, the wayward conduct of the trio is, though interesting, most irritating. Of dramatic situations there are none : but the dialogue is that of epigrammatic comedy, except when it necessarily drops into the merely ordinary. It will interest the "spindle-side," but the "spear-side" will probably be disappointed. The story is spun out, and the material becomes rather thin in the process.

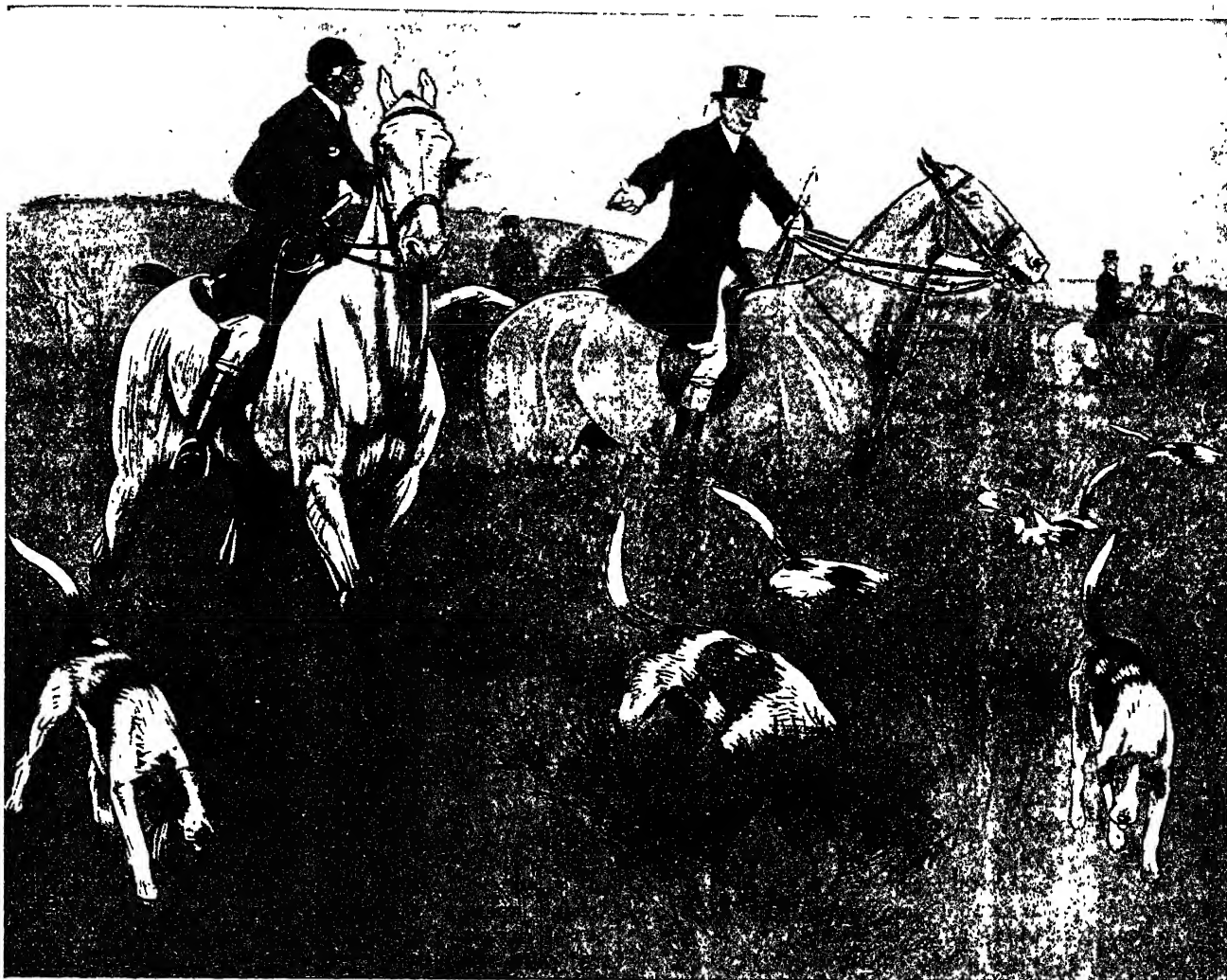
THE BARON



DE

B.W.

WHAT WE OFTEN HEAR OF BUT VERY SELDOM SEE.—"A perfectly clean sweep."



THE TROUBLES OF AN M.F.H.

M.F.H. (to stranger, who is violently gesticulating to hounds). "WHEN YOU HAVE DONE FEEDING YOUR CHICKENS, SIR, PERHAPS YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO HUNT MY HOUNDS!"

THE NEW ORDER?

*["The Ministers . . . such a lot of liars he never came across."—
From a Northampton Oration.]*

O ICHABOD, the glory has departed;
The good old days have gone for ever by,
When gentlemen of feeling would have smarted
Beneath the imputation of a "lie."
Eheu fugaces! Tempora mutantur!
Manners and self-respect have grown antique,
When "lie" and "liar" pass for "genial banter,"
And *Truth* is sold for 6d. every week.

In those brave times this form of accusation
Was sugared over with a coat of tact,
And found a limit at "equivocation,"
Or "making statements contrary to fact."
Now, when the party-criers go a-crying,
Resentment seems an antiquated freak,
And anyone can dogmatise on lying
Who values *Truth* at 6d. every week.

Here we have men of sound respectability,
Good, worthy men, advisers of the Crown,

Who bear the blow with undismayed tranquillity,
And take the name of "liar" lying down;
Mutely they sit, and nurse their injured feelings;
Silenced by one who claims a right to speak,
Born of a long experience of dealings
In *Truth*—as sold for 6d. every week.

Will they not rise, and trample down the lie-word?
Can nothing rouse them from their dull repose?
Would they become a scandal and a byword
Rather than punch his head or pull his nose?
Is it a sense of guilt, or love of quiet, or
What can it be that makes them slow to wreak
Vengeance on the accusing Impropiator
Of *Truth*—sweet *Truth*—at 6d. every week?

Ah, no. Sleep on, sleep on till labour ceases,
Sleep through the night, with honour free from stain!
It's only LABBY, no one minds what he says;
Nobody answers LABBY back again.
LABBY is always saying something funny,
But says it when his tongue is in his cheek;
LABBY's a cynic; why, he makes his money
By selling *Truth* at 6d. every week! DUM-DUM.

SMUTS ON THE SITUATION;

OR, THE "DEVIL'S ADVOCATE."

[*"There burns in the Boer mind a fierce indignation against this sacrilege of Chinese importation—this spoliation of the heritage for which the generations of the people have sacrificed their all."*—*Published letter of Advocate J. C. SMUTS, of Pretoria.* N.B.—Since Chinese labour is only destined for the mines, a field of energy which has never attracted the Boer himself, it would seem that Mr. SMUTS in the above passage is merely advocating the cause of the Kaffir as against that of the Oriental. There must be a mistake somewhere.]

A BREAST with brazen corset trebly fitted,
And a superb capacity of jaw,
Needs must he have who lets himself be pitted
Against a Dutch Interpreter of Law;
But he should be one stolid mass of gristle,
Tough as Brazil's impenetrable nuts,
Who dares to cope with your expert epistle,
Advocate SMUTS!

You view, I see, with undisguised aversion,
Bred of the faith that fires a patriot's blood,
Your precious country's probable immersion
Beneath a putrid stream of Pagan mud;
You see her heritage—the obvious fruit of
Your sires' sublime contempt for worldly ease—
Wrung from its rightful lords, and made the loot of
Heathen Chinees!

But what (inform me) was the actual juncture
At which your parents ceased to plough the land,
And lent their estimable thews to puncture
The hollow shafts that permeate the Rand?
I always thought they entertained a rooted
Distrust of dirty lucre's devious tracks,
And found their exploration better suited
To sinful blacks!

Misled by some Uitlandish ANANIAS,
I fancied you abhorred that hellish toil,
Content, by processes that passed for pious,
To pocket, indirectly, half the spoil;
While he, the godless nigger (so I gathered)
Sought to elude, inside those pits of sin,
Your Christian sjambok which would else have lathered
His sable skin.

Now lifted up with bellicose elation,
Puffed out with perquisites, and blown with beans,
He looks on labour as an occupation
Unfitted to a gentleman of means;
Posed loosely, in a careless state of coma,
Upon his torpid back or turgid tum,
He lies enveloped by a rich aroma
Of plug and rum!

Sir, on the soil that drank our tears and treasure,
That Promised Land, our Paradise of Earth,
Are we to wait upon his Highness' pleasure—
Wait till the brute resumes his ancient girth?
Can it be he, I ask, and not another,
Whose stolen heritage your bosom stirs?
Is it, in fact, to him as man and brother
Your note refers?

Do you protest against imported labour,
And mention sacrifices made in vain,
Simply because you hope your Kaffir neighbour
Will, by-and-by, consent to work again?
I may not plumb these deep forensic levels,
But all my native commonsense rebuts
The bare idea that you're that lazy devil's
Advocate, SMUTS!

O. S.

LITTLE ARTICLES BY GREAT MEN.

JAPAN'S NAVAL PLANS.

(After Rear-Admiral INGLIS, Expert to the "Daily Telegraph.")

THE immortal spirit which inspired our old-time Admirals has passed into the minds of the Japanese naval officers. The names of BLAKE and RODNEY are as familiar and as dear to them as their own naval heroes HUIYOMONO and MATSUMAI. Can I ever forget how a little Jap torpedo-destroyer once sprinted out of Nagasaki and hailed me through the megaphone. The words seemed at once familiar and unfamiliar—"DRAKE ewor a devil man." For a moment I was puzzled, till at last it flashed upon me that to greet an English friend the Japanese officer was quoting NEWBOLT's immortal poem "DRAKE he was a Devon man." Courtesy and devotion—those two words sum up the Japanese Navy.

I recall with mingled feelings of grief and pride the conduct of a Japanese sub-lieutenant whom I entrusted to superintend the coaling of my ship. I said, "Keep the ship clean—as little dust as possible." He threw a wreath of iris flowers on my head, and placed his hand on his heart. Judge my surprise the next day when on returning to the ship I found the coaling operations only just begun. On going to watch the coolies at work I found that they were taking the coal aboard in parcels made of rice paper. I called the sub-lieutenant to me and hinted that though this was cleanly it was unbusinesslike. He bowed low before my reproof and returned to superintend the coaling. When it was completed I received a little note, "Miserable servant has spilt abominable coal-dust on honourable decks, and therefore has committed hara kairi in stately top coal bunker." Alas, it was only too true.

To show the spirit of the ordinary sailors I may relate a little incident. Once upon my birthday we were anchored off Hakodate, and in honour of the occasion I asked all hands to splice the main-brace in sakè. As I sat in my cabin I could hear the clatter of the chop-sticks in the lacquer bowls, and it warmed my heart to think that the men were happy. When I went on deck an hour later I was surprised to see carved images of myself in all parts of the ship. They had sent off a shore-boat for a cargo of turnips, and with the artistic ingenuity which every Jap possesses had whittled them into admirable busts of their loved commander. My side whiskers were realistically represented by rope yarn. Two of these artistic trophies, preserved in pickle, now decorate my drawing-room.

Nor were the women backward in welcoming their English friends. One night at a tea-house six of the most renowned Geishas in Japan entertained us. The dance was a novel one to me, and it was some time before I understood that it represented the manœuvres of a fleet, and that the most beautiful Geisha who stood fan-waving in the centre was supposed to be my humble self. On emerging from the tea-house I went to seek the boots which, in accordance with Japanese usage, I had left at the threshold. Imagine my delight when I found that the laces had been removed, and that in each lace-hole had been placed a different coloured chrysanthemum. It was with proud yet awkward steps that I made my way to the jinrikisha in waiting.

Flogging is unknown in the Japanese Navy. Small offences I used to punish by making the offender carry a fan of English pattern. For mutiny and murder I generally sentenced the criminal to wear a top-hat when on duty. This saved me the trouble of passing death-sentences, for the criminals invariably disembowelled themselves rather than offend their fine æsthetic sense.

I have no knowledge of the Japanese naval plans, but I know the indomitable spirit of their officers and men. I should not be surprised to find the Japanese fleet appearing at Mukden. Nothing is impossible to such a heroic nation.



TWO OF A TRADE.

THE RIGHT HON. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N (on his way back through Italy, addressing Vesuvius). "CALL YOURSELF A VOLCANO? YOU WAIT TILL I GET HOME!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 14.—Of all ebullitions of human ecstasy commend me to the spectacle of Young WEMYSS addressing the House of Lords. With some of us memory goes back to period before he succeeded to the earldom, when, as Lord ELCHO, he sat in the Commons and instructed us. At that time there was, perhaps, predominant feeling of mingled resentment and boredom. During early years of House elected in 1880 he occupied seat on Front Bench below Gangway. This gave him opportunity, when orating, of standing well out on the floor and shaking his fist at Mr. GLADSTONE.

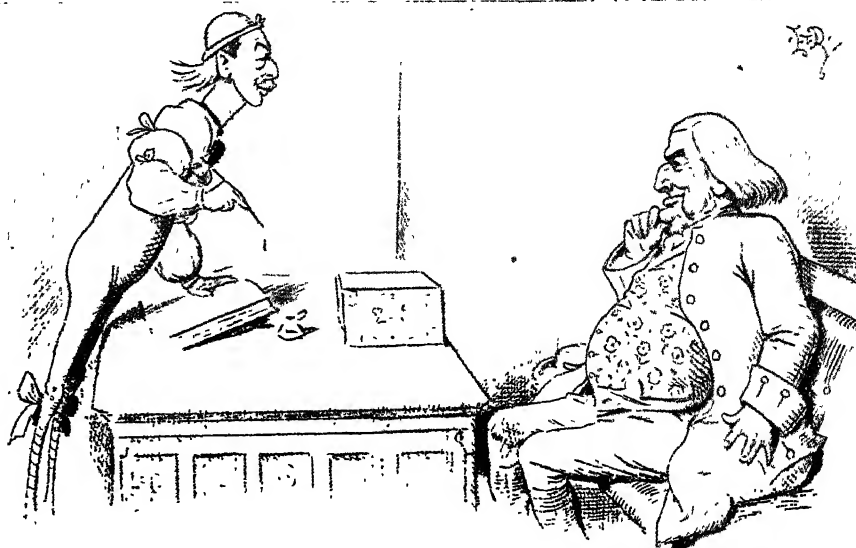
Had he been still with us, a Commoner, he would, but for technical difficulty, have been Father of the House. He took his seat as Member for East Gloucestershire sixty-three years ago. As far as I know no contemporary of that far-off period, which found PEEL in the plenitude of his power, sits in the House to-day. Unseated in East Gloucestershire in 1846, he was a few months out of the House, being in 1847 elected for Haddingtonshire, a constituency he represented for thirty-six years. But the interval, according to the rule, moved his record forward to the year 1847. A Member to establish his claim to Fathership of House must have sat uninterruptedly for a period going back to the furthest year.

But 1847 would have served. BEACH, the late Father, killed in hansom cab accident, did not enter House till 1857. In ELCHO's case question never arose. In due course he was called to House of Lords, where he renewed his youth like the eagle.

Standing to-night at the Table, having



"YOUNG WEMYSS."



"You're not old, Father William!" the young man said,
 "And you've made us a deuce of a name;
 You'll be terribly missed from the House you have led—
 Well, I'm glad you were here when I came."

(Mr. "Lulu" H-r-r-t, the new Member for Rossendale, was introduced by his father, Sir W-ll-m H-r-r-t and Mr. H-r-b-r-t G-l-d-st-n-e, March 17.)

requisitioned Front Bench below Gangway for multitudinous memoranda, he moved for a commission "to inquire into and report upon the present state and prospects of our trade, and whether any change in methods is needed in furtherance thereof." Possibly of all Peers it is only Young WEMYSS who would have the audacity in existing circumstances to move this resolution. It will be perceived it ignores the fact that at this moment (though we don't hear so much of it as we did) there is sitting a Royal Commission appointed under the seal of DON JOSÉ REX charged with this very inquiry.

Young WEMYSS bent upon making a speech is not to be deterred by little considerations of that kind. Brushing it aside as if it were of no consequence, he chatted along for a full hour by Westminster clock. For all purposes leading to elucidation of the subject, or to conversion of his audience, he might have gone on for another hour or two. Usually addresses House from cross benches, a position that recommends itself to modest youth from its central commanding position and its resemblance to a pulpit. Moreover, a speaker rising thence has in full view the inspiring majesty of the LORD CHANCELLOR on the Woolsack.

Some years ago, when his present Majesty was still Prince of WALES, and in his accustomed seat at the corner of the front cross bench, Young WEMYSS, holding forth in ecstasy from the second bench behind, nearly knocked off the royal topper with swing of red right

hand. Since then fought shy of the place. Opportunity of addressing Peers from the table is reserved for Ministers and ex-Ministers; unofficial Peers speak from their place wherever they chance to sit. These arbitrary distinctions are trifling. If Young WEMYSS thinks it more consonant with his personal pre-eminence to speak from the Table he will do so, even as he would address the House from the Woolsack if he thought it would be for its moral and intellectual benefit.

I call it a speech in deference to conventional habit. It was really a soliloquy, a luxurious wandering over lush pastures rich with the merits, the wisdom, the infallibility of the Ninth Earl of WEMYSS, joyance here and there saddened by lament that wilful mankind, led by Trades Unions and other weak inventions of the enemy, are apt to turn a deaf ear to his counsel.

For a youth in his eighty-sixth year, still in the status of bridegroom, it was a marvellous *tour de force*. The continual effort of walking to and fro between the table and the bench which his papers appropriated amounted to a healthy stretch. Fortunately Young WEMYSS did not in this exercise overheat himself. Each time that he reached the bench in the course of these many excursions, he turned his back on expectant House, looked up his references leisurely as if he were in his library, sauntered back, shook portentous forefinger at Lord LANSDOWNE, murmured "My Lords" in warning voice, and went off at new tangent.

Business done.—In Lords none. In Commons debate on Education arose on Vote on Account.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Rumour current that SWIFT MACNEILL has been "sent for." Some authorities add that in forming his Cabinet he has named REDMOND *cadet* Lord President of the Council "on account of his deportment." It is added FLAVIN will be Foreign Secretary "on account of his accent."

Don't believe a word of it. Idle rumour based on nothing more substantial than fact that when, just now, Ministers were beaten in the Division Lobby, SWIFT MACNEILL made more noise than any three of his compatriots bawling in unison. "Moreover than which" there is no vacancy for a new Premier. Ministers haven't resigned and don't mean to. Such virtuous constitutional practice as resignation in analogous circumstances all very well for mere Liberals. Unionists stand on higher platform.

Admittedly the circumstances are from outside point of view precisely parallel with what took place on June 21, 1895. House then in Committee of Supply; reduction of vote moved in order to indict War Office for neglect to supply arsenals with sufficient stock of cordite. No crisis anticipated; no sign of excitement. C.B. on Treasury Bench in charge of votes looked sleepily around, wondered when they'd cut the cackle and come to the vote. Members strolled out languidly to Division Lobby; came back to leap into frenzied excitement on learning that Government had been defeated by majority of seven.

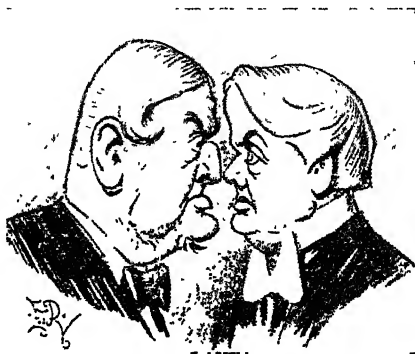
There parallel abruptly terminates. C.B. promptly acceded to proposal to report progress. House adjourned. On resuming on the Monday—the blow fell on a Friday—announcement was made in both Houses that Ministers had placed their resignation in the hands of Her MAJESTY. It had been accepted, and there an end on't.

This afternoon Unionist Ministry were defeated by majority which, though small, was more than fifty per cent. in excess of that which wrecked the ROSEBERY Administration. PRINCE ARTHUR, casually strolling in, was met by demand to report progress. Has suffered much of late at hands of unreasonable gentlemen opposite. They have wanted to know all about the Scrap of Paper; they have insisted upon being informed as to minutest details of what they call the "jockeying" of RITCHIE and GEORGIE HAMILTON out of Cabinet; they have insisted upon mastering niceties of difference between Retaliation and Don José's scheme of fiscal reform. These things have been suffered, not gladly, but with certain heroic patience.

This last eccentricity goes a step too far. PRINCE ARTHUR gazed on the

excited throng before him with icy stare that would chill any but those born with Celtic blood. He beheld SWIFT MACNEILL bobbing about on the bench like a pea in a hot frying pan. He saw REDMOND *cadet* elate with memory of having waved somebody else's hat when the figures of the division were announced, and so saved his own from wear and tear. He found REDMOND *ainé* on his feet, with something more than customary of portentous manner, moving to report progress.

Has heard about madness besetting bairs in this month of March. Surely the mood is contagious and has gripped mankind. Why report progress? Nothing has happened except that Irish Members, cutting off their nose to spite their face, have reduced their Education vote by the sum of £100. The storm rages round him, but moves him not. Danger is passed; the twenty minutes that have sped since hostile division was



"Sir Wm. H-ro-rt and I have not always seen eye-to-eye."—Lord Rosebery.
(Our Artist rather fancied they had!)

taken have brought in reinforcements. Committee again divides; this time on question to report progress. Strongest Ministry of modern times—it still boasts a normal majority of over a hundred and has just been placed in a minority of eleven—retrieves fortune and records a majority of twenty-five.

Business done.—Government defeated. "It's of no consequence," says Mr. TOOTS BALFOUR; and business proceeds as if nothing had happened.

Friday night.—Been a good deal of talk during the week about Passive Resisters. Quite time they had a look in at Westminster. Among doubtless unpremeditated consequences of Don José's setting heather afire with torch of Protection is the fact that some thousands of estimable people, who have varied monotony of obscure lives by going to prison rather than pay Education rate, have found the newspapers with no room for enlarging on their case, whilst Parliament has never heard of it.

"What is the first recorded case of Passive Resistance?" the MEMBER FOR SARK asked as we talked this matter over.

"Give it up."

"Why SHADRACH, MESHACH, ABEDNEGO and the Fiery Furnace. Overhaul the Wollum, as Cap'en CUTTLE used to say, and you'll find how singularly close, in the spirit if not in the letter, are two series of events happening in Babylon under King NEBUCHADNEZZAR and in England under His Most Gracious Majesty King EDWARD THE SEVENTH."

Business done.—Private Members'.

THE CRY OF THE FLAT FISH.

[Lord Onslow's Bill "to provide against the destruction of undersized flat fish" is engaging the attention of a Select Committee of the Upper House.]

My Lords, whose sober counsels curb
The zeal of frenzied nations,
Be not annoyed that we disturb
Your calm deliberations.

The tribe of Pleuronectidæ
(Salute the voice of science!)
Approach as suppliants: their plea
Defence and not defiance.

While England boasts her azure wall,
The billows that surround her,
She dare not disregard the call
Of turbot, plaice and flounder.

"Not on thy sole"—you know the rest,
But let the trite quotation
Stand while the race of soles protest
Against extermination.

Our elders, patient and content,
Their pound of flesh surrender;
Shylock himself must needs relent
Towards the young and tender.

Let full-grown fishes feel the smart
Of human persecutions:
But do not play the coward's part,
To war with Lilliputians.

Reflect that such untimely fate
Is just the way to spoil us;
O let us grow to man's estate
Before you catch and boil us.

Belov'd of coster and of cat
With well-deserved affection,
Weak, harmless, undersized and flat,
We crave your kind protection!

THIS advertisement—

WANTED, for small family, single-handed Butler.—Address, &c., &c.

—quoted from a weekly newspaper, suggests another form:—

WANTED, for small family, one-legged Footman to assist single-handed Butler.—Address, DOUBLE DUMMY, Whistcliff.



WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST.

Little Brown. "BEEN RUDE TO YOU, HAS HE? I'LL SOON SETTLE HIM."

Apparition (appearing from behind hedge). "AND MAY I ASK WOT YOU WANT WITH MY LITTLE BOY, GUV'NOR?"

TABLOID TRAGEDIES.

(Bovrilised from the Best British Bards for Music-Hall purposes.)

A CLASSIC IN A CAPSULE!

NOTICE.—These tabloids are specially recommended by Professor CECIL RALEIGH, M.D. (Melo-farcical Dramatist), each tabloid being warranted to contain all the essential parts of a Five-Act Drama. They take no more than fifteen minutes to act, and will therefore be found a great boon by Playgoers who are in the habit of dining too heavily to digest strong dramatic fare with comfort. As all Poetry, Philosophy, and other innutritious elements have been carefully eliminated from our preparations, we can guarantee that they involve no strain whatever upon the weakest intellect.

TABLOID No. I.—HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

SCENE I.—*Elsinore. A platform before the Castle. Moonlight effect. HAMLET and HORATIO discovered.*

Hamlet. Yes, HORATIO, you were ever my Boyhood's Friend, and, as such, I put it to you whether, seeing that but two short months have elapsed since the funeral obsequies of my Royal Father, I am not justified in considering my Mother's nuptials with my Uncle CLAUDIUS decidedly premature under the circumstances?

Horatio (diplomatically). I must frankly confess that the Court has gone out of mourning within an unusually short time. And, while we are upon this subject, are you aware that a spirit, bearing a remarkable resemblance to your late lamented father when in full armour, has been recently observed in this locality? I have myself been an eye-witness of the phenomenon, and it would not altogether surprise me were it to appear this evening—in fact, here it comes!

Enter the Ghost of HAMLET's father to weird music. Exit HORATIO.

Ghost. HAMLET, I am the spirit of your late father. The report that I was stung to death by a serpent in an orchard was not entirely accurate. The serpent in question was no other than your uncle CLAUDIUS, who poured corrosive sublimate into my ear while I was enjoying a *siesta*. I leave it to you to avenge this unnatural conduct. Farewell!

[*Vanishes.*]

Ham. (aside). Then it was my uncle after all! Strange—but I always had my suspicions of him! It now becomes my painful duty to exact amends for the murder of my father. 'Twere best to begin by affecting madness, for thus shall I escape legal responsibility for my actions. (*To HORATIO, who re-enters*) Should you hereafter observe anything at all eccentric in my demeanour, pray do not attach any importance to it!

Hor. I will not, my Lord.

[*They walk off together. Change to:—*]

SCENE II.—*A Room of State in the Castle. At back, a curtained arch, behind which is a fit-up stage. On the R. hangings of arras. POLONIUS and OPHELIA discovered.*

Polonius. And so, my daughter, you have of late noted a falling off in the marked attentions paid you by Prince HAMLET? Let me recommend you to bring him to the point by demanding his intentions.

Ophelia. Father, I will follow your advice to the best of my

ability. (*Enter HAMLET, feigning madness.*) Am I to understand, my lord, that—

Ham. You are. I never loved you, and the best thing you can do is to retire to the nearest nunnery. *OLONIUS*, I know you well—you are a fishmonger, and a tedious old fool. That cloud has the back of a weasel, but is very like a whale.

Pol. (to OPHELIA). His intellect is obviously deranged. Come away, my child. [*Exit with OPHELIA, who weeps.*]

Ham. (to himself). 'Tis now high time that I set about seriously avenging my father—and yet, after all, is it absolutely certain that the ghost was telling me the truth? Should I not be acting rashly in placing implicit reliance upon the unsupported assertion of a shadow? If I could but convince myself of my uncle's guilt! (*Enter the Players.*) Ha! who are these? I remember now—they must be the touring company who have been commanded to give a theatrical entertainment in the Castle this evening. An idea occurs to me—what if I—? (*To the Players*) Welcome, ladies and gentlemen—do you happen to have any piece in your repertoire in which one of two brothers murders the other?

First Player. We have, my lord, but we have not performed it for so long that we are become somewhat fluffy in the dialogue.

Ham. No matter—I will write in some extra business. Follow me, and we will run through it together immediately. (*To himself*) The play will do the trick! Should my Uncle be the culprit, his guilty conscience will infallibly cause him to give himself away. Then I shall know where I am!

[*Exit with Players.* A pause. Then enter *OLONIUS* with *KING* and *QUEEN*.]

Pol. For myself, I have no doubt whatever that *HAMLET* is in a state closely bordering on lunacy.

King Claudius. If so, he must be placed under medical superintendence. It is quite possible that he may be harbouring designs against our person. Should an opportunity occur I shall be obliged by your concealing yourself behind the arras here, so as to overhear his remarks.

Pol. I will certainly do so on the first convenient occasion—but I observe that, just now, the private theatricals are about to commence.

[*Flourish of trumpets; enter the QUEEN and Court, also HAMLET and OPHELIA. They take their seats for the performance.*]

Ham. (to the KING). I can promise you an excellent good show—though I cannot of course tell how the piece may happen to strike you.

[*The curtains of the arch are drawn. A Player is seen dropping poison from a bottle into the ear of a sleeping Player King.*]

King (rising). Stop the play! This is not a fit subject for representation on the stage!

[*He goes out hastily. Commotion—amidst which the stage is gradually cleared of everyone except the QUEEN, HAMLET and OLONIUS.*]

Ham. (to himself). After this, I can no longer doubt that the Ghost's account was accurate in every particular. And yet I don't quite see my way to avenge him. (*To the QUEEN*) Mother, may I request a word with you in private?

Pol. (to himself). Now is my chance to conceal myself behind the arras! (*To QUEEN*) Madam, will you permit me to retire?

Queen (after OLONIUS has retired behind the arras). Well, *HAMLET*, what is it now?

Ham. I should like to know what could have induced you to marry such a hopeless outsider as my uncle, so utterly inferior as he is to my father in every possible respect? . . . What is that behind the arras? It must be a rat—and a rat is an animal that I cannot endure! (*Draws his sword and thrusts, then parts the hangings, and drags forth the body of OLONIUS.*) Only *OLONIUS*! My mistake entirely.

I was under the impression it was the *KING*. (*To himself*) So it seems my distasteful task still remains to be performed. But I will do it—some day. [*Exit.*]

Ophelia (enters). I have but just now encountered my lord *HAMLET*—his manner was most peculiar. (*Sees body of OLONIUS.*) What do I behold? My father! A corpse—and slain by *HAMLET*'s hand! (*She goes mad.*) Ha-ha-ha! he made a good end—We may call it herb-grace o' Sundays! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Good-night, sweet lady! [*Exit.*]

Queen (to herself). I have a strange presentiment which I cannot shake off, as if some evil were impending!

Enter KING, deeply moved.

King. A most regrettable event has just transpired. The lady *OPHELIA* has rashly terminated her existence in a trout stream.

Queen. I am more sorry than surprised at this intelligence. *HAMLET* has slain her father, so it is but natural that the shock should have turned her brain. [*Exit, depressed.*]

King (to himself, with remorse). This is indeed a most unfortunate occurrence! I feel as if my sin were beginning to find me out!

Enter LAERTES, furious.

Laertes. I have just been informed that my father is slain and *OPHELIA* drowned. Villain! you shall answer to me for this!

King. It was no fault of mine. *HAMLET* is the party who is really responsible. But I can show you how you may have your revenge upon him. See, here are foils. I will remove the button from one and poison the point. (*He does so.*) We will get up a fencing match between you and *HAMLET* to amuse the *QUEEN*, and, should you by any chance fail to pink him with the foil, I will drop something into this cup which will effectually settle his business (*poisoning a property flagon*). And now to clear away the corpse of *OLONIUS*, summon *HAMLET*, and invite the *QUEEN* and Court to witness the proceedings! (*A pause. Enter QUEEN and Court, HAMLET and HORATIO.*) *HAMLET*, *LAERTES* here is anxious to try his skill at fence with you. I have laid long odds that you will come off best.

Ham. Uncle, I fear that you will lose your money. (*To LAERTES*) Deeply attached as I was to your unhappy sister, and profoundly upset as I am by so sad a loss, I feel that I cannot, as a gentleman, decline to meet you in a friendly bout with the foils.

[*Music; business of selecting foils, &c. They play.*]

Queen. Stop! *HAMLET* is out of breath. Let there be an interval for refreshments. (*Takes the poisoned flagon.*) *HAMLET*, I look towards you. [*She drinks.*]

King. *GERTRUDE*! Not that! Not that! (*To himself*) Too late! She has already imbibed a dose sufficient to be fatal to ten ordinary horses!

Laertes (after securing the unbuttoned foil, aside to KING). My lord, he will be done for this time! (*To HAMLET*) Come on! [*They play; LAERTES wounds HAMLET.*]

Hor. A hit!

[*In the scuffle they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*]

Laertes. I have received my quietus and am justly punished for my abominable treachery! *HAMLET*, you have not half an hour to live—the blade was poisoned. It was the *KING*'s idea. Forgive me. [*Dies.*]

Queen. I am not feeling at all well. I fear the drink must have been doctored by somebody. Oh! [*Dies.*]

Ham. (to KING). So, traitor, this was your fell work, was it? At least, ere I depart to that bourne from which no traveller (with the possible exception of my lamented father) has ever yet been known to return, I will have the sombre satisfaction of despatching you before me in that direction.

Take that—and that! (*Stabs KING, who dies.*) Father, dear Father! at last thou art avenged! HORATIO, adieu—if you love me, keep this scandalous affair from getting into the local papers.

[*Dies.*]

Hor. (*to himself*). 'Twill be no easy matter to hush up such a series of appalling catastrophes in high life! But I will see what I can do with the Editor of the *Court Circular*.

(*Curtain.*)

F. A.

HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY EVENING;

OR, MR. PUNCH'S ANTIDOTE TO MUSICAL COMEDY.

By way of counteracting the deplorable frivolity of the age and stimulating the intellectual efficiency of the nation, *Mr. Punch*, never unready to improve on his contemporaries, has decided to institute a series of Literary Competitions for the young, specially suited to the requirements of the present crisis in our educational system. Virtue being its own reward, and the bestowal of an honorarium on one person being notoriously calculated to excite jealousy and disappointment amongst unsuccessful competitors, *Mr. Punch* has resolved to abstain from offering prizes, especially as these competitions are designed to lead back to a strenuous life those persons whose idleness is the fruit of affluence.

(A). Construct a sonnet, the lines in which shall end with the following rhymes:—

— Duke
— doze
— disclose
— rebuke
— snook
— nose
— Rose—
— forsook
— authority
— motion
— majority
— devotion
— retaliation
— explanation.

(B). Put into the Parliamentary language of the House of Commons the following:—

"You may say that is 'only Pretty FANNY's way,' but if these are the expressions of a gentleman speaking under great heat and provocation—I say that if a man cannot curb his tongue better than that, 'Pretty FANNY' should not be First Lord of the Treasury."

(C). Translate into Hebrew the following paragraph:—

"No one can say that we are an irreligious people so long as church parade is so well patronised as on last Sunday. Lord and Lady LIONEL LONGMIRE were among the earliest visitors, and Lady CORNERSTONE looked lovely in a plum-



A DISCORD.

He. "HA! ABSURD THINGS THOSE 'BATTLEDORE BALLADS.' EH! WHAT?"

She. "I'M SORRY YOU THINK SO—MY SISTER WROTE THEM!"

He. "ER—OF COURSE I DON'T MEAN THE WORDS—THEY'RE RIPPIN'. I MEAN THE MUSIC—POOR STUFF—SPOILS WORDS—COMPOSER OUGHT TO BE KICKED—WHO WROTE IT?"

She. "I DID!!!"

[*Awkward silence.*]

coloured gaberdine. Mrs. SALMON was with Miss GLADSTONE. The Marchesa PIETRA D'ORO came in a bath chair, and the congregation also included Mr. and Mrs. SOLLY-MANN, pretty Miss DE LA ZARUS, and Sir JOSEPH and Lady LEESON-LOWE."

(D). Reduce within the bounds of probability the following letter:—

To the Editor of the "*Daily* —."

SIR,—I congratulate you heartily on the splendid stand that you are making in your paper for sanity, reticence, and good taste.

(E). Complete the following Lime-ricks:—

(1). There was an old maid in the Tube
Who sucked a gigantic jujube.

(2). There was an old man of Greenore
Who thought ARTHUR ROBERTS a bore.

(3). There once was a passive resister
Whose struggles developed a blister.

(4). There was an old man of Long Acre
Who couldn't eat oats à la Quaker.

SMART SET.

THIS IS INDEED GOOD NEWS:—

"EISENBAHNAUSHELPERIN." — HEIT BUDDE, Prussian Minister of Public Works, is devoting himself to the simplification of titles borne by railway officials. His first order is that in future "Hilfsfahrkartenausgeberinnen, Telegraphistinnen oder Abfertigungsgehilfen" shall be compelled to lose their individual titles, which are to be merged into the humbler one of "Eisenbahnaushelferin" ("railway assistant").

It is to be hoped that this excellent idea of the Prussian Minister's will not be nipped in the BUDDE.



AWARDING THE BISCUIT.

Dingy Bohemian. "I WANT A BATH OLIVER."

Immaculate Servitor. "MY NAME IS NOT OLIVER!"

"AUTHENTIC BLUNDERS."

STIMULATED by the infectious example of the correspondents of the *Spectator*, a number of personages, eminent in various high callings, have communicated to us examples of "Authentic blunders" for which they are personally prepared to vouch. The following letters, we need hardly say, are only a small selection from the myriads which have blocked our letter-box during the last week:—

DEAR SIR,—When I was an undergraduate at Balliol, I was invited to dinner by the Master and placed next a stranger who was strangely silent.

Wishing to cheer him up I said, "Have you heard HERBERT SPENCER's latest riddle about Lord ACTON?" On his replying in the negative, I went on: "Why is ACTON's condition hopeless? Because he's past Ealing and on the road to Hanwell." Imagine my feelings when the Master informed me that my neighbour was none other than the amiable and omniscient Peer himself! Happily I was subsequently enabled to make the *amende honorable* in one of my books (*Interviews with the Illustrious*, Vol. XIII. p. 764). But the whole episode has always seemed to me to be so striking an example of the need of looking before you leap that, much as I hate quoting

from myself, I feel that no excuse is needed for recalling the incident.

Faithfully yours, LEO LAMLASH.
Casa Castagna, Venice.

DEAR SIR,—My old friend Canon GUY FAWKER, who suffers from what I believe is technically known as *metaphasia*, recently asked me if I had read a novel called *The Lovely Florists*. On my inquiring who was the author, he replied "HORACE MEWLETT." I am, Sir,
Yours, &c. E. G.

DEAR SIR,—At an amateur performance of *Julius Caesar* in my native town of Tipperary, the part of *Mark Antony* was taken by the local house-agent, who brought down the house with the line:

"See what a rint the envious CASCA paid!"

Yours, &c. X. Y. Z.

DEAR SIR,—The following answers to a general paper recently set to my boys may be of interest to your readers.

Who was WILLIAM WATSON?—*Ans.* (1) The author of *Harmsworth's Grave*. (2) The friend of SHERLOCK HOLMES.

What do you know of WILLIAM WHITELEY?—*Ans.* (1) Sir WILLIAM WHITELEY was the defender of Lady-smith. On his return from South Africa his admirers built him a large tabernacle in Moorfields, where he set up as the Universal Provider and edited the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. His last words were, "England expects that every man this day will pay his instalment." (2) WILLIAM WHITELEY was a celebrated novelist and the author of the famous romance, *No. 5 Westbourne Grove*.

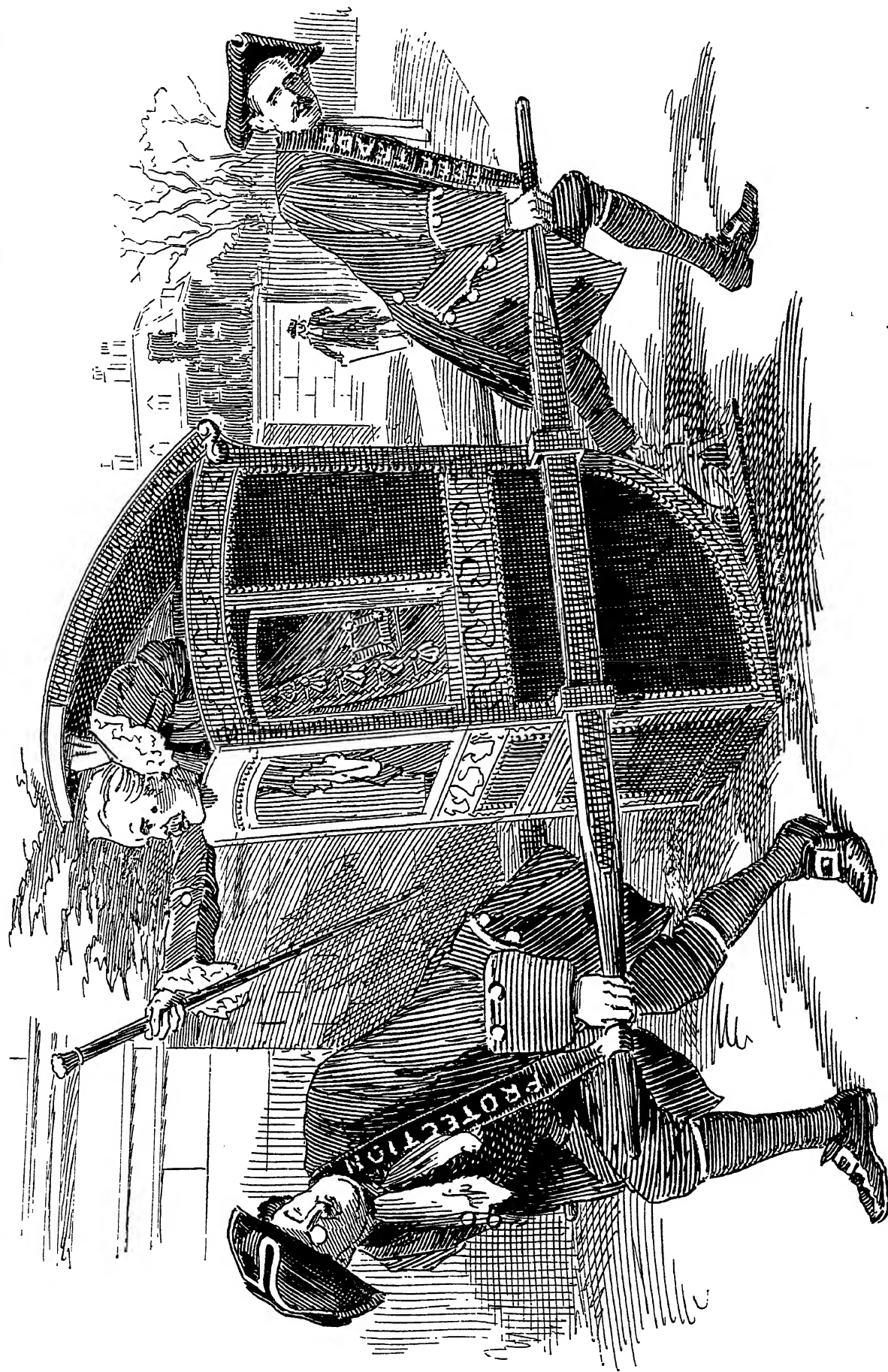
Who was Sir RICHARD CALMADY?—*Ans.* This brave man, after his legs had been cut off, fought with the stumps. For this he was made a baronet, and given a special coat of arms with the motto *E cruribus unum*.

Who was "Pretty FANNY"?—*Ans.* Pretty FANNY was the name of Lord ROSEBURY's maiden aunt.

What is the real name of FIONA MACLEOD?—*Ans.* BECKY SHARP.

What do you know of JESSE COLLINGS, Radium, the Mormons?—*Ans.* JESSE COLLINGS was a famous writer. He wrote JESSE COLLINGS's "Last Prayer." After this Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made him Home Secretary and gave him three Akers. Radium is a circle outside which cabs charge a shilling a mile. The Mormons were a sect founded by Judge BIGHAM. Faithfully yours,
Winchester. H. M. B.

"FLYING THE KITE."—An official denial has been given to the rumour, started in connection with the Japanese War Loan, that the MIKADO has decorated several leading financiers with the Order of the Golden Kite.



VERY UPSETTING.

PERTURBED PASSENGER. "HERE! HI! HI! IF YOU GO ON LIKE THIS YOU'LL HAVE ME OUT."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Dowager Empress of KOREA, who died in January, has just been buried with what old-fashioned Koreans are inclined to consider indecent haste. However, it seems to have been a very jolly funeral, the principal feature of the procession being a number of comical paper horses.

of the recent wet weather on our novelists. The other day a publisher was advertising "On the Wings of the Wind—RAINE," and now Mr. S. R. CROCKETT has produced a "Strong Mac."

Such persons as think we attach an

the Camera Club on "Photographs in Relief." We hope the Signor does not think he has hit on a novelty. Our experience of having our portrait taken is that it is always a relief when finished.

There is a horrible rumour floating

The cold in Thibet continues to be intense. In fact, according to the *Daily Mail*, one day two companies of our men were overtaken by a blizzard, and the officers were ultimately reduced to frozen bully beef.

The British workman is not such a fool as some would have us believe. The men employed at Portsmouth Dockyard have already realised that the object of the new regulations is to get work out of them, and there is likely to be trouble.

A Bill to enable the elimination trials for the Gordon-Bennett motor-car races to be held in the Isle of Man has been passed by the House of Keys. Curiously enough the local cats look as if such races had already taken place.

Another counterfeit coin factory has been raided. It becomes more difficult every day to make money.

The *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, always enterprising, is about to start a new feature. From an announcement in its columns we learn that it is contemplating the publication of illustrations by eye-witnesses of events.

"Is fiction deteriorating?" asks a writer in the *National Review*. Certainly not since the war began.

It is interesting to notice the influence

exaggerated importance to our Members of Parliament may be interested to hear that, in India, gas engines are worshipped at a certain period of the year.

Major-General BADEN-POWELL's keen eye has not been slow to discover a defect in our cavalry. He has proposed that a horse shall be supplied for every trooper, and will not be satisfied until he has converted our cavalry into a mounted force.

Signor BAESE has been lecturing at



OVERHEARD AT A DANCE.

He. "RIPPING FLOOR THIS. I LOVE IT!"

She (drily). "THEN WHY DANCE ON MY FEET?"

about to the effect that the few fine days we had last week were the whole of this year's summer.

A Tokio barber announces that he is willing to cut the hair of all Japanese soldiers and sailors free of charge. Russian throats attended to on the same terms, we presume.

"I LIKE the view your *Times* takes of the War," said a stolid Russian.

This was a surprise to his English friend, who naturally asked for his reason.

"I will tell you," was the Russian's reply. "The *Times* speaks the truth. Look at the heading of this article, which I have not read—but the heading is enough for me—see, it is in large letters, *Japanese Press on the War*. That is exactly what they *did* do; exactly what they *are* doing."

A CORRESPONDENT is surprised to find

the following under the head of "War Items" in the *Daily Mail*:—"Fresh caviare is still to be had in the restaurants at Port Arthur." The explanation is simple. The caviare is for "the General." See *Hamlet*.

Another Eastern Atrocity.

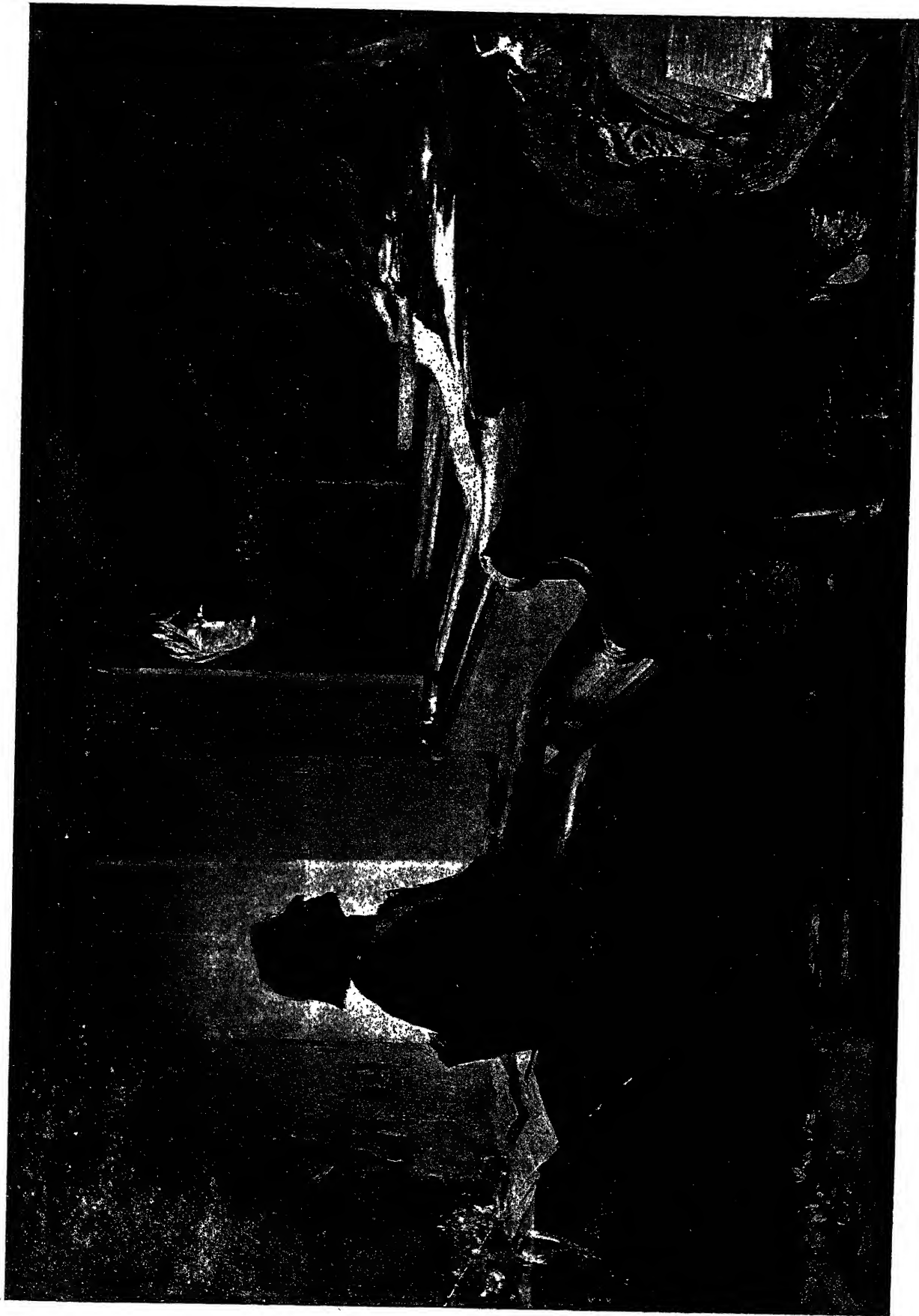
WHY are there so many risings on the Turkish frontier?

Because the SULTAN is the sick man of the Yeast.

A CLERICAL ERROR.—A long sermon.



ART AND ADORATION. No. 1.—"THEY FOOL ME TO THE TOP OF MY BENT."—*Hamlet.*



ART AND ADORATION. No. 2.—"THE WORLD FORGETTING."—Pope.

ALL THE TALENTS AT DALY'S.

If pretty faces, shapely forms, in exceptionally brilliant costumes designed by PERCY ANDERSON, plenty of life, go, and brightest coloured scenery by HAWES CRAVEN, much fun from the WRIGHT man in the right place, as *Chambhuddy Ram*, assisted by Miss GRACIE LEIGH as *Peggy Sabine*, LIONEL MONCKTON'S pleasant music, and WILLIE WARDE'S wonderful dances, if such a combination, in which must be included the work and play of Messrs. TANNER, ROSS, GREENBANK, and RUBENS, should fail to repeat the usual success that Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES seems invariably to command wherever he starts a show of this sort, then the indefatigable Manager must come to his own rescue and try some other device. Whatever may be now lacking in the way of a song that will catch on is sure to be supplied by the talented co-comic-operative company.

Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN is just what the musical hero *Harry Vereker* would be if he were Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN. He has pretty music to sing, but nothing that will come up to his "Queen of my Heart to-night." No doubt within another few weeks something specially attractive will be found for him. Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON has no song equal to that about the "six little, five little" (and so forth *diminuendo*) wives; but he does inimitably what little he has to do, and his costumes are marvellous.

Miss ISABEL JAY looks magnificent and sings delightfully; though here again her song about the Japs does not excite the *furor* it was evidently written to arouse.

Having mentioned JAY, we come in alphabetical order to KATE. Mr. FRED KAYE has a catch phrase about "the climate," and cuts a very droll figure as *Sir Peter Loftus, High Commissioner* (five-feet-high Commissioner) and *Judge, Ceylon*. Nature has made "Little KATE" just the very man for a small part, and has been so economical with his inches that 'tis quite impossible we can have too much of him.

Miss SYBIL ARUNDALE possesses a sweet contralto voice, and does full justice to the part of *Nunoya*, the pretty, coquettish, dark-eyed Cingalese girl. The best number, and the most loudly encored, is the quartette for *Nunoya, Harry, Naitoema* (a part capably played by Miss CARRIE MOORE) and *Willie Wilson* represented by Mr. J. BODDY, who is not a mere any-Boddy, but a somebody as a bass singer. To the experienced Mr. WILLIE WARDE the greatest praise is due for his admirably contrived dances and his stage-management of crowds, over whom he is able to keep watch and ward when appearing on the stage as an Indian servant, *Myamgah*, whose unobtrusive pantomime is genuinely artistic.

As for Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT, the fun of the piece depends almost entirely upon his rendering of the Baboo Lawyer, whom everyone familiar with ANSTEY GUTHRIE'S *Mr. Jabberjee* (whose comments and adventures originally achieved so great a fame in *Mr. Punch's* pages) cannot fail to recognise. The authors have privately, as we hear, acknowledged their indebtedness to the creator of *Mr. Jabberjee*; perhaps this tribute to Mr. GUTHRIE may take a more substantial form than that of mere complimentary gratitude. The Baboo student of the Temple is as amusing on the stage as he is in Mr. GUTHRIE'S pages, and not a point is lost by Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT. A duet between him and Miss GRACIE LEIGH goes with much laughter, but it is not on a par with some of its predecessors.

There is one remarkable fact about the Cingalese at Daly's. Whatever may be the tint of their faces—brown, reddish-brown, or dark olive—their hands (and arms when visible) are just the colour of an ordinary Cockney's. The male Cingalese chorus and supers do not throw themselves so completely into their characters as did the gentleman who, in order to play *Othello*, blacked himself all over. The piece is half-an-hour too long.

ON SATURDAY, NEXT SATURDAY.

On Saturday, next Saturday, the twenty-sixth of March,
When other folks are breakfasting or getting out of bed—
Where Putney Bridge divides the flood with buttress and
with arch,

Two Eights shall start for victory (and one shall go ahead),
Oh it's getting to your stake-boat that makes you shake
and shiver,

Where the launches all are fretting in the middle of the
river;

And it's taking off your sweater, and it's gripping
of your oar,

With your coxswain looking glum,

While a deep expectant hum

Comes like surges of a stormy sea that beats upon
the shore;

And it's "Steady, are you ready?" and you lie there side
by side,

Till the Umpire's flashing pistol sets you racing on the
tide!

When other folks are breakfasting or getting out of bed,

On Saturday, next Saturday (I hope I shan't be late),

There'll be a roar of cheering to waken all the dead

At Putney when the racing crews get off at thirty-eight.

Oh it's swinging it and driving it that makes you move
your bellows;

And it's watching (which you shouldn't do) the other
puffing fellows;

And it's giving her ten hard ones and straining
like an ox

With your muscles on the crack

In your shoulders and your back,

As you hear the frantic orders of your agitated Cox.

And it's "Mortlake, weary Mortlake, I wish you weren't
so far,"

And the Cox yells, "Now you're gaining," and, by Jingo,
so you are!

On Saturday, next Saturday, may I be there to greet

Those sixteen jolly Englishmen a-tugging for the lead.

And eight shall have the victory and eight must bear defeat,

But what's the odds since all have pluck—and that's the
thing we need.

Oh it's rowing in a stern chase that makes you feel
you're dying,

But it's spurting, gaining, spurting that makes you
think you're flying;

And it's smiting the beginning and it's sweeping
of it through

Just for honour, not for pelf,

And without a thought of self,

For the glory of your colour and the credit of your
crew.

And it's "Easy all, you've passed the post," and lo,
you loose your grip,

But not until the falling flag proclaims you're at the
"Ship."

R. C. L.

THE following advertisement appeared recently in a North
Country paper:—

REQUIRED, Lower Form Master in a small school: one
who will help in the garden preferred.

Messrs. CATSKIN, RABIDAS AND BILLET, the well-known
Scholastic Agents, inform us that they have a vacancy of an
exceptional character which they commend to the notice of
any Senior Wranglers out of employment:—

WANTED, after Easter, Mathematical Assistant in large
Preparatory School. Salary no consideration. Duties
light, as another master milks the cows in the afternoon.



A SHOW OF HANS.

[RICHTER interprets ELGAR's Dream.]

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XIII.—THE LIMITS OF INVECTIVE.

SCENE—The Offices of Dr. MURRAY'S Dictionary.

PRESENT.

Lord Rosebery (in the chair).

The Speaker.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P.

Mr. Labouchere, M.P.

Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Mr. William Watson.

Mr. Herbert Paul.

Lord Rosebery. My Lords, Sir GILBERT PARKER, and Gentlemen, we are met to discuss a problem which I own has of late moved me profoundly. I think we must all agree that to dispense with invective altogether would impose too great a strain on the forbearance of public men. For how otherwise could we repudiate calumny, how express our righteous indignation? For my own part, ever since I entered upon my lonely furrow I have found it hard to avoid calling a spade a spade, or a slate a slate. But there must of course be some limits. It would be incorrect as well as offensive, for example, to call the Premier "Ugly FRANCES." Where then must the line be drawn?

Mr. T. P. O'Connor. My own feeling is that there should be no invective.

The first rule of conduct for a man aspiring to public honours should be, acquire superlatives; the second, acquire superlatives; and the third, acquire superlatives.

Mr. R. W. Perks. But suppose something arises that demands castigation?

Mr. O'Connor. Change the subject.

Mr. Perks. Personally, I see no objection to calling a Prime Minister "Pretty FANNY." Pretty, I take it, is not a term of abuse. I understand that many of the inhabitants of these islands, high and low, would give their ears to merit the adjective. And FANNY? Is not FANNY a name in high honour? Was there not FANNY BURNEY, a distinguished novelist; FANNY KEMBLE, a distinguished actress; FANNY—

The Speaker. Would the noble lord our Chairman justify a reference to, say, Mr. CHAPLIN as Little MARY?

Lord Rosebery. It is not a name I should have myself bestowed.

Mr. Perks. Noblesse oblige.

Mr. William Watson. Poets perhaps are entitled to a wider licence than statesmen. Personally, if returned to Parliament, I should never think of restraining any impulse to condemn what I did not think right. Whoever opposed me would have to expect a sonnet.

The Speaker. Sonnets are not in order—at least, not more than one, a very short one, used as a quotation for rhetorical purposes.

Mr. Watson. But if a publicist could become articulate in no other way—like myself and Canon RAWNSLEY?

Mr. Labouchere. I fear your chances of catching the Speaker's eye would be remote.

Mr. Watson. Oh indeed! Then I should group the Speaker with ABDUL forthwith.

Mr. Perks. ABDUL the . . .

Mr. Watson. The same.

The Speaker. Then stick to Parnassus; do not court Parliament. We are a simple prosaic folk, not in the least sonnety.

Mr. Labouchere. The best rule for Parliamentary success is to say what you think. Don't beat about the bush. Just tell the truth, and your reputation as a cynic will be made; and once a reputation is made in Parliament it is never allowed to drop. I once made the mistake of composing a joke, and ever since then I have been labelled witty. But no stranger who hears me now would apply any such epithet.

The Speaker. Certainly not.

Mr. Labouchere. Why do you say certainly not?

The Speaker. I thought you would like to find some one in agreement.

Mr. Labouchere. No, Sir, no cynic likes to be agreed with. Directly he is agreed with he ceases to be a cynic.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. The great fault

with Parliamentary invective is that it is employed against political opponents. Now there is no fun in abusing the other side; the superman abuses his own. Why seek for enemies when one has so many friends available for obloquy?

Mr. Austen Chamberlain. My august father writes that it is very hard that in a country which prides itself upon free speech there should be any censorship. He goes on to remark that he would like to see a tax put upon unnecessary magnanimity. I might add, as a matter of some interest to the company, that my august father's inability to take things lying down forces him to sleep either in a sitting or a vertical position. This serves to show that the higher patriotism is not without its sacrifices.

Mr. Labouchere. The best thing to do when one has something unparliamentary to say is to keep it until one is addressing one's constituents. At Northampton I say things for which, at Westminster, I should be put in the Clock Tower.

Sir Gilbert Parker. Is there really a Clock Tower? I have not noticed it.

Mr. Labouchere. Certainly; but you are not likely to trouble it much. And a man who never risks the Clock Tower never does anything.

Sir Gilbert Parker. But I don't think one ought to risk the Clock Tower. I think one's language should betray courtesy, clarity, and conviction.

Mr. Watson. Would not a dictionary of allowable phrases and epithets be a useful book for distribution in the House? A standard work of reference on those lines would sensibly simplify the duties of the legislator.

Sir Gilbert Parker. Our noble Chairman carries Dr. MURRAY'S *New English Dictionary* about with him. Why should not all of us do so?

Mr. Labouchere. We can if we like; it is merely a question of sufficient retainers.

Mr. Watson. Is it allowable to say, "You're another"?

Lord Rosebery. It depends on the initial statement.

Mr. O'Connor. Allow me in the most heartfelt manner to utter a solemn plea for universal tolerance. There has been too much vituperation; let us enter upon a period of compliments. Our golden rule should be, Whenever you see a head, pat it.

Mr. Herbert Paul (sotto voce). With a pat of butter. (Aloud.) The question before us is, What are the limits of invective? Might not our course be dictated by the famous counsel of a by-gone editor to his staff of reviewers: "Be just, be merciful; but when you do meet with a silly ass, string him up"?

[Carried unanimously, save for Mr. O'CONNOR and Sir GILBERT PARKER.]

IN MEMORIAM.

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge.

BORN: 1819.

DIED: MARCH 17, 1904.

THE years that saw old systems changed to new
Still left his spirit changeless to the end
Who served his kindred's throne a long life through,
And died, as he had lived, the soldier's friend.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN the *Red Leaguers* (METHUEN) MR. SHAN F. BULLOCK accomplishes a *tour de force*. There are many novels whose drama is played out in Ireland in times of seething sedition or open rebellion. But the authors have gone back to '98, or at latest to the famine epoch of the mid-nineteenth century. Mr. BULLOCK boldly plunges on to the threshold of the twentieth century. He imagines a state of things existing in Ireland after the Boer War when, as he puts it, "England stood bound hand and foot. One stroke and Ireland was free, a nation at last. A vast organisation of true Irishmen had been formed, with capable leaders at its head, and branches spreading through the world. Through Ireland itself ran a huge confederacy, guided, controlled, with branches in every parish. One man was at the head; under him were leaders; under them the Irish people. All was secret, all were sworn." This is the dream of some Irishmen before and since the time of EMMET. Mr. BULLOCK realises it in vigorous and graphic detail. He follows the fortune of one rebel band under the command of a soldier of fortune named *Shaw*. The narrative is so precise and powerful that emotionable people like my Baronite will as they read pinch their thumbs to assure themselves they are not dreaming. Designedly or not, certainly without obvious effort, Mr. BULLOCK informs his stirring story with a moral over which honest, if extreme, Nationalists will do well to ponder.

Part 2, *Bygone Eton* (SPOTTISWOODE & Co., LTD.), interesting to Etonians. Here is dreary "Long Chamber," concerning which much might be written entitled "Devilments and Diverse Dormitory Diversions." Illustration No. VI. shows a section of the Library, where among certain treasures is kept "a play written in 1534 by NICOLAS UDALL, Head Master of Eton." It has never been produced. Surely here is a chance for the "Stage Society," or for Mr. TREE's new dramatic school.

My Baronite thanks Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON for introducing him to *Pa Gladden*. "The Story of a Common Man," Miss WALTZ adds by way of explanation. It is, also, the story of a beautiful, strenuous, unselfish life. *Pa Gladden* is the kind of man who is made only in the broad prairie lands of America. He is fortunate in having at hand authors, usually women, who perceive his goodness and are able to communicate it to others. He is a hard-working, not too wealthy, farmer, with a strong belief in the goodness and unremitting care of "the Unspeakable One." Kind-hearted but shrewd, thinking no evil, but taking care that it shall not approach those dear to him, he goes his daily round, shedding sunshine everywhere. One of his greatest triumphs is the subduing of his horse *Cephy*, a beast so savage that no one could keep him. So *Pa Gladden* got him cheap. *Pa* is the happy centre of everything. But Miss WALTZ's magic pen also draws the reader into charmed communion with the strangely-named quaint men and women who people a Kentucky hamlet. Reading the work has the whole-

some invigorating effect of filling the lungs with breath from the fresh winds that blow over the blue grass.

The Baron, setting aside the illogical plea in Mr. ARNOLD WHITE's elaborate "Introduction," can only give his opinion on ex-Lieutenant BILSE's novel as a work founded by its author (according to the evidence before the court-martial as reported in the Appendix) on facts within his own personal experience. For writing and publishing such work the court-martial judged him, Lieutenant OSWALD BILSE, "guilty of having libelled his superior officers and others in higher rank than himself, in a manner which has resulted in serious consequences to them. Further, he has disobeyed a stringent military order, namely, the Imperial regulation regarding the literary activity of persons in military service." His punishment was six months' imprisonment and dismissal from the service. The Baron, as a strict martinet, having read the clever translation of the ex-Lieutenant's book, emphasizes this verdict with "Sarve him right." If ex-Lieutenant BILSE had sent in his resignation first, and had been quit of the army before publishing his novel, civil actions for libel might have followed, or a private inquiry might have been instituted by the highest military authorities, with beneficial results. Is this *Life in a Garrison Town* (JOHN LANE) to be taken as a fair specimen of all life in all garrison towns in Germany? Is it to be *ex uno disce omnes*? Or, is this case exceptional? Publish a *chronique scandaleuse* of the recklessly wicked doings of the Dirty-First Regiment quartered at Stow-in-the-hole, are we therefore to accuse the entire British Army of the grossest impropriety, of general dishonesty, of universal inebriety, of total lack of discipline in all quarters, and to tar the ladies of the garrison, the officers' wives, with the same brush? The Baron, at the bureau of just criticism, compliments the translator on his work, yet must he say to the ex-Lieutenant, "*Cassio*; I love thee; but nevermore be officer of mine." Ex-Lieutenant BILSE cannot be congratulated on his unsavoury novel, but he may be fairly credited with the best intentions in writing and publishing it.

GUY BOOTHBY's *Consummate Scoundrel* (F. V. WHITE & Co.) receives the Baron's commendation, up to a certain point. Curiosity is aroused: there is the mystery which envelops a disappearing man: there is of course a thorough-going villain, and so forth. The commencement is distinctly good: so is the working up to the climax. But the climax is disappointing.

Mr. THEO. DOUGLAS has chosen a difficult form for his latest novel, *Miss Caroline* (ARNOLD), and has achieved a remarkable success. It is as though the heroine were writing her own story from notes made in her diary, but the narrative is so cleverly contrived as to run on smoothly without the ordinary mechanical marking time by a constant record of days and dates. *Caroline* herself is a charming type. Every character essential to the gradual development of a thoroughly interesting plot is most skilfully drawn. The strongly dramatic incidents are finely treated without the slightest suspicion of anything approaching mere melodramatic sensationalism. There is a freshness about the entire story that warrants the Baron in strongly recommending all who honour him by accepting his guarantee for the genuine merit of any novel to make the acquaintance of this delightful *ingénue* at the very earliest date possible.





Tom Browne

A REPROBATE.

Teacher. "WELL, TOM, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

Tom. "PLEASE, 'M, I'M GOING TO THE BAND OF 'OPE."

Teacher. "AND IS LITTLE WILLIE GOING TOO? OR IS HE TOO YOUNG TO BELONG TO THE BAND OF HOPE?"

Tom. "NO, 'M, IT'S NOT THAT; BUT HE AIN'T A TEETOTALLER!"

THE HARBOUR OF REFUGE.

[The conviction that every girl ought to have a sitting-room of her own where she may escape the strain of perpetual companionship with the rest of the family, has prompted a member of the "Society of Women Artists," in Bond Street, to design a "Boudoir Bedroom" which, according to the *Daily Mail*, will solve the problem of the "discontented daughter" in flat life.]

Is days of old, we're often told
By reminiscent mothers,
Girls played the rôles of selfless souls,
And only thought of others;
They did not shirk domestic work,
Were never cross or snappy,
But all the while they wore a smile
That made the whole house happy.

They loved to sit and sew or knit
And chat together brightly;
When Mother spoke, these angel folk
All listened most politely.

They brought Papa his slippers—Bah!

A fig, say we, for that life!
At least we're sure none could endure
That sort of thing in flat life.

Where'er you look, in every nook,
Relations swarm before you.
Escape is none. You cannot shun
The sights and sounds that bore
you.

However high your soul would fly,
She soon comes earthwards tumbling
On hearing JAMES call KATIE names,
Or ISABELLA grumbling.

Here Mother pours her ceaseless stores
Of idle tittle-tattle.

There Dad delights to prose, and fights
The dismal fiscal battle.

When out of touch, to see so much
Of relatives is wearing—
We find the strain on soul and brain
Is quite beyond all bearing.

But that's to end, for we intend
To have our rooms refurnished;
A dainty screen becomes at e'en
A bed all bright and burnished;
That picturesque book-case-cum-desk
A toilet set will show forth,
While all the tomes are filled with combs,
Pins, powder-pots and so forth.

By one's own fire one may retire
To maiden meditation,
Far from the noise of foolish boys
And idle conversation:
Here one may see, relation-free,
One's ownest owns in quiet,
And talk at will of chiffon, frill,
And shops which one should buy at.

Why are the Superintendents of the
L. C. & S. E. stations, Dover and Victoria,
likely to become very wealthy men?
Because they're always receiving
Royalties and sovereigns.

PERKS AND THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

[Mr. R. W. PERKS, M.P., in opening a Free Methodist bazaar, is reported by the *Daily Chronicle* to have remarked that "he was sorry to see that when the Rev. Mr. CAMPBELL wanted to go to Court he asked the Bishop of LONDON to present him. What would have been said in days gone by if Puritan preachers . . . had asked Archbishop LAUN to present them to King CHARLES? Mr. CAMPBELL would have been far better advised had he asked the veteran leader of London Nonconformity, Dr. GUINNESS ROGERS . . . to introduce him to King EDWARD, instead of hanging on to the apron-strings of an Anglican Bishop."]

Now through the slough of bursting seeds
The vital sap begins to hurtle;
Now Nature doffs her winter weeds
And dons her gaudy-coloured kirtle;

Now to the thrush's limpid lay,
Encored for joy in throbbing quavers,
With gold and purple bravely gay
The crocus flaunts his regal favours.

It is the piping time of bards,
When every little fledgling hummer
Still superstitiously regards
Spring as the harbinger of summer.

It is the time when Cupid's choirs'
Announce a course of love-recitals,
Responsive to the usual fires
New-lit in adolescent vitals.

And, in the swift infectious glow
That makes you even love your neighbours,
Our very Churches seem to grow
Less keen on crossing ghostly sabres.

Yet, as beneath the rose there lurks
A latent element of bramble,
So with the Spring comes Mr. PERKS
Scratching the eyes of Mr. CAMPBELL.

Within the City Temple's bound
What heresy has dared to enter,
That he should leap from underground
Dissenting from a co-dissenter?

That reverend politician's soul
What blight has marred? what moral blister?
Has he renounced his leading rôle
Of Passive, but Superb, Resister?

Has he denied his Liberal past?
Or, envious of a rival Triton,
Secured, by way of counterblast,
The old Aquarium down at Brighton?

No! he has done a deadlier thing
Than paying rates or buying fish up;
He's been to bow before the KING,
Conducted by (O'Heaven!) a Bishop!

Why could not one of his own creed,
Like Dr. ROGERS—not to mention
R. W. P.—have done the deed
Without his Laudship's intervention?

See how the lure of Satan works
Through lust of social pride and sleekness,
Striking the uncorrupted PERKS
Pink with contempt for human weakness!

Ah, Sir! the Spring that binds her spell
About the beasts and feathered creatures,
Woos also you; you might as well
Relax awhile your Christian features.

But if her voice appeals in vain;
If you ignore the lambkin's bleating,
And that inveterate refrain
That marks the cuckoo's vernal greeting;—
If still you grudge the Spring her due,
And Earth her claims as common Mother—
Think how it cheers the Lord High HUGH
To see dissenters bruise each other! O. S.

FIRST AID TO ARTISTS.

A COLLECTION of poetic extracts, intended to serve as Picture Titles for Painters and Photographers, has been compiled by Mr. A. L. BALDRY. They are arranged in various sections, e.g., Landscape, Figure, Marine, Sport, &c. These we feel constrained to supplement with further quotations from well-known sources in view of the imminence of "Sending-in Day."

Examples:—

Domestic.

FIGURE.

Thanks for your feed of MESSLAY's milk,
It did me good—my coat's like silk;
And now I'm sound in limb and brain
I'll never drink skim milk again.

Cat-o—ADDISON.

Fanciful.

It is everything nowadays to possess an attractive
kink in the hair. *Rape of the Lock*—POPE.

Imaginative.

Two years ago I used your soap, since when I
have used no other. *Cackle*—PUNCH.

Nude and Draped.

I hear they want more bow, frill and fichu.
Ode to Propriety—TUPPER.

They won't wash clothes.

Fragment—SAPPHO.

Restrospective.

She recalls the delightful Teaze of thirty years ago.
Pleasures of Memory—ROGERS.

LANDSCAPE.

Atmospheric effects.

Try Our Desiccated Pea-soup.

The Fogg Papers—ANON.

Rustic and Pastoral.

Call a Spade a Spade and our Poetic Extract
Perfection. *All in the Day's Work*—KIPLING.

Wide Prospects.

When you travel by the train,
Posters occupy the plain.
Lines written in Dejection near Ashford—ALFRED AUSTIN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sport, and Animal Life.

They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Swan and the Jay and the Owl and the Hen.
The Birds—ARISTOPHANES.

The dog is in the bedstead,

The cat is in the lake,

The cow is in the hammock—

What difference does it make?

From a Song-cycle—SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

Political.

High on the Fence sits Fiscal JIM—
Which way the cat'll jump worries him!

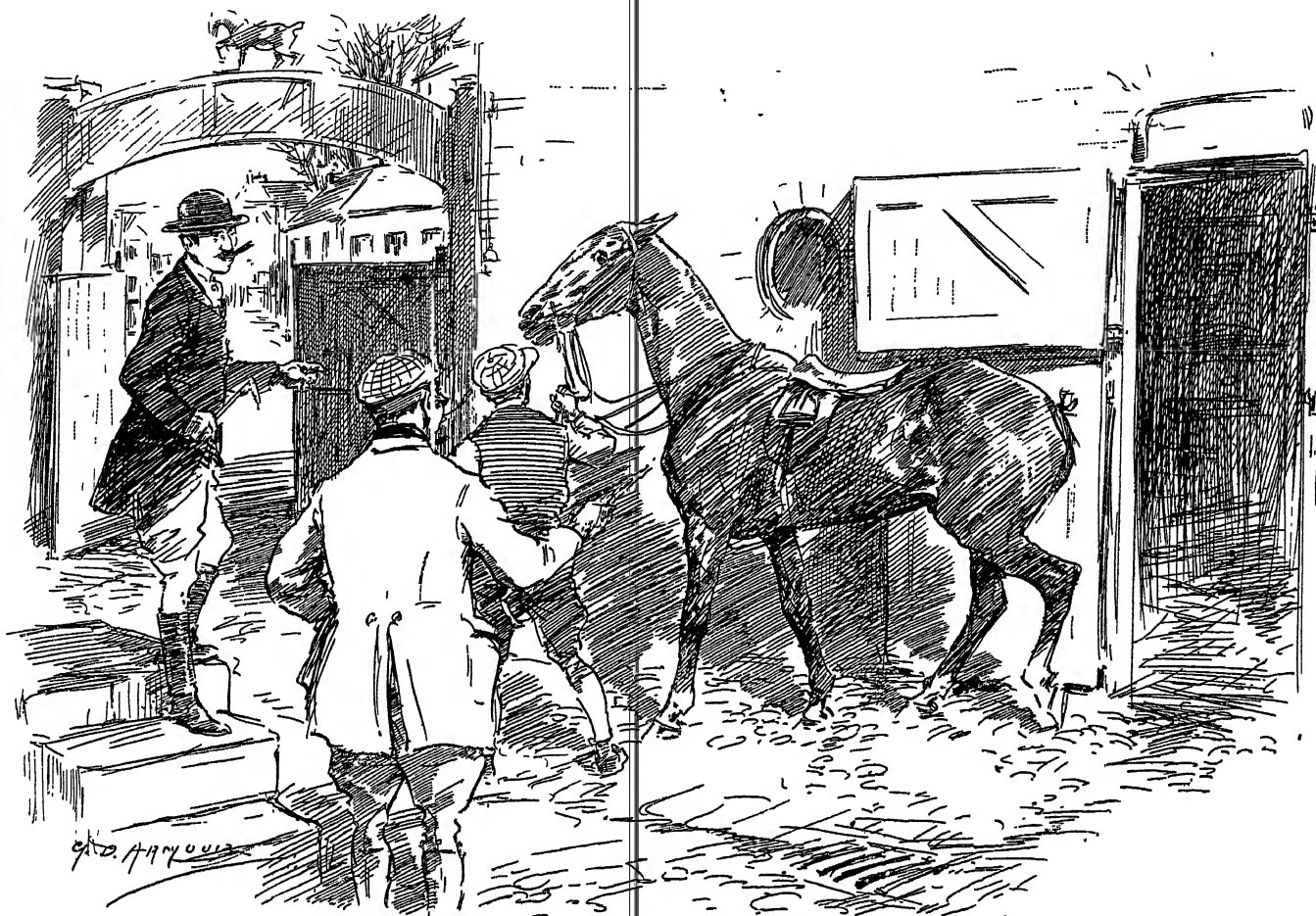
Ode to My England Distracted—WILLIAM WATSON.



Bernard Partridge

THE PROGRESSIVE OLD MAN OF THE (L.C.)C.

L.C.C. (to LONDON RATEPAYER). "WHAT! DON'T LIKE AN EXTRA PENNY IN THE POUND?
THEN WHY DID YOU PUT ME UP HERE?"



"FOR EVERY WHY HE HAD A WHEREFORE."

'Arry (about to mount hack-lunter with kicker's badge on). "ERE, GUV'NOR! WOT'S THAT BIT OF RED RIBBON ON 'IS TAIL FOR?"

Jobmaster. "OH, THAT AIN'T NOTHING. YOU SEE WE LETS OUT A LOT OF 'OSSSES 'ERE, AND WE WANTS A LITTLE BIT O' SOMETHING TO IDENTIFY 'EM BY!"

THE MISSING NAME COMPETITION.

ALL BLANKS—NO PRIZES.

A TANTALISING feature in the recently published letters of Lord ACTON to Miss MARY GLADSTONE is the frequent substitution of blanks for the most interesting names, e.g.,

"GOSCHEN is above sordid motives. He dreads the Radicals, detests —, despises —."

As a supplement to his Happy Evening Competitions, Mr. Punch submits a few paragraphs written in discreet Actonese by another diarist, and he asks his readers to spend their Easter holidays in filling in the blanks.

I met — at dinner last night. We discussed the War Office scheme. He said he thought it very unfair that — had not consulted him as to its publication, but he believed it to be the case that influenza affected the memory. — was a clever fellow, and had written a great deal on matters connected with national defence, but he had never

attended any German manoeuvres, at least not in uniform, and the EMPEROR had not decorated him with the Order of the —.

I saw CHAMBERLAIN to-day at the —'s. He discussed the situation with his usual frankness. He thought that at the next Election the — would come in with a moderate majority, but that if — consented to serve under the — as Premier, and — accepted a peerage, a working Administration might be formed.

I found SIDNEY LEE reading —'s last novel. He says it is the most terrible nonsense he can remember. I reminded him of —'s greatly-praised book, *The — of —*. But he persists that he will be —ed if —'s new book is not worse.

I had a long letter from CURZON to-day. His views on the reconstruction of the Cabinet are most interesting. The sending of — to the — Office he considers to be the most extraordinary

appointment on record, and will give him a splendid opportunity for the exercise of the fine art of bearing fools gladly. Of his own prospects he does not speak with enthusiasm. As he puts it, "Fancy coming back after ruling India to be heckled in the House by —."

I ran into SARGENT at Scotland Yard this morning. He says he has been painting —, and has had a very undesirable experience. — seems to be intensely vain, and would insist on getting up every few minutes to see how his beauty was progressing. S. at last had to call in — to hold him down. S. has also painted — and —, all of Park Lane, for the large room at the next Academy. It will be known as the Jerusalem Chamber.

THE name of "MILNER" was at the commencement of last century associated with a little work entitled "The End of Controversy." Nowadays the same name seems to imply being the cause of it.

THE LATEST MAGAZINES.

FIREd by the success of Mr. C. B. FRY's Magazine and other personal periodicals, a number of our leading public men are plunging into the arena. The following first numbers are announced this week:—

THE BRODDER ARROW AND ESHER COMMENTATOR.

A POWDER MAGAZINE.
Edited by the Rt. Hon. St. John Brodrick, M.P.

Special Features.**PARS ABOUT MARS.**

By the Editor.

First instalment of the Great Serial Story,

**THE THREE WARLOCKS;
OR, ESHER, FISHER AND CLARKE.**

By St. J. B.

MASTER MEDDLERS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—LORD ESHER.

C.B.'S MAGAZINE.

THE EVENING CASTIGATOR.
Edited by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, M.P.

Look out for

TALES FROM THE TABERNACLE.

By Uncle Archibald.

I.—PRETTY FANNY'S CURDS AND WHEY; OR,
WHO SPILT THE MILK?

MAGNETIC PERSONALITIES.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—LORD MILNER.

THE GUILLEMOT.

A NEW HIGH-CLASS WEEKLY.
Edited by Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

The First Number will contain
the opening article of a Series entitled
FROM RUNG TO RUNG.

By the Editor.

The other contents will comprise:

SUPERB TOILERS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.
Illustrated with Portrait of
SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

REELED CONVERSATIONS.

By William Archer.

I.—SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.
Illustrated with Portrait of
SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

Ready April 1.

PRICE ONE GUINEA.

JESSOP'S JOURNAL.

AN ORGAN OF CRICKET REFORM.
Edited by Gilbert Jessop, C.B.

Read the Editor's sensational Article,
"SHOULD ROLLERS BE RUBBER-
TYRED?"

"CRICKET AT THE VATICAN."

A New Series by Hall Caine.

I.—THE FIVE CARDINAL POINTS.

MASTER EDITORS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—MR. C. B. FRY.

THE HUGH AND CRY.

THE FREE TRADE INTELLIGENCER.
Edited by Lord Hugh Cecil.

Special Features.

RELATIVES WITH WHOM I

DISAGREE.

By the Editor.

I.—THE PREMIER.

**THE STATELY HOMES OF
ENGLAND.**

By T. Gibson Bowles, M.P.

I.—THE HOTEL CECIL.

GREAT HEARTS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—DR. CLIFFORD.

WINSTON'S WEEKLY.

With which is incorporated the
OLDHAM FREE LANCE.

Edited by Winston Churchill, M.P.

WHO'S HUGH?

By Raymond Blatherskite.

WHY I AM NOT IN THE CABINET.

By the Editor.

CAVES AND THEIR FORMATION.

By the Editor.

MASTER WRECKERS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

CHESTERTON'S CHEST NOTES.

A BUDGET OF PARADOXES.
Edited by G. K. Chesterton.

EDITORIALS.

ON THE BLACKNESS OF WHITE.
EVERY STRAY ACTION A HABIT.
THE TAMBURLAINE OF TOOTING.
BROWNING'S POST IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

HENRY J.'S WOODNOTES WILD.

A MUSICAL MEDLEY.
Edited by Henry J. Wood.

Original compositions by—
GENERAL KUROPATKIN.
GOVERNOR BOBRIKOFF.
ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF.

MAXIMS AND MINIMS.

By Maxim Gorky.

THE BUTTERFLY TIE AS A FACTOR IN
INTERPRETATIVE ART.

By Mrs. Rosa Newmarch.

MAJESTIC MINSTRELS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—MADAME CLARA BUTT.

A. A. A.

(ALL ABOUT AUTHORS.)

Edited by Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

Don't read any more books; read about
the brainy people who write them.

CONTENTS OF No. I.

**MR. THOMAS HARDY'S FOUNTAIN
PEN.**

A Realistic Description, with Diagrams.
By Annie S. Swan.

**WHAT AUTHORS LIKE FOR
LUNCH.**

A Census of Literary Preferences.
By the Editor.

MASSIVE MINDS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—MR. MAX PEMBERTON.

AN ITALIAN PARADISE.

Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX at Villa Le Queux.
(With Glossary of Italian Phrases.)
By Douglas Sladen.

TWO OTHER FEATURES.

A critical analysis of recent literature,
giving weight, colour, and number of
pages of every book published in 1904.

Special Coloured Supplement, con-
sisting of a superb plate reproduction of
an old suit of Mr. MEREDITH'S.

THE WIRE-PULLERS.

I.—THE MANIPULATOR OF PUBLICS.

As I sat at lunch in a Strand res-
taurant a gentleman at my table called
somewhat ostentatiously for more ice.
He was a small man; one would
describe him as dapper; he was almost
painfully alert, and his manner of eating
showed him to be methodical to a fault.
He seemed to do nothing that was not
absolutely necessary. I felt certain that
in his business hours he used the
sharply waxed ends of his moustache
for bill-files.

More ice was brought, and he lighted
a cigarette. After a puff or two he held
the end which he had put to his mouth
against a block of ice. Then he smoked
again and then repeated the operation,
with a side glance at me. He caught
my eye.

"Why do you do that?" I inquired,
"if the question is not impertinent."

"Not at all," he answered. "To be
candid, I wanted you to ask. A client
of mine intends shortly to place on the
market an iced cigarette. I am creating
a demand for it."

"That's very friendly of you."

"I said client, not friend," he returned
sharply. "Creating demands is my
profession. I am a Manipulator of
Publics."

"Never heard of them."

"Probably not. That's because you don't think." I winced. "How do you suppose a new thing is brought into notice?"

"By advertisement, I imagine," I said, with the air of one who states the obvious.

"Yes," he admitted, "but go farther back. Who reads advertisements—with any interest, that is? Why, people who want things. Nobody at present wants iced cigarettes because they haven't thought of them. Once get the idea into men's heads that they would be good things and they'll read advertisements to find out where to buy them."

"You surprise me."

"I expected to. You would like to hear some more of my methods?"

"I should," I said. "This cigarette business strikes me as just a trifle crude, and"—I glanced round the room—"not particularly effective."

"Crudeness is one of my strong points," he replied; "when you object to it you show your ignorance of the British Public. You expect them to copy my experiment now at once. National shyness is against that. But come here to-morrow, and I'm willing to wager that at least five men will cool the ends of their cigarettes with ice."

"You see," he continued, "I have learned the commercial value of understanding customs, fads and prejudices. Take the case of the *Daily Torch*. That was one of my enterprises. It was not my paper, of course, but I prepared the public for it. One would have said there was no room for another new paper, and, in fact, there was not. I made room. I knew that the English people have a prejudice in regard to the use of newspapers for lighting fires. In all respectable establishments, one week's issue of ephemeral literature is hoarded up until the next week begins. Then, and only then, is the kitchen-maid at liberty to divert the accumulations to household purposes. Well, confident in this knowledge, I waited for the English summer. It came in November, and by marvellous luck it began on a Monday. I immediately made a corner in old newspapers. People were ready enough to sell them for good prices, because there is another British prejudice against having fires in summer, however cold it may be, and because no amount of experience to the contrary ever really convinces them that the English summer does not come to stay. Secure in the confidence that they were in for a spell of warm weather—a 'heat wave,' they called it—they sold me their stock of old newspapers. By the Thursday, the English summer had definitely broken up, and four degrees of frost drove them back to fires. There



HAPPILY EXPRESSED.

Lady Gusher. "GOOD-BYE! THANKS SO MUCH! YOUR PICTURES ARE CHARMING, AND SO UNLIKE YOUR USUAL WORK!"

was my opportunity. I placarded England with 'Buy the *Daily Torch* and Light Your Fires with it.' It went (as it should) like wild-fire. The fact that it was intended for lighting fires was sufficient to overcome the weekly-accumulation prejudice."

"But how did you keep it going?" I asked.

"There I utilised my knowledge of an ancient British custom. I knew that kitchen-maids always read the paper before they burn it, so a special appeal was made to kitchen-maids. There was a column headed 'The Daily Peer-Glass: all about Fashion and High-life,' and it caught them. After that we naturally

jumped into a circulation guaranteed to be equal to fifteen times that of any London daily."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "You work on the quiet, but you certainly don't do things by halves."

"No," he replied. "I do them by wholes and corners. Bill, waiter, please."

We understand that the article on "Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's Old Ties" which appeared in one of the papers on the occasion of the veteran's announcement of his projected withdrawal from public life, is to be followed by "Mr. BALFOUR's Left-off Spats," and "Mr. GIBSON BOWLES' Discarded Ducks."

AN ENTRANCE EXAMINATION PAPER.

(Set by Mr. Punch for the new National Academy of Dramatic Art.)

Candidates are recommended not to attempt to answer all the questions.

PART A.—For Male Candidates only.

1. How many times, and where, have you appeared in the title rôle of SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*?

Write down as much as you can remember of the notices, if any, which you received from the London, Suburban, or Provincial Press on such occasions.

State in what respects you consider your reading of the part superior to that of:—

(1) Sir HENRY IRVING; (2) Mr. BEERBOHM TREE; (3) Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON; (4) Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

Can you announce a visitor, bring in a telegram, and wait at lunch?

2. Which of your photographs in costume should you say was the most successful? Describe, with diagrams, the customary method of polite salutation in the time of (a) CHARLES THE SECOND; (b) QUEEN ANNE; (c) GEORGE THE THIRD; (d) the present.

Trace the variations in the etiquette of offering and accepting snuff through the reigns of the Four GEORGES. How many matches do you strike on an average before you can light a cigarette or cigar: [i] in private life; [ii] on the stage?

3. What is your favourite brand of champagne? Can you, when on the stage, affect exhilaration after quaffing a bumper of effervescing ginger ale?

4. In what part of a stage drawing-room would you place your gun when you come in through a French window for afternoon tea at the end of a day's shooting?

Supposing you are required to enter in hunting costume, after a record run over a difficult country, should you give any indication of this in your attire, and where?

5. Do you prefer to provoke your audience to tears or laughter? If the former, give some idea of the facial contortions by which you would indicate: (1) Suspense, (2) Concern, (3) Agony, (4) Horror, (5) Despair. How do you employ your hands in each case?

Have you ever performed a comic part without finding it necessary to redden your nose?

6. Has an author in your opinion any right to insist upon his lines being spoken *verbatim* so long as the general sense is retained?

Are you in the habit of making any distinction between your methods of delivering Blank Verse and Prose? How do you do it?

7. How often have you impersonated a French Marquis in Amateur Theatricals? Write down, as you would pronounce them, the words: *Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, bon voyage, au revoir.*

PART B.—For Female Candidates only.

1. Which should you say was, on the whole, your most successful amateur creation—*Juliet, Pauline, or Polly in Caste*?

Could you throw yourself thoroughly into the part of a parlour-maid if you were required to remove all your rings, and were not allowed an apron with pockets in it?

2. Does your *forte* lie in humorous character-parts? If at any time you should have to make up as a household drudge in a farcical comedy, would you be satisfied so long as you preserved any resemblance to a civilised human being?

3. How would you enter a room and sit down in the character of (1) A strong-minded Duchess, (2) a slangy schoolgirl, (3) a wealthy *parvenue*, (4) an adventuress, (5) a person in ordinary good society, (6) a meek dependant? What costume would you suggest for each of these characters? When up the stage, conversing in dumb show with some minor person in the piece, can you think of any by-play appropriate to the particular character you were representing? If so, mention it.

4. How should you indicate: (a) maidenly archness, (b) wounded pride, (c) dawning love, (d) aversion, (e) pretended indifference, (f) a breaking heart: as the heroine of, (1) a Society Drama, (2) A Problem Play, (3) A Musical Comedy?

5. Do you find that you can act just as well or better without knowing anything of the story of a play beyond the scenes in which you are personally concerned?

6. In how many seconds can you write a long and important letter on the stage? Is it necessary to write any address on the envelope?

7. Do you possess a motor-car? If you were entrusted with an *ingénue* part at a pupils' *matinée*, should you insist on all your frocks being made by your own dressmaker?

HINTS ON HATS.

(By our Millinery Expert.)

EXCELLENT advice under the heading "How to choose a Hat" is offered to the readers of the *Daily Express*, but some of the items require a little explanation for the benefit of the uninitiated. Every woman, says the *Daily Express*, should first acquaint herself with the faults or perfections of the back of her head as well as the front. We endorse this up to a certain point, but there is a risk in some cases that overstudy in this direction may lead to a general predilection for the rear aspect.

Many women, we are next told, might be called beauties if they would only realise it. This is not a common difficulty. The only obstacle which the majority has to contend with is a growing disinclination on the part of their friends to appreciate the fact.

The toque—the article goes on to remark—should always be bewitchingly perched above a saucy little nose. That is so, and this advice also applies to the Picture hat, the Early Victorian, the Capeline ombrelle,—and even the Panama is better worn above rather than below that salient point.

There are cases, we are told, when a hat is more becoming to one profile than the other, but a little trouble will obviate the discrepancy. This, however, is too vague for the general public. The only practical remedy is to buy two hats, one to suit each profile, split them down the middle and join the two desirable halves with a little fish glue and stamp paper. The remaining moieties may be similarly connected, and dispatched in one of "Gainsborough's" hat boxes, as a birthday present to a country cousin.

The girl with the wide mouth, large nose and high cheek-bones is recommended to avoid close-fitting shapes, as somewhat risky to her particular style. While concurring with this we suggest that if, in addition, the chin recedes to any extent and the eyes are inclined to goggle, a very chaste effect may be obtained by wearing a coal-scuttle bonnet (now in vogue), and the back hair elaborately coiffured. The bonnet in this case should always be worn hind side before.

First Father. And how's your little girl?

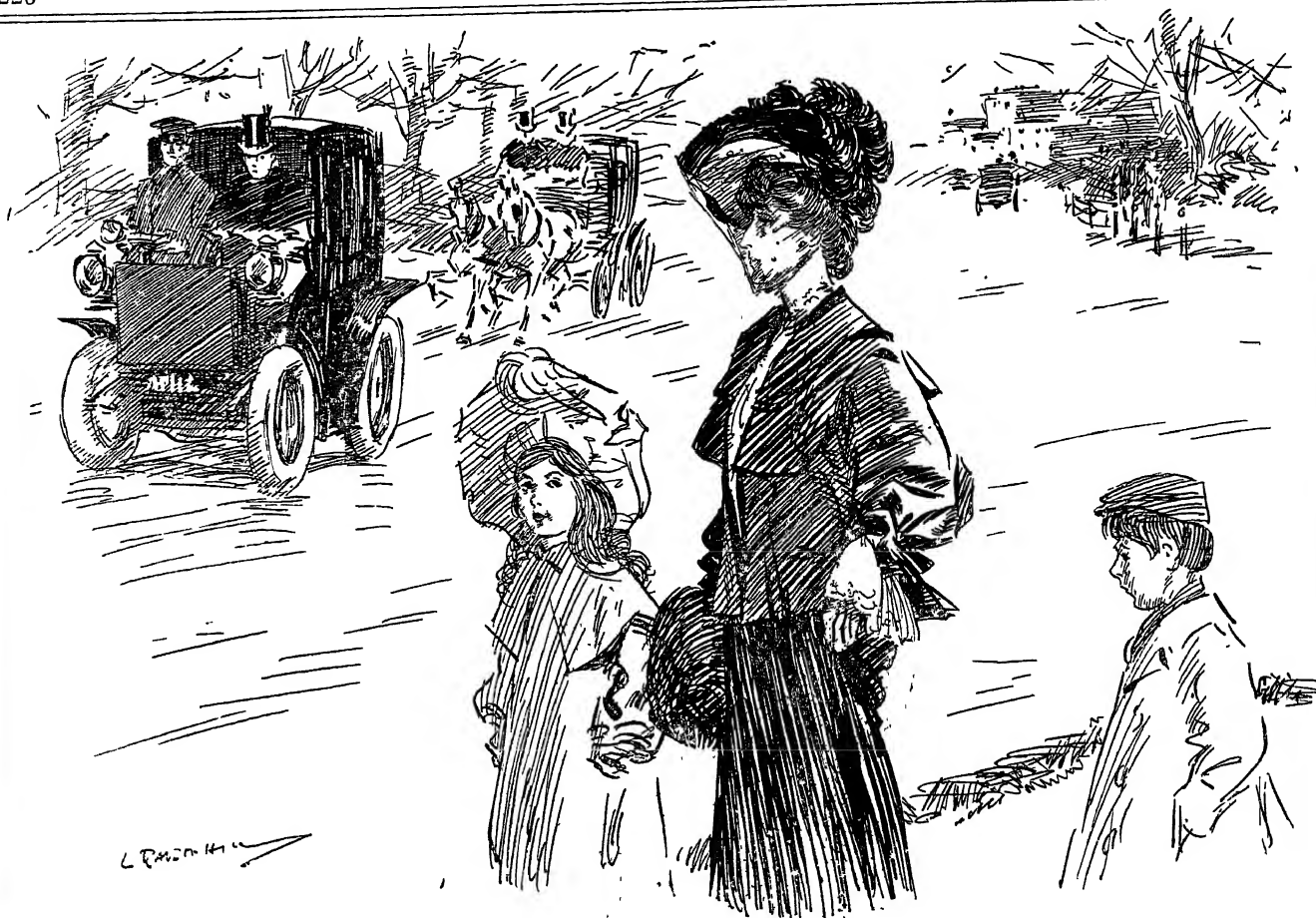
Second Father (widower) Oh, she's a big girl now. I shall soon have to find an idiot for her. How's your son?

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE SAID TO SOMEONE ELSE.



Little Bunderby (to complete stranger, after tasting champagne). "DON'T THINK MUCH OF THIS STUFF, OLD MAN. EH, WHAT?"
Complete Stranger (who happens to be a son of the house). "THE MATER WILL BE SORRY TO HEAR THAT, I'M SURE."

"THE S.P.G. IN NEW GUINEA."—The *Spectator*, reviewing this work, says: "This little picture-book is very instructive. There are men—a 'reclaimed cannibal' on the outside, and 'three Christian teachers' on p. 1 within—native churches and schools and village scenes." This recalls the sad case of the lady who went out for a ride on a tiger, and we are more than sorry for the three Christian teachers who are "within."



SAVING THE SITUATION.

Effie (to whom a motor-brougham is quite a novelty). "OH, MUMMY DEAR, LOOK! THERE'S A FOOTMAN AND A BIG COACHMAN ON THE BOX, AND THERE ISN'T A HORSE OR EVEN A PONY! WHAT ARE THEY THERE FOR?"

Mummy dear (not well versed in electricity and motor-mechanism). "WELL, YOU'VE SEE, EFFIE DEAR—THE— (by a happy inspiration) BUT, DEAR, YOU'RE NOT OLD ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND."

THE VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

SOME people delight to argue and fight,
Whenever occasion arises,
Of the merits which fall to the drama and hall,
And the influence each exercises.
One tells you the play will have soon had its day—
It is only an ancient survival,
Which of course cannot hope in its dotage to cope
With its brilliant and up-to-date rival;
While the others say No! the variety show
Is only a whim of the moment,
And fashion will learn in due course to return
To SHAKESPEARE and FLETCHER and BEAUMONT;
Or new stars will arise in theatrical skies,
And the world once again will be brought to
Appreciate Art, while the Halls will depart,
As, without any question, they ought to.

Both are right—both are wrong. My opinion is strong,
After hearing the matter debated,
That the truth is the mean which is lying between
The dual extremes I have stated.
In the play-house to-be we shall certainly see
The programme that pleases the million
Will become a fresh brew of Lyceum and New,
Combined with the Met. and Pavilion.
It will have just a touch too of BENSON—not much—
And a dash of the Hippodrome's certain

To wind up the show with a turn that will go,
And ensure you a popular curtain.
It will cut matters short and best show you the sort
Of thing that will set the world humming
If I sketch you the bill which is destined to fill
Play-houses in years that are coming.

Turn one should be bright—something comic and light—
Say, costers enjoying a bean,
Just a trifle in which one might see Little TICH
Supported by Mr. DAN LENO.
Turn two—let us say, a Shakspearean play,
Boiled down, and performed by Miss TERRY,
While I think number three with advantage might be
Twenty minutes of gay *Madame Sherry*.
Then I'd have a trapeze, or some highly trained fleas,
For so fond of variety we are—
Next a scene from *Macbeth* where the dagger of death
Is prepared by the tragic Miss FREEAR;
While to follow up that, any turn would fall flat
After *Duncan's* unspeakable slaughter
But the elephants' leap when they rush down the steep
And plunge into real liquid water.

Hostess (to celebrated composer). That was a very fine march of yours.

Discontented Golfer (sotto voce). Hope he'll be more successful with his April.



A MUTUAL SACRIFICE :

OR, L'AUTEL DU LIBRE ÉCHANGE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 21.

—The Irishman's heart is the home of many fine feelings, such as love of country, of family, of home, of the traditions of a high-spirited, richly-gifted race. Most deeply seated of all is the love of order. Trained in patience born of woes that through the centuries have fallen on his distressful country, he has taught himself to bear most distasteful things. Anything approaching breach of order breaks down the barriers of his placid manner, rousing him to almost uncontrollable indignation.

All Irish Members suffer on such occasions; in the particular cases of gentlemen of the temperament of SWIFT MACNEILL and REDMOND *cadet*, horror of disorder makes them almost clamorous. Judge of their feelings just now when SEELY rose to continue debate on C.-B.'s vote of censure upon Ministers in matter of Chinese labour in the Rand, and the Chamberlainites went for him like a pack of hounds that have just nosed the scent.

SEELY objects to importation of Chinese. Claims the right of free-born Englishman rising in the very palladium of liberty to state his opinion. After indulgence in promiscuous burst of howling the gentlemen of England ranged under Unionist flag



WINSTON AND SIR TROUT.
(A Study in Deportment)

Sir Trout. "The vulgarest expression, Sir, came from this honourable Member!"

fell into conversation. This is a little rude when one is making ordered speech. Aggravation increased by loudness of voice. As at certain stages of a drama supers at the back of the stage fall into groups of three or four and, with much gesticulation, enter into animated conversation, so the gentlemen of England on benches immediately behind that by which SEELY stood turned to each other and talked about the weather at the top of their voices.

That was the principal difference between this sudden burst of animated private talk in the House and on the stage. You don't hear what the supers, feigning conversation, say. Remarks of Honourable Members so boisterous as entirely to drown SEELY's observations. After a while up gat WINSTON CHURCHILL. In manner modified by breadth of Irish Channel, he also resents anything approaching disorder in debate. His interposition on the scene for a moment added fresh vivacity. Leaping up from side of Member for ISLE OF WIGHT, he seized him by the shoulders and forced him back into his place. Gentlemen of England looked on approvingly at what had uncommonly close resemblance to a personal assault. Only WINSTON's winning way of introducing himself to notice of SPEAKER.

"Sir," he said, the floor by this means

clear, "owing to the vulgar clamour among the Conservative Party I am quite unable to hear what my hon. friend is saying."

At the moment of course SEELY, breathless in his seat after this unexpected assault, was saying nothing. Sir Trout obligingly supplied a remark.

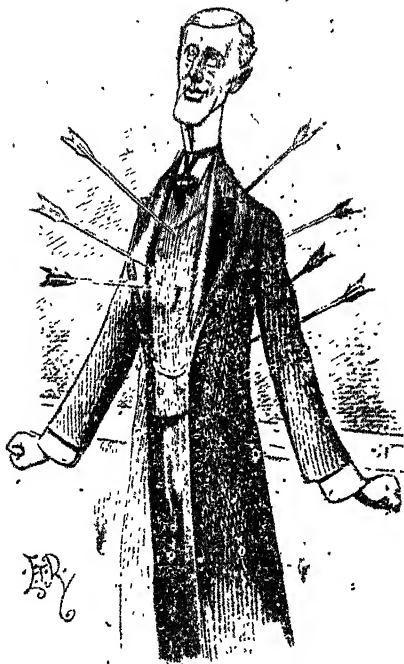
"The vulgarest expression," he said, wagging his hat at WINSTON, "came from this honourable Member."

SWIFT MACNEILL sobbed aloud; REDMOND *cadet*, with hands clasped over his burning face, attempted to shut out the painful scene. Mr. FLAVIN hastily left the House in search of the four policemen who once carried him out shoulder high. They might be wanted again.

Later, PRINCE ARTHUR presenting himself at Table to wind up debate was startled by roar of contumely arising from Irish camp. "'Vide, 'vide, 'vide!' they shouted. For fully five minutes the PREMIER stood waiting for a hearing. "'Vide! 'Vide!" roared SWIFT MACNEILL, bounding india-rubber-ball-wise on the bench, to the terror of compatriots sitting near him.

"Why didn't you enforce order for SEELY?" REDMOND *cadet* sternly asked.

PRINCE ARTHUR, the only placid person in the tumultuous scene, remarked that he had appealed for a hearing for the Member for the ISLE OF WIGHT.



RESIGNATION; OR, THE PARLIAMENTARY
ST. SEBASTIAN.

"I seem to be attacked from so many quarters that in all probability this is the last time I shall address this House."—*Major Seely.*

REDMOND cadet, weeping for departing order, to be comforted.

"Let SEELY speak again," he commanded.

This objected to on obvious grounds, and after some further Yahooing the PREMIER allowed to speak amid occasional interruptions.

A striking scene, likely to have prolonged influence on debate. Saxon Members perceive more clearly than ever that order is the Irishman's first law. He will have it preserved at any cost of lung power or display of the manner traditionally connected with Donnybrook Fair.

Business done.—Government, resisting vote of censure, bring up their majority to fifty-seven.

Wednesday night.—Said Mr. O'MARA just now, "I am not a lover of dogs in the abstract." What breed is a dog in the abstract?

Conversation turned upon second reading of Dogs Bill, the one ewe lamb of the Board of Agriculture as FELLOWES, who has charge of it, described it. Up to to-night Government been shy in pressing forward their legislative programme. Ordinarily on the eve of Easter principal Bills have been introduced. The Dogs Bill a sort of pioneer, sent out to prepare the way for more important measures.

Result of endeavour not wholly satisfactory. Leading provision of Bill makes it a sort of Early Closing Act for Dogs.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day, said Hamlet to his uncle.

"But," adds Uncle FELLOWES, in charge of this Bill, "his day shall close at sunset. As cycles have a lighting-up time, movable with the seasons, so dogs shall have a shutting-up time."

Between sunset and sunrise no dog may stray. As Mr. BAILEY said in moving rejection, it is introducing into dog life the principle of the South African compound.

Mr. O'MARA, turning contemplative gaze from dogs in the abstract to dogs in the concrete, almost drew tears from the clerks at the Table when he described "some poor miserable animal, the joy of a widowed home, seized by the police if it put its head out of doors at night." As for Brother WASON, he poured contempt and scorn on a Bill drafted by some feeble townsman who knew nothing of the ways of a dog with the sheep. Whilst he was instructing the Board of Agriculture in this branch of science the fingers of the clock touched half-past seven, and the Bill was talked out. Debate will have to be begun all over again on another day, with assurance that Opposition will be encouraged by temporary success.

Thus, even in connection with the household kennel, doth misfortune dog the steps of a hapless Government.

Business done.—Very little.

Friday night.—Mr. PICKWICK DAVIES (christened ALFRED) is going to prison. There is precedent for the procedure to be found in the life of his illustrious prototype. Mr. PICKWICK went to prison as the result of the famous case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*. A Passive Resister of what he regarded as the infamous demand of costs put forward by DODSON and FOGG, he submitted to incarceration rather than pay.

"You may try and try and try again," said Mr. PICKWICK, regarding the discomfited attorneys, as the Member for CARMARTHEN was accustomed to look



MR. PICKWICK IN THE POUND.

(Mr. Alfred Davies as a Passive Resister refuses to pay something in the pound.)

across the floor at the ex-Colonial Secretary smiling on the Treasury Bench; "but not one farthing of costs or damages do you ever get from me if I spend the rest of my existence in a debtor's prison."

Our Mr. PICKWICK's approaching retirement does not arise in connection with a breach of promise case, or as the result of counter-machinations on the part of DON JOSÉ. Convinced of the iniquity of the rate levied under the recent Act for the support of denominational education, he has refused to pay it. An unsympathetic Bench gave him a fortnight to think the matter over. If at the termination of that date he is still recalcitrant he will be haled to prison, perhaps have his hair cut.

This prospect to be realised in mid-holiday season, whilst other legislators are enjoying themselves in town or country. The Member for CARMARTHEN

faces his fate with the serene dignity, the unconquerable courage, with which in an earlier age JOHN HAMPDEN resisted demand for ship-money.

Business done.—Private Members'.

MORE AUTHENTIC BLUNDERS.

SIR,—In my new book on MATTHEW ARNOLD, in a quotation from the poem on Kensington Gardens, the compositor originally set one of the best known lines as follows:—

How thick the tremulous sheep cries "Come!"

G. W. E. R.

SIR,—Considering how much more sympathetic one's mother is than one's father, might not the line in *Shakspeare* be finally altered in the new edition to

An eye like Pa's, to threaten and command?

A WISE CHILD.

SIR,—Strange are the vagaries of memory. A recent experience of my own comes, I think, under the heading of Authentic Blunders. I had been learning COLERIDGE's *Kubla Khan* for recitation at a *Daily Express* smoking concert; but try as I would I could not make my tongue say anything but:—

Where ALF, the *Daily Mailer*, ran,
With brothers numberless to man,
Down to a bunless tea.

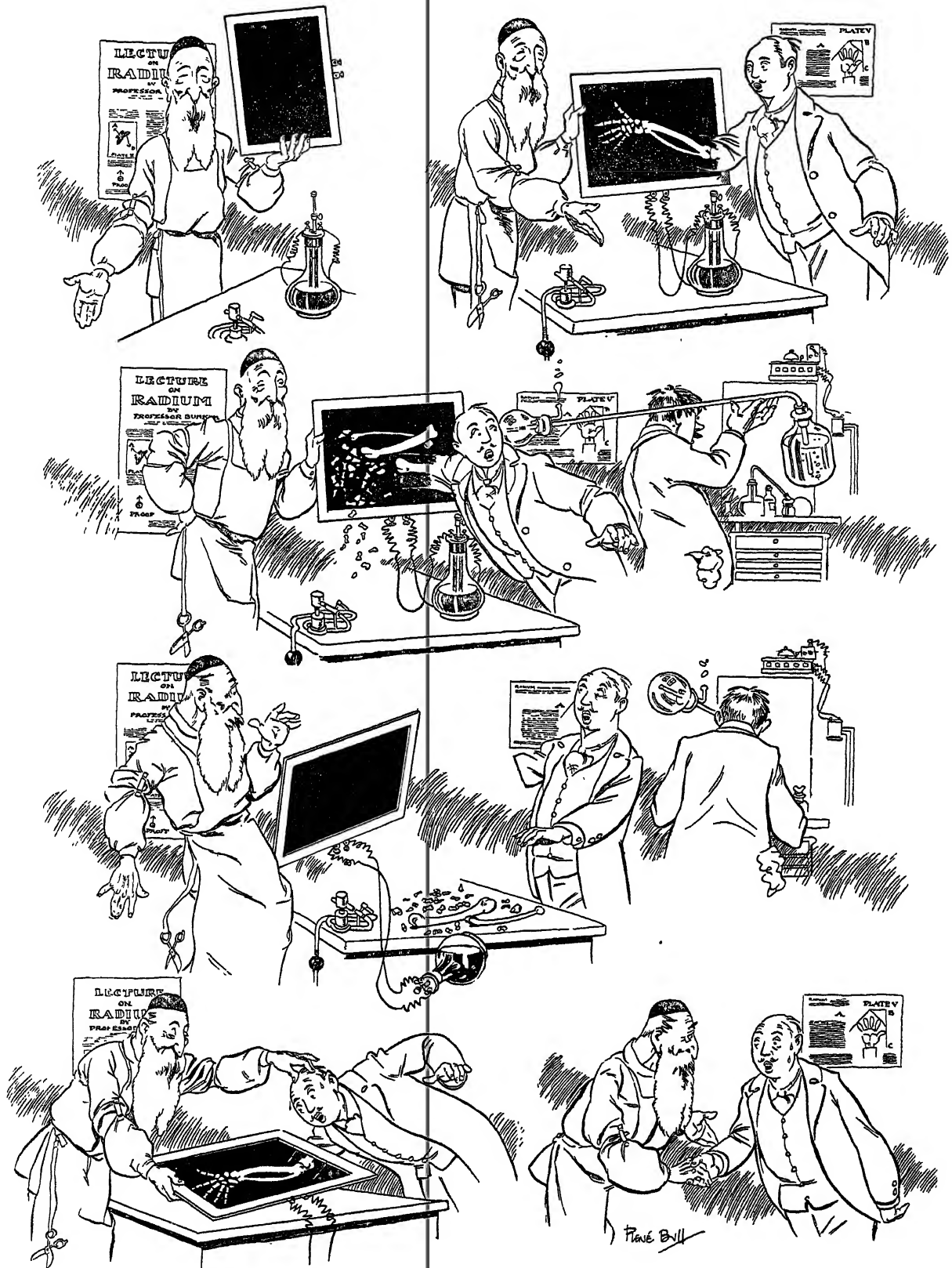
C. A. P.

"BOOKS OF THE WEEK."—Frequently as we see this announcement, yet invariably it is noticeable that the principal books of the week are omitted, which, undoubtedly, are—*The Butcher's Book*, *The Baker's Book*, *The Greengrocer's Book*, and *The Washing Book*. These indeed are the books of the week.

IN PREPARATION FOR THE WAY BY ROAD TO EPSOM, ASCOT, AND GOODWOOD.—Re-opening in new quarters, as advertised, of "Kensington Coaching College." Instructions given by a staff of experienced whips selected from the House. Lessons on the Post-horn by one of a Regiment of Guards always present.

A FIRST FRUIT OF HIS MISSION.—Marquis ITO has been decorated by the Korean EMPEROR with "the Plum Blossom."

It is an old proverb, "Don't reckon without your host." But if I have a host, say at a restaurant, I don't want any reckoning. Should the bill be presented (by mistake) to me, I refer, most politely, to my host. I am the guest. Explain this wise saw to yours truly, a
"MODERN INSTANCE."



"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"; OR, A LECTURE ON RADIUM.

DOMESTIC DRAMA.

THE GOD IN THE PANTRY.

Mrs. Newland. JACK, I believe I've found out why PARKYNS always 'my-lady's' me. He likes us in a way, but he wants to impress upon us the fact that he has lived in 'better' houses than we have. And it's true, you know. He has! And I wish—

Mr. N. Of course he has. He was with that old scoundrel WESSEX. And that's one of the best houses—and the worst—in England. But what's the matter? Surely you're not hankering after—?

Mrs. N. No, it isn't that. And yet—of course I know that we've made heaps of friends. But still, you know, it is true that we've been here more than three years now, and not one of the county people has called.

Parkyns. Lady COWFOLD, my Lady—Mum. In her motor-car. I told her ladyship I would enquire if you was at home, 'M.

Mr. N. Yoicks! Gone away!

Mrs. N. JACK, don't be silly! Oh, why didn't I—yes, PARKYNS; you can say I am at home.

Park. Very good, your Ladysh—Mum.

Mrs. N. It's too provoking. Why did I put on this horrible old frock? you must stay and help me, JACK.

Mr. N. Sorry, darling, but I've got to—no, really, it's not in my line. I'll slip into your sitting-room. Well, good luck. I hope you'll enjoy—

Park. Lady COWFOLD.

Lady Cowfold. D've do! So glad to find you in. I'm generally so unlucky. One of those people who always hold black hands.

Mrs. N. It's very nice of you to come, Lady COWFOLD. Do sit down. You came in your motor, didn't you?

Lady C. One of 'em. We've got five. Of course you—no? Oh, but you'll have to get one. I'll arrange it for you. Fact is, my dear, in these hard times one mus' do what one can. And I rake in a small percentage—oh, ridiculously small—by introduc' my friends to my pet firm. It's a mere nothing, but every little helps, and it'll make no difference to you.

Mrs. N. I should love to. But my husband has a particular—

Lady C. Oh, bother the husbands, my dear. We'll settle it ourselves. Now, tell me, d'you like our part of the world? Let's see. When did you come?

Mrs. N. This was our third Christmas.

Lady C. Ah, then you don't know a soul yet, of course.

Mrs. N. Oh, well, several people have—

Lady C. Huh! The MARTYNS, I s'pose, and the RYMPLES, and those double-

barrelled people, the whatstheirnames, and the MOSENBERGERS and all that lot.

Mrs. N. But I like them. *Mrs. MARTYN* is charming, and the RYMPLES are some of the—

Lady C. Yes? Ah, well, I don't know 'em moi-même. Only know what I hear. But they're all new people. The RYMPLES have only bin here four years, ain't it?

Mrs. N. But surely—isn't that long enough to find out if people are—respectable?

Lady C. I'm told in some counties they do call in the third year. But we're too near London. We're bound to wait.

Mrs. N. Then I ought to feel very much flattered—

Lady C. Oh, you. That's different. I was stayin' with JANE WESSEX the



UNINTENTIONAL IMPERSONATIONS OF ANIMALS—THE SLOTH.

other day, and she asked me to look you up. She hates me, you know, and I don't love her much. But one must oblige people sometimes. And so here I am. And what a charmin' house you've got. And I see you've got PARKYNS. Most respectable man PARKYNS. He was with that old wretch WESSEX, you know. Gave me quite a homely feelin', seein' him here.

Mrs. N. But I don't quite under—oh, you're not going, Lady COWFOLD? Won't you have some tea?

Lady C. Sorry, my dear, but I mustn't. Life's too short for tea. May I have my motor? But you must come over to Byne. It's not a bad old pig-stye, and I'll get people to come and see you. Come and dance next week. And don't have too much to do with the MARTYN lot. I'm an old woman, and I've seen a good bit of the world, and if you take my advice, you'll drop 'em. Ah, here's

PARKYNS. 'Member me, PARKYNS? Well, *au revoir*. Now mind you come.

Mr. N. She gone?

Mrs. N. Yes. She's not a bad old frump, except that she abused the MARTYNS. But, JACK, who do you think asked her to come? The WESSEXES. What can she mean?

Mr. N. H'm, that's rum. There must be some mistake. Certainly neither of us—tea? No, thanks. Oh, PARKYNS, bring me a whisky-and-soda. You're sure she said the WESSEXES? But, my dear, she couldn't have.

Park. Begging your pardon, Sir, if I may be allowed to explain, I think you may attribute her ladyship's visit to me, my Lady—Mum.

Mr. N. You, PARKYNS! What the—!

Park. It was in this way, Sir. Her Grace's maid is a young person with whom I has the habit of corresponding. In fact, I may go so far as to say that the young lady will—ah—

Mr. N. The future Mrs. PARKYNS?

Park. Well, Sir, since you—exactly so. And seeing as how the county people wasn't visiting us, and—you'll excuse me, Mum—but knowing as I do what county families are, and what a lot it takes to break the ice, I took upon myself the liberty of asking Miss SIMCOX to ask her Grace—

Mr. N. The liberty!

Mrs. N. But, PARKYNS, this is most extraordinary behaviour. Do you mean to say that you actually—

Park. It was this way, Mum. Her Grace, 'M, she hates her Ladyship, like two cats; you see she wanted his Lordship, Lord COWFOLD, for herself, and so I ses to Miss SIMCOX, couldn't you persuade her Grace to recommend her Ladyship to call on you, 'M, pretendin' to her Grace that her Ladyship would be committing of a *fo-pa*? Of course, I knowed you was all right, but, ses I to Miss SIMCOX, that don't make no difference with county people, ses I. They wants an introduction. They won't come without, ses I. And, ses she, you leave it to me, Mr. PARKYNS, —oh, she's a cunning one, she is. I'll make that all right, ses she. And she done it.

Mr. N. She has!

Mrs. N. She—oh! Well, PARKYNS, I'm sure you acted from the best of motives, but I think in future—

Mr. N. I think, PARKYNS, that in future—oh, hang it. Just go and get that whisky-and-soda, and I'll—I'll—speak to you afterwards.

Park. Very good, my Lord—Sir.

[Exit PARKYNS.]

Mrs. N. Quite a sort of a CRICHTON, isn't he, JACK?

Mr. N. H'm, yes, and a dashed sight too Admirable for me!

CHARIVARIA.

THE latest development of the campaign against Music Hall sketches is that the ballet is threatened, and many ladies may be thrown out of work at a time when their age will render it difficult for them to obtain other employment.

It is falsely rumoured that the Government, alarmed by the result of recent Elections, is about to make a bold bid for the Radical vote by a big surrender of English rights to France.

The International Dress Exhibition at the Crystal Palace contains a most complete historical section, starting with the leaves in the garden, and finishing up, inside the building, with the latest creation of WORTH. It is exceedingly interesting to trace how dress, originally scanty, for a time increased in scope, and then fell away again to the modern evening dress.

Meanwhile the tendency among the sterner sex seems to be to rise superior to clothes altogether. A man charged with drunkenness at Liverpool last week tore his garments to shreds, and faced the magistrate in his shirt; while, at the Clerkenwell County Court, Judge EDGE had to rebuke a solicitor for appearing before him unrobed.

The anti-corset movement is said to be spreading to officers of the Guards.

The Municipal Council of Holborn having illuminated with gas the transparent face of the church clock of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, the installation was on March 20 solemnly inaugurated by the Mayor. It is also whispered that a new wire litter-box affixed to a lamp-post will shortly be publicly unveiled, and started on its career of usefulness by the insertion of a mayoral speech.

THE PRIME MINISTER has been asked to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the causes of the recent great increase of lunacy in Great Britain. We are afraid that the Education Act is responsible for much of it—especially in Wales.

The rumour that the CZAR intends to end the War in Japanese territory has again been revived. We can only repeat that Japan has no intention of annexing Russian soil.

Last year there was a decrease in the consumption of whisky in this country to the extent of 1,600,000 gallons. This is the biggest drop that has occurred since the year that followed the death of JANE CAKEHEAD.

It never rains but it pours. Only a fortnight ago we drew attention to the way in which our profession was looking up, a Baronet having made some jokes. We now have the honour to announce that last week, at Gibraltar, His Majesty the German EMPEROR was graciously pleased to make two Royal and Imperial jokes.

The fact, elicited in a recent cause

Internal Disorders in the Church.

A HIGH-TONED evening paper publishes an advertisement headed as follows:—

BACK TO THE PULPIT.

What Food did for a Clergyman.

Mr. Punch declines to mention what food it was that "did for" the clergyman; and he cannot help thinking that it would be in better taste if respectable papers drew a veil over these lapses in clerical life, whether due to food or drink.



Lady Maud. "DO YOU THINK IT'S UNLUCKY TO BE MARRIED ON A FRIDAY, SIR JOHN?"
Sir John (confirmed bachelor). "CERTAINLY. BUT WHY MAKE FRIDAY AN EXCEPTION?"

célèbre, that "treating" is done upon a large scale by a certain Detective Agency renders it necessary to state that SLATER'S Restaurants are a distinct concern.

The Opposition must not be caught napping. The Bill introduced by Mr. WALTER LONG with a view to stopping the depredations of prowling dogs is undoubtedly an attempt to deprive a certain section of the population of the benefits of free food.

THERE was a young lady of Spain
Who couldn't go out in the rain;
For she'd lent her umbrella
To Queen ISABELLA,
Who never returned it again.

"THE TEACHING OF ERSE IN IRELAND."—
"Well," says ARRY, "it sounds uncommon funereal. O' course I knew an Erse and plumes and coal-black 'osses is what they call a 'moral lesson.' But why make such a fuss about it in Ireland?"

CONVERSATION FOR COMBATANTS.

["In the preparations for War the Japanese seem to have left nothing undone to contribute to the smooth working of the Army and Navy. A pocket Russo-Japanese dictionary, styled the *Nichi-ro Gunyo Shu-chin Kaiwa*, in which terms relating to naval and military affairs are chiefly noted, was published last month. It is proposed to present about 50,000 volumes to the naval and military authorities. In relations of any kind with the enemy the Japanese will find such a volume most useful."—*Rear-Admiral INGLIS* in the "*Daily Telegraph*."]]

Mr. Punch, strongly approving the wisdom of the above proposal, ventures to go one better, and present to the belligerents a companion volume in the form of a pocket manual of Russo-Japanese conversation suitable to the circumstances. He appends a few extracts:—

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

- (i.) Be so good as to direct me to the scene of hostilities.
- (ii.) I am myself a stranger in these parts.
- (iii.) The battle has commenced.
- (iv.) I find the noise very fatiguing.
- (v.) They are about to fire their guns.
- (vi.) I am unable to remain longer.

ON BOARD SHIP.

- (i.) How many times has the fleet been destroyed?
- (ii.) Pray be careful of the mines.
- (iii.) That is a fine vessel of the enemy.
- (iv.) Here are some torpedoes.
- (v.) I thank you, I have already sufficient.
- (vi.) At what o'clock does the ship sink?

THE ARMISTICE.

- (i.) What cold weather we are having!
- (ii.) How did you leave the { CZAR
MIKADO }?
- (iii.) I trust that the Imperial family is well?
- (iv.) Have you seen Mr. TREE in *The Darling of the Gods*?
- (v.) No, but I saw him in *Resurrection*.
- (vi.) I am delighted to have met you.

THE PRESS.

- (i.) Where is the War Correspondent?
- (ii.) We have cut off his head.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In a modest little volume Mr. ARTHUR BENSON presents a singularly able and informing study of the *Life of Alfred Tennyson* (METHUEN). He describes his object as threefold: to give a simple narrative of the career of one of the most interesting personages of the Nineteenth Century; to present in TENNYSON'S own words and writings his view of the poetical life and character; and to indicate the chief characteristics of his art. The threefold design, deftly woven, has been fully accomplished. Mr. BENSON makes due acknowledgment to assistance derived from the Memoir the present Lord TENNYSON wrote of his father. Having read both, my Baronite prefers the lesser volume. Its author has skimmed the cream off pails of milk wherever he has found them. The result is an enlightening, comprehensive review of an interesting life, immortal work. Mr. BENSON has the gift of illustrating by a sentence a phase or a character. Of TENNYSON'S lamentable excursions into playwriting he says: "It was as though a musician who had reached almost perfection on the violin took up at threescore the practice of the organ." And what can be better than his characterisation of JOWETT: "The refrigerator of timid conversationalists."

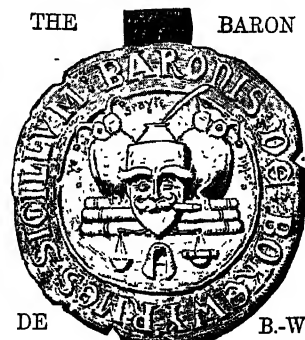
The latest novel by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, entitled *As We*

Forgive Them (F. V. WHITE), is rather suggestive of the KIPLING refrain, once so popular, "Lest we forget." With this inspiration of poet KIPLING'S, as *Jabberjee* would style him, Mr. LE QUEUX'S melodramatic romance has, however, nothing in common. It is an absorbing story; the reader is plunged into mystery after mystery, deeper and deeper, and in the profoundest depth there is ever a depth profounder still. The most experienced novel-plot detective will find himself hopelessly, helplessly, in the dark, until WILLIAM LE Q. appears with his search-light. If, after one straight-through reading of this strange story, an entire class had to pass an examination in it, the Baron would much like to read the answers given by the competitors. Of one thing he is certain: that the prize would not be awarded to him. He is afraid he would come out among the last on the list, even though he were not quite such a goose as to be plucked. But be it understood that the Baron recommends this romance to all who like their literary compounds hot, strong, and not overspiced.

The first volume of the "Literary Lives Series," edited by Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, published by HODDER AND STOUGHTON, is contributed by Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL, who takes MATTHEW ARNOLD as his subject. We are told that the series is intended to "furnish biographical and critical studies of well-known authors of all countries." As far as biographical details are forthcoming, in the way of personal touches revealing character, Mr. RUSSELL has confined himself to four pages at the end of the volume. It is well done, but strikes my Baronite as a little inadequate. It is a mere penn'orth of bread to the inordinate quantity of sack the author sympathetically provides under the heading Theology. Out of a volume of two hundred and sixty-nine pages he devotes fifty-four to this topic.

So much being assigned to this alluring topic, Mr. RUSSELL has hardly anything to say about that slim volume of verse on which for some, possibly misguided, people the fame of MATTHEW ARNOLD is most surely established. These grumblers will scarcely find compensation in the circumstance, testified to on the personal authority of the biographer, that ARNOLD "used with great solemnity and deliberation to turn to the East at the Creed in Harrow School Chapel where the clergy neglected to do so." Doubtless ARNOLD was half-bantering when he wrote of the Young WEMYSS, happily still with us in the House of Lords, "Everybody knows Lord ELCHO'S personal appearance and how admirably he looks the part of our governing classes." Designedly or accidentally, Mr. RUSSELL succeeds in showing that, side by side with his iterated dislike and contempt of the middle class, ARNOLD cherished love for a lord marvellous in a man of his intellectual altitude.

The Baron heartily compliments Mrs. MARY STUART BOYD on *The Man in the Wood* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). Her very original heroine is most captivating, and every character in the attractive story, which is told with true artistic simplicity, is finely conceived and drawn with a firm touch. One point of contact there is with *Great Expectations* by CHARLES DICKENS, and that is at the commencement, where *Veka*, out of pure pity, helps the escaped convict much in the way that *Pip*, terrorised, assisted the fugitive in the marshes who asked him, "You know what wittles is?" The Baron unhesitatingly commends and recommends this work of Mrs. BOYD'S.



CHARIVARIA.

AUSTRIA is preparing an armed demonstration against Turkey, and the Turks, who dearly love a military display, are said to be arranging for special excursion trains to go and see it.

We are sorry to hear it rumoured that there is trouble between Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr. JOHN MORLEY. Mr. JOHN MORLEY has declared that, if the arrangement negotiated between Lord LANSLOWNE and the French Republic should prove to be a satisfactory one, no party feeling would prevent him from saying that he regarded it as a blessing.

It is denied that there is to be an Arbitration Treaty between England and Germany. Mutual love and respect render this unnecessary.

It was announced the other day that the troops at Port Arthur were in excellent spirits, but General STOESEL has now issued an order closing all the public-houses in that place.

The Lord Mayor of LONDON is said to have received a letter of thanks from JOHN TRUNDLEY, of Peckham, for the widening of London Bridge.

A lady tobacconist who recently figured in a breach-of-promise case is now advertising "Try our Breach-of-Promise Cigars." A Breach-of-Promise cigar is, however, scarcely a new idea. We have often purchased a cigar which promised to be a genuine Havana.

Some charming new fashions in mourning apparel for ladies have again made their appearance, and we agree with the fair writer who declares that grief must be peculiarly deep which cannot be assuaged by a *chic* black canvas gown adorned with black taffetas in the form of bands and a broad corselet belt, and finished with a cascade of lace down the backs of the sleeves.

There is little doubt, in fact, that quite the prettiest fancies are now to be found in *robes de deuil*, and hard, indeed, is the lot of those who are not qualified to wear black. The smiling face of the lady who has recently suffered a bereavement, as it peeps forth from under a smart mourning hat, meets with many an envious glance from those who are less fortunate.

Did not SHAKESPEARE say something about a "shining mourning face?"

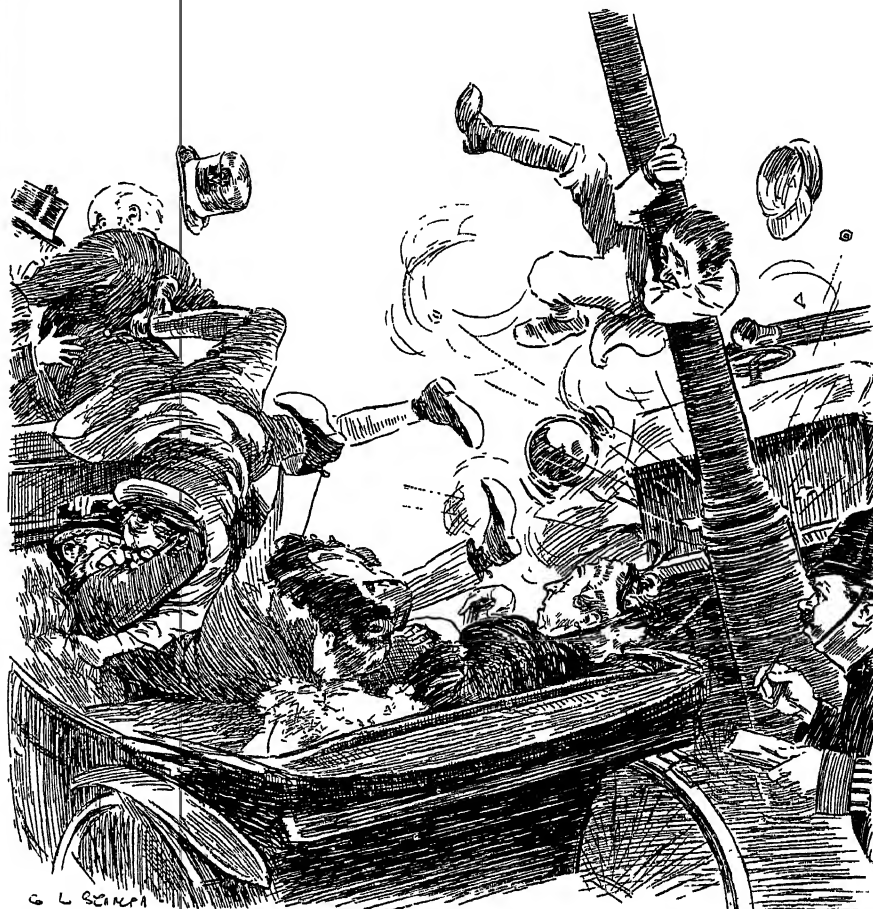
"Are Horse Marines merely creatures

of the fancy?" asks a doubting correspondent, who draws our attention to the fact that one of our most recent men-of-war is said to boast of a pair of sick bays.

Dr. E. CANTLEY, lecturing before the

—which appears when the hammer, handled clumsily, hits the finger-nail.

Mr. W. H. POLLOCK has compiled a book entitled *Animals that have owned us*. We are looking forward to the chapter on JONAH.



FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

FITZ-JONES GOES IN FOR MOTORING AND MIXES IN SOCIETY.

members of the National Health Society on the subject of Babies, declared that the newly-born infant closely resembled a baboon. At that stage, each had a tight grasp, and no bridge to the nose. Later on, the human being develops bridge, and the baboon also gambols.

As large a sum as 2400 guineas was given last week at an auction for a tiny panel by WATTEAU. No wonder the painting is described as "The Guitar Player Surprised."

The serial tale in the *Evening News* is headed, "Beyond Pardon," but those who are reading it declare that it is not really quite so bad as that.

A book has been published entitled *The ABC of Carpentry*. It would seem to stop short of "the D of carpentry"

THE JOLLY JACK TAR.

"We are delighted to hear of the success which has attended the 'informal examination' of aspiring cadets. 'Put the boys at their ease, and see if they have any sense of humour,' was the watchword."—*Evening Paper*."

NEW NAUTICAL COLLEGE.

(For the Sons of Gentlemen.)

Boys are prepared for all Government Informal Examinations. Every attention is given to the development of the pupil's sense of humour.

Principal, Rev. DANIEL LENO.

Assisted by the following highly qualified Professors and Masters:—

Dr. TICH, Rev. R. G. KNOWLES, Prof. GEORGE ROBEY, and Prof. HENRY RANDALL.

Lecturer on Admiralty . . Mr. W. S. GILBERT.

Demonstrator in Unconscious Humour . . Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

REFERENCES are permitted to Laffan's Agency, the President of the Grindelwald Conference, and the Headmaster of Giggleswick.

CONFESSIONAL.

(Being the admissions of a Radical M.P. during his Easter retreat on the Riviera.)

Now drop the mask and lay aside the mummery,
And under Monte Carlo's brazen sky
Over the mutual Chambertin or Pommery
Let augur wink at augur, eye to eye.

Let us for once be frank and tell each other
We do not care one continental blow
Whether the man we call our yellow brother
Is doomed to be a brutish slave or no.

Let us allow that all this fiscal foment,
This stir about the general stomach's weal,
Never involved, for one unguarded moment,
More than a merely academic zeal.

Let us confess to certain pleasing fictions—
The "fight for Truth," the "single-hearted aim"—
And own our "deepest, holiest convictions"
To be but catchwords in the party game.

For here our conscience needs no further blunting;
Here such impediments are lightly shed;
Here we improve the halcyon hour in punting
Upon the even chances—black or red.

A little while (ah! never, never, tell it
In Nonconformist Gath) our souls are free
To prance at will as yonder playful pellet
Prances without consulting you or me.

Then pluck the golden day before its glamour,
Brief as an Easter egg's, is due to wane;
Before the restive pit renews its clamour
And the old solemn farce begins again. O. S.

"AUS EINER KLEINEN GARNISON."

THE critics of Lieutenant BILSE's tedious book seem to have overlooked his description of London in the last chapter. Probably few readers got so far. We English cannot judge of the truth of his accusations against the German army, but we can test the accuracy of his observation by his picture of London.

It is, says he, past eight o'clock on a December evening. The shops are being shut. So far we are in entire agreement with him. But in the next paragraph he has crowds of people hastening along the asphalt. Where are the asphalt footways of London? However, let that pass, like the crowd. From his description of some of the pedestrians, it may be assumed that he is thinking of Regent Street or Piccadilly. He writes, in German, of "*Cabs und Omnibusse*," which are certainly frequent in those thoroughfares, conveying elegant loving couples, veiled ladies, *Börsenbarone* (how does one recognise the Barons of the Stock Exchange?), great merchants, travellers, and so forth. But surely at 8 p.m. the *Börsenbarone* of London would be on the point of dining sumptuously, though their counterparts in Berlin or Frankfurt might then be hastening home to wash down their *Abendessen* with that champagne which, according to Herr BILSE, flows so freely among the military. But let them also pass.

No sooner have we left the belated and starving *Börsenbarone* than we are startled by the sound of tramway bells among the quite German "*elegante Coupés*." But where, dear Mr. BILSE, are the tramways in Piccadilly, unless in a sort of prophetic vision vainly dreamed by the County Council? There is asphalt in Holborn, there are tramways perhaps within hearing, but what Stock Exchange Baron

would go without his dinner and spend the evening in driving in his elegant brougham up and down Holborn?

We have in London what Herr BILSE rightly calls a *Grossstadtstrassenleben*, but somehow we do not seem to recognise it from his very careful description.

When finally his runaway couple, entering an unpretending lodging-house, pass the *Portier* in his little room, we are swept in imagination right away from London, and are certainly in Germany or Austria. Even the last piece of local colour, the interment of the murdered woman, and the suicide in a burial ground, "far out on the banks of the Thames," leaves us still unconvinced and inquiring where that riverside cemetery may be.

TO TATTERS.

No ordinary kind of dog was he,
No thoroughbred of spotless pedigree;
He was in fact that motley kind of hound,
Sometimes preserved, but usually drowned,
Wherein the more specific breeds contend
To form a base unutterable blend.
Briefly he was a frank offence to Art,
Yet when he died it nearly broke my heart!

There are proud beasts who live luxurious days,
Feeding off pheasant bones and mayonnaise;
With velvet coats and baskets lined with satin
To grow bad-tempered and extremely fat in,
Succumbing after lives of bestial ease
To apopleptic fits or Bright's disease.
Not such an one was poor neglected *Tatters*; he
Was rescued from the Lost Dogs' Home in Battersea
By one whose blighted heart concealed a deep
Yearning for something lovable but cheap.
I led him home, and ever as I went
Men eyed his shape with inward merriment,
Or stayed their hurrying footsteps to engage
In vulgar strictures on his parentage.
I led him home and watched his pensive smile
Digesting bones, and thus I mused the while:
"Alas!" I said (addressing the deceased),
"Ill-favoured, outcast, miserable beast,
I too am poor; together let us sup
From Penury's unappetising cup.
I too from Pleasure's paths am held aloof
(By a provoking paucity of oof);
I too through life have found, no less than you,
That kicks are plentiful and halfpence few.
You may have talents that the fancier's eye
Persistently refuses to descry;
And I've a turn for letters which I find
Ever eludes the editorial mind.
Each, too, beneath a crude exterior case,
Conceals a mind replete with every grace,
But which, for reasons not profoundly clear,
Still wastes its sweetness on the atmosphere.
Come, faithful hound (I said), and with me share
My somewhat plain but strictly wholesome fare."

He came with pleasure, and until the end
Remained a true and inexpensive friend.
But now no more he'll gambol free from cares,
And bite the butcher's hireling unawares;
No more incur the vile bull terrier's spleen or
Resent the pampered pug dog's pert demeanour;
No more shall ill-bred youths his pride assail
And tie tin cans to his protesting tail.
Therefore the world seems dark again, for he
Is gone, and oh, the difference to me!



Bernard Partridge

TO MEET THE OTHER ONE.

RT. HON. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N (*soliloquising*). "JOE, MY BOY, LET US TRY TO DRESS—AS WELL AS THINK—IMPERIALLY!"

[“Although no special arrangements have been made for a meeting between the German EMPEROR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in Sicily, it is thought here that very possibly a meeting may take place.”—*Reuter's Agent in Berlin.*]

SCIENTIFIC SKIPPING.

THE *Times* has briefly called attention to a pamphlet by Dr. BOND, of Gloucester, advocating the employment of skipping as an "unsurpassed form of home gymnastics," and the use of his specially devised skipping-rope, called "Girbola," which is intended to facilitate skipping by adults. Mr. Punch is fortunately enabled to supplement the *Times* notice by testimonials from various eminent sufferers who have derived benefit from the new invention:—

DEAR DOCTOR,—After fifty years of agonising immobility, I was persuaded by the perusal of your fascinating pamphlet to give your system a trial. Taking the apparatus on my arm I sallied forth into Kensington Gardens and "girboled" down the Broad Walk. The effect, not only on myself but upon the onlookers, was nothing short of magical. The enthusiasm of the populace literally knew no bounds, and I was escorted back to my house by a veritable cavalcade of corybantic admirers. The Education Act, as Lord ROSEBERY said, is already doomed, but passive resistance, reinforced by the skipping-rope, is hastening its downfall by leaps and bounds. Very faithfully yours,
JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

DEAR SIR,—After trying ski-ing, motoring, tobogganing, and looping-the-loop, I have come to the conclusion that "Girbola" simply bangs the whole blooming lot. Ever sincerely,
RUDYARD SKIPLING.

DEAR SIR,—Your invention has made a New Woman of me. Formerly I could barely wade through ten pages of one of Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH's novels in a fortnight. Now, with the aid of "Girbola," I am finishing his books at the rate of one a day. (Lady) AGRIPPA HASKELL.

DEAR SIR,—Before using "Girbola" my dog was a mastiff. He has now, thanks to your invaluable system, developed into a perfect Schipperke.

Gratefully yours,
BEATRICE BARBICAN.

DEAR SIR,—Kent has long been known as the Hop County. In recognition of your splendid invention I venture to suggest that Gloucester should henceforth be known as the Skip Shire.

Yours humbly, MOTHER SKIPTON.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON wires:—"Please send me a 'Girbola' at once. I want to try it on the Skipper of *Shamrock IV.*"

Why have St. Vitus's Dance? By a judicious blend of Girbola and the Cake Walk, this remarkable distinction, the despair of so many mental scientists, can be cheerfully dispensed with by persons of limited incomes.—[ADVT.]



SEVERE.

Husband-in-waiting. "I MUST TAKE YOU TO SEE THE WOMAN LIGHTNING-CHANGE ARTIST AT THE HALLS."

Wife. "IS SHE GOOD?"

Husband. "GREAT! SHE PUTS ON HER HAT IN LESS THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES."

A BACK NUMBER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The recent success of your "Lost Masterpieces" has encouraged me to start an Annual devoted to similar productions. In choosing a title I hesitated between *The Back Number*, *Smith's Magazine* (after my own name), and *The Nineteenth Century—and Before*; but finally decided in favour of the first of these as having a greater air of freshness than the others. For the opening issue, which bears the date April 1, I have succeeded in securing several articles by well-known masters. Among these I may mention:—

"Crowned Heads I have had to do with, off and on," by Mr. O. CROMWELL.

"A Puzzle Sonnet," by W. S.

"Visits to ELIZABETH," by Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

"A Day with the Little Ones at the Tower," by RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester.

"From Beneath the Speaker's Chair," by Mr. GUY FAWKES.

I should be obliged if you would give this notice the prominence it deserves.

Yours, in the bonds of Editorship,

J. AUGUSTUS SMITH.

CAPSULOID COMEDIES.

(Condensed for Music-Hall Consumption.)

NOTICE.—These elegant and eminently up-to-date preparations are warranted perfectly free from all Wit, Humour, and other extraneous matter, with no trace of the musty eighteenth-century flavour which is so disagreeable to modern palates. They can be taken in ordinary costume, and do not require the old-fashioned powder to make them effective.

No. I.—THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

SCENE 1.—*A Morning-room in the PETER TEAZLE's Maisonette.*

Sir PETER and Lady T. discovered quarrelling.

Sir Peter. I don't want to have any words over it, Lady TEAZLE,—but I must say that the bills you have been running up are something cruel! It isn't as if you'd been brought up to luxury. Before I married you, you were living in a very poor way—no class at all!

Lady Teazle. Well, I'm sure, Sir PETER, and why should I have married a stuffy old josser like you, three times my age, except for his oof? I like to cut a dash and do things in style—and you can't do that on the cheap!

Sir P. Now just you take it from me. These goings on have got to stop—do you hear me?

Lady T. *(with hauteur)*. I hear you, Sir PETER, and, not being wishful to demean myself by having a vulgar row over trifles, I shall now leave the apartment. *[Exit, with dignity.]*

Sir P. *(to himself)*. We lead a cat-and-dog life together—and yet, after all, there's a something about the girl that—*(Enter Sir OLIVER SURFACE)*. What, my old pal, Sir OLIVER! Why, I thought you were at Calcutta.

Sir Oliver. So I was. But I've come over unbeknown, to test the dispositions of my two nephews, JOSEPH and CHARLES. As they have never beheld my old dial they are not likely to recognise my identity.

Sir P. Well, JOSEPH is all right—as moral as they make 'em; but as for CHARLES—oh lor! he is a hot 'un, and no mistake! Up to his ears in debt, and—but soft! unless I'm mistaken, I hear his voice in the passage.

Sir O. He must not spot me as his Uncle OLIVER. Introduce me as a moneylender—Mr. PETER PREMIUM.

Charles Surface *(enters)*. Hullo—'ullo! How goes it, Sir PETER? Who's this old geeser?

Sir P. This gentleman, CHARLES, is Mr. PETER PREMIUM, a moneylender.

Charles. Good biz! Just the party I was looking out for. Mr. PREMIUM, can you oblige me with a temporary advance? Sorry to say I've no security left to offer you—except the family portraits.

Sir O. The family portraits! *(Aside)* The young waster! *(Aloud)* Surely you wouldn't part with them?

Charles. You can have the whole boiling for three hundred quid—that is, except the likeness of my Uncle NOLL. The old bird's always done the handsome by me, so I shall stick to his picture.

Sir O. *(aside)*. He has a feeling heart after all! But I will test him further. *(Aloud)* As it happens, that is just the portrait I want most. I'll give you another three hundred for your Uncle NOLL. Is it a deal?

Charles. Not much! Put up your dirty splosh, little PREMIUM! Uncle NOLL ain't for sale, and there you have it in a word!

Sir O. *(aside)*. A noble nature! *(Aloud, offering notes)* Well, well, here is the three hundred for the others.

Charles. You can pass 'em on to a Mr. STANLEY, who has written to me for assistance—an old chum of Uncle OLIVER's who is down on his luck. I promised I'd give him a leg over. *[Exit, whistling.]*

Sir P. Well, now you see what a careless extravagant young chap CHARLES is. Parts with everything he has!

Sir O. Except my picture! *(Looks out of window.)* But

who is the serious young man in black I see approaching your front door?

Sir P. Your nephew JOSEPH—who is very different to what CHARLES is—I shouldn't wonder if he was coming to call here.

Sir O. Then I will test him next. Introduce me to him as Mr. STANLEY.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.

Joseph. I came to inquire after your health, Sir PETER. For the man who neglects the calls of friendship—

Sir P. As moral as ever, I see, JOSEPH! Mr. STANLEY—Mr. JOSEPH SURFACE. Mr. JOSEPH SURFACE—Mr. STANLEY. Now you know one another.

Sir O. I am an old friend of your Uncle OLIVER's, Sir, and, being unfortunately stoney-broke at present, I should take it very kind if you could see your way to assisting me with a trifle till the luck turns.

Joseph. Believe me, my dear Sir, I would willingly do so if I could. But, alas! I haven't a stiver to spare!

Sir O. Why, I thought your rich Uncle OLIVER supplied you with—?

Joseph. Uncle OLIVER! Oh dear no. He's very near. Why, he never sent me anything in his life—except one of those nests of painted boxes which you can buy for a bob in Oxford Street!

Sir O. *(aside)*. And I've allowed this beauty five hundred a year! *(Aloud)* Ah, I wasn't aware of that.

Joseph. No, of course not—but it's a fact. All I can do is to put in a word for you with my Uncle, if I get the chance, and I'll promise that with all the pleasure in life.

Sir O. That's uncommonly good of you! Sir PETER, a word with you in private. *[Exit with Sir P.]*

Joseph *(alone, to himself)*. That's the worst of being a good young man. Everybody expects you to help them. I am up a bit of a stick. I am really courting MARIA, who is an heiress and Sir PETER's ward—but I have, somehow, got into a serious flirtation with Lady TEAZLE. Here comes MARIA.—No, it's Lady T. *(Enter Lady TEAZLE.)* I called to try if I couldn't get you to come and see my library this afternoon.

Lady T. What, alone? But shall I not be compromising my reputation?

Joseph. Not you! Don't you run away with any such idea. My reputation's good enough for two any day.

Lady T. In that case, perhaps, I may risk it. *[Exit R.]*

Joseph *(aside)*. I do not want her particularly—but she is mine—mine! *[Exit L. Change to:—]*

SCENE 2.—*A Library in JOSEPH SURFACE's Flat.* JOSEPH discovered, alone.

Joseph *(at window)*. A cab! Lady T. at last! Those old cats opposite must not see her here. I will place this screen before the window. *(He does so. Enter Lady T.)* Why, Lady T., you do look upset. Take a chair.

Lady T. I am rather put out. Lady SNEERWELL, Mrs. CANDOUR, and all that lot have been saying such nasty ill-natured things about me and your brother CHARLES. And Sir PETER is getting the hump over it. Though I'm sure he's no reason to!

Joseph. Believe me, the best way to preserve your reputation is to lose it. And by this hand, which Sir PETER is unworthy of—*[Seizes her hand; a knock at the door.]*

Lady T. Sir PETER's knock! I know it well! Where shall I hide? Ah, I will nip behind this screen till he is gone. *[She does so.]*

Joseph *(seats himself at table with book as Sir P. enters)*. Is that you, Sir PETER? Pardon me, I was so absorbed in my studies that—

Sir P. Ever the bookworm, I perceive. But I came to consult you about this gossip concerning my wife and your brother CHARLES.

Joseph. Dear, dear me. I shouldn't have thought it of CHARLES. It really is downright sickening!

Sir P. I knew you'd be shocked. A moral young man like you, who is courting MARIA. The fact is, Lady T. and I can't go on together any longer; but, as I can't help being fond of her, I'm going to make her a handsome allowance, and leave her everything when I go off the hooks. What a slap-up screen you've got there!

Joseph. It is rather a choice article. (*Whistling heard outside.*) Confound it—here's CHARLES!

Sir P. I've an idea. You pump him about Lady T., and I'll get behind that screen and listen.

Joseph. Not there! Fact is, there's a little French milliner behind that. She wouldn't like you to see her.

Sir P. Ho-ho-ho! So you're no better than the rest of 'em, eh? All right, this cupboard will do me.

[*Gets into cupboard.*]

Charles (enters). What-ho? So you're all alone by yourself, are you?

Joseph. Er—quite so. And I want to speak to you seriously, CHARLES, about the way in which you have been disturbing the domestic peace of that worthy man, Sir PETER TEAZLE.

Charles. What, me! Go along! Who are you getting at now? Why, it's MARIA I'm after. I always thought you were the one Lady T.—

Joseph. Chuck it, can't you! Sir PETER's in that cupboard there—he'll hear you!

Charles. I'll soon have him out of that. (*Drags Sir P. out of cupboard.*) Hul-lo—ullo—what are you playing at in there?

Sir Peter. I was only listening, but I heard quite enough to clear your character. (*A ring outside.*) Why, JOSEPH, you're not going?

Joseph. Visitors—I must put them off. (*Aside to Sir P.*) Mind you don't let on about the milliner. [*Exit.*]

Charles. Regular strait-laced chap JOSEPH is, ain't he?

Sir P. Ho-ho—not so much as you fancy! Why, he's got a little French milliner behind that screen there!

Charles. JOSEPH has? I say, what a game! I'll have her out! (*Throws down screen, as JOSEPH returns with Sir OLIVER.*) Great Scott! It's Lady TEAZLE! (*Sensation; picture.*) So she's the little French—ha-ha-ha! Who's disturbing Sir PETER's domestic peace now, eh, JOE?

Joseph. I can explain all. The truth is—

Lady T. A lie, Sir PETER. I came very near being taken in by the insidious artfulness of that canting humbug—but since I overheard your very handsome intentions towards me, I have come to



—A.T. SMITH—

RATES AND TAXES.

Ronald. "MOTHER, IS THERE A TAX ON BABIES?"

Mother. "No, RONALD. WHY?"

Ronald. "BECAUSE, MOTHER, IN THE PAPER IT SAYS THAT THE BIRTH RATE IS LOWER THIS MONTH."

my senses, and now see the error of my conduct.

Sir P. Then we will say no more about it, and never differ again!

[*They embrace.*]

Sir O. Hooray—hooray!

Charles. Here, what's little PREMIUM hooraying for?—it's no business of his. Come, you hook it!

Joseph. Excuse me, his name isn't PREMIUM—it's STANLEY. Get out, Mr. STANLEY. After this I decline to speak for you to my Uncle OLIVER.

Sir O. Do you, though? I happen to be your Uncle OLIVER. CHARLES, my boy, as you wouldn't part with my portrait, I will pay all your debts.

Sir P. And I will give him the hand of my ward, MARIA. As for JOSEPH—

Lady T. We will leave the white-livered sneak to his own reflections. Come, Sir PETER.

Joseph. One moment. The man who can endure to be misunderstood without sentiments of—

Sir P. Oh, blow your sentiments! We've had quite enough of them—and you too!

[*Exit with Lady T., Sir O. and CHARLES following.*]

Joseph (alone). I begin to see, too late, that Hypocrisy is not always the best Policy!

(*Curtain.*) F. A.

THE name of the new "Trust" public-house, "The Waterman's Arms," has led many into the error of supposing that it is a temperance establishment. We are informed that to avoid similar mistakes in the future the next one to be built will be called "The Moderate Consumer's Legs."

HOLIDAY HINTS.

(By the Expert Wrinkler.)

WHERE to spend Saturday to Monday is, of course, the prevailing and stubborn problem in many of the stately homes of England. What then must be the difficulty when the question to be answered is where to spend the Easter holidays? The reply depends, of course, very much upon the time that can be expended upon the vacation. If, to take an example, a gentleman has only a week at his disposal, it is little use his thinking very seriously of India or the Cape; but Paris is, of course, well within his power. Given a fortnight he might get as far as Rome if he wished to, although for my part I prefer Monte. On this favourite resort, however, I need not dwell at present, as my readers will remember a paragraph on Monte and suitable costume there which I wrote some two or three years ago on the occasion of one of the infrequent breakings of the bank.

THE IDEAL EQUIPMENT.

Any gentleman who really wishes to acquire a reputation as a citizen of the world must be supplied with a large number of travelling outfits which he can pack at a moment's notice. A compendious bag fitted with requirements for the moors is always handy under my bed; and I am ready to start for the Riviera, the Normandy coast, Paris, Switzerland, the Bavarian Alps, the Rhine, Norway, Palestine, Iceland, at ten minutes notice, according as the invitation may be worded. No gentleman at all in demand can afford to dispense with such preparations. But to make travel really pleasant, remember that you must not only do in Rome as Rome does, but you must dress as Rome (or Paris) expects you to.

THE NEEDS OF PARIS.

Paris being the favourite Easter resort I cannot do better, even at the risk of repeating myself, than give a few hints as to costume in the gay city. A strong light suit of tweed dittoes, of a pronounced check pattern, should be the basis of one's wardrobe. By way of headgear a deer-stalker, a cloth, or best of all, a pith helmet, is *de rigueur* in the English visitor, and if you are not provided by Nature with side-whiskers and long projecting front teeth, you must call in the resources of art to make good these deficiencies.

A SENSIBLE SWISS OUTFIT.

For a Swiss tour I should recommend the following outfit. A dome-shaped celluloid hat for resisting the impact of avalanches: two climbing suits of stout Welsh homespun or Irish frieze (do not make the mistake of wounding the

susceptibilities of the local fauna by choosing chamois-leather, otherwise an excellent substance); hot-water tube puttees and porpoise-hide brogues. A good supply of alpenstocks and blue veils is indispensable. For hotel life I recommend tourists to take their own mosquito curtains, a pianola, and a portable swimming-bath. The changes of temperature in Switzerland are so sudden that one must be prepared for every emergency. If the noontide glare has to be faced, bombazine bloomers will be found most refreshing. But if the Matterhorn is to be scaled by moonlight you cannot be too warmly clad.

NATIONAL COSTUME.

What I would impress on any intending traveller, then, is to be prepared within certain limits to accommodate his dress to that of the country he proposes to visit. It is quite a mistake to suppose that this will involve any serious outlay. Foreigners, though sensitive, are considerate, and will not expect strangers to adopt every detail of their national costume. For instance, I have found that the alterations needful for a visit to Vienna are very few indeed. The absolute minimum is a butterfly tie, but I should also recommend a bottle of *pommade Hongroise* and a tall hat with a flat brim. The ordinary brim can be made to lie flat with a little coaxing, and can be curled up afterwards by any good hatter. High heels also create a favourable impression on the foreign mind, and if you take a black coat be sure that it is heavily braided.

THE TYROL AND ITALY.

I knew a man who said that you would be welcomed anywhere in the Tyrol if you could only jodel. Personally, though I think that a little *tul-lul-liety!* may be a passport to the affections of the Tyrolese peasant, it has no influence whatever with hotel-keepers. For Italy a velvet or velveteen coat will make you feel at home, and if this should prove beyond the resources of your purse then I strongly recommend earrings as the irreducible minimum. The preliminary operation, I admit, is a little painful, but it soon passes off. Earrings, with a red Garibaldi shirt and a Byron tie, give a man a very stylish and thoroughly peninsular appearance.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BEAU BRUMMEL (Bucks).—(1) I should recommend your using a patent safety razor; (2) If your man cannot tie your white ties satisfactorily, I should buy them already made-up.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE (Putney).—If you do not like to advertise the fact that you are a teetotaler, arrange with the waiter that when you order Kümmel he shall bring you plain water in a liqueur glass.

LOTHARIO (Camden Town).—A cheap and useful present for your *fiancée* would be a box of a dozen "Delicia" handkerchiefs. They are made in extremely pretty designs, and only cost 6½d. the box.

"THINGS SEEN."

(With apologies to the fortunate observers of the "Daily Chronicle.")

PERIL.

THE *Kohinoor* with urgent paddles forced her implacable insistent way towards Margate. The sea basked in opalescent beauty implicit with repose. We were nearing our destination rapidly; the friendly pier even now beacons in the offing, when an arresting thing happened. Far on the horizon a huge steamer loomed, making, as it seemed, straight for our teeming craft.

The suspense was terrible. Would she run us down? Every minute brought her nearer: she could not be more than a mile away. Would our helmsman be equal to the occasion? On every side I saw the bright eyes of danger, as STEVENSON calls them. Women, lately so vocal, were still; strong men laid aside their pipes. The Captain, stern and white, implicit with determination, gripped the rail of the bridge.

Thus passed the minutes until the two vessels were broadside, the other about a quarter of a mile to port, and a great outstanding shout of relief went up from every throat.

At that moment my eye chanced on a leaflet which had been dropped by some proselytising tripper. It was entitled, "In the midst of life we are in death." I shuddered as I thought of the escape, and immediately afterwards was giving a penny to a member of a minstrel troupe. Such is life, a mingled yarn.

SPEED.

It was the last 'bus. With the lights of home before him the driver laid on the lash with a will, and away we sped, like the wind. In the exaltation of that delirious pace I lifted my voice and sang loud and lustily. A phrase of WHITMAN's had been obsessing me all day with dull insistence, and I sang it now:

There is no stoppage and never can be stoppage. If I, you, and the world, and all beneath, or upon their surfaces, were this moment reduced to a pallid ghost, it would not avail in the long run, We should surely bring up again where we now stand, And surely go as much farther, and farther, and farther.

On we went, on and on, past houses and lamp-posts and policemen, and all the while I sang, oblivious to all save the arresting rapture of flight.

At length I was interrupted by a



Algy (suddenly taking the change out of his pocket and examining it). "I SAY, OLD MAN, WHAT DO YOU THINK? I GAVE OUR CABBIE A SOVEREIGN AND A SIXPENCE FOR BRINGING US HERE FROM THE CLUB!"

Freddie. "MY DEAR F'LLA, YOU'RE ALWAYS OVERDOIN' IT. A SOVEREIGN WOULD HAVE BEEN AMPLE!"

hand on my shoulder and a voice saying, "Now, then, Guvnor, when you've quite done. Can't have all this row going on in the yard." I glanced round. We were truly in the yard, and the horses were already in their stalls. I could hear the sound of their insistent vegetarian munching.

Sadly I retraced the mile to my lodgings. As I did so I stumbled over a book carelessly dropped by a passer-by. It was STEVENSON'S *Men and Books*. The page fell open at the essay on WHITMAN, and I read in the sickly light of the gas, "No singer, it is true, this brave WALT: but there are better things than song."

KNOWLEDGE.

The large dining-hall was full. It buzzed with badinage and good fellowship. Around me sat all that was best in public life, literature and art—met together to the glory of that old Persian poet who left us this rich and ruddy credo. Here was a critic whose lightest word means fame or despair to a thousand authors; there a poet whose mere name sets every heart athrob with ex-

pectant ecstasy. Next me was a novelist to whom the human soul has no secrets. Philosophers, playwrights, humourists, publicists, sat side by side, made one by the federating powers of wit and devotion. London had surpassed even her brilliant outstanding self.

Suddenly some one propounded a simple problem—"How many parts of speech are there?" Individual opinion was asked. The question ran insistent from guest to guest. "Four," said one; "five," another; "thirty-nine," a third hazarded; and so on—all visibly uneasy. No one knew for certain.

In the midst of this perplexity a waiter chanced to pause behind my chair—a slight pale youth who had attended to me very badly. I put the question to him.

"Nine," he said.

Ah, mystery of human life, paradox of learning! The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

A DISCIPLE.

Just as I turned into Holborn I perceived the small eager compact insistent crowd that indicates that a horse is

down. I peered over the heads of the surging spectators at the supine friend of man. It was a chestnut mare of some thirty summers.

"Yes, Sir," said the policeman to whom I put the usual question. "Yes, Sir" (they always call me Sir, and I never omit to say so). "Yes, Sir, it's a horse down, sure enough. But as EMERSON says, 'We cannot always be on our feet.'"

I grasped his hand: "You, too, know the sweet Sage of Concord?"

"Know him?" said the policeman, "blimy, Sir, he's beef and beer to me!"

A VERY young lady of Shoreham
Stole some clothes of her brother's and
wore 'em;

But her family said,
As they sent her to bed,
That it showed a great want of decorum.

Village Postmistress (reading over telegram). "Detained cannot dine with you to-night." Wad ye no say ye're sorry, Sir? Ye can dae it for the saxpence.



THE EASTER VACATION.

Owner. "WELL, THE POOR OLD MOKE AIN'T BEEN QUITE 'ISSELF LATELY, SO WE THOUGHT A DAY IN THE COUNTRY 'UD DO 'IM GOOD!"

FRONTI NULLA FIDES.

[TOMPKINS, having religiously read the leading articles and political news, hunts through his newspaper for something interesting. He hits on a likely looking paragraph.]

THIS sounds as if it should appeal to me;
I like to keep abreast of modern thought;
"A scientist's superb discovery!
New theory with vital interest fraught."

I wonder what the new discovery is!
Something of vast importance, I've no doubt;
It's marvellous what clever theories
These scientific men keep throwing out.

I'll wager now that one of these great guns
Has soared above earth's trivial cares and strife,
Grappled with worlds, wrung truth from far-off suns,
And solved the deepest mysteries of life.

Unconquered, undeterred by space or time,
With balanced mind he sifted false from true,

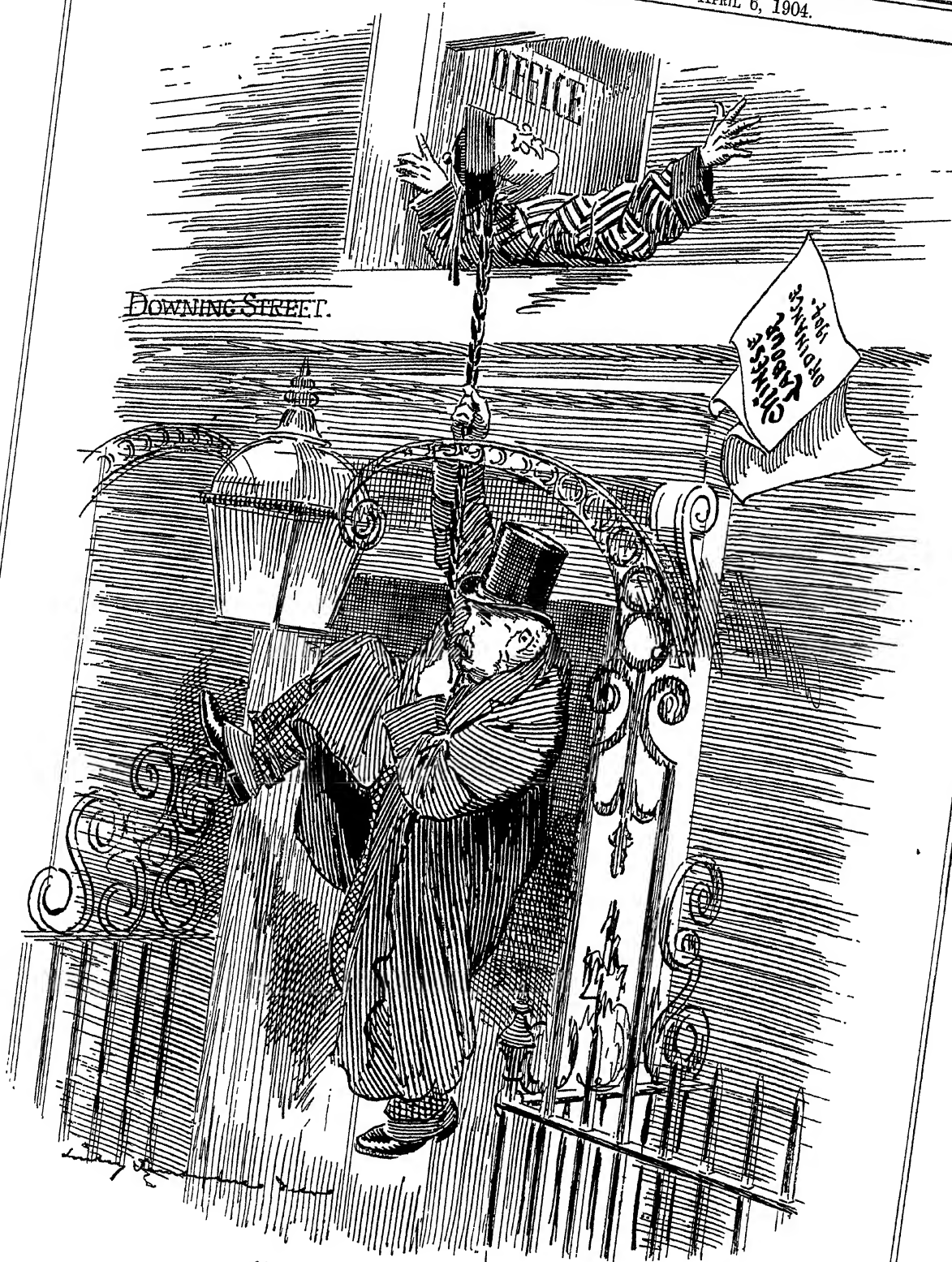
And here, in language cogently sublime,
He gives the issue. Come! let's read it through.

"Man's destiny is hidden in the stars";
(That's a good phrase, by George! and comes out pat.)
"We get no help from Jupiter and Mars."
(H'm, yes! That's so. I've often thought of that.)

"Pure scientific Truth must be our guide;
With her we search through Nature's wide domain.
What do we find? We see on every side
That man's inheritance is one of pain."

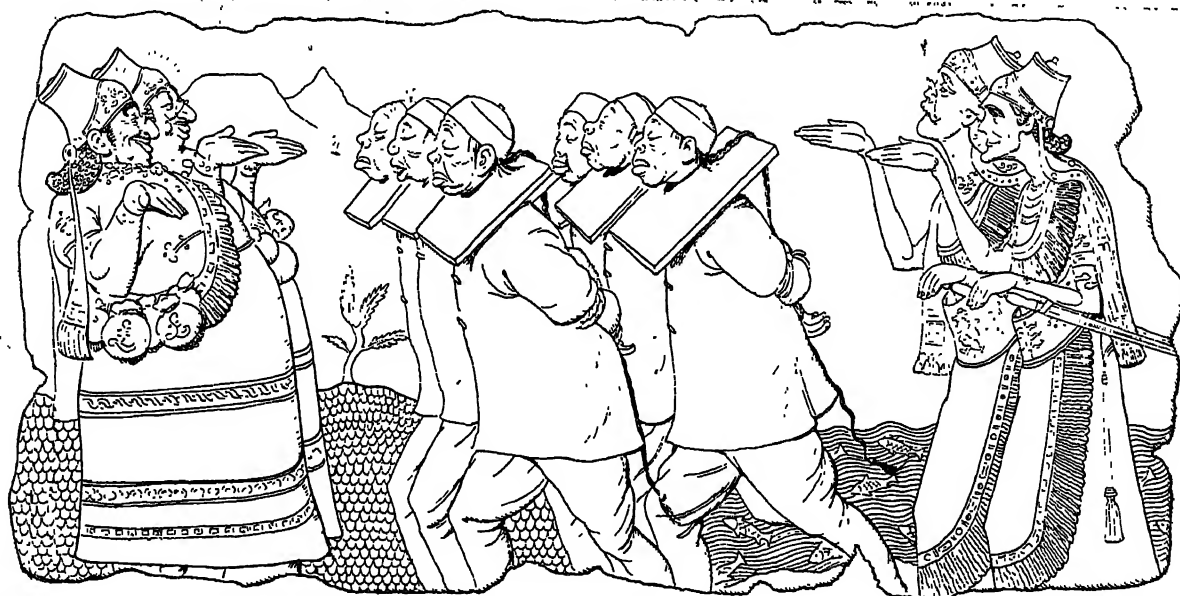
(That's true. We've got to put up with a lot.)
"But shall his soul on that account despair?
Can Science labour vainly? May we not
Find means to lift the load he has to bear?"

"At last a remedy is found," (That's good!)
"A perfect anodyne for daily ills.
Would you be happy?" (Yes, of course I would.)
"Then send for *Piccola Maria's Pills*!"



"TAILS, I WIN!"
RT. HON. SIR H. C.-B. "HERE'S A BIT OF LUCK! BEST CHANCE I'VE YET HAD OF
GETTING IN!"

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



SEVENTEENTH FRAGMENT.

1. ORSTIN-THAPERKIH, the offspring of Isdad
2. the great Shuv-menébar,
3. the taxer of imports, the Hafbari Mahdi
4. whose eye looked through crystal, the lord
5. of *invektiv* (the son did the taxing while
6. he did the *rating*), lord of Goit
7. and Givitem; who, slightly affected by
8. *megal-oményah*, appointed commissions
9. under *hisroil-saiphar*; and from sheer force
10. of habit, returning from Egypt, as he
11. got in his *hansamm*, called up to the
12. driver, "Home—Búkinam-palis." one can quite understand it.
13. (Let's see, where was I? oh!) Orstin-thaperkih
14. in the Treasury did sit
15. face to face with the Bujit . . and much midnight
16. oil did he lavish upon it. (It was rather rough
17. luck that a shortage of money afflicted the country . . .
18. . . a *démnishan-déffisit*. Malicious opponents said
19. all of it due to
20. the *vagériz* of Ispar.)
21. And just about this time an obvious feeling
22. of abject foreboding spread all through the ranks of
23. the *Yunyanis-tpâti*; things looked a Bît-rokki
24. they got a Bît-sherti and couldn't stand speeches from Uinstan and Silih,
25. ostentatiously folding their *Bur-menam-tógaz* around them and leaving the building
26. —a petulant insult
27. The Bît-Phunki, the Bît-shivvri, the Bît-shéki
28. did quake like the aspen.
29. For there came in from all sides
30. *marroh-phrisin* reports of how
31. strongholds were falling all over
32. the country; Argailshah, Ist-dorsit, Midháfad
33. (etsettrah) (Mene, Mene, and Tekel, and likewise
34. Upharsin—as plain as a pike-staff!) . . .
35. For the Sobbaz and Rantaz, and wearers of broadcloth,
36. the thumpers of tubs of the largest *kalibah*,
37. had at last got a war-cry that paid like; were running *amok*
38. in Colonial matters, tearing passion to
39. tatters, consumed by the same old
40. astounding delusion . . . they were saving their country
41. from moral destruction by damning it
42. wholesale.
43. They'd discovered a brand-new description of
44. slave-trade (for which Arthab-ál-Plur and Milnah and others
45. deserved to be tattooed all over
46. broad-arrows!)
47. They painted a picture transpontine and lurid;
48. poor natives of China dragged off by their
49. *pigh-téls* by Downing Street statesmen, deluded and shrieking;
50. from the midst of their sorrowing friends and relations,
51. their poor, yellow faces all haggard and tear-stained
52. till . . really (excuse me one moment!
53. Thanks, now I feel better!) . . .
54. carted off in the hold of a slave-ship and treated
55. like rodents; then driven in herds
56. (under Hebrew task-masters with prominent noses, in diamond studs
57. and massive gold watch-chains)
58. to the hideous workings where no light ever enters,
59. there to slave for their brutal detestable drivers
60. in cimmerian darkness (what on earth is cimmerian? Still, I like it, . . .
61. it sounds well!)
62. till dragged to their dungeons,—their nauseous compounds.
63. —A yellow edition of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*;—in the year
64. nineteen hundred and four it's too shocking!!
65. And all this while sober, available white men

66. are eagerly waiting on piers and on platforms (but mostly on *platforms*) for rapid

67. transhipment.—Respectable members of British trades unions!

68.—all ousted for these yellow, almond-eyed martyrs,

69. poor, caged orientals who pine for their usual

70. luncheon of puppy, sobbing heart-broken prayers to the spurious

71. splendour of Brummagem idols

72. They really persuaded electrified workmen

73. (at late *bai-elékshans*)

74. that *their* ardent desires were ruthlessly blighted by this influx

75. of *pigh-téls*; but they haven't, *lorblessyah*,

76. the smallest intention of leaving a country like England

77. where pubs are so handy and strikes are so frequent

78. and football editions come out every half-hour

79. (it is strange how athletic these workmen are getting

80.—by proxy! I shrewdly suspect there is some other motive!)

81. If they went to the Transvaal, I fancy it

82. wouldn't be long before work was suspended

83. to attend semi-finals,—

84. the Kaffir Corinthians versus Hotten(ham)tots purs

85. . . . or something of that sort.

86. What remarkable friendships these philanthropist persons

87. contrive to get hold of! . . .

88. Having wept on the shoulders of towzled Boer leaders

89. and moistened the heaving and redolent *jibbahs*

90. of *unsehvari-arabz*,

91. they throw their *ekstatikh*, hysterik embraces

92. (clasping black - thread - gloved fingers)

93. round the necks of astonished *haipothetik-al-kuliz*

94. and bathe the excessively prominent cheek-bones of their newly-found allies in

95. tears of emotion But the whole thing's

96. d nonsense. E. T. R.

Show Sunday Visitor (inspecting finished work of R.A.). O yes, I like that. I should go on with that, if I were you.

The New Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

WHAT? "Horrid torrid India?"—Stuff! Lord CURZON found it cool enough; In fact, the subject of our rhyme Comes home to seek a *Walmer* clime!

A RISING INDUSTRY.

THE increasing claims of Romantic Literature to take rank among our more honourable trades cannot much longer be disregarded. *Mr. Punch*, ever anxious to be *dans*—or even a little ahead of—*le mouvement*, and profiting by the example set by Mr. FISHER UNWIN, who advocates the merits of his new novels in a portable house-to-house folding poster, admirably designed and coloured, and as good in its way as anything in the Soap and Mineral Water line of *réclame*—*Mr. Punch* is prepared to compose advertisements for popular authors, and will forward designs on application. The followingsamples, though uncoloured and without illustration, will serve to give a rough idea of his methods:—

MESSRS. HALL CAINE, LTD.
(Successors to William Shakespeare,
dec.)

beg to announce the publication
of a new novel

THE MANXTER.

No effort has been spared to make
this work the *best of its kind* on the
market.

Please compare our quality with
that of other houses.

The Original Manufacturers.
CROCKETT'S SCOTCH YARNS.

Novels produced with
PUNCTUALITY AND DISPATCH.

Beware of Imitations.
Méfiez-vous aux contrefaçons.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME,
AND NO HOLMES LIKE DOYLE'S.

Only address: STRAND.

A. S. SWAN AND HOCKING
Guarantee all work turned out by
them to be ENTIRELY INNOCUOUS.

Next book:
THE TAME CURATE.
TRY IT.

I hear they want
MORE BOOTHBY.

SPOILT CHILDREN.

[At a recent meeting of the London Court of Common Council, Alderman Sir THOMAS BROOKE-HITCHING, speaking in support of a motion to reduce the age limit for the employment of children, said he did not believe that going to work early in life was deleterious to a child. Some of England's greatest men had begun life by going to work at six, seven, or eight years of age, but nowadays children had so much time to themselves that they acquired lazy habits unless they were under control.]

You sentimental faddists say
That children ought to loaf away
In pampered ease each idle day

At least till their eleventh year;
You let them dawdle up the Tree
Of Knowledge, nor insist with me
That every infant ought to be

At work before its seventh year.

My aldermanic feelings boil
When I consider how you spoil
The brats who should be taught to toil:

You let them waste their golden time
And learn to gamble, smoke and bet,
Instead of teaching them to get
Their daily pap by honest sweat,
As infants did in olden time.

It maddens me—this wasteful rule
That children so mature should fool
Whole days away attending school

Where nothing they are taught to do,
But vain accomplishments they learn,
Which only serve their heads to turn
And make their fierce ambitions burn
Long, long before they ought to do.

When our great grandsires were alive,
Their sons at six or even five
Were sent to labour in the hive—

The youngsters grew industrious,
And by the time that they were at
The age when any modern brat
Is only lazy, sleek and fat,
Already were illustrious.

No idle hours their life disgraced—
They did not cultivate a taste
For muddy oafishness, nor waste

Blue afternoons in cricketing;
From morn to night with pick and spade
They plied the collier's noble trade,
Or, if a strike were on, essayed
The manly art of picketing.

Thus exercised the livelong day,
In soul and body prospered they,
Nor prematurely fell a prey

To twelve-year-old senility;
But toiling ever, tools in hand,
They early came to understand
The dignity of labour and
The virtue of utility.

SCENE: *Margate Beach on Easter Monday.*

First Lady. O here comes a steamer.
How high she is out of the water.

Second Lady. Yes, dear, but don't you see? It's because the tide's so low.



THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Excerpt from a Boy's Letter to a Friend.—"GROWN-UPS ARE ROTTERS! THE MATEY'S GOT A CROWD OF PEOPLE STAYING HERE, AND I GOT UP A GAME OF HOCKEY FOR THEM THE OTHER DAY. FIVE MINUTES SETTLED THEM. THEY HADN'T A BREATH AMONG 'EM!"

THE WIRE-PULLERS.

II.—THE ANTI-TOURISTS.

FOR months I had been vaguely conscious of his existence. At almost every turn in my journeyings on the Continent I had met with petty annoyances—small things in themselves, but considerable in the aggregate. In Holland, for instance, there was the absurd monetary system. In Germany there was the impossibility of getting anything to eat more civilised than raw ham. In Austria it was the ubiquity of sham Tyrolese peasants. In Italy I had to record the leading dates of my life on my circular ticket. In France I couldn't get my morning tub. There was not the least doubt that some directing influence was behind it all. I could feel that there was at work some powerful mind, whose owner eluded me.

So I set about catching him.

Italian railways seemed to offer the best chance of success. I discovered an obscure village which was about to be connected by a new line with one of the main tourist routes. I took up my residence in the town from which the new line branched, and waited till it was opened. Then I bought a return ticket and travelled by the first train that was run. What I expected happened. The outward journey was the perfection of comfort. I stayed the night at the village and returned the next day. Again what I expected happened. Comfort had given place to chaos. The influence was at work. I waited on the platform and looked out for my man. His self-satisfied air was unmistakable. I cornered him outside the ticket barrier and grasped his throat.

"You brute!" I gasped. "So I've got you, have I?"

He confessed without emotion that I had.

"Why do you do it?" I asked. "Will you tell me if I stand you a bottle of wine?"

"Not Italian wine," he pleaded.

"French, then."

"Very well," he agreed, and we repaired to a restaurant.

"You've given me a lot of trouble," he said wearily when he was comfortably seated. "You see, you've been travelling at the wrong time. This is not the tourist season."

"I prefer not to travel during the tourist season."

"Ah, really? Then you're not a tourist?"

"I am here chiefly on business."

"My dear Sir," he exclaimed, "pray accept my apologies. I misjudged you. But that Gladstone bag of yours, and the suit case, and the soft grey felt hat—

if you're not a tourist, you must admit all these things are misleading. I have only appearances to guide me, and it seems to me you've not been playing the game fairly. I hold my signed orders, and duty must be done—however pleasant it is."

"Certainly," I said, "but what exactly do you conceive to be your duty?"

"Well, it's a secret, but the cat's already half out of the bag, and—the wine is really quite tolerable. Besides, you're not a tourist." He leaned forward and whispered, "I am the agent of the British Watering-place Trust. For some years the dividends of that excellent body had been falling, and there was a general feeling among shareholders that the attractions of the Continent were ruining the Home hotel and boarding-house industry. So the directors met to consider ways and means, and my appointment is the result. I am commissioned to make Europe so uninviting to strangers that no one will care to go there. I control a gigantic secret service."

I nodded. My worst fears were being realised.

"One branch of our work," he went on, "is the preparation of guide-books that tell you nothing you want to know. BÄDEKER is the great obstacle in my path there. I should like to kill BÄDEKER. I believe I should have killed him by this time if it hadn't been for his 'Manual of Conversation.' That has practically saved his life. Have you ever tried to use it?"

"Yes," I said; "and it's like trying to learn chess with a handbook. Your opponent never will give the right reply to your opening."

"Exactly. I reckon that the embarrassments occasioned by the use of that Manual have cured enough tourists to spoil Cook's fortune. Cook is another of my pet aversions. I'm not at all sure that his life is safe. It wouldn't be worth an hour's purchase if I could get him into Corsica. His ticket system is the despair of my people. We rely very largely on the difficulties connected with getting tickets. All that business of clipping them every mile or two, and writing your name on them, and so on, is fairly effective, but tourists don't mind that so much when they haven't had the trouble of buying them with foreign money in a foreign language."

"Where do you turn most of your attention?"

"Oh, to Italy. I've taken infinite pains with Italy. With the railways especially. Take an ordinary case—the journey from Florence to Pisa. If you go by the time-table it takes two hours; if you go by train it takes anything up to five. Then you've probably noticed that there is hardly ever enough room in

the trains; that people come crowding in and prevent your getting out; that it's almost impossible to find a porter; that if you do find a porter you have to use brute force to make him put your luggage into a cab instead of into the private omnibus of some hotel which you don't wish to patronise. You have doubtless observed the dim religious light and the infernal discomfort of the carriages. Well, it's all my doing.

"Then the Italian hotels. It would be hard, I should say, to equal the pitch of tameness to which I've trained the mosquitoes. You have only to extend your naked hand and they'll come and eat out of it."

"It's true," I groaned.

"But of course this is only a small part of my work. I can't tell you everything. There are the faked-up reports of Alpine accidents; the waiters who will talk to you in what they believe to be your own tongue; German pastry; the disfigurement of landscapes and old ruins with restaurants; and, above all, the Continental *Bradshaw*—"

"Yes, yes," I interrupted. "Don't open old wounds. I'm glad to have met you, very glad you've told me all this, particularly glad you didn't bind me to secrecy."

"You'll publish it?" he asked.

"Undoubtedly."

"Well," he said, confidently, "do your worst. I shall take a lot of beating."

TO AN ORANG OUTANG

At the Zoological Gardens.

O SATYR, when I saw you first
Ranging the roof with fourfold grip,
You (being, so to speak, reversed)
Betrayed no sign of cousinship.
I never liked the thought, and I
Was glad to put the matter by.

But when you stood erect of frame,
And stiffly crossed the level stones,
I could no more dispute your claim
Of kinship to my old friend, JONES;
His very gait, his very build!
I'm glad I wasn't left undrilled.

And when I gained a closer view,
Your features, as I gazed thereon,
Betrayed a marked resemblance to
My more than brother, ROBINSON,
Which *did* imply a common race;
I'm glad I haven't got that face.

But, more than all, your ginger beard,
The rusty carrots on your crown,
Gave you a ludicrously weird
Similitude to dear old BROWN;
Old BROWN and you would make a pair!
I'm glad I haven't got red hair.

DUM-DUM.

MORE EXHIBITS.

THE "Invicta," which Sir DAVID SALOMONS has offered to present to the London County Council to be placed in a prominent position in the County of London, dates from 1830, and was one of the first locomotives used in this country. Some other equally interesting survivals might be similarly pilloried.

The earliest Hansom Cab, with model of its Driver and Phonographic Attachment recording the language of the latter—on an island in the City or Piccadilly where the block is thickest.

The first British-made Motor-car, as towed by a dray-horse (stuffed)—on the roof of Tattersall's.

The oldest Penny Steamboat—on the top of Lambeth Bridge.

Lambeth Bridge—on the nearest convenient Scrap-heap.

The first Flying-Machine—among the Branches of any Tree with which it may collide in Hyde Park.

The oldest Street-musician—in the middle of Salisbury Plain.

The first Passive Resister (portrait)—in any cheap stained-glass Window.

HOW NEWSPAPERS INFLUENCE THE PUBLIC.

[Mr. JOHN BURNS, in the debate on the County Council Tramways Bill, stated that all the young men who fought with women for seats on the Westminster buses were readers of the *Daily Mail*.]

Mr. *Punch's* special inquisitor has gone round to procure accurate information as to the way in which newspapers influence their readers. This is the result.

The head porter of the Alhambra, when questioned, said that if he saw a gentleman seated in the stalls reading the *Spectator* he knew as if by intuition that that gentleman would have to be chucked out in the course of the evening. "Gets to their 'eads like champagne," observed the stalwart critic.

A railway guard remarked that if a gentleman objected to others smoking in a smoking compartment that gentleman always had a copy of the *Daily News* with him. He had no positive theory on the subject, but thought that there might be something about the *Daily News* printers' ink which made tobacco smoke objectionable. He had also noticed that ladies reading *Home Chat* frequently left their babies behind in the carriages, and thought that this was a testimony to the entrancing qualities of the paper. Ladies who read *M.A.P.* were invariably most courteous to railway servants. He attributed this to the fact that they strove to imitate the genial aristocrats described in its pages.

A detective inspector at Scotland Yard said that criminals as a rule were in-

different as to their choice of newspapers. He had noticed—though he would not venture to found a generalisation on what might be a mere coincidence—that a very large proportion of the bigamists he had arrested had a copy of the *Bazaar*, *Exchange and Mart* in their possession.

said that so long as customers kept their place she ignored their newspapers. She had noticed, however, that if a gentleman carried a *Daily Telegraph* he invariably insisted on having "all the soda."

A distinguished football referee



EARLY INGENUITY.

"WHATEVER ARE YOU CHILDREN DOING?"

"OH, WE'VE FOUND PA'S FALSE TEETH, AND WE'RE TRYING TO FIT THEM ON TO THE BABY, 'COS HE HASN'T GOT ANY!"

The House Surgeon at Bart's Hospital remarked that some of the most interesting cataleptic cases he had known had been brought to the hospital clutching copies of the *Athenæum*. He invariably cured them by the "red light" treatment. This was most expeditiously applied by swathing the patient from head to foot in copies of the *Sporting Times*.

A real lady, who condescendingly presides at a railway refreshment bar,

observed that if on entering the field he saw any section of the onlookers reading the *Rock* he regarded it as a very evil omen. He had always found that in such a case he was ultimately stoned out of the ground.

A Hooligan stated that it was exceedingly unwise to garrote any wayfarer who carried a copy of the *British Weekly*. "Talk abaht passive resistance," said this knight of the road; "why don't they practise what they preach?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A STORY whereof the principal scenes are placed in South Africa among the Boers is not at first sight calculated to attract the English reader; but whoever on this account dismisses *The Shulamite*, written by ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW, CHAPMAN AND HALL being the publishers thereof, without giving more than a cursory glance at this book, will be doing the authors an injustice, and will be depriving himself or herself of a very great pleasure. The situations of the tale are powerfully dramatic, the characters are all clearly defined, and the interest of the reader, through all the changing scenes of their life, in sorrow or in joy ("for which overhaul hymn book, and when found make a note of" — *Cuttle*), is never allowed to flag for one single moment. The type of Boer here represented belongs, as it seems, to the well-to-do, but rough, untutored, illiterate, farming class, and not to the superior breed whose young men become graduates at Oxford and Cambridge, and whose young women receive their education in Paris. The authors evidently set themselves a task, and have unflinchingly carried it out to the bitter end; yet, from time to time, as the web is being woven, the Baron fancies he can hear Mistress ALICE ASKEW pleading that some little consideration may be shown to the hardly-pressed lover, while, on the other hand, CLAUDE ASKEW has shown himself willing to yield to his partner's prayer on the sole condition of her extending some pity to the cruelly-used Shulamite. Neither would give way, and the result is the successful achievement of the unconventional.

Mr. WALTER SICHEL's *Disraeli* (METHUEN) will not fill the place in biography for which Lord ROWTON's unbegun book was sought. He did not know his subject personally, nor has he access to sources of private information usually supplied to the authorised biographer. He is dependent for the value of his book chiefly upon the talent of industry which led him to diligent search through the published records of DISRAELI's work, whether on the platform, in the press, or in literature. The result would be more attractive if he had been able to resist a fatal tendency to italics. There is nothing more disturbing to a reader than to come upon a passage in a page printed in italics. Mr. SICHEL peppers nearly every page of his portly volume with this offence. Another trick annoying by its iteration is the assurance that he will show us something in "my eighth chapter" or "my tenth." These are blemishes on an industrious and informing compilation easily removed should it reach a second edition. Meanwhile, being largely composed of things DISRAELI said or wrote, it has both value and charm.

We are familiar in these latter days with Mr. BALFOUR's confession that he has "no settled convictions." In a phrase of which this seems the echo DISRAELI alluded to the Coalition Ministry of 1853 as one of "suspended opinions." My Baronite is amused to come across, on page 44, the ghost of a joke made in the pages of *Punch* more than twenty years ago. It appeared in "TOBY'S Diary," and described how Mr. THOMASSON, the deaf Member for Bolton, "neglected his natural advantages" by going about the House, sitting under wearisome speakers, and cocking his ear-trumpet so as not to lose a word of their wisdom. Mr. SICHEL attributes the quip to DISRAELI. The last time my Baronite saw it in print was in the *Life of Lord Sherbrooke*. Lowe's biographer found it entered in his diary as one of his own much-applauded sayings. There was at least this excuse for the error. "TOBY, M.P.," happening to see the new Peer in the Gallery of the House of Commons whilst Mr. THOMASSON was enjoying himself, put the little jest in his mouth. Lord SHERBROOKE, having frequently heard it attributed to him, came at last to believe

that, though a poor thing, it was his own. And now it is Dizzy's. *Sic vos non vobis*.

My Nautical Retainer offers hearty congratulations to those two clever sisters, K. and L. MONTGOMERY, on the success of *The Cardinal's Pawn*, their remarkable contribution to UNWIN's "First Novel Series." What faults it has are due to a too prolific gift for imagery, and to an overlaboured style that tends to obscurity—defects that may perhaps be ascribed to excess of virtue. Possibly the infection was caught from the pedantry of that Medicean period in which the plot is laid, and from the influence of a land "where the richness runs to flowers." The authors have so far disregarded their own identity that they have forgotten that the narrative itself should have been told in the simple diction of to-day, and not according to the recondite and allusive methods of mediæval Italy. But this is the kind of fault that the future will easily cure, if, as THACKERAY says, "we grow simpler as we grow older." Meanwhile, K. L. MONTGOMERY (as the authors combine to call themselves) has really no need to claim the indulgence allowed to inexperience. Whether the scene is laid in Florence where the board was set, or in Venice that saw so many breathless checks and counterchecks, or in the wide spaces of forest and hill that lie between, there is no page in this enthralling book but glows with colour and is alive with the stir of adventure. Indeed the book should be read twice; first, for pure joy of the tale itself, which betrays a marvellously vivid invention; and next, for the better understanding of those high qualities of artistic feeling and observation that have been lavished on the rich embroidery of the backgrounds.

Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE's *Behind the Footlights* (HUTCHINSON & Co.) will amuse and interest many besides those who may be curious to learn in what respect actors, actresses, and other persons connected professionally with the drama and music differ from ordinary human beings. "Glitter," observes Mrs. TWEEDIE, "dazzles the eye." So it does: true; it couldn't well dazzle the nose, but that's a mere detail of only slight importance. "Nevertheless," she continues, "behind it"—i.e., the glitter, not the eye—"beat good hearts and true:" (Hear, hear!) "while hard work, patient endurance, and courage mark the path of the successful player." In this respect the path of "the successful player" is, you see, not very different from that of "the successful player" at cricket, or billiards, or of "the successful" lawyer, stock-broker, composer, doctor, statesman, or general store-dealer. The book is illustrated with some excellent photographs of celebrities. Enthusiastic as Mrs. TWEEDIE is about the stage, she yet records some advice of Mrs. KENDAL's, which does not sound encouraging: "'Dissuade everyone you know,' Mrs. KENDAL entreated me one day, 'from going on the stage. There are so few successes and so many failures.'" Well, but how about the Bar, or, indeed, any profession? From a purely business point of view Mrs. KENDAL's advice is excellent, as, were a majority to go on the stage, the front of the house would be rather badly provided with audience, and the most important box in the theatre, the cash box, would be empty. Mrs. TWEEDIE's is an entertaining book; pick it up when you like, and open it where you will, you will be indeed hard to please if you fail to find a sufficiently instructive and always very pleasant "gossip" in Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE.





PARRIED.

The Major (not so young as he feels). "AH, MISS MURIEL, IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF——"
Miss Muriel (who wishes to avoid a proposal). "WHAT A MEMORY YOU HAVE, MAJOR!"

A "BOZ" NOTE.

THAT CHARLES DICKENS had saturated himself mentally with CARLYLE'S *History of the French Revolution* ere ever he commenced writing *A Tale of Two Cities* must be evident to all fairly well acquainted with the aforesaid history and also with the romance; but that he had just commenced to dip into CARLYLE at the time he was either writing, or projecting, *Dombey and Son*, is a matter that only exact knowledge of chronological order of composition can determine. Now the ground for this hypothesis is in certain commencements of fresh paragraphs, of which the following is a sufficient example:—

"Whereby at least we have again this historical curiosity: a human being in an original position."—*French Revolution*, Vol. I., chap. 4.

And so on. Is it not very *Bunsby*? Likewise is it not rather Meredithian? Between CHARLES first and GEORGE second not much left for a third picker of CARLYLE bones. But not to allow *Bunsby* to escape, let us quote his very words of wisdom:—

"'Whereby,' proceeded the voice, 'why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then!'"

Dombey and Son, chap. 23.

Decidedly, *Bunsby-Carlyle*, or *Carlyle-Bunsby*. At the

next meeting of "The Boz Club" a subject for discussion, always allowing the fact rendered possible by the correct adjustment of dates, might be proposed, dealing with the influence of CARLYLE in the creation and development of the character of *Jack Bunsby*—"he was christened *John*"—the philosophic commander of *The Cautious Clara*.

Insatiable.

"COWARDS die many deaths before they die," says SHAKESPEARE. So apparently do prisoners at Hove, according to the *Brighton Herald*, which states in a recent issue:—

"For the second time within two months, a prisoner has taken his life in the cells at Hove, and on each occasion, by a tragic coincidence, the suicide has been by hanging from the bell-pull."

It is to be hoped that he won't do it again.

FISHY.—According to the *Daily Graphic* "the extraction of sunbeams from cucumbers is scarcely more inherently improbable than the recovery of an eel, which was made a day or two ago, from one of the organ pipes in a Belfast church." It has the air of a miracle; yet after all why should not eels be made from organ pipes? Codfish have sounds, and music hath charms to eel the savage breast.

"HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD."

HERE, where the jewelled waters lie
 Locked in a curve of sheltering shore,
 Sapphire that answers rock and sky,
 Turquoise above the grey sea-floor,—
 Lulled by a cool narcotic breeze
 That shrinks to break the tideless calm,
 This Slave of Duty lolls at ease
 Imbibing Nature's healthy balm.

The landward ridges, plumed with green,
 Stand sentinel to guard my scalp
 Lest any airs too rudely keen
 Should blow from some adjacent Alp;
 Likewise my soul, by that device
 As in a haven, closely furled,
 Breathes an exclusive Paradise
 Whose gates defy a fevered world.

Yet are my senses well aware
 That just a league of coast between
 Divides me from the fret and glare
 Of Monte Carlo's giddy scene;
 And, doubtless, in her stolid way,
 However much my help is missed,
 England herself, this Easter Day,
 Somehow continues to exist.

My heaven is changed, but not my heart,
 Which still is hers in any clime,
 Nor would I let exotic art
 Colour my purely British rhyme;
 And, as I tune my homing song,
 One face, one form, in Memory's van,
 Command my larynx; they belong
 To HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

In lively gratitude I reach
 Back to the monumental date
 On which he read his studied speech
 Against the War-Triumvirate;
 When that old warrior burst in scorn
 Upon the one redemptive scheme
 Spared from the wreck of hopes forlorn
 That marked a moribund régime.

What sort of praise from Liberal ranks
 That bright heroic deed may earn
 I know not, but I know the thanks
 That in a Tory bosom burn!
 So round his feet may pansies blow,
 And sunlight gild his genial face
 Whose tact allowed a tottering foe
 At least another year of grace!

O. S.

Cap d'Ail, La Turbie.

Terrible Discomforts (New Style).

THE legend beneath a war picture in the *Sphere* gives away the situation with delightful frankness. Thus:—"NAPOLEON'S retreat from Moscow in 1812 has a counterpart in some of its terrible discomforts in the Russian advance into Manchuria. No fewer than four '*Sphere*' artists and photographers are accompanying the Russian army." The italics are our own.

Euphemism from the "Gazette."

RECEIVING ORDERS.—LONDON.

RUSSELL, WILLIAM FREDERICK, now temporarily residing at His Majesty's Prison at Wandsworth, but lately carrying on business at Hollingbourne Road, Herne Hill, builder's foreman, formerly master builder, March 25.

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. I.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sure you will not deny that we are living in critical times. It was only last week that, happening, as I sometimes do, to lunch at the Xerxes (my favourite Club), I came across my old friend AUBERON, and found that he took a very gloomy view of public affairs. AUBERON, by the way—this is entirely between you and me—used in his early days to be an Irishman, but soon after he came to England he chucked it, if I may quote from *The Second in Command*, and at the same time he changed his somewhat full-flavoured Hibernian name of O'BRIEN to the comparatively Norman name under which he used to sit in the House of Commons and still writes letters to the *Times*. You remember his last one, I daresay. It was, as an undergraduate acquaintance of mine would say, a regular teaser, and had as its title "PRINCIPLE OR PARTY—WHICH?" It went on for a column and a quarter, and it showed that, while Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. BRODRICK and the rest of them were almost absurd in their incompetence, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr. ASQUITH were much worse, being afflicted with what the writer in one of his finest passages called "a positive megalomania for the worst results of a barren Little Englandism, which has led them from one humiliation to another until their last state has become even worse than their first, though, no doubt," continued AUBERON, "it is infinitely superior to that condition to which they are tending—I mean the sea which lies at the bottom of a certain steep place of which we have all heard." This, I may say, is a good and typical example of AUBERON'S style. He himself calls it *persiflage*, and I've no doubt it must be intensely galling to those who are made its victims. I saw Mr. ASQUITH and Sir HENRY C.-B. on the very day this letter appeared, and I couldn't help noticing that, in spite of an affected ease and carelessness of demeanour, there was something alarmed and furtive about their looks, something penitential and appealing in their way of walking and talking, which plainly showed that the Auberonian shafts of satire had gone home, as, indeed, nobody could doubt they would.

On the occasion of my meeting AUBERON at lunch at the Xerxes last week, I had brought with me a young Frenchman who is making a short stay in this country with the object of studying our institutions and learning, I suppose, how we have managed to establish ourselves in a position which excites the jealousy of all foreign nations. His name is BOUDIN, JEAN JACQUES MARIE AUGUSTE BOUDIN, a queer name, you must admit, Sir, if ever there was one. Often have I asked myself in reading these and similar assortments of French names why a man should think it necessary to have a female name in addition to his other male names. Nobody would object to JEAN or to JACQUES, or even to AUGUSTE (though I own that JOHN and JAMES and AUGUSTUS have a stronger and more resolute sound), but why MARIE? I said something of this sort—of course, as delicately and politely as possible—to BOUDIN, but he merely smiled and asked me not to make him responsible for the failings of his parents. At the time I did not press the matter, but obviously this answer only shifts the matter one step back: it supplies no reason for a custom which is as absurd as it is unmanly.

However, BOUDIN himself, whatever may be said about his names, is presentable enough. His age is twenty-six, he stands at least six feet high, his complexion is ruddy, his moustache is as good, though not quite so long, as that of Sir ROBERT HERMON-HODGE (which I have always held to be the *fine fleur* of British-grown moustaches), and his clothes are excellent both in cut and in taste. He can ride and he can shoot (at least he says he can), he has taken part, so he tells me, in the athletic revival of France and has played

football (of a sort, naturally), and has rowed in a race. Intending sooner or later to launch himself in public life he has come over here, as I said, to learn what he can about freedom, progress, and Parliamentary methods. He brought a letter of introduction to me and I brought him to the Xerxes Club to lunch and we met AUBERON.

Now it was, perhaps, unfortunate that we should thus have come upon AUBERON, for AUBERON, eminent and considerable as he is, has, if I may hint it, one fault: he is, having snapped the links that bound him to Ireland and the Celts, the John Bulliest Briton that ever ate a chop and drank bitter beer at the Xerxes, than which there is no John Bullier club in London or the provinces of England, including Putney and Sevenoaks. "Ah, me boy," said he, as I approached—the odour of Irish roses still clings to his treacherous tongue—"you've read my letter in the *Times*? Well, am I right? Was there ever a Government like this? Faith, they'll be giving Middlesex to Russia next."

"What," I asked in some disturbance, for I trust I am not unpatriotic, and it galled me to hear our Government thus spoken of in the presence of BOUDIN, "what has happened? I have not noticed—"

"Hear him!" says AUBERON, "hear him! D'ye not see they're patching up an agreement with France on all outstanding questions—that's what they call it when they mean to abandon the interests of the country. Is it we should be making any agreement with France? Isn't it France, our bitter enemy"—here I winked violently at him, but all to no purpose—"isn't it France should be crawling on her knees to us, begging us to make an agreement wid her"—his excitement overcame him, but he proceeded—"And what's the use of it any way? France has got a falling birth-rate and there's no trust to be placed in her. She's only waiting to be grabbed by a dictator, and then see if I'm not right. She'll invade us, by the powers, and where'll your twopenny-halfpenny Government be then?" There was more to the same effect, but I hastily withdrew BOUDIN from the dreadful scene, and we sat down together at a remote table.

Evidently, however, we are living, as I said, in critical times, and, such being the case, it may interest you to hear from time to time what my young French friend thinks of our civilisation and how he is struck by our greatness. So far he has been very reticent.

Faithfully yours, X.

A RECENT thief, according to one of the dailies, when pursued, hid in an empty mummy-case. This is the instinct of self-preservation at its strongest.



Visitor. "DO YOU HAVE ANY DIFFICULTY IN GETTING SERVANTS?"

Hostess. "NONE WHATEVER. WE'VE HAD TEN DIFFERENT ONES IN THE LAST MONTH!"

HOMOEOPATHY.

["Mr. STENSON, Director of Pomology at the St. Louis World's Fair, is convinced that apples are a certain cure for the drink and tobacco habits. 'If there is a tendency to do something or other,' he says, 'let a man sit down and reflect upon it, meantime munching an apple.'"]

When the days are all gloomy and grey,
When the days look as black as they can,
When you get thinking
There's nothing like drinking

For putting some heart in a man;
For any sake, do not give way!
I hope with this craving you'll grapple;

The clouds will roll by
If you only will try
The effect of consuming an apple.

If a desperate deed should invite,
If you fear you are going insane,

If you feel suicidal
And scarcely can bridle
The madness that tears through your brain;

Munch a Newtown with leisurely bite,
And ponder the deed you intended:

I am soundly assured
You will find yourself cured
Ere the apple of concord is ended.

For how did our troubles begin?
'Twas an apple, as everyone knows,
Whose rosy temptation
First sowed in creation

Its plentiful harvest of woes.
So if you would guard against sin,
Don't trust to your church or your chapel:

Homoeopathy's laws
Cure an ill with its cause,
And undoubtedly point to the apple.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XIV.—OUGHT WE TO TAKE EXERCISE?

SCENE—*The Covered Cricket Pitch at St. Bride's Institute.*

PRESENT.

The Editor of the "Daily News."
(in the Chair).

Archdeacon Sinclair.

Canon Hensley Henson.

Mr. Frederic Harrison.

Mr. William Archer.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

Mr. C. B. Fry.

Editor of the "Daily News." This meeting has been convened, gentlemen, in order to arrive at some satisfactory replies to a set of four questions which I have drawn up:—

- A. Have you found outdoor exercise to be necessary?
- B. What is the particular pastime favoured by you?
- C. What benefits have you personally derived from such pastime?
- D. What are the benefits likely to accrue to the community from the encouragement of athletics?

Certain replies to these questions have already appeared in my columns, but it seemed well to discuss the matter also in convocation. I might open the discussion by saying that, personally, I could never do the work I do if it were not for the game of water polo which I play every afternoon after lunch at the Bath Club.

Archdeacon Sinclair. Water polo may be very well, but surely the ordinary game with ponies is better and prettier. If all young artisans in the large towns would play polo instead of watching football and cricket we should have a finer national physique.

Canon Hensley Henson. Do you think polo is better than punching the ball? I attribute my own good health and prosperity to an undeviating habit of punching the ball, in and out of season.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton. All perfect exercise is passive. The finest exercise in the world, combining as it did, courage, the preservation of one's balance, and recognition of scientific progress, was to be obtained from the moving staircase at HARRON'S STORES. Since that has been removed I have grown steadily flaccid.

Mr. William Archer. SYDNEY SMITH, I have read, used to recommend a walk on an empty stomach.

Editor of the "Daily News." Yes, but in these indulgent gormandising days where are we to find one?

Archdeacon Sinclair. There used to be one—I forget where.

Canon Hensley Henson. At the Royal Aquarium, I think. A man named SUCCI.

Mr. William Archer. Yes, that was the name. He drew crowded houses.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree. I have reason to believe that walking on all fours is a most admirable means of building up the physique. The chest measurement of Zakkuri's spies, in *The Darling of the Gods*, who progress entirely in this way, has increased enormously since the first night.

Archdeacon Sinclair. It does not sound to me dignified.

Mr. Tree. Yet what is dignity compared with the *mens sana in corpore sano*?

Archdeacon Sinclair. True. I must practise it. Hitherto I have found that there is nothing like walking to develop the muscles of the leg. My motto is, Always do things by calves. I skip regularly every morning for some minutes after my bath, and on specially busy days I fortify myself by running round the Whispering Gallery before the sacred fane is open to the general public.

Canon Hensley Henson. Does Mr. CHAMBERLAIN hunt?

Mr. Frederic Harrison. I think not. It is his only redeeming virtue. But then he goes to the opposite extreme—that of taking no exercise—which is in its way quite as bad as the excessive indulgence in demoralising sports and pastimes.

Mr. William Archer. I hope you do not include dancing in that category. As a perfervid Gael I cling passionately to the exercises of my native heath.

Archdeacon Sinclair. The Highland Fling is all very well. But would you encourage the Cake-Walk?

Mr. Chesterton. Certainly, if it conduced to municipal patriotism.

Mr. William Archer. Not that I dance to excess. I have other diversions. For example, I make a point of vaulting over every pillar-box after I have posted an article in it. The act is a form of worship, a testimony to the power of the G.P.O., the Press, and incidentally of myself.

Mr. Chesterton. I should have put "myself" first.

Editor of the "Daily News." But we are rather losing sight of the last question on our list, that lettered D.

Mr. Chesterton. Well, as to the benefits likely to accrue to the community from the encouragement to vault letter boxes, much could be said and more written. I could have a column on the subject ready in ten minutes at the usual rates.

Mr. William Archer. I don't think you ought to take my subject.

Mr. Chesterton. Perhaps not; but all subjects are one to me.

Mr. C. B. Fry. I am surprised that no one has mentioned cricket. Surely there is no exercise like that, both for the muscles and the fountain pen. As to

its effect on the populace, it makes them buy the best magazines, and what could be better than that?

Canon Hensley Henson. Are there any best magazines now-a-days?

Mr. C. B. Fry. Why, haven't you seen our advertisements? Awfully witty. "IT'S A NEW MAGAZINE. IT'S A NEWS MAGAZINE. IT'S A NEWNES MAGAZINE."

Archdeacon Sinclair. I say, who made up that? That's wonderfully good. I wish I'd said it.

Mr. Fry. It was done by a wag in our eleven—I mean our office. Just as quick as saying knife. London's a wonderful place.

Mr. Frederic Harrison. Any exercise is good that distracts the public from crowding grounds in order to see thirty-two hired bravos kick themselves to a jelly.

Mr. Fry. What game is played by thirty-two hired bravos?

Archdeacon Sinclair. Not lawn tennis?

Mr. Frederic Harrison. No, certainly not; football.

Mr. Fry. Why thirty-two? Do you count the referee and the umpire?

Canon Hensley Henson. What about the linesmen?

Mr. Frederic Harrison. Oh, well, it may not be thirty-two; but they are hired bravos anyway, and they kick each other to a jelly. I have often thought about it with pain as I scaled Mount Everest or Aconcagua. If only our young men would all become mountaineers it would be a great thing for England.

Archdeacon Sinclair. Would not Court Tennis, if universally played, tend to national salvation?

Mr. C. B. Fry. I think not. Owing to the limited accommodation of the *dedans*, the spectacular possibilities of the game are almost nil. And what is the use of a game which does not lend itself to constant journalistic comment? I doubt if our Chairman knows the difference between a "boasted force" or "chase better than two." Chase me.

Editor of the "Daily News." Both "Court Tennis" and the "Royal and Ancient" game of golf seem to me to suggest something fulsomely monarchical. The word "chase," moreover, is associated with Buckhounds, game laws and other aristocratic excesses.

Mr. C. B. Fry. Possibly you have never heard of PETER LATHAM?

Editor of the "Daily News." I like his Christian name. Is he a Passive Resister?

[*Exeunt.*]

The Unchivalrous "Chronicle."

"ANOTHER novelty at this bazaar will be the menagerie which Mrs. ARTHUR PAGET is responsible for. Here will be found the Duchess of ROXBURGHE, Countess HOWE, Princess HENRY of Pless, Viscountess CASTLEREAGH, and Lady SARAH WILSON."—*Daily Chronicle.*

CUPID AT KEW.

["Of more than a dozen young women who took up the pursuit of horticulture at Kew Gardens, not one remains. 'We have known no more enthusiastic pupils than the ladies either in the Gardens or at lectures, but we feared the movement would not last,' said the Curator at Kew Gardens. 'At our annual dinner one of our directors stated plainly that the day of the lady gardener was past. He referred of course, to the many matrimonial engagements which had been the outcome of the movement.'"]—*Daily Mail*.]

Off in the early morning

I've brushed away the dew
That hung like gems adorning

The Paradise at Kew;

There 'mid sweet scents that floated
Around me, I have noted

Twelve Eves—un-Eve-like coated
In decent garb of blue.

They fitted 'mid the roses

Like butterflies, more fair

Themselves than any posies

That bloomed beneath their care:

Their fairy forms went tripping

From bed to bed, here snipping

A graceful lily, clipping

A *Gloire de Dijon* there.

Or if the ground was muddy,

Or April threatened showers,

In scientific study

They spent the golden hours;

Dull lecture-rooms they sat in,

They talked of trees in Latin,

And even learnt to chat in

The language of the flowers.

To chemistry they hied them,

And while with nodding head

The drowsy men beside them

Were sleeping like the dead,

They sat with brows well knitted,

While o'er the pages fitted

Swift pencils which omitted

No word of what was said.

Had EVE continued daily

The task she had begun,

What blooms had blossomed gaily

To greet the noonday sun!

But whilst her flowers she tended,

Young ADAM, gay and splendid,

Amid the roses wended—

He came—he saw—he won.

When EVE the first was married

She knew no household woes:

Her business on she carried

Unchecked by darning hose;

She sewed no hateful buttons,

Nor dreamt of beeves and muttons;

For then the veriest gluttons

Could well dispense with those.

But life's more complicated

Than in the days of yore,

And now when maids are mated

Their great careers are o'er:

These Eves have doffed their gaiters

To wheel perambulators,

And desolate Curators

Shall view them nevermore.



Navy. "OW FAR IS IT TER DONCASTER, LAD?"

Cheeky Boy. "THERE'S A MILESTONE BEHIND THEE."

Navy. "BUT I CAN'T READ, LAD."

Cheeky Boy. "IT'LL JUST SUIT THEE, THEN. THERE'S NOWT ON IT."

WEEK-END OF THE DRAMA.—According to Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S announcement it should be possible, as he hopes, to enjoy *From Saturday till Monday* at the St. James's Theatre. This arrangement, we are afraid, has been interfered with by the fact of the intervening *Sunday* having been already secured by Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY at the Comedy Theatre. The two managements will probably come to some mutually satisfactory understanding.

Chafing-Dishes Superseded.

FROM the *Lady*:—

LADY can supply delicious hot-buttered eggs; absolutely reliable; 1s. 6d. dozen, two dozen post free.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Gardener* asks, "What is the right time to pinch chrysanthemums?" Surely the answer is obvious: "When there's no one about."

A VISIT TO Highbury.

(In the manner of Lady Ribblesdale in the "Nineteenth Century.")

WE paid our first (and last) visit to Highbury on the 5th of November, 1903. On reaching Birmingham we found that the only conveyance available was a station omnibus, which just held me, my maid, and belongings, so BABBLES-DALE had to walk all the way to Edgbaston in a dense fog. Our progress was slow and perilous, and I was very glad when we entered the gates and heard the cheery bark of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's poodle, *Zollverein*.

There was PHARAOH, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's chief butler, on the steps, and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS with an embroidered satin waistcoat tripping to meet us in the hall.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN came forward with his most charming manner, and said, "I feel very guilty in having brought you into all this fog. It looks as if I had specially prepared it for your reception; but, as a matter of fact, we have had a fog ever since ARTHUR BALFOUR was last here."

From the first our visit to Highbury depended upon the other guests who were expected—the German EMPEROR, the Editor of the *Spectator*, and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE and Mr. SARGENT. If they had been unable to come we should not have been bidden, as solitary guests at that time were considered too exhausting for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who was busily engaged on the preliminaries of his Tariff Commission. As none of them had arrived a certain air of reserve was displayed by our host, but this was happily dispelled when, on our reassembling in an ante-room before dinner, we found the missing KAISER, Duke, Editor and Painter. There was no sign of BABBLES-DALE, and Mr. SARGENT, armed with a dark lantern, gallantly sallied forth to meet and guide him home.

Soon after entering the dining-room plates filled with hot water were placed on the table, and a jar of Liebig was handed round. By an error of judgment PHARAOH brought it to me first. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN became uneasy, and whispered to him to hand it to the KAISER, but finding all his signals unavailing, sought to divert attention by calling his illustrious guest's attention to the design and length of the spoon laid for his special use. Then he began to talk of Glasgow and his reception there. He asked the KAISER if he had ever addressed mass meetings of this kind. The KAISER replied that he always spoke *urbi et orbi*. Whereupon Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave us a description of the megaphone and the symptoms of influenza, a précis of *David Copperfield*, and an account of the process by which

soda-water bottles are blown at St. Helen's.

On my asking him whether he had called his son after the authoress of *Pride and Prejudice* he replied that he had not; which was, I thought, very frank of him at such a time.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN always required the most delicate steering. Many is the keen regret I have had over the precious moments wasted on tallow candles, crockery, poultry shops, the cultivation of strawberries, etc. He covered such a vast area, and his interests were so universal, that you were practically never safe, and he was off before you were aware you had given him his head, and then the difficulty was to turn him.

The Caucus, even in Birmingham, is hardly inspiring; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made some interesting digressions from the excellence of their worthies to the Birmingham people. He said they were the finest and most heroic race in the world.

Between the courses I had time to examine the wall paper of the dining-room, which was a dull red, presumably chosen to throw Mr. JESSE COLLINGS' delightful whiskers into charming relief.

I ought to say that BABBLES-DALE and Mr. SARGENT came in with the dessert, both rather cross. BABBLES-DALE had mistaken the way and wandered into Aston Villa football ground.

BABBLES-DALE got to work at once, and quoted a remark by the Marquis Ito to the effect that "the world revolves upon its taxes." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN apparently liked this, but his disapproval was quite as marked when BABBLES-DALE ventured to describe the Sheffield Programme as beatified common-sense. His brows met; there was disagreement, indignation, sorrow for the misguided, and a hundred other expressions in the shake of his head.

After dinner Mr. CHAMBERLAIN lay full length on the hearth-rug, taking no exercise, as was his wont, while we made a semi-circle around him and discussed a thousand topics. BABBLES-DALE said some very good things, but the KAISER was obviously *distracted*, and the DUKE not so wakeful as usual.

Cards were brought out at nine-thirty, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN took a hand at our table, the other players being the Editor of the *Spectator*, myself, and PHARAOH. As, however, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN refused to move from the hearth-rug the game was difficult.

The next morning we were told by Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN, in answer to some solicitous questions from her husband as to the comforts of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, that his fire had smoked badly during the night. Our host's expression of sympathy when the DUKE came down to breakfast baffles description. Keener

distress could not have been shown for the loss of a Birmingham seat.

I watched with interest to see how far the DUKE would deem it his duty to spare his host pain. But he was troubled by no scruples of this kind: the smoke had been very bad indeed, but it had not kept him awake. He added, however, with a flash of unfamiliar humour, "Smoke comes natural to a CAVENDISH." Reassured by this quip, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN banished the frown from his brow and proceeded to cut slices from a large loaf which, with jam, pickles, and cold New Zealand tongue, constituted the *menu*.

WINSTON CHURCHILL was the chief topic during breakfast, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN contending that he was the most dangerous man to the peace of Europe. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS stoutly maintained that the prolongation of the Boer War was entirely due to his escape from Pretoria.

The KAISER, who had been busy painting an allegorical picture in the orchid house, now came in clad becomingly in an artist's blouse. The teapot was unfortunately exhausted, but with great presence of mind PHARAOH dropped two or three walnuts into it from the pickle-jar and filled it up with hot water. Luckily I was able by an eloquent kick under the table to prevent BABBLES-DALE from indulging in the dangerous luxury of another cup.

After breakfast I walked round the orchid houses with Mr. JESSE COLLINGS. His hat was quite unique, and of so amazing a construction that I could not help asking where he got it. "Where did you get that hat?" was the form my question took. He could not remember. It had a conical crown of yellow straw, with a cock pheasant's tail-feather stuck in a green ribbon, a peak of patent leather, and a strap under the chin like a policeman's helmet. Mr. COLLINGS wore it on one side with an infinitely rakish air.

From the orchid houses we went into the library, which is entirely filled with editions of DICKENS. Mr. COLLINGS kept his hat on, owing to the defective heating arrangements.

During the morning all the guests left except myself and Mr. DREW, who, however, during the week I was in the house, never showed himself once, although a place was always laid for him. Mr. WITTEDREW, our host wittily called him. By the third evening I had got so accustomed to his absence that it ceased to depress me, although Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made the joke regularly at every meal. But such is his charm that nothing he can do is wearisome.

I left at the end of the week.

After being with such a personality the world felt cold and stagnant.

CHARLOTTE BABBLES-DALE.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO BOY.

[According to Dr. F. E. TAYLER, of Liverpool, impositions and keeping-in are harmful. He strongly advocates corporal punishment in schools. "I think the birch a capital instrument," he says.]

A MEETING of representatives of the Public Schools was held last Friday, the subject of debate being, "That this house approves of Mr. TAYLER's remarks on corporal punishment."

Mr. TOM BROWN, of Rugby, the proposer, had, he said, sometimes been called a typical public-schoolboy. He did not know whether he justified the description. (Cries of "Yes, yes.") Very well, then. All he could say was that he had been flogged repeatedly in the first half of the book, before he met his friend ARTHUR, and it had never done him any harm. It had stung for the moment (*Cheers*), but the after-glow was rather pleasant than otherwise. ("No, no.") At any rate, he thought it would be a bad thing if there was no flogging.

Mr. "STALKY" CORKRAN, of Kip's Home for Juvenile Demons, seconded. The fact of the biznai was, he said, that everybody except Gadarene swine and jelly-bellied flag-flappers *liked* being slain. He himself always gloated. Besides, how was an author to end up a story of real school life except with a flogging? He must now hurry off, as he had to put some decomposing rats in Mr. PROUT's bed.

Mr. ERIC WILLIAMS, of Rosslyn, opposed. Flogging, he said, was all very well for the villain or the comic-relief characters, but when it came to the hero—! He had been flogged. Did he burn with remorse and shame at the conclusion of the ceremony? No. With rage and passion. He attributed to the effects of his punishment his subsequent theft of Mr. GORDON's pigeons and the funds of the cricket club. Had he not been flogged, he thought he would not have taken to drink. Previous to the operation a small lemonade had satisfied him. Afterwards he saw life in a glass (of beer) darkly.

A Winchester representative rose to second the last speaker. He agreed with Mr. WILLIAMS that flogging was a bad thing. Not that he minded the birch. But there were fives-bats and ash-plants. He resumed his seat with an expression of pain.

Mr. JONES, of Haileybury, said that he approved of flogging, because it lent a distinction to a school. Why was Haileybury famous? Because Mr. CORNWALLIS had lowered the 'Varsity record for the Half-mile? No. Because its headmaster was related to the Colonial Secretary? No. Why, then? Because on the day of the relief of Ladysmith the whole



A CONFESSION.

Day Governess. "HOW IS IT YOUR FRENCH EXERCISES ARE ALWAYS DONE SO MUCH BETTER THAN YOUR LATIN ONES?"

Tommy (after considering awhile). "I DON'T THINK AUNTIE KNOWS LATIN."

[Auntie, who was about to enter, quickly and quietly retires.]

school broke bounds, and were flogged at one gigantic swoop clean off the reel.

Mr. ROBINSON, of Harrow, said that flogging was a jolly sight better than lines. Besides, you could always use a folded towel or something. (*Deafening applause.*)

Mr. WILLIAMS now rose for the second time. It seemed to him, he said, that the matter was capable of a very simple solution. Masters should rule by kindness rather than force. How much more lasting an effect it would have if, instead of brutally assaulting a boy, a master were to present him with

an orange or a sponge-cake, together with a few gentle words of reproof. There might be a sort of sliding-scale arranged for the purpose. Thus, if found out of bounds, the culprit might receive butterscotch. For misbehaviour during school, a bag of pear-drops. For theft or smoking he would suggest a substantial tea with muffins and anchovy paste. Under such a régime the Perfect School would be a certainty.

The motion was then put to the vote, and lost by a large majority. Mr. WILLIAMS was desired to forward details of his scheme to the headmasters of all the schools in the country.

THE GAIETY GAUL.

THE agreement with France has been signed, and for some nine months or more our feelings towards our French neighbours, and, let us hope, theirs towards us, have grown more friendly, which must please every sensible Englishman, from the KING downwards. Yet for about half those nine months a lively actor at the Gaiety has been amusing crowds of more or less sensible English people with the representation of a creature supposed to be a Frenchman. The Gaiety girl is one of the noblest institutions of our country, especially when she becomes a peeress, but the Gaiety Gaul, perhaps appropriate and amusing at the time of the Fashoda dispute, now lags superfluous on the stage.

The talented (and numerous) authors of *The Orchid* have discovered a remarkable type. They ignore—perhaps *ils ignorent*—the existence of gentlemen in France as well as in England. They appear, however, to have observed that there are counter-jumpers, snobs, mountebanks, lunatics, and contortionists in both countries. By endeavouring to blend these five types the authors hoped to evolve a comic Frenchman. They have produced only a monkey. Will they forgive an Englishman for pointing out to them that this is a graceful and charming expression of our present goodwill towards the French? As to the “understanding” with France, that is of no consequence. The simian Frenchman of the Gaiety is one of those things that no fellow can understand.

But the talented (and numerous) authors, convinced that every Frenchman must be a monkey, have another surprise for us. According to them Frenchmen in France talk broken English to each other. Strange that no English traveller has observed this!

Imagine the talented authors themselves at Brighton, a miserable substitute for Nice, but sufficient for our argument. Would they talk broken French? Perhaps they would stroll out from their hotel and converse as follows:—

First Author. Quel gloriou jouah!

Second Author. Ung pou trop froah pour moa.

First Author. J'aimais contong!

Third Author. Il est allong à plouver aivong long, et je n'ai pas mong ombrelle.

Fourth Author. Pongdez le plouie! Mais ne pongsez pas de loui. Laissez nous aller sour le jaitai.

Fifth Author. Droit vous êtes, vieou homme!

Second Author. Trop froah pour moa!

Sixth Author. Oh, fermez laho aivec voter froah! Je aime la froah. Vous êtes comme ung vieou femme.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF. DICKENS UP TO DATE.

[“Two burglars, charged with burglary, frankly admitted that the reason they wore gloves was because they didn’t want to leave their finger impressions for identification purposes.”—*Daily Paper.*]

First Cultured Safe-Breaker. “HARRIS.”

Second C. S.-B. “SIR.”

First C. S.-B. “HAVE YOU GOT YOUR GLOVES ON?”

Second C. S.-B. “YES, SIR.”

First C. S.-B. “THEN TAKE THE KIVER OFF!”

Fifth Author. Vous aivez oune habit trop laiger, cher garcong. Vous daivez porter oune habit de fourrure tout le année comme moa.

All the others (together). Et moa.

Seventh Author. Ici viang le plouie.

Third Author. Comme je disais il voulait.

Eighth Author. Soufflez-le! Laissez nous aller dos à la hôtél.

Ninth Author. Et commongcer ung nouveau pièce à vainir aiprés le *Orchidée*.

Tenth Author. Aivez oune drôle Onglais dong le, eh?

All the others (startled into English). With a funny Englishman in it? By Jove! That is a ripping idea. So jolly original, dear boy! Let’s get to work at once!
[*They rush indoors.*]

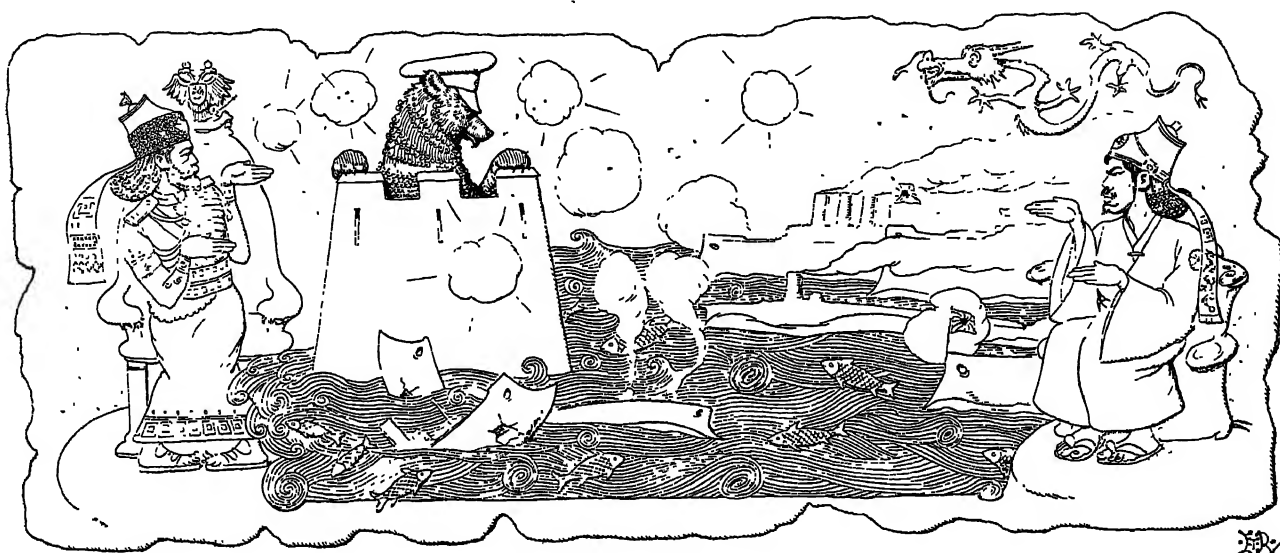


A GOOD PLUCK'D 'UN.

OLD FAMILY RETAINER. "TAKE CARE, MASTER AUSTEN! IT'S VERY WIDE AND UNCOMMON DEEP."
MASTER AUSTEN. "ALL RIGHT, COLLINGS. WE CAN BOTH SWIM!"

(After John Leech's well-known picture.)

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MIPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



EIGHTEENTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now in the reign of Nikkithetsar, the lord
 2. of the Russkis, the Droschkis, and
 3. *Moujikis*, of the *hirsut* and suffering *sippaz*
 4. of *vodka*, the *rihdaz* of *tolstoi*, of the
 5. *makhzimz-ov-gorki*—when it isn't all blacking
 6. (every sentence that matters is as black as *yurhat*
 7. with the best *déyyun-máhtin*, —*pehsih-linkhan-anbennit*!
 8. . . . thanks to the kindly paternal attentions of
 9. a vigilant censor);
 10. Lord of the Kossaks, the wearers of dressing-gowns which flap in the breezes,
 11. who have the advantage of facing the foeman
 12. in novel positions; who, just as you fancy you've got 'em
 13. for certain, turn *raít-upsáid-ddáun* on the necks of
 14. their horses . . . half-circus, half-soldier, . . . showing only a pair of
 15. *voluminaz-brichiz*, and let off their *raiphuls*
 16. from among all the *fetlokhs*, or whatever you
 17. call them (I fancy I've heard *horsimén* call
 18. them *fetlokhs*); then regaining their saddles
 19. gallop *tordzthih-horaizun*, doing *farwell phandangōz*
 20. or *tartar* Steppe-dances (a kind of a cake-walk, in a crouched-down position, and shooting their legs out)
 21. on the tails of their horses—I should say *haínd-quartaz*;

22. . . . Must be most disconcerting, these
 23. *tartarath-letikhs*.
 24. But unto Nikki the King must I once more return,
 25. the lord of the Bear, and the double-faced Eagle
 26. —the Bear that walks *manlaik* (as a brother-scribe has it
 27. in the mighty *Rudaiyád* of 'Omer Khiplin);
 28. that shuffles on sideways, with a shifty expression,
 29. towards watering-places that offer
 30. an outlet for his latent ambition, gripping on
 31. to the pole with his claws half-embedded,
 32. with such *phrantikh-endérvaz* to look
 33. very upright that he nearly falls over;
 34. Nikkithetsar the nominal ruler
 35. of hordes of officials with *astrakhan* caps
 36. and a craving for *bakhshish* (with the
 37. silent *goloshiz* of India-robbers) who
 38. before they'd subscribe to his peaceful proposals
 39. a "Little Father" would see him—hence
 40. the title they give him! I'm told that
 41. this passion for *púrboirz*, this *likin* for *dhousurz*
 42. is quite universal; why, even the generals
 43. —you should always give *bakhshish*—and

44. *kávvyar* to generals
 45. (These parentheses seem to grow longer and longer
 46. I wrestle in vain with their *Laokoóntikh* embraces.)
 47. But I really must go back to Nikkithetsar
 48. for though I admit it's anomalous—very—
 49. after all, he's my subject
 50. He had spread himself eastward and calmly ignoring
 51. such trifles as treaties
 52. Had bolted Manchuriyah whole, in fact
 53. bolted and barred it; but in the event it would
 54. seem that he'd bitten off more than a Man-chus
 55. with comfort.
 56. The nations looked over the wall and said, "Schoking!"
 57. We cannot permit such disgraceful behaviour!"
 58. but, as usual, did—nothing . . .
 59. Then did the Bear with a smile of repletion
 60. settle down to digest all the *pigh-taels* he'd swallowed
 61. with one paw on Korea . . . But before his
 62. remarkable *gastrikh* arrangements could get
 63. well to work, came the rattle of armour from over
 64. the water, came along the Bit-Jappi, the Bit-Nippi,
 65. the wearers of clogs, and of *pehper-ambrellaz*,
 66. the wiry, diminutive sons of Ju-Jitsu, discarding

67. their primitive trappings of lacquer; for,
 68. wiping the eye of his Western companions,
 69. Mutsuhito the king, said he'd stand no . . . (words missing, presumably something Japanese or Assyrian) . .
 70. Whatever the others might care to put up with;
 71. he'd be jolly well blowed . . (no! that doesn't sound
 72. much like the way a descendant of Sun-gods would
 73. put it!) Forth came the warships
 74. their decks cleared for action, from the land of the *geisha*,
 75. leaving the poor little toddling creature with
 76. her paint and her powder, her *crêpe* and
 77. her sandals, to gaze through the
 78. half-opened paper partition, 'mid lanterns and
 79. blossom, dropping tears on the matting, as she said "*Sayonara!*"
 80. to the boys of Dai-Nippon.
 81. From the land of the Daimios, of Fuji-no-Yama,

82. the land of the *nets'ké*, came these ivory-carvers
 83. who have fastened their "ivories" into the calves
 84. of the foeman so firmly.
 85. Mutsuhito the King, the lightning-change-artist
 86. who a few years ago was a sanctified image, all shut in with curtains,
 87. a divine, prehistoric, brocaded *Mikado*, now sends forth
 88. *his krusaz*, the latest from Elz-wikh and Elz-where, all talking
 89. like humans on the *márkon-isistem*;
 90. as wily as weasels, as swift as the eagle,
 91. his shark-like destroyers who hover in shadows
 92. held in leash like the *cheetah* (by the way quite the
 93. best kind of beast for the purpose;) avoiding the keen
 94. flashing eye of the searchlight till the moment for planting
 95. death-dealing *torpédos* in the vitals of foeman lying inside
 96. the harbour—staggering millions and knocking them

97. endways to lie upon mudbanks But the straits
 98. of Portartha—like honourable wasp under miserable
 99. tumbler, were really a *phlihbaît* to the straits of
 100. the poor journalist correspondents who'd been sent out
 101. to thrill us with startling details, . .
 102. sat about Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and Kobé
 103. in elaborate *warkits*, and simply
 104. knew nothing; and so, to prevent all their
 105. stylographs rotting, they wrote about picnics, *jinnrikshas*,
 106. their boyhood, and what sort of print-frocks their
 107. nurses wore mostly, and how they remembered one day
 108. at Kioto when someone said something,
 109. and all about Togo's great-grandmother's garden,
 110. and soon and so forth, *ettsettrah*
 111. Poor beggars! it's really pathetic!
 E. T. R.

DESICCATED DRAMAS.

(As supplied to Music-Hall Sketch Artists.)

THE LADY OF LYONS.

SCENE 1.—Interior of "*The Golden Lion*," near Lyons.

BEAUSEANT and GLAVIS enter from R.

Beauseant. As you justly observe, my dear GLAVIS, I am the richest and gayest bachelor in Lyons. In spite of which, PAULINE DESCHAPPELLES, who is merely the daughter of a wealthy *roturier* merchant, has had the cheek and presumption to refuse my hand in marriage!

Glavis (aside). So she has mine! (*Aloud*) What could have induced her to do that?

Beau. Because I am, forsooth, a mere commoner, as my father the Marquis lost his nobility in the French Revolution, and the ambitious little hussy turns up her disdainful nose at anything under a title.

Glavis. Then she will have to put up with a foreign one, for all titles are "off" in France.

[*Shouts outside of "Long live the Prince! Long live Prince CLAUDE!"*]

Beau. If we could but find some way to pay her and her pompous mother out! (*Enter Landlord.*) Who is this Prince they are shouting for?

Landlord. Only the pride of the village—young CLAUDE MELNOTTE, the gardener's son. We call him "the Prince," because he has educated himself above his station, which has rendered him extremely popular. He has just won the first prize in a local shooting match, and is madly in love with PAULINE DESCHAPPELLES, the Beauty of Lyons, who does not even know him by sight. [*Exit.*]

Beau. GLAVIS, an idea has just occurred to me for humiliating her. Let us discuss it in greater privacy.

[*Exit with GLAVIS, R. Enter CLAUDE, L.*]

Claude (throwing small coins to crowd outside). Thanks, friends; now go round to the tap-room and drink to my success. (*Cheers; to himself*) Glory is priceless! (*Enter GASPAS.*) Welcome, GASPAS, you doubtless bring me a letter

of thanks and compliments from the beauteous PAULINE for the love-verses I gave you to deliver to her? (*GASPAS silently holds out a bulky packet.*) What—returned! without a word?

Gaspas. Chucked at me by a flunkey, with the remark that his lady had never been so insulted in all her blooming life! Nay, worse! I have borne that which no Frenchman can suffer without indignity—they kicked me out! . . . I could show thee the marks—but, well, no matter. It seems that thy poetry must have been rather— [*Exit, injured.*]

Claude (re-reading his verses.) No, I can't see a single line here to justify their kicking poor GASPAS so severely as that. What have we gained by our so-called French Revolution, if a gardener's son may not present original poetry to a merchant's daughter? Oh, to be revenged on this arrogant beauty! But how? [*Enter BEAUSEANT and GLAVIS, R.*]

Beau. I will tell thee. We will fake thee up as a bogus Italian Prince of sorts, pay all thine exes, and introduce thee to the haughty PAULINE—on condition that thou swearest to wed her and bear her to thine humble home.

Claude. My brain reels. But it is too good a chance to refuse. I swear. Fake me as ye will!

[*Exit with them; Interval. Then change to:—*]

SCENE 2.—The Gardens of M. DESCHAPPELLES' house at Lyons.

Enter Mme. D. with PAULINE, Colonel DAMAS, BEAUSEANT, GLAVIS, and CLAUDE, disguised as The Prince of Como.

Mme. D. Oh, your Highness, I shall expire with laughter! Isn't the dear Prince witty and amusing, PAULINE?

Pauline. He is indeed, Madame! And such lovely poetry as he writes, too! So infinitely superior to the drivelling doggerel of that impertinent fellow, CLAUDE MELNOTTE! How it would make you laugh, Prince!

Claude. Many thanks for the compliment. (*To Mme. D.*) Pray accept this diamond snuff-box. (*To PAULINE*) And you, this ring, set with priceless brilliants—both heirlooms in my family!

Beau. and Glavis (aside). The liar! Why, we lent them to him, to render him more of a toff! [*Exeunt indignantly.*]

Col. Damas (aside). It's my belief this fellow's a fraud! (*Aloud*) As an Italian nobleman, you doubtless speak the



HINTS TO BEGINNERS. THE HUNT STEEPLE-CHASE SEASON.

IF YOU MUST RIDE IN THE LOCAL HUNT RACES, DON'T ENCOURAGE THE OBJECT OF YOUR AFFECTIONS TO BRING HER CAMERA DOWN TO THE WATER-JUMP.

language. *Dov'è il treno per Tutti Frutti? Portatemi un po' di sapone!*

Claude (aside). Why didn't I learn more of the lingo? *(Aloud)* If you call that gibberish Italian, it's more than I do!

[*Exit* Col. DAMAS, baffled.]

Mme. D. How well you exposed my cousin DAMAS's pretentious vulgarity, Prince! I will leave PAULINE to entertain you. [*Exit.*]

Pauline. Sweet Prince, tell me once more of that palace of thine on the Lake of Como!

Claude. Oh, ah—that palace! Well, to be worthy of *thee*, it should be a first-class residential mansion, lifting its marble walls—which are fitted up with every modern improvement, gas and hot water laid on all over the premises—to eternal summer. It should also include a handsome aviary, well stocked with feathered warblers, specially trained to syllable thy name. Is the picture to thy liking?

Pauline. It has quite won my heart. I should have loved thee just the same, even hadst thou not been a Prince!

[*Exit* R.]

Col. Damas (enters L. with two swords). As you don't seem to speak Italian, here are a couple of Conversation Manuals.

Claude (to himself). Luckily, I have had correspondence lessons in Fencing! *(Aloud)* Fool! Take your ground! *(They fight; CLAUDE disarms Col. DAMAS, and returns his sword respectfully.)* The State's property, I think, Sir. Be more careful of it in future.

Col. Damas. I am your friend for life! A man who can fence like that *can't* be a swindler! If there's anything I can do for you in future, name it! [*Exit.*]

Claude (to BEAUSEANT and GLAVIS, who re-enter). Fiends, release me from my oath! I can't and won't marry PAULINE. She is such an angel!

Beau. You'll marry her as per contract this very day. If not, we'll split upon you—and then she will marry *me*!

Claude. Anything to save her from such a horrible fate as that! I consent.

Enter Mme. D. with PAULINE.

Beau. We've just been warning the Prince that he must fly at once, as the Directory has his name and address.

Mme. D. Fly? Before he has made me his mother-in-law? Never!

Beau. Of course not. I will order a priest and a travelling carriage, so that the happy pair may start on their honeymoon without delay.

Claude (to himself, in gloomy abstraction). 'Tis in the bond. But Nemesis will soon upset my apple-cart! [*Change to:—*]

SCENE 3.—*The Widow MELNOTTE'S Cottage.. The Widow discovered alone.*

Widow. So my CLAUDE has wedded the proud PAULINE after all, and they will be here anon! Deary me! Ha—they come!

Pauline (enters with CLAUDE). It is most annoying that the carriage should have broken down, and compelled us to spend the night in such a poky hole as this—however, I must say this old person seems fairly respectable. *(As CLAUDE embraces the Widow)* You seem to be already acquainted?

Claude (frankly). We are. In point of fact, she is my Mother, and I am CLAUDE MELNOTTE, the gardener's son.

Pauline. I see it all. So you are *not* a Prince! What a very ungentlemanly trick to play upon a lady!

Claude. It was. I loved you—you scorned my suit. When you trample on a worm you cannot be surprised if it turns—into a sham Prince!

Pauline. And *this* is your palatial residence? Ha-ha-ha! I shall be the laughing-stock of all Lyons!

Claude. Not so. There is no harm done. I have already informed your parents, who will presently arrive to make arrangements for a divorce. Meanwhile, I will leave you under my Mother's protection. [*Exit.*]

Pauline. A divorce! Then he will marry someone else! *(Sobs on Widow's breast.)* Oh, Mother, he mustn't—he mustn't do that!

Widow. I regret to say I cannot altogether condone the mess my son seems to have got himself into. [*Exit.*]

Enter BEAUSEANT through window.

Beau. PAULINE! By now you must know all. I have come to console you. Fly with me!

Pauline. Sir, this roof, however lowly, is now my husband's, and I must beg you come off it. Help!

[*Claude rushes in, and throws BEAUSEANT to other end of stage; BEAUSEANT produces a pistol; PAULINE faints.*]

Claude. Coward! You *knew* the weapon was unloaded! Get out! [*Exit* BEAUSEANT.]

Enter the DESCHAPPELLES and DAMAS.

M. Desch. PAULINE, my child, leave this miserable impostor, and we will procure you a divorce!

Pauline (reviving). I cannot. Impostor as he is, he is My Husband, and it is now my duty to share his lot!

Claude. What a heart I have wronged! Colonel DAMAS, you once promised to do me a good turn. Get me into the French army!

Col. Damas. I will. More, I have taken such a violent fancy to you that I will stick you into every forlorn hope!

Claude. Then, farewell, PAULINE—these are my last words. Pardon the liberty I have taken. I go—in all probability—to fall amidst the carnage and roar of battle!

[*Exit; PAULINE faints: Picture, and change to:—*]

SCENE 4.—*A Street in Lyons, two years later.*

Enter Colonel DAMAS, with CLAUDE, now Colonel MORIER.

Damas. So here we are, back again at Lyons, on the anniversary of that glorious day in which you distinguished yourself! So forlorn were the hopes into which I stuck you, and so rapid is promotion in the French army, that, although you joined as a simple private under the assumed name of MORIER, you are now a Colonel and the Hero of Lodi.

Claude. I am—and I would I were in my soldier's grave! For to-day, at one P.M. precisely, is not my PAULINE to sign a contract to marry BEAUSEANT a week after she gets her divorce from me? If I could but see her once more!

Damas. You shall. I have an invite to witness the ceremony, and will smuggle you in as a friend of mine. She will never recognise you, now you have grown a moustache. Let us go thither. [*Change to—*]

SCENE 5.—*A Room at the DESCHAPPELLES'.*

M. and Mme. D., BEAUSEANT, and Notary (a thinking part).

Pauline (to Beau). I am reconciled to my doom. Still, I implore you to let me off, while there is yet time!

Beau. Not me! It is my turn now. Unless you sign the contract, I make your father a bankrupt!

Damas (enters, with CLAUDE). Not late, I hope? Let me introduce Colonel MORIER, the celebrated hero of Lodi.

Mme. D. Proud, I'm sure, to receive such a distinguished party. PAULINE, you have heard of Colonel MORIER?

Damas (to PAULINE). As he slept in the same tent with that young MELNOTTE, he can deliver any message you may like to send. *(Aside to Mme. D.)* He will tell her what a scoundrel MELNOTTE is!

Pauline (to DAMAS). Say that I love him more than ever—but am compelled to act thus to save my father from becoming an insolvent.

Beau. (to M. DESCH., showing bundle of notes). As soon as she signs, these notes will be yours! PAULINE, the contract awaits your signature.

Claude (tears up the contract). Hold! I outbid you. *(To DESCH.)* Old man, here is a pocket-book which contains the sum twice told! In a single year, by economising my

scanty pay, I have amassed a colossal fortune. As every coin of it has been bought with a soldier's blood, you need not blush to accept it.

M. Desch. I do not. (*Takes pocket-book.*) The contract is off. But I have yet to learn to whom I am indebted for this timely assistance?

Pauline. Ah, I recognise him now, despite his moustache. It is my long-lost husband! (*Rushes into his arms.*)

Claude. Oh, joy! oh, rapture! Weep, PAULINE, weep holy tears on this humble but be-medalled breast!

Beau. Torments and death! To be beaten at the post thus! Ha-ha! I wish you joy of your gardener's son!

(*Exit.*)

Claude. A gardener's son who has beaten his spade into a sabre, and with it wooed the Angel of Virtue to cancel his crime!

Mme. D. A Colonel and a hero, in these hard times, is not a son-in-law to be sneezed at. (*Crosses to him.*) Sir, I wish you joy!

Claude. Ah! Take my word for it, Madame, Repentance is the only true mother of Respectability!

(*Curtain.*)

F. A.

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that the GRAND LAMA is not feeling very Grand to-day.]

The statement circulated by a Motor Journal that Major DUNLOP, when wounded in the Thibetan fighting, exploded with a loud bang, is denied. It is none the less a fact that the report reached England.

The *Novosti* now declares that Russia will not object to a British Protectorate over Thibet. In these circumstances we think it would be a graceful act were the British authorities to return to the Russian War Office the Russian guns which the Thibetans had evidently stolen from our friends.

Turkey has so often proved herself to be behind the other Powers in the matter of civilisation that it is a pleasure to find her for once in advance of them. Picture postcards, with few exceptions, are now prohibited from entering the SULTAN'S dominions.

Experiments having proved that water is a dangerous element in which to entrust Russian war-vessels, the eighteen torpedo boats ordered by Admiral MAKAROFF are being sent by railway.

The first suicide from a sky-scraper has been carried out with great *éclat* in New York, and there is every likelihood

that this will be in the future the smart death for Americans.

Much satisfaction has been expressed in Ireland at the compliment paid to the Irish people by the Admiralty in changing the name of the *Black Prince*, stationed at Queenstown, to that of the *Emerald*. RANJÍ, however, is declared to feel much hurt.

One of Scotland's leading drunkards is reported to have died suddenly last week on reading that some burglars who broke into an Edinburgh public-house wilfully turned on all the taps, and allowed 130 gallons of good liquor to run to waste.

Dr. BARTON'S airship will carry on its

months ago were stated to have been killed by the Turkhana tribe have arrived in England. They one and all deny the accuracy of the report.

It has been proposed that, to enable the Town Councils to meet local expenses, a tax shall be levied on all visitors to certain watering-places. We were under the impression that this was already done by some of the hotels.

President ROOSEVELT has disapproved of his daughter gambling on a race-course. Unscrupulous opponents are now attempting to make the PRESIDENT'S re-election an impossibility by spreading a report to the effect that he wishes to deprive his countrymen of their right to say "You bet."



Mike (who has been looking at the moon). "I THINK, NURSE, THERE'S SO MUCH LIGHT IN THE ROOM TO-NIGHT, I'LL JUST GO TO BED IN THE DARK!"

trial trip two black cats for luck. There can, we suppose, be little doubt that the reason why so many similar inventions failed is that the owners neglected this precaution.

An actress has confided to an interviewer that she contemplates writing two plays. "One is a pure comedy, and the other is a serious drama." Some think there is a greater opening for a pure drama.

The theory that boys are descended from monkeys has received an ugly set-back. A Philadelphian gentleman possesses a monkey who washes himself with soap and water.

The four members of the British expedition to East Africa who some

With reference to the indictment brought against Society people that they are now impatient of mourning, we think that it is not fair to tar them all with the same brush. A fashionable widow replied only the other day to an invitation to dinner that she regretted that, owing to her recent bereavement, she could not accept *unless her hostess could assure her that it would be very dull.*

Belgrade having been visited by repeated shocks of earthquake, King PETER has at last resolved to hurry on the punishment of the Regicides.

"Where will Major SEELY sit?" asks a contemporary. The answer is: Under Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The ex-Colonial Minister will doubtless sit on him.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE title of JOHN OLIVER HOBBS's latest work, *The Vineyard* (FISHER UNWIN), will not help the reader to forecast its drift when he takes the book up, nor does it convey any suggestion of appropriateness when he lays it down. "Why Rookery?" *Betsy Trotwood* sharply asked *David Copperfield's* mother when she mentioned the name of her domicile. "Why Vineyard?" my Baronite would like to ask the brilliant author. Possibly the explanation may have something to do with the fact that the plot works itself out amid rural surroundings, of which there are many dainty touches.

In the main it is a series of clever studies of incompatibility of temper in *Persons About to Marry*. *Jennie Sussex* is a charming little woman, a trifle uncertain in performance of duty of making up her mind. Allured by the physical attractions of a handsome animal, unprincipled, uncultured, wholly unattractive in other respects, she falls in love with him. They become affianced, he characteristically insisting upon the engagement being kept secret. This enables *Gerald Federan* by and by to make what, from a commercial point of view, is a more advantageous marriage. Having meanly defrauded everyone all round, and being himself cheated by a more accomplished scoundrel, he finds himself under the necessity of providing a sum of £15,000. This happened to be the fortune of *Rachel Tredegar*, whom he had originally schemed to rob. So he throws over *Jennie* and makes love to the heiress, who incontinently yields herself up to the charm of his god-like countenance, the grace of his shapely limbs. *Rachel Tredegar*, though not presented as the heroine, is the most interesting, because the oddest, of the many women who play their part in the drama. That young gazelle, *Jennie*, having suffered much vicissitude of the affections, marries, not a market gardener, as was the habit of the fair known to *Dick Swiveller*, but a drawing-master. The wooing of these two is, in its way, as quaint as are the successive enterprises in the same field of *Gerald Federan*. As far as sparkling literary style, shrewd saying, and incisive view of passing character are concerned, *The Vineyard* will rank with JOHN OLIVER's best work.

The Celebrity at Home, by VIOLET HUNT (CHAPMAN AND HALL), is an eccentric sort of book with an attractive cover and a title that suggests great possibilities to a too imaginative reader who, it is possible, may find himself somewhat disappointed.

One of my Junior Baronites reports: "I have just read *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* (JOHN LANE), the first novel of the brilliant and paradoxical (some would say 'brilliant but paradoxical') essayist, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON. It not only entertained, but fascinated me. Why? Honestly, I should find it difficult to explain. Not because of the love-interest, for the very sufficient reason that there is not a single female in the whole book. Nor yet because it gives an imaginary picture of London a century hence—for the reader who expects 'anticipations' in the manner of Mr. H. G. WELLS will be disappointed; it pleases Mr. CHESTERTON to assume that the London of that day will be precisely the same as now,—only, if possible, more so. I can't give any idea of the story, beyond saying that it is wildly fantastic, and even preposterous. If you asked, as the Scotchman did of *Homer*, what it was intended to prove, I could only answer with a very uncertain voice.

"The author may have meant to point out the danger

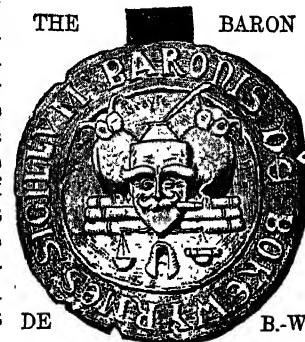
of a hypertrophied sense of humour—but this is scarcely a fashionable ailment at present. Or he may have desired to show the disastrous results of being without any sense of humour at all—though there are few withers, even at Notting Hill, that will be wrung by his 'awful example.'

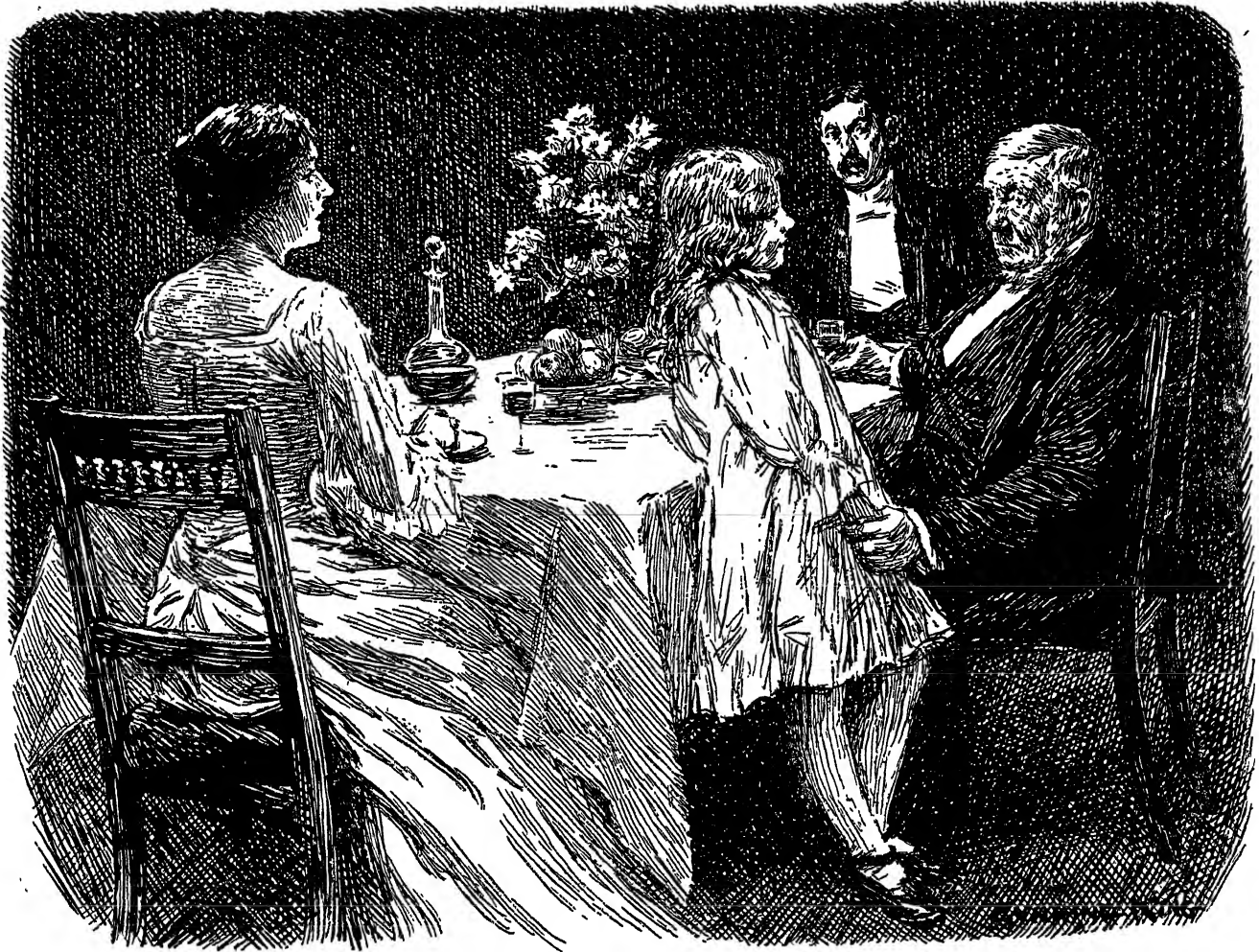
"Should we learn the lesson that Patriotism is not a whit more sublime or more ridiculous, whether it embraces the whole British Empire, or is concentrated on Notting Hill? Or that Romance may lurk in the most unlikely quarters and personalities; or that Life without the spirit of Militarism would be but a humdrum affair?"

"I don't know, nor do I much care: I am content to accept the story as an excellent jest, to enjoy its wit, its picturesqueness, the vivid realism of even its most outrageous incidents, while I fancy I can see, here and there, a suggestion of some deeper purpose—though it would puzzle me to say precisely what.

"The author and his illustrator have, between them, left little doubt as to the identity of one of the principal characters—but whether in doing so they have or have not overstepped the bounds of literary and artistic amenities is a question upon which the original is best entitled to give an opinion. I can only say that, for me, the book has the charm of a new and piquant literary flavour, and that I shall look forward to Mr. CHESTERTON's next work of fiction with unusual interest. And I predict that many of his readers will say the same."

Given two sisters as closely resembling one another in appearance as did *Louis* and *Fabian dei Franchi*, yet as different in their lives as is the unprincipled rake from the honest Bohemian; given also that the godfathers and godmothers of these two sisters being of a mildly humorous turn, and enjoying, by anticipation, comic, or serious, complications, conferred on their god-daughters the christian names of *Annabel* and *Anna* respectively; add to this, that good sister *Anna* is so devoted to reckless sister *Annabel* as to take upon her own innocent shoulders the burden of the latter's peccadilloes and crimes; and further let there be two men of the name of HILL, so much like each other that it is difficult to tell t'other from which, and there you have *in toto* the basis of the plot of Mr. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM's latest romance entitled *Anna, the Adventuress* (WARD, LOCK & Co.). It is well written, carrying the reader straight along, never giving him time to pause, and bringing everyone out of the awful tangle triumphantly. For just one second, at a very critical point in the strange story of these heroines' lives, the deeply interested reader, taking in every detail, will tremble lest the absolute necessity for the intervention of a magistrate (by a misprint we read "magistrates," p. 262) should clear up all mystery and bring matters down to a mere commonplace level. But Mr. OPPENHEIM knows his business thoroughly; he is quite aware of the thin ice which must be crossed, and he skims over it in a single line, apparently without an effort, and so swiftly, that the danger has practically never existed. It is all good melodrama, and the author in writing it has adopted the method which should be the rule without exception in all dramatic composition intended for stage representation, namely, that of letting his readers into the secret and keeping his actors in the dark. This he does up to a certain point, and then comes a real surprise which does great credit to his boldness of invention.





SWEET SIMPLICITY.

The Pet Niece (who, on valuable uncle's visit, has been allowed to stay up for dessert). "OH, UNCLE TOM, FATHER SAID YOU WOULD BE SURE TO BRING OUT SOME OF YOUR OLD CHESTNUTS. MAY I HAVE SOME? DO, PLEASE!"

VENUS TO MARS.

[“A private of the Buffs has been court-martialed for striking a corporal during an altercation arising out of the private having worn his curls outside his cap. . . . It is probable that the cap now in general use in the Army, and also khaki for home wear, will disappear, as both are in disfavour with recruits.”—*Daily Paper.*]

DEAR man of Mars, whose lordly gait
Upsets the nerves of foreign nations,
We, one and all, commiserate
Your pardonable perturbations.
Though men may fail to understand
The need, in clothes, of schemes poetic,
You'll find the ladies of the land
Most sympathetic.

And *did* they put upon its head
A cap inordinately silly?
And *must* it change its gold and red
For bilious khaki, willy nilly?
Khaki's *such* unbecoming wear
When cheeks are pale in chilly weather;
Nor may one curl of silky hair
Escape its tether.

The butcher woos the parlour-maid,
And cook prefers a dark-blue helmet;
But though the vogue has turned to
trade,

You're impotent to overwhelm it.
What influence can you exert
On nurse perambulating Baby?
Enlist!—small blame if you desert
As soon as may be.

We sympathise with your distress,
We know the power of pretty clothing,
The tragedy of dowdiness
Fills us with honourable loathing.
If they refuse to make you smart,
And keep your value down to zero,—
How can they think you'll have the heart
To be a hero?

Visitor. Well, now, tell me how old
you all are?

Little Girl. VERA's twelve, MURIEL's
ten, VIOLET's eight, GUY and UNA, the
twins, are six, and I'm five. I think
mother's twenty.

Note and Query.

I HAVE often heard of “Sewing the Wind.” Has a stitch in the side which stops one's breath anything to do with this? Yours, A CONSTANT INQUIRER.

Embarrassment of Riches: Margate.

Mother. Now, TOMMY, which would you rather do—have a donkey ride or watch father bathe?

FROM the *Dublin Evening Mail*:—

“MR. HYNES also moved for a similar order against JOHN WARD, deceased, THOS. WALDRON, deceased, . . . and for an extension of time for a month for the service of the order, owing to the difficulty of effecting service. The application was granted.”

FROM the *Coleraine Chronicle*:—

“WANTED, a NURSE to take entire charge of a baby, not under 35 years of age. Apply,” &c.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

II.

BENEATH a noon athirst to spend
The night's largesse of healing dew,
Russet and grey the rocks descend
Sheer to the sudden shoreless blue;
Blossom of almond, bloom of peach
From crannied ledges leap their banners,
And Nature, far as eye can reach,
Adopts the most engaging manners.

Here, closely linked, the dancing hours
Renew the one unwearying strain;
Each season flaunts her spoil of flowers
Moving with jocund steps and fain;
And Winter's self, the mate of Spring,
Checks not the feet that follow after;
And April weaves her dædal ring
With never a tear to dim the laughter.

Man, too, where other prospects please,
Is not, as usual, simply vile;
His lesson learnt at Nature's knees,
He wears an *entente cordiale* smile;
I hear his happy, reckless hoot,
I breathe his generous pungent odours
Where all the lower Corniche Route
Resounds with Anglo-French exploders.*

Why, then, should I desert a spot
That makes my vagrant waistcoat thrill,
Prompting the rhymes I loosely dot
Down on my local washing-bill?
Why quit a world whose beauty wakes
The lyre of middle-aged Apollos,
And seek a dubious clime that breaks
The back of disillusioned swallows?

Is it in view of BROWNING's words
Touching the charm of British Springs
That I, with those misguided birds,
Propose to fare on northward wings?
Is it because my spirit pines
For London's over-rated season?
No, it is not. The following lines
Confess a larger, loftier reason.

There is a moment (just behind
The vernal equinox it falls)
When patriots, like the undersigned,
Are ware of England's voice that calls!
At once, from bower or bath or bed
(No cost so great the heart would grudge it)
They fly, like me, to hold her head,
And help to see her through the Budget! O. S.

Cap d'Ail, La Turbie.

* By Tre, Pol, and Pen
Ye may know the Cornish men.—*Old Song.*
By Teuf, Hoot and Toot
Ye may know the Corniche Route.—*New Song.*

"A Little Learning."

Lady Tactful (visiting small farmer). I hope, JOHN, the rain has not damaged the wheat.

John. Ah, my lady, some of it will never grow; the wet has busted it.

Mrs. John (who is "educated"). He should have said "busted," my lady. That's what he means.

Lady Tactful. Never mind. I think I prefer the old-fashioned pronunciation.

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. II.

I HAVE tried on more than one occasion to explain to BOUDIN that one of the numerous secrets of our greatness as a nation is our resolute devotion to sport and open-air exercise, and the consequent hardihood and indifference to danger which are bred in us by these pursuits. "BOUDIN," I said to him the other day, while we were on our way to see a great football match between the Southminster Meteors and the Stonewall Thursdays, "BOUDIN, it's a wonderful thing this love of sport that is implanted in the British breast. We hold by it a great deal; our public men encourage it. You will see Lord SOMERSHAM kick off the ball to-day."

"Ah," says BOUDIN, "Lord SOMERSHAM is a player of football? I did not know. Which side does he play on, this lord? Is he a strong man? Can he run fast and kick the ball far?"

"Why, no," I said. "I'm not sure that he ever played football himself, and, as to strength and pace—well, you'll see him and judge for yourself. But you must admit that it's a good thing to have a man like that—an Earl, you know, and all that sort of thing—showing an interest in the amusements of the people. We hold that in this way we avoid revolutions and bring classes together, don't you know?"

Well, you may believe me or not, but it's the plain truth that BOUDIN, if I may say so, wouldn't have this at any price:—

"I know your SOMERSHAM," he said, "as well as if I had already seen this lord who is not a football-player, but who is to kick the ball once to-day with a patent leather boot. He will not kick him very far, oh no, but he will kick him, and the spectators will give lively applaudings and he will walk away thinking he is a splendid fellow for giving this kick, and the crowd will think they are splendid fellows because he has come down amongst them. We have not quite got rid of our SOMERSHAMS in France: they are still there, but we do not fall down and let them put their patent leather boots on our necks."

"My dear BOUDIN," I interrupted, for we were walking with many others, and I didn't care to have such sentiments addressed to me without protest. "My dear BOUDIN, you must admit there is some slight difference between a monarchy and a republic. A republic is unfavourable to the growth of individuality: it cultivates a dead level of respectable mediocrity—"

"Oh," laughed BOUDIN, "I know that phrase by heart. I have read it myself in your Daily Something or other. It is a beautiful phrase and very consoling, and it goes on that a monarchy like the British Monarchy which rests upon the affections of the people can do—well, I really do not know that there was anything that this newspaper thought it could not do—but I do not think it explains Lord SOMERSHAM. And these football-players, now—what kind of men are they?"

"The Southminster Meteors," I replied, "are famous for their great victory last year. The Stonewall Thursdays have been, I believe, comparatively unknown until this year. In fact their last season was almost disastrous, but the Committee includes some of the best business men of the district, and they got together a considerable sum of money and managed to collect a really first-class team. They pay their men well and regularly, and train them to perfection—"

"Pay them!" said BOUDIN, putting his hand up to his head, like a man who has had a sudden shock. "Pay them! Then it may be they are not from Stonewall these Thursdays that are to play to-day! They are hired and paid. Oh, but they cannot win against the Southminster men, those patriotic



OUR ENTERTAINMENT.

Winded Performer. "EASY ON, BESS! I CAN'T KEEP UP!"

Meteors who are not paid. I will bet five francs on the men of Southminster."

"Pardon me," I observed. "You do not seem to understand. The Southminster team is paid also. They are both professional teams. I don't think there's a man from Stonewall or Southminster amongst them, except one, by the way, from Stonewall, and he's playing for the Southminster team."

"But then," says he, "they are gladiators. They do not count. Where is your love of open-air exercise in this? You all sit and look on while twenty-two men, who are well paid at so much the kick, run about after a ball. Now in France we play ourselves, not many of us, it is true, but we do not pay gladiators to amuse us. My dear friend, you are in your decadence. You are like the Spaniards with their bull-fights."

"Pardon me, BOUDIN," I said, with some asperity, "I cannot permit you to compare our British football to anything so degrading as a bull-fight."

"Oh," said he, "I take back the bull-fight if you do not like him, but the rest is true."

At this moment we arrived at the football ground, and went in. I have left myself no room to describe either Lord SOMERSHAM's opening kick or the progress of the match. It was a glorious sight, such as you can see only in this country. That much BOUDIN was forced to admit.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

THERE be to whom the buttered bun
And thumping gingerbread appeal,
Who eat the artless Sally Lunn,
And swallow macaroons with zeal;
Who when they hear the bell for tea, 'll
Assume an obvious air of zest,
And eat enormously, yet feel
Quite comfortable in the chest.

Give me, at half-past twelve or one,
A homely but substantial meal;
Boiled mutton, slightly underdone,
Or ribs of beef, or even veal.
The prawn, the oyster and the eel,
The lobster's claw, the turkey's
breast
Impair the wan digestion's weal,
But I consume them with the best.

I deem it cowardly to shun
The hidden terrors they conceal;
They give you pains, but never one
That patent pills refuse to heal;
Though I myself prefer to deal
Less drastically when oppressed
By too much food:—I simply steal
Into the library and rest.

SEASONABLE SPRING PUBLICATIONS. —
LAMB'S Tales.



NOT QUITE HER MEANING.

The Vicar's Daughter. "I'M GLAD TO FIND YOU'VE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF, MUGGLES, AND DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY AT THE PUBLIC-HOUSE."

Muggles. "YES, MISS, I HAVE IT IN BY THE BARREL NOW, AND THAT DO COME CHEAPER!"

LEGEND ABRIDGED.

[Professor BRIDGE, lecturing on sounds due to modifications of the internal anatomy of fishes, stated that the Sirens of the ancients were undoubtedly vocal fish.]

WHAT was the song the Sirens sang
Once in the long ago?
Is it not written in BUTCHER and LANG?
Surely the latter would know.

Where shall we seek those wondrous
isles,
How shall we hear those strains?
Follow a leader of many wiles,
Choose a Professor of brains.

Come, let us sail on a keel of Fact,
Bound to a mast of Prose;
This way are Sirens caught in the act,
Thus we may find—Who knows?

Haply a fish in the wine-dark sea,
Blest with a bladder drum,

Using a twist in his vertebræ
Simply to make things hum.

Haply a proof that if HOMER nod,
Science provides excuse,
Melody wrung from a vocal cod
Put to equivocal use.

What if the Sirens' song was sweet?
Think of a fish-bone ridge!
Fancy and fact at the last shall meet,
Knowledge creates a BRIDGE.

Liverpool's Speciality?

FROM the *Northern Daily Mail*:—

"Among the passengers arriving by the Cunard liner *Etruria* at Liverpool on Saturday night was Dr. LUDWIG HEKTOEN, who purposes to carry on experiments in this country for tracking the scarlet-fever germ. Dr. HEKTOEN will spend about two months in Liverpool, and experiment on apes. There is a fine field for research at Liverpool."

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that, encouraged by the success of the Anglo-French arrangement, the Sultan of Morocco is about to come to terms with the Pretender, the basis of the agreement being that the SULTAN is to have England, and the Pretender France.

We are sorry to learn that the recent sudden and treacherous attack by the Thibetans on our men at Garu seriously injured the photographs that the officers were taking.

By the courtesy of the *Daily Mail* we are enabled to publish a further Royal and Imperial Joke made by the KAISER at Malta. In the gardens of the San Antonio Palace the august visitor planted a tree. As he did so, he said wittily and laughingly to the gardener, "Don't forget to water it, GEORGE."

The war-correspondents at Tokio are stated to be spending their time playing billiards. It is of course only natural that they should like to see the balls flying, and every now and then to hear a cannon.

Mr. Justice GRANTHAM has been fined £20 by a pickpocket without option of imprisonment.

The Ayr Town Council has been recommended by a public meeting to re-elect Bailie MUNRO, the author of the recent Burns Temple hoax, on the ground that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." This idea of giving the members of the Council a chance of showing that they are, after all, wise men, is really shrewd.

One of the conditions of the sale of old British warships which took place last week was that none of the vessels was to be sold to the Powers now at war. The dispute between the London County Council and the Thames Steamboat Company therefore prevented any of these vessels being purchased for river traffic.

The Germans have fought an eight hours' battle with the Herreros. The Trades Unionists claim this as a victory.

In consequence of the recent theft of cannon from the Rotunda at Woolwich, all our new guns are, it is said, to have a neat chemist's label affixed, "Not to be taken."

The Moore and Burgess Minstrels are no more. Peace to their bones!

With reference to the edition of

DICKENS'S works which a New York publisher is preparing for millionaires, we understand that the same is not for reading, but merely to brag about.

A complete set, as already announced, will cost £26,000. It is possible that, later on, a popular edition at £13,000 will be produced.

It is hoped that the members of the Football Club who so disgraced themselves at Tenby the other day will shortly win a gaol.

We understand that next year the Motor-Boat Races at Monte Carlo are to take place in the evening, as the effect of the illumination when a boat catches fire is so much prettier in the dark.

"May and December cannot mate," said Mr. PLOWDEN the other day. Our recollection of last May is not so pleasant.

More Post Office delay! Mr. BOULDING, in an address to London spiritualists, stated that he had only just received a communication from ANNE BOLEY.

MUSICAL JOTTINGS.

THE BILGER FESTIVAL.

ALL the arrangements are now complete for the BILGER Festival, which is to be held early in June at Olympia. In all, four performances will be given: on Monday the 6th, Wednesday the 8th, Friday the 10th, and Saturday the 11th. Professor ERASMUS BILGER, who will conduct the Festival, has never visited England before, but his name has long been a household word amongst us. More strident than STRAUSS, more exciting than SOUSA, more dramatic than WAGNER, it is not too much to say that the famous Bessarabian composer is now the foremost luminary of the musical world.

The programme for the opening day will include the new overture *The Siege of Port Arthur*, the new concerto for the *grosse caisse*, and the Symphonic Poem, *The Devil among the Tailors*. On Wednesday will be presented the cantata *Pandemonium*, the overture to *The Boilermakers*, and a new scena for bass solo and double orchestra entitled *Stentor defying the Thunder*. Friday's programme will consist of the oratorio *The Bull of Bashan*, and Saturday's will be devoted to extracts from the opera of *Armageddon*, and the new puzzle symphony *Abracadabra*; or, *He, She, and the Postman*. The above titles are all literal translations from the Bessarabian.

As the *Abracadabra* symphony has never yet been heard in England, the following extract from an article by Mr. H. CHOLLOP, the eminent American critic, may interest our readers. Writing in the *Minnesota Mugwump* Mr. CHOLLOP says:—

"Rigid and unmanageable in their simple form as chunks of old red sandstone, the themes become, in Herr BILGER's magical hands, as plastic as putty, as digestible as blanc mange. The working-out section in the first movement, where the solemn strains of the perdoneum are heard for the first time through a shimmering mist of *tremolando* picaroons, is in its way quite unique. As the poet remarks, 'imagination's widest stretch in wonder dies away' before the rhomboidal conglucination of BILGER's polyphony. One word, and one only, can dimly adumbrate the galliambic frenzy of the Scherzo—it is salicylic, unless indeed we should say atarambamphian. The slow movement is more than divine: the finale is the apotheosis of amentia. It used to be said, See Naples and die. A better way is to hear BILGER and get a new drum to your ear."

The orchestra, in addition to the usual complement of strings and wind, will be augmented for the occasion by the following instruments: Two Bombardophones, three large perdoneums with muted scoops, four bass jamboons, three picaroons, two octoroons and one macaroon, four contra-zoedones (the first two in D and A, and the two others in M and N), four sitzbaths, one tubular Italian bedstead, ten cab-whistles, three pairs of kitchen tongs, one piccolo warming-pan, one sax-harpoon, one pestle and mortar, two gas-jets (in C and C sharp), and sixteen cockatoos.

LIMITATIONS.

FOR Mr. BEERBOHM TREE'S Dramatic School there is to be, as announced, a "First Entrance Exam." Quite right, of course, but why not "a Second Entrance Exam." and another for a Third Entrance? Or is there to be a special class for students whose duties in the art of acting are to be entirely confined to coming on at the "First Entrance" either "R.H. or L.H."? If this be so, should there not also be a very strict examination of the pupils whose duty it will be to get a rise in the Theatrical profession by coming up "traps"? Will the Grigolatis have a class which will include the responsibilities of Wire-pullers and the duties of flying fairies? We are anxious to see a further developed prospectus of the School of Treatrical Art as soon as possible.

MORE ARMY REFORM NEEDED.—From the *Yorkshire Post*: "Leeds.—Capital beer-house, doing nice steady trade, suit ex-soldier." Who controls soldier-ex?



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Distinguished Artist. "PERHAPS IF YOU COME HERE YOU WILL GET A BETTER LIGHT ON THE PICTURE. THIS STUDIO IS NOT NEARLY LARGE ENOUGH."

Fair Visitor (desirous to understand). "YES, YES, I KNOW. ONE CAN'T GET FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM YOUR PICTURES!"

FRANCHISE REFLECTIONS.

"[In the Australian Commonwealth every male and female who is of age and qualified by residence possesses the suffrage. . . . The Premier of Victoria has been reduced to threatening a Bill compelling the voter to come to the poll.]—*Daily Chronicle.*]

THE old, old tale! Man prizes
What he possesses not,
And evermore despises
The treasure he has got.
The apple on the topmost tree,
The unattainable fair She—
How excellent they seem to be
While still beyond his lot!

Brave men have fought and striven
With body and with soul
That they might e'en be given
The freedom of the poll;
And lady lobbyists, at sight
Of whom pale Members speed their
flight,
Believe the world would all be right
Were they upon the roll.

But glance o'er Southern waters,
Where Freedom reigns alone,
And all her sons and daughters
Can make their wishes known.
There you will find the votes as thick
As blackberries, when corn's in rick,
And none of course will care to pick
What is so freely strown.

Old Athens in her glory
Was called upon to face
The same ignoble story
About her sons' disgrace.
They would not go to vote—not they!
They loved to loaf the livelong day,
And gossip in an idle way
Around the market-place.

Then was the rope well reddened,
Compelling one and all
Whose civic sense was deadened
To answer duty's call.
If any sought to duck his head,
His *chiton* showed the tell-tale red,
And from his purse the obols sped
To build the long sea-wall.

Ah, happy thought! Let's follow
The Periclean lead!
Let every Briton wallow
In votes he does not need;
And if he fail to exercise
The privilege he ought to prize,
Such action let us stigmatise
And make his pockets bleed.

Thus deficits shall vanish,
And lo! the unwonted sight
Of surpluses shall banish
The fears of Budget night. [play
Instead of frowns, glad smiles shall
About the House on that fair day
When other taxes pass away
Into the *Ewigkeit*.

A JURYMAN OF A SIZE.—A Welsh publican who weighs thirty stone has lately been informed that his bulk will not invalidate him from sitting on juries. "Squashing the verdict" is likely to become a popular feature at the Welsh Assizes.

UNLIMITED ST. LOUIS.

CEASELESS in their endeavours to turn the St. Louis Exhibition into a veritable microcosm, the Executive have arranged not only for a vivid representation of the Boer War, the preparations for which have been just concluded, but also for the faithful reproduction of a variety of other phases of the British spirit. Thus:—

Side Show No. XXIII.

THE BRITISH SENATE.

A FISCAL NIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Every day at 3 and 9, the English MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, specially engaged at enormous expense, will repeat his famous

CLEARING-HOUSE SPEECH, in the midst of which a number of TRAINED AND BRAINY HISTRIONS will execute an exact imitation of the MINISTERIAL STAMPEDE, headed by

BILL GILLETTE AS MR. BALFOUR.

Side Show No. XXX.

LONDON DURING THE SALES. ENGLISH AMAZONS ON THE WAR-PATH.

THE SIEGE OF DERRY AND TOMS.

For this representation, which will occur twice a day during the Exhibition, THREE HUNDRED OF LONDON'S LEADING BARGAIN-HUNTERS will be specially imported.

N.B.—A Thousand Dollars worth of Remnants are TORN TO SHREDS at every performance.

Side Show No. LXVI.

(Reduced Model.)

THE BRITISH MUSEUM READING ROOM

On Saturday Afternoon.

SERMON-COPYING IN FULL SWING.

In the Great Arena.

TWO PERFORMANCES, DAILY

will be given by

MR. A. P. WATT'S

CONGRESS OF ROUGH WRITERS, chief among whom will be

RUD KIPLING (Imperialist Verse-jerker).

MRICE HEWLETT (Battle-Axe Exponent).

CON DOYLE (the Human Sleuth-hound).

BILL LE QUEUX (Sensational Illusionist). GEEKY CHESTERTON (Lightning Improviser).

THEO WATTS-DUNTON (Hyphen Expert).

PET RIDGE (Cockney Impersonator).

"FUTURE" WELLS (with Counsels of Perfection).

JEROMKY JEROME (with imitations of MARK TWAIN).

SID LEE (the Stratford-on-Avon Bacon-puncher).

and

ALF AUSTIN (British Lion Comique).

The British Slow Lunch Restaurant.

In this Eating-house Americans who are in the habit of placing on their office doors a placard which runs:—

"GONE TO LUNCH,
BACK IN FIVE MINUTES,"

will have the novel sensation of being neglected by

LONDON WAITERS

whose

NATIVE DELIBERATENESS

is aggravated by

RHEUMATIC ARTHRITIS.

At this Restaurant even the HASTY PUDDINGS FREEZE EN ROUTE.

SPECIALITY:—POTAGE D'ESCARGOTS.

N.B.—Don't ask for the *salle à manger*: ask for the *salle d'attente*.

N.B.—Have your tips handy, as there is a charge for going out.

MORE NEW ELEMENTS.

(An Interview with Sir William Ramsay.)

THE report that Dr. BASKERVILLE, the Trans-Atlantic RAMSAY, has discovered several new elements in the radio-active group, has not excited any surprise on the part of our Sir WILLIAM RAMSAY, whom one of Mr. Punch's representatives recently interviewed at University College.

"Yes," said the Gower Street scientist, "BASKERVILLE is an able chemist and veracious investigator, and I place complete confidence in his statement of the discovery of two new elements, which he has no doubt already tried on his hound, an animal of a highly fluorescent temperament. But, after all, the addition of two new elements is a paltry contribution compared with the half-dozen which I have discovered in the last few days."

"Half a dozen?" asked Mr. Punch's representative in amazement. "So many?"

"O, yes," replied the intrepid savant, "I consider a day lost that does not produce a new element."

"And what are the latest?" inquired the interviewer.

"Well, let us take them in order. The first is Savillium, a gregarious substance which gives off the well-known Lankester Rays in great profusion and intensity."

"Can these Rays be used for illuminating purposes?"

"Yes, certainly. One of them is now installed at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, where it may be observed in a high degree of activity."

"This is profoundly interesting. I implore you to continue."

"Certainly: to proceed with my list. Another of the new elements is Tim-helium, found originally in some vitriol waste at Bantry, co. Kerry. This is an extraordinarily active and aggressive element, the peculiarity of which is that it is excited to an inordinate degree by contact with the cognate elements of Dillonium, Flavinium, or Davittium."

The great scientist here paused for breath, giving the interviewer an opportunity of recording his words exactly as they fell from the magician's lips. After imbibing a refreshing draught of liquid air (DEWAR'S Special Vatted) the speaker continued:—

"Corellium, another recent discovery, is an extraordinarily beautiful but very sensitive element, recently found in mighty atoms on the banks of the Avon, but as to its utility there is a conflict of opinion."

"Lastly," said Sir WILLIAM, "there is Seelium, found all over the Isle of Wight, and also for a while at Westminster. Curiously, however, Seelium vanished from Westminster for a short period—completely. But it is now again noticeable there. A very disturbing element indeed."

"And how long a life, Sir WILLIAM, do you give these new forces?"

"They will disintegrate and disappear," said the Marvel of Science, "in a very short time—one and all," and with these profoundly pessimistic words he turned again to his liquid air.

DRY-FLY NOTES.

FOR THE VERY RICH.

HAVING secured a mile or miles of some first-rate chalk-stream, and thus having established his claim to social distinction, the plutocratic tyro will next set about providing himself with the apparatus necessary to his sport. On this point the following hints may be of service:

Waders.—These are essential. No portion of the fisherman's outfit has a more thoroughly sporting appearance. As spurs serve to mark the fearless horseman, so waders must always indicate the successful angler. It is well to enter the water from time to time. The wet area resulting from this practice will always create a pleasant impression upon the mind of the spectators.

Brogues.—These should always be built of canvas and brown leather. The straps and buckles are very workman-like, and nothing gives a better finish to the costume.

Rod.—It is advisable to have a rod. Should the fisherman find occasion to walk any distance along the high-road, the presence of this implement at once declares his purpose to any brake-loads of holiday-makers which may overtake

or meet him. Without the Rod he might conceivably be mistaken for a farm hand. With it, the most ignorant of tourists must know him for what he is.

Landing-net.—When using the high-road as above-mentioned, it is customary to slip the handle of this useful weapon down the back of the jacket, allowing the net itself to stand up immediately above the head. This is very effective. Of course, by the water, both rod and net will be carried, each by its proper attendant.

Flies.—No self-respecting fisherman will provide himself with fewer than six assorted dozen of these indispensable little contrivances. Of these, five dozen will be retained for purposes of comparison, discussion and exchange, should the Waltonian meet with a brother of the angle.

The twelve remaining flies will be selected carefully from among the May-flies, Sedges, Alders and other large varieties, and will be sewn strongly on to the cap, topee, or other head-dress. This simple precaution will always win the admiration of the uninitiated.

It is assumed that the angler for whose benefit these lines are written, though suitably wealthy, is one who desires to conform as fully as possible to the simple and unassuming canons of his craft. The number of the attendants who, it is suggested, should wait upon him has therefore been brought down to the irreducible minimum. None but anglers of the very first rank (incomes from £200,000 per annum upwards) will find it necessary to surround themselves with a greater number of servants. In a few words then, and by way of illustration, let us try to indicate the manner in which a modern trout should be brought to grass.

The *Angler Proper* will repair to a tree situated at a convenient distance from the water, thereunder to enjoy his Regalia or his repose as his fancy may suggest.

The *Notifier of Rises* will station himself by the stream, the surface of which he must closely scan for any sign of a moving fish. This office involves some responsibility, for he who fills it must possess the power of discriminating between the rises of small or large trout. A really competent *Notifier* will never bring his master to the waterside for anything under three pounds.

On a fish being signalled the *Rodbearer* will betake himself with all speed to the bank, and after getting into position will let out sufficient line to enable the *Angler Proper* to reach the quarry. All being ready, the *Notifier* will inform his employer of the fact.

The *Angler Proper* will now come into action. Taking the rod from its



WHAT SHE OUGHT NOT TO HAVE SAID.

She. "I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY OF YOUR PEOPLE HERE TO-NIGHT, MR. CARTER. I HOPE THEY ARE WELL?"

Mr. Carter. "No. THEY'VE ALL GOT COLDS. I WAS THE ONLY ONE OF THE FAMILY ABLE TO COME."

She. "OH! I AM SORRY."

bearer he will make the necessary cast, rise and hook the fish, when, relinquishing the split-cane to the *Player* (who should stand close by), he will return to his amusements. Nothing now remains but for the *Lander* to slip the net under the Spotted Beauty, for the *Photographer* (who has already secured a record of the successful cast) to develop his plate, and for the *Reporter* (whose office may, where Spartan simplicity is a desideratum, be held by the last-named official) to send in his account of the capture to enrich the columns of the *Sporting Press*.

WHEN is a fisherman like a Hindoo?
When he loses his cast.

A "Times" Query Answered.

SAY, "Who controls Policeman X?"

Why, look'ee,

He—so devoted to the sex,

And ever wary

Near an "airy"—

Is oft controlled by "Cooky."

AWARDS OF MERIT.—Mr. C. B. FRY, in recognition of his services to Sussex cricket, has been presented with a motor-car. Taking the hint, the motorists of Great Britain have presented Mr. C. S. ROLLS with a cricket-bat. Both gentlemen hope to make some record runs with their gifts.



A SPRING HANDICAP.

"WHY DID YOU NOT RUN YOUR HORSE, UNCLE?"

"BECAUSE THEY PUT TOO MUCH WEIGHT ON HIM, MY DEAR."

"I SUPPOSE THEY THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO RIDE HIM YOURSELF."

SHAKSPEARE IN LONDON.

A BRIEF official announcement has been made to the effect that on the 23rd inst.—the anniversary of SHAKSPEARE's birth and death—Mr. FAIRMAN ORDISH will conduct a ramble through SHAKSPEARE's London, followed by a short address in the Hall of Gray's Inn by Mr. CARMICHAEL STOPES. Mr. *Punch* is glad to be able to supplement this bald statement with the following interesting details as to the itinerary to be followed on the occasion.

Every member of the expedition having been furnished with a copy of BACON's Map of London, the procession will form up outside Mr. SIDNEY LEE's residence in Kensington, whence, singing in unison "*Come unto these yellow sands*," it will march to the Albert Hall, where a pianoforte recital by Mr. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE will be given.

Between the *morceaux* Mr. FAIRMAN ORDISH will lecture on "What SHAKSPEARE

would probably have thought of the Albert Memorial if he had seen it."

The party will then move on to the British Museum, singing "*Sigh no more, ladies*," where a pause will be made for a review by Dr. FURNIVALL, in the costume of a Field Marshal, of all the students in the Reading Room who are engaged in Shakspearian research. To each a copy of the latest homœopathic edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* will be presented, together with a microscope to facilitate perusal.

To the strains of "*You spotted snakes*," the procession will now seek Madame TUSSAUD's, where the effigy of the Bard will be examined, and where Mr. ISRAEL GOLLANCZ will recite in the Chamber of Horrors "O that this too too solid wax would melt."

The company, tearing itself away, will then march four abreast to the tune of "*On, Bacons, on*," *viâ* Ham Common, to Denmark Hill, and give an open-air performance of *Hamlet*, with Mr. HARRIS,

the Sausage King, in the rôle of Polonius, and Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON as *First Gravedigger*.

The programme will be fittingly completed by an *al fresco* fête in Stratford Place, with old English games, climbing a greased pole, tilting at the Quintain, &c., organised by Sir GILBERT PARKER and Sir LEWIS MORRIS, and a grand costume conversation and champagne supper at the "Falstaff Arms," Eastcheap, when the Laureate will present Mr. FAIRMAN ORDISH with a butt of Malvoisie and sing "*Hark, hark, the lark*."

FROM the *Yorkshire Post* :—

"WANTED, HOUSEKEEPER-GENERAL. Birthday about September 23; small house; four in family; entire duties except laundry." "Birthday on February 29" would be more easily understood.

A STIRRING ARTICLE.—A teaspoon.



THE RECKONING.

MR. BULL. "YOU'RE A CHARMING COMPANION, MY DEAR ARTHUR; BUT I REALLY DON'T THINK I CAN LET YOU ORDER THE DINNER AGAIN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 12.
— Reassembled after Easter holidays. In spite of frantic summons from perturbed Whip, attendance at opening small. Just now, 4 P.M., situation lugubrious. Navy Estimates under discussion. CASABIANCA PRETYMAN alone on the Treasury Bench whence all but he have fled. Occasionally that other son of Neptune, joint representative of the naval power of Great Britain, Brevet-Major ARTHUR LEE, sometime Adjutant of the Hong Kong Volunteers, looked in to lend a hand to Admiral PRETYMAN should any rope go astray.

At question time announcement made that in nine years seventy millions have been spent upon construction of new ships. Time was when patriotic ambition at Admiralty was limited to having in fit and ready state a tonnage of fighting ships exceeding that of any two Powers. Now, by lavish expense, are running close up to kicking the beam in the three Powers scale. That is good. Add an ex-Captain of Artillery as Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and an ex-Professor of Strategy and Tactics from the Royal Military College, Canada, as Secretary to the Admiralty, jointly representing Department in House of Commons, and the heart surges with proud conviction that, actually, Great Britain ranks on an equality with any four Naval Powers.

In spite of this exhilarating thought profound depression reigns. Only men equal to resisting influence are DILKE and CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. The CAP'EN,



Dr. Hutchinson has been making inquiries about "Low Grade Hops!" (Our Artist trusts it is not *this* kind!)



"THE CAP'EN" TAKES THE LANDSMEN OUT OF THEIR DEPTH.

(Mr. G-b-s-n B-w-l-s, Mr. Pr-tym-n, and Mr. L-e.)

throne in his corner seat, is ominously deferential to PRETYMAN (late R.A.). Admits that his knowledge of naval tactics is extensive and peculiar. But hints that perhaps men who have been to sea since boyhood also know a thing or two.

Makes no personal reference to an old salt who left a leg at Aboukir and dropped an arm at Trafalgar. But the few Members present gaze in sympathy on the war-worn front and reflect on the perversity of judgment, the fantasy of prejudice, that arranges who shall sit on the Treasury Bench and who shall be stranded on a back bench.

As for DILKE, what a day he is having, to be sure! There has been lapse of full a fortnight since, turning over the pages of his encyclopædic mind, he had opportunity of reading one or two to listening Senate. Has won European recognition as critic of military affairs. Knows the Navy equally *au fond*. With ambidextrous skill plays with the profundities of either or both. This afternoon, luminous on the undergunning of cruisers; wary on the subject of boiler; distrustful of Germany; posted up on submarines, he, alert, informing, rose to speak on successive votes.

Amazed at the moderation of his own erudition. Meanwhile, on Treasury Bench sat the enraptured ex-Captain of Artillery, the entranced ex-Adjutant of remotely situated Volunteers, blushing at the elementary knowledge of naval affairs which justified their Ministerial authority.

Business done.—Enormous. By seven o'clock, after two divisions and many speeches, Opposition suddenly collapsed.

In three hours, diversified with talk, seven millions sterling voted for Navy. Then, as rapidly as Chairman could rattle through details, six votes, totting up to additional two millions, submitted and agreed to.

"A PRETY good day's work, MAN," said the Secretary to the Admiralty to the Civil Lord.

"Yes," said the Civil Lord to the Secretary, "we've made up LEE-way."

Thus do grave Ministers palter with puns after four hours in Committee of Supply on Navy Estimates.

Wednesday.—Regret to observe in that otherwise estimable statesman, our new COLONIAL SECRETARY, lack of human sympathy. Missed a great chance this afternoon. SWIFT MACNEILL addressed to him series of questions designed in spiritual interest of heathen Chinese soon to be journeying to South Africa.

During their voyage what provision will be made for the exercise of their rites? asked the Member for Donegal.

On their arrival at their destination will the mine-owners, in addition to caring for their material needs, allot, free of charge, building sites for temples? And how about observance of Chinese festivals? Dear to AH SING are the recurring epochs of the New Year, the Dragon Boat, the Full Moon, and the Winter Solstice. Will he have opportunity of observing them?

Although on spiritual mission bent, SWIFT MACNEILL was of a frugal mind. Given the sites for the temples, who was to meet the charges of the buildings? The fiscal relations of Great Britain and Ireland notoriously unfairly weigh upon a country distressed through the ages.



"THE BOARD'S CALVES."

"Mr. W-r asked the President of the Local Government Board whether Dr. Blaxall, a salaried officer of the London Board, receives from the Scottish Board £105 per annum for lymph prepared in the Board's laboratory and produced from the Board's calves"

Is Ireland's share of Imperial taxation to be enlarged in order that AH WHY and AH NO, having relieved their sleeves from storage of superfluous aces, may repair to their tabernacle and do honour to the Dragon Boat, obeisance to the Full Moon?

A cricketer of renown, ALFRED LYTTLETON might reasonably have been expected to play up to SWIFT MACNEILL's little game. One of his insidious "slows" would have bowled him out in the first over. LYTTLETON, who resents reference, however guarded, to the harmless Chinese, shortly answered that he had nothing to add to a former reply protesting total ignorance on the subject.

Nor was he more communicative when JEREMIAH MACVEAGH put supplementary question brimming with delicate consideration for interests of an absent Minister.

"If idols are provided in the compounds will the right hon. gentleman," JEREMIAH asked, "undertake that they shall be made in Birmingham?"

JESSE COLLINGS audibly purred with pleasure. As a rule doesn't think much of the Irish Members. Here was one whose connections were remote from the Midland capital of Consistency and Intellect. Seeing his opportunity of putting in a word for the trade of the town he seized it.

Birmingham has its idol, its face-to-day turned homeward. MACVEAGH not using word in that sense. It is the image compact of brass or meaner metal, sold by the pound weight, with something

thrown in for the services of the artificer, that filled his generous mind. Birmingham has had much to do with creation of state of things leading to importation of Chinese to the Transvaal. It has, therefore, a right for preference in reaping any material reward going. Our new COLONIAL SECRETARY ignored question, and SPEAKER called on the next.

Business done.—Well, none between COLONIAL SECRETARY and the Member for South Down interposing as uncommissioned agent for Birmingham Brass Foundries. Hence Lamentation of JEREMIAH.

Friday night.—"House just now reminds me of timid old gentlewoman wanting to cross Piccadilly in what New Yorkers call rush hour of the day. Gathers her skirts tightly round her limbs so that she is sure to stumble if she misses her footing; makes dash forward at most inopportune moment; runs back just when half a dozen steps boldly taken would have carried her over. Altogether in pitifully nervous, shaken condition. Like TIM HEALY's friend HABAKKUK, *capable de tout* in the way of foolishness."

Thus the MEMBER FOR SARK, surveying the House, almost in moribund condition. True that spirits are hopelessly depressed, especially on Ministerial side. The question "Is Parliamentary life worth living?" universally answered in negative. Opposition eager to get off to the poll, where, in spite of still divided leadership, they feel like "Tommy Dod, sure to win." Minis-

terialists harassed by constant cries from Whips' room of "Wolf, Wolf!" riven on questions of high policy, disgusted with wobbling in high places, do not care how soon it is over. All the same, with the instinct of self-preservation felt by men on a raft, they cling to the cheerless creaking planks and try to dodge the engulfing seas.

Rumour having a rare good time. At every turn fresh flush of perturbation. When, on Tuesday, sittings were resumed, and PRINCE ARTHUR announced postponement of introduction of Licensing Bill, everybody knew what it meant. Hopeless division in the Cabinet; impossibility of smoothing it over even by circulation of a fresh pamphlet. Happy thought: "Let us rush Thibet to the front; plead urgent necessity for authorising engagement of Sikhs (who have for months been in the field); put off Licensing Bill to some indefinite day next week; perhaps in the meantime may hit on compromise."

Doubtless no basis for this circumstantial rumour. But there it was, important at least in its significance as indicating the mood which SARK pictures in his homely metaphor of the old lady on the Piccadilly pavement.

Things one would like expressed Otherwise.

Visitor (who has accepted an invitation to a local concert). Is it evening dress?

Hostess. Oh, no; just as you are dressed now—or worse, if you have it.



THE EVENING EDITION!— THE JAPANESE HAVE LANDED TROOPS
AT CHIN-WANG-TAO — THE RUSSIANS OCCUPY —



"BRING ME EVERY EDITION AS IT COMES OUT EAT!" ...



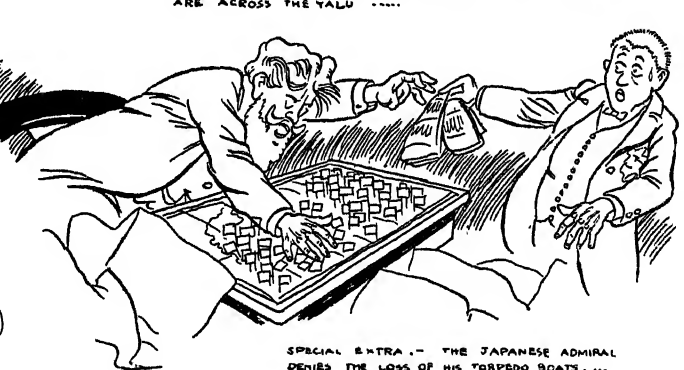
WHAT'S THIS!!! NO JAPANESE TROOPS HAVE LANDED AT
CHIN-WANG-TAO — AN UNCONFIRMED REPORT SAYS THE
RUSSIANS HAVE LOST 4 BATTLESHIPS —



EXTRA SPECIAL! — THE RUMOUR THAT 4 RUSSIAN
BATTLESHIPS ARE SUNK IS INCORRECT — THE JAPANESE
ARE ACROSS THE YALU —



STOP PRESS! — THE RUSSIANS HAVE SUNK TWO JAPANESE
TORPEDO BOATS — THE STATEMENT THAT THE JAPS
ARE ACROSS THE YALU IS DENIED —



SPECIAL EXTRA! — THE JAPANESE ADMIRAL
DENIES THE LOSS OF HIS TORPEDO BOATS. ...



EXTRA STOP PRESS! — IT IS OFFICIALLY CONFIRMED THAT THERE
HAVE BEEN NO MOVEMENTS ON EITHER SIDE FOR THE PAST
10 DAYS ON ACCOUNT OF THE ICE AND COLD —



PIERRE BULL

THE WAR GAME, AND HOW IT IS PLAYED.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

PRELIMINARY EDITORIAL NOTE—As will be evident from our occasional comments, we print our ingenuous Contributor's communication under very considerable reserve.

I.

To In War-Correspondents' Compound,
Illustrious Editor of Tokyo, Japan.
London Punch. March 20, 1904.

MY DEAR RESPECTED!

I am fully conscious that your two eyes will jut out in sheer amazement on beholding above superscription of my whereabouts. [ED. COMMENT.—As the envelope bears an ordinary Indian stamp and Calcutta postmark, it would not be surprising if they did.] For it is sure as a gun that the very Fates and Deities who superintended my nativity did not for a moment anticipate that I was ever to figure even indirectly as a bellicose!

And if my hard lines of Destiny have compelled me to cry "Havoc!" and give the slip to pugnacious Dogs of War, I can only plead (like the impecunious Mantuan pharmacist, who dispensed a fatal dose to *Romeo* while severely afflicted by love-sickness) it was my Poverty and not my Will that, wheezing "I will ne'er consent!"—consented!

I must make the dismal confession that, after presenting my magnificent tragedy of *Mr. Frankenstein* in New York City, it entirely failed (owing chiefly to excessive fire-alarms and inclemency of dramatic season) to at all split the adder-like ears of Transatlantic groundlings. In consequence all my golden expectations of loaves and fishes incontinently went to pot, and I was again on my beam-ends, without any prospect of inducing same to meet!

But the darkest dawn has proverbially a silvered lining! So, while still employed in busily bewailing my ill-fortunes, I was internally surprised by a reply-paid wire from hon'ble Editor of the *Chittagong Evening Conch*, a highly respectable local rag, [ED. COM.—It may be—but we have failed to find it in any list of Anglo-Indian periodicals] entreating me to proceed *sine die* to Japan, in the capacity of Confidential War-reporter!

My first instinct was to return a decided "Nolo Episcopari." However, both my better halves, with their appurtenant mothers, together with all of my offsprings who were sufficiently precocious to articulate a lisp, did urge me so vehemently that I was not to nill a responsible sinecure which was infallibly to bring grist to their internal mills, that I reluctantly consented to render myself holocaustic on Family's Altar.

Not to risk becoming a prolix by chronicling such very miniature beer as the humdrum incidents of a journey to Japan, I will at once ask you to imagine myself disembarking at the town of Tokyo. [ED. COM.—We are doing our best.] Now, after arrival, I expected of course to be at once politely forwarded to the nearest local scene of carnage—but, hoity-toity! it turned out *tout au contraire*!

I found myself mewed up ignominiously, like pig in poke, with sundry other correspondents of English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, American, and Continental nationalities without being afforded the smallest facilities to exercise our *cacoëthes scribendi*!

My fellow colleagues partook of humble pie in this Castle of Indolents with too, too pigeon-livered pusillanimity—but, though no swashbuckle, such indignities soon rendered me cross as two sticks!

"Are we then mere cats, Masters!" I demanded, with fiery and garrulous umbrage, "that we are to be hoodwinked under the thumbs of such undersized Asiatics? Is there no one here with common audacity to go as bellwether to some official big-bug, with the categorical imperative that

we are to be permitted to witness at least a mediocre skirmish?"

But all their tongues were tied by excessive sheepishness, so, perceiving that I must work the oracle single-handed, I undertook to buttonhole a certain military Sho-gun, a highly influential old chap of the name of Hon'ble DAI ITCHI GINKO, [ED. COM.—It is also the name of a well-known Japanese bank] who enjoys the title of an hereditary *Daikon*. [ED. COM.—On referring to our Anglo-Japanese vocabulary, we find "*Daikon*" down as "*a radish*"—but of course it MAY have another meaning.]

I was received in very polite affable style by the said Sho-gun, who was in his Hall of Audience, and luxuriously seated upon a *yebi*, but wearing simply his national *samisen*. [ED. COM.—Our vocabulary gives "*yebi*" = lobster, and "*samisen*" = a Japanese banjo—but no matter!]

I have the honour to append my *verbatim* note of this momentuous interview. [ED. COM.—Can Mr. JABBERJEE, while in New York, have seen a performance of "*The Darling of the Gods*"? We merely ask.]

Sho-gun (with rather too fulsome Oriental obsequiousness). Industrious diffuser of intelligence, I break my bones upon you. Augustly deign to seat your highly-scented self on my miserable mat. Do you eat happily and well, and how is hon'ble health?

Myself (adopting, as British Subject, a bluff, hearty Anglo-Saxon deportment). Hon'ble health, old cock, is fit as a fiddle. But, as official mouthing-piece of amalgamated Cosmopolitan [fellow-war-reporters, I must beg to inform you that we are getting hon'ble hump. We unanimously consider it is high old time that we clapped our impercipient optics on your hon'ble war-operations.

Sho-gun (fanning his bosom in effeminate fashion). Our miserable little unimportant war is totally unworthy of your hon'ble notices!

Myself (in wheedling accents). Not at all—it is already rendering several civilised hemispheres all agog with lively curiosity.

Sho-gun (unable to restrain a pleased simper). But you English have very nice war of your own—in Thibet. Why do you not go and report that?

Myself. Alas! I am no Leviathan of filthy lucre that I can possibly afford a ticket to Thibet! Besides, hon'ble SHO-GUN, I and my poor unfortunate comrades are here on the spot with orders to report progress—and how is it possible to turn out so much as a single brick without some straw to show the way of the wind?

Sho-gun. We are hon'bly apprehensive lest hon'ble correspondents should permit some rather unpropitious cat to leak out of their hon'ble newsbags.

Myself. Surely, Polacious Sir, you are not so utterly obsolete as to under-rate the sweet milk of a first-class advertisement? You cannot desire to perform all your heroisms in a hole and corner! Believe me, hon'ble Stylograph is mightier than hon'ble Sword, and it is sheer childishness to tuck up your nose at the Power of Press.

Sho-gun. I miserably regret that I am unable to perceive your hon'ble point.

Myself (significantly). If I am to be denied more *bonâ fide* information, I might, perhaps, render a tit for a tat by cabling crushing Japanese reverses and regrettable incidents to the *Chittagong Evening Conch*.

Sho-gun (dissembling his fall of chaps). Pooh! A mere hon'ble native organism of very so-so circulation!

Myself (secretly surprised at extent of his information). But I am here in *additum* as the accredited commissioner of a far more notorious periodical—Hon'ble *London Punch*!

Sho-gun (inhaling his breeze and prostrating head reverentially on floor). Hon'bly excuse me for miserable ignorance! I give you double bowings! That renders it, of course, the

totally different pair of shoes. Unfortunately, we have no war, up to date, in our immediate localities, and I can only abjectly entreat you to accept this miserable free-pass to a front seat of war in Korean Continent.

Myself. I accept—on condition that I may take an assortment of my colleague-companions.

Sho-gun (smiling). Well, well, I can refuse no favouritism to hon'ble representative of such a highly-renowned facetious.

Myself (going). I am most awfully obliged, my dear old chap. I make my little kowtow to you. *[Here I went.]*

It is a superfluity to add that such an unexpectedly felicitous success has acquired for me an immense *kudos* with all my fellow-special-reporters. And I am serenely confident, almighty Sir, that you too will be immoderately gratified by the great liberty I have taken in sheltering my unworthy self under your paternal *egis*. Also that you will perceive the nude necessity that the representative of so tip-top a periodical as *Punch* must of course be figged out on very superior footing to the mere correspondent of the *Chittagong Conch*!

I have the honour to report that already I have incurred several out-of-pocket expenditures—to wit: some acrobatic opera-glasses, a field bedstead, a colonial riding-saddle (the steed for same I can perhaps procure with more economy in Korea—but I may have to take some preliminary equitation lessons from some Japanese jobmaster or other). Please kindly remit funds to provide for same by next mail. *[Ed. Com.—We thought this was coming!]* I am sending this under cover to be posted on, *via* India, as shortest overland route *[Ed. Com.—Ingenious, but a trifle thin!]*, and all sinews of war, &c. are to be forwarded to my registered address at the Burra Bazar, Calcutta. They are thus far more likely to come to hand than if despatched direct to so outlandish a neighbourhood as Korea. *[Ed. Com.—Quite so!]*

I shall not require more (at present) than about rs. 500—though an even more moderate *honorarium* would not be too scornfully rejected. In Japan the rupee is called a “yen”—though of far, far less intrinsic value! *Verb. sap.!!* In all human probability, the *Chittagong Conch* would consent to go snacks with you for my working expenses—but this of course must be matter of private arrangement between you.

With 1000 infinite thanks (in anticipation) to such a benevolent and inimitable blessed party! I am, Radiant Sir!

Your affectionate, beloved, genuine and sincere Friend,

HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

[Ed. NOTE.—We are complying with Mr. JABBERJEE'S modest request—just to see how far he intends to go.]

URBS RURI.

“Possibly it may become the fashion fifty years hence for jaded country people to come to London for rest and quiet.”—*From the last Presidential address to the Institution of Chartered Surveyors.*

AMANDA, quit the rural lane,
And to the urban fastness fly;
For there, shrieks never passing train,
Nor noisy motor hurtles by.

No more sad Philomel's lament
Lends music to the verdant copse;
Instead by hoots the air is rent,
That call the workers to the shops.

TWO FABLES.

I.

ONCE upon a time Too-Many-Cooks spoil the Broth. So the King sent for Too-Many-Cooks, and when they had arrived he tasted the Broth before them. “Bad broth, O Too-Many-Cooks,” said the King; “try it.”

The Too-Many-Cooks tried the Broth. “Bad broth, O King,” said they: “veritably bad.”

“And whyfore?” inquired the King. “Because we are Too-Many-Cooks,” answered they.



UNIMAGINATIVE.

Auntie. “DO YOU SEE THE HAIR IN THIS OLD BROOCH, CYRIL? IT WAS YOUR GREAT-GRAND-FATHER'S.”

Cyril. “I SAY, AUNTIE, HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH!”

A grimy network of canals,
A tangle of electric wires,
Asylums, prisons, hospitals,
Usurp the acres of our sires.

Ah, quit the busy haunts of Trade,
And fly to London's calm retreat,
Where 'neath the plane tree's grateful shade
The public wealth provides a seat.

Here spacious streets and quiet slums
Shall give your shattered nerves repose,
Where scanty traffic softly hums,
And kindly Nature seems to doze.

Here we will mark the gradual Spring
And watch the Pelican at play;—
St. James's Park—the very thing!
AMANDA, come to town, I say!

“Dear me, so you are,” said the King. “In which case what's to be done?”

“O King, live for nearly always!” replied the Too-Many-Cooks. “To a less sagacious ruler than yourself it might appear that the remedy lay in a decrease of the number of cooks. But we beg to suggest to your Sensible Majesty that a pleasanter way out of the difficulty would be to double the quantity of broth.”

“Let it be as you suggest,” said the King.

Moral.—There are more ways of killing a pig than three.

II.

Once upon a time Good Wine needed no Bush. But that was a long time ago. *Moral.*—Advertise.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

DURING his life it used to be lamented that Lord ACTON wrote so little. The marvel and the regret were the greater because it was known, intimately by his friends, vaguely by the public, that he knew so much. He might have added precious things to English literature. He seriously, but too long, contemplated writing *The History of Liberty*. It remained at his death "*The Madonna of the Future*," as Mrs. DREW, appropriating the title of one of HENRY JAMES's novels, wittily called it. However, Lord ACTON for awhile held office as Lord-in-Waiting to the QUEEN, one grim flash of humour in a life which humour did not obtrusively illuminate. The world is indebted to Mr. HERBERT PAUL for giving it *The Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone* (GEORGE ALLEN), prefacing the volume with a scholarly biographical note. Written without prospect of publication, they are the frank, shrewd, commentary of a scholar and a man of affairs upon current events, chiefly in English political affairs between the years 1879 and the first month of 1886. Lord ACTON doubtless went on writing throughout that troubled year, which, as he predicted, in certain circumstances saw the wreck of the Liberal Party. Writing on August 29, 1884, he said, "The Home Rulers are going to be the arbiters of Party government. That means ruin to the Liberal Party." He lived to see fulfilment of his prophecy, brought about through the agency of the statesman at whose feet he ever sat, an admiring, affectionate disciple. His faithfulness unto this last was testified to by his acceptance of office—the grotesque position alluded to—in Mr. GLADSTONE's last Administration. The volume is full of interest. Not the least informing passage is found in a note, transcription of a page from what Lord ACTON calls "the precious diary" of his correspondent. In this, recording a conversation at Hawarden under date November 15, 1881, Mrs. DREW discloses Mr. GLADSTONE's contemplation of retirement—this at a period little more than twelve months after he had been returned to power by an overwhelming majority. My Baronite does not remember any rumour of the intention reaching House of Commons circles at the time. It is in its way tragic to find that in considering his successor in the Leadership of the House of Commons, Mr. GLADSTONE mentioned Sir CHARLES DILKE as "the man best fitted."

Were *The Sanyasi*, by Mrs. F. E. PENNY (CHATTO AND WINDUS), considered only from one point of view, as a series of scenes in Indian life, vividly and picturesquely described in admirable word-painting, it would be a most interesting work; but when added to this there are, passing through these scenes, strongly-marked characters, native and European, actuated by various passions and motives, every one in his or her own way working out a gradually and artistically developed plot wherein comedy and tragedy intermingle, we find ourselves becoming so absorbed in the doings of these individuals, that we cannot lay aside the story until we know the very worst, and the very best, that the authoress has pre-determined for them. The animated scene of the pearl-fishery is exceptionally powerful, and would arrest our attention apart from its bearing on the main incidents of the tale, of which, thus deftly worked in, this pearl-fishery becomes an essential part. Fascinatingly realistic too is the description of life in Madras. *Miggle*, the Indian butler, is, to an untravelled European, a study of a novel character, convincingly true and intensely humorous. The scene between this faithful servitor, who is almost as devoted to the forbidden sport of cock-fighting as he is to his most respected

and business-like mistress, who will have none of it, is as good comedy as anyone could wish. Indeed for "a reading," emphatically in this instance "A 'Penny' Reading," these passages, if dramatically rendered, ought to be exceptionally successful.

In *Dwala* (SMITH, ELDER) Mr. GEORGE CALDERON has hit upon a happy idea and—a wise man—he does not work it to death. The story, brimful of fun and satire, is told in a small, pleasantly printed volume. The hero is an old friend—the Missing Link. Where the novelty comes in is in respect of the adaptation of circumstances. The great ape is discovered in Borneo, and is at the time of his introduction in the company of Mr. Bone, the emissary of an American showman in search of novelties. He has found the Missing Link, dresses him in the clothing of Western civilisation, teaches him to talk and to perform household duties. Mr. Bone, of whom we see too little, is delightful. Best of all in a canvas crowded with exaggerated types is the Missing Link itself, "a thing of large majestic motions, eyes deep set under thick eyebrows." Through what to average man would have been an exciting career the great ape lounges with the serenity that comes of ancient birth and innate good breeding. From kingship of a neighbouring tribe to acceptance of the post of the Prime Minister, with a seat in the House of Commons, nothing comes amiss to him. Amid sordid self-seekers, latest fruit of civilisation, the ape is in his simplicity and single-mindedness the truest gentleman. My Baronite suspects that was the lesson Mr. CALDERON set himself to teach. But he does not let his moral run away with him and spoil a pleasing tale.

The Albert Gate Affair, by LOUIS TRACY (WARD, LOCK & Co.), is a cleverly devised story of a robbery, successfully carried out in spite of all safeguards provided by ward, lock and co., the "co." in this particular instance being the police. The romance is one after the manner of *Sherlock Holmes* and *Monsieur Lecocq*. It is decidedly interesting, but only those possessed of such mental gifts as would qualify them to shine as criminal lawyers, detectives, or persevering solvers of chess problems, can be expected to comprehend and closely follow pursuers and pursued through the various intricacies of their mysterious movements. The author is gifted with a happy name for this kind of literature. He should bring out *Tracking Crime* by TRACY.

In *The Tutor's Love Story* (CONSTABLE & Co.), Mr. WALTER FRITH, having selected the diary form for his novel, has achieved success by means as simple as they are artistic. In a few masterly touches you get the diarist before you; you proceed with him in his work, his pleasure, and his trouble; and yet he is a man with whom it is as difficult to sympathise as it is with the conduct of the lady for whom he cherishes a secret passion, and who, with equal secrecy, is in love with somebody else. The slight incidental sketch of the "society Irishman" *Johnny Ball*, only lacks the complement of a talent for singing comic Irish songs, with the brogue turned on pretty strong, and catching refrains, to be perfect in its way. The *Stathams*, artist and wife, are evidently studies from originals. It is a cleverly written and interesting book, and, with the exception of one incident, without a note of sensational effect from beginning to end.





R. A. GEMS.

Fair Amateur (to Carpenter). "MY PICTURE IS QUITE HIDDEN WITH THAT HORRID TICKET ON IT. CAN'T YOU FIX IT ON THE FRAME?"
Carpenter. "WHY, YOU'LL SPOIL THE FRAME, MUM!"

MR. PUNCH'S BUDGET.

IN order to meet future deficiencies the following sources of supply are crying aloud for the attention of Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN or his successors:—

1. The Amount of Time wasted during each Session by garrulous and obstructive Members of Parliament.—As the number of hours in the day is limited, and public time is a national asset, an Imposition of Five Guineas per minute (beyond the first ten minutes) is recommended on all Speeches in either House, to be paid by the Member so offending. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will of necessity require some hours for the introduction of his Budget in accordance with long-established usage, will have the satisfaction of feeling that his remarks are thus automatically reducing the deficit. The same Imposition, in a descending scale, to apply to members of the London County Council, and all other representative bodies; also to Hyde Park orators.

2. Infants (up to the age of seventeen) who have contracted the Cigarette Habit.

—A Duty, inversely increasing with the years of the juvenile smoker and with the price of the cigarettes, should result in a large addition to the Revenue.

3. Bridge-players.—A nominal impost of a penny on each game would go far to relieve a Chancellor's embarrassment.

4. Urban and suburban Dogs, Cats, and Fowls.—A tax of one halfpenny per bark, mew, or crow (as the case may be) between the hours of sunset and 8 A.M. might be suggested. The supply appears to be inexhaustible.

5. The British Climate.—An excise duty of one farthing per gallon above the mean daily rainfall in the United Kingdom to be levied on the Clerk of the Weather, the Meteorological Office, or other parties responsible.

6. Spectators at Cricket and Football Matches.—A Poll-tax of One Pound per head per annum on all mere onlookers, shouters, and referee-baiters should prove a valuable item on the credit side of the national ledger. Players of any athletic game and persons who exercise their own muscles to receive a bounty.

7. Circulars, Handbills and Prospect-

uses of all kinds.—These delightful ingredients of the letter-box, the persistent appeals for Cast-off Clothes, Old Teeth, Coal and Washing Orders, Eye-sight Tests, and similar reminders so touchingly ignored, might be made to bear a sixpenny stamp. As some millions are distributed daily in London alone by seedy and doorstep-dirtying individuals, we have here a means of wiping off the National Debt, not to mention the Deficit.

8. Hyde Park and St. James's Park.—Now that the season has set in, and these two fashionable open-air dormitories are once more being extensively patronised by the free-and-easy classes who toil not neither do they wash, ground-rents might be levied from the temporary occupants of each patch of grass and "all that messuage." Every little helps, and the sum thus raised could go towards the salary of part of a policeman, or the pin-money of one of the Parliamentary housemaids.

We are not quite clear as to the best means whereby the above contributions may be collected, but are content to leave such problems to experts.

"SWEET USES OF OBESITY."

[Lines suggested by an article in the *Daily Chronicle* under the above title, from the pen of Mrs. ERNEST AMES, who discusses the popularity, the social precedence, the immunity from control and criticism, enjoyed by the very, very fat woman. The author of these verses wishes to express his extreme indebtedness to Mrs. AMES for the temporary loan of her theme.]

WHAT guerdon of praise shall I give her,
What measure of thanks for her meed
Who comes to release and deliver
My soul in its uttermost need;
Whose breath is the perfume of Parma
In seasons of dulness and drouth,
Who puts with imperative charm a
New song in my mouth?

I have sung (growing sadder and wiser)
Of JOSEPH, his ways and his works;
I have carolled enough of the KAISER,
And more than he merits of PERKS;
I have harped on Sir LEWIS (of Hades),
And drummed on a Laureate's vat,
But I never made lyrics to ladies
Whose foible was fat!

To the form that is elfin and fragile
And slightly defective of lung,—
To the limbs that are lusty and agile
As is the opossum, when young,—
I have bowed, I have bent, as in duty,
Unnumbered and dolorous knees,
But my heart never burst for a beauty
Distinctly obese.

Yet here, I am told, is a topic
Inviting the bibulous bard,
Like a well in the waste of a tropic,
Whose price is as precious as nard;
The report of that pearly oasis
Ah, had I but earlier known,
I had sung long ago of her graces,
Sweet seventeen stone!

Though her figure be other than airy,
Though its "note" be the largeness of earth,
Yet her temper is that of a fairy
Addicted to methods of mirth;
Exuding a natural joyance
Her jests have an infinite scope,
And in bathing she bobs with the buoyance
Of Somebody's Soap:

By the calm of her weight that is welter
Immune from the menace of shock,
In her shade half a dozen may shelter
As under the lee of a rock;
There is that in her mountainous motion,
A force elementally free,
Which recalls to a student of Ocean
The surge of the sea.

In the glow that her presence diffuses
She fares as a favourite guest;
Her pyramidal structure excuses
What license would ruin the rest;
No rivals, for Nature has built her
Compact of the substance of ten,
Would suspect her of pounding a philtre
For stealing their men.

She is set with her face to the horses,
She flops in the roomiest chair,
And her bed, as a matter of course, is
A twin of the wonder of Ware;
They allow her the lengthiest tether,
Her lines are in BENJAMIN's lot,
And she says what occurs to her, whether
They like it or not.

O profuse and imposing and passive,
O dame of the devious waist,
Whose circuit, amorphous and massive,
These arms could have never embraced,
You may puff, it is true, like a porpoise,
And heave like a wallowing hulk,
Yet your heart is as big as your corpus,
Our Lady of Bulk!

O. S.

IRRESPONSIBILITY.

OF *Saturday to Monday*, officially described as "an irresponsible comedy,"—whatever this may mean — by Messrs. FENN and PRYCE, it is difficult for a "responsible" person to express a decided opinion. As the timid Curate, breakfasting with his Bishop, said of the indifferent egg, "It is good in parts." Now this is just the case with this irresponsible comedy: it is good in "parts"; the parts, that is, the "character parts," being superior to the whole. And moreover all the parts are capitally played.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER has chosen to represent *Lord Culvert of Alcester* (late *Captain, R.N.*), who is simply a mere practical joker. Were he only a public-school boy, aged fifteen, instead of a man well over thirty, he might just escape flogging on the plea of "first fault," and would be dismissed with a severe caution. The sympathies of the audience can never be with an actor of his position who emulates the rôle of what Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH has described as "the Society clown." Such a part, supposing it to have been better written and in an altogether better piece, might have been accepted at once by the public, had it been played by that "chartered libertine" Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY.

The success of *Dr. Bill*, of which character Mr. ALEXANDER was the admirably merry exponent, affords no precedent, as nowadays the public only see in Mr. ALEXANDER the impersonator of some hero of romance, dashing, earnest, gay, gallant, yet with subtle touches of cynical humour. His public will have him in costume, and regret his return to modern twentieth century everyday attire.

Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE is a delightful hostess as *Mrs. Wendover*; Miss ELINOR AICKIN is a somewhat tryingly vulgar elderly *Lady Diana*; as *Angela*, her daughter, Miss BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON is a charming *ingénue*; as *Miss Ursula Toop* and her friend *Miss Skeat*, Miss FRANCES WETHERALL and Miss ALICE BEET, both being fearfully and wonderfully made up, are perfect; and the neat handmaids *Thompson* and *Jarvis* are rendered with natural grace by Miss CORISANDE HAMILTON and Miss NELLA POWYS. As the colourless *Probyn Dyke* Mr. A. VANE-TEMPEST is very amusing, but it is a thankless part. Mr. HIGNETT, as a didactic clergyman, the *Rev. Lemuel Toop*, gives us a decidedly clever sketch; and as the ridiculous idiot *Stanley Pidding* Mr. VIVIAN REYNOLDS makes a great deal out of poor material.

There is plenty of bustle in the piece: the action goes with much laughter; the sentimental portions, being without heart and reality, are *de trop*; and, except the young girl's letter, cleverly read aloud by Miss AICKIN, the dialogue, which is on a very ordinary level, owes whatever success it may obtain to its brisk delivery with emphasis and discretion by the actors.



ERIN'S WELCOME.

"HE LOVES THE GREEN ISLE, AND HIS LOVE IS RECORDED
IN HEARTS WHICH HAVE SUFFERED TOO MUCH TO FORGET."

(Moore's Irish Melodies—"The Prince's Day.")

[His Majesty King Edward arrives in Ireland, Tuesday, April 26.]



STRONGLY RECOMMENDED FROM HIS LAST PLACE.

Lady (engaging a page-boy). "WELL, HOW SOON CAN YOU COME?"

Page (readily). "AT ONCE, MUM."

Lady. "BUT SURELY YOUR PRESENT MISTRESS WON'T LIKE THAT!"

Page (brightly). "OH YES, SHE WILL, MUM. SHE'LL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO GET RID OF ME!"

LADY BABBLESDALE'S VISITS.

II.—CHATSWORTH.

WE paid our last visit to Chatsworth early in April, 1904, travelling by the Midland to Rowsley, where a large motor-van was in readiness for my trunks. The Panhard Victoria, however, only just held me, my two maids and the chauffeur, so BABBLESDALE once more had to pad the hoof. On this occasion, however, I had provided him with an Ordnance map, and felt no anxiety about his missing his way.

No incident marked our drive to Chatsworth, except that, in passing through the famous chestnut avenue at Edensor, we nearly ran over Sir M. E. GRANT-DUFF, who was reading his diary aloud to some of the oldest inhabitants. The chauffeur "kept a gallop for the avenue," and brought us up in fine style at the main entrance,

where most of the house party were picturesquely grouped in expectation of our arrival. The Duke, in a brown velvet lounge jacket, beamed a welcome from the top step; Mr. JOHN BURNS, Mr. PERKS, Mr. HALDANE, Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON, ANDREW KIRKALDY, Madame MELBA and Mr. C. B. FRY, greeted our arrival with manifest relief. I briefly explained the cause of BABBLESDALE's non-arrival, and the Duke kindly dispatched his major-domo with a photograph of SARGENT's picture to identify him by.

As I was passing through the hall Mr. PERKS called my attention to the striking resemblance which it bore to the Westminster Aquarium. The Duchess kindly showed me to my room, and we met in the great picture gallery before dinner. The Duke took me in, and the conversation soon became general. I asked him if he liked

Marcella. He said he always preferred dry to sweet wines, and wanted to know had I seen *Madame Sherry*. From this the talk diverged to the national taste in wines. Sir M. E. GRANT-DUFF recalled the fact that, in his youth, small botanic beer was commonly drunk at breakfast, and related several appropriate anecdotes of DARWIN, HOOKER, and BURTON, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Mr. PERKS drank only water, and we were all amused to see him take a sardine from the *hors d'œuvre* tray and drop it in his glass. Being rallied upon this eccentricity by Madame MELBA, he replied that he did it in order to be reminded of WESLEY and the Aquarium. He went on to say that since the Wesleys had acquired the stately Westminster pleasure dome, he had perfected himself in the favourite conjuring trick of materialising bowls of gold fish out of nothing. By means of diagrams he

explained to the Duchess the method by which the bowls are concealed in the coat-tails of the prestidigitateur. Sir M. E. GRANT-DUFF was all the time writing busily under the table.

BABBLES DALE, whose bump of locality is not what it was, once again entirely missed his way, and did not reach the dinner-table until the plovers' eggs were all eaten. There was a look of anguish on his face which in anybody else's might almost have seemed out of proportion to the occasion. Keener distress could not have been shown for the disappearance of a favourite shirt-stud.

During dessert the Duke complained seriously of the thinness of modern finger-glasses, and proved it to demonstration by the familiar musical experiment of passing the hand round the circumference. The Duke broke three glasses before he was able to extract a musical note.

The Duke said he doubted the value of SCHOPENHAUER as a teacher, for he had searched in vain through his works for any recognition of the social value of Bridge as a link between the classes and the masses. Mr. HALDANE demurred to this, but the general feeling of the table was with the Duke, though Mr. PERKS went so far as to say that he thought working-men ought not to be encouraged to play Bridge before mid-day. This roused Mr. JOHN BURNS's smouldering indignation. "If an honest and intelligent artisan," he exploded, "is not to be allowed to imitate the least reprehensible recreations of the aristocracy, what becomes of the dignity of labour?"

When the gentlemen rejoined us in the great drawing-room, Mr. C. B. FRY delighted the company by an exhibition of parlour gymnastics, winding up with a running jump over six Louis Quinze chairs. The Duchess's face during this last feat was a perfect study. A move was then made to the music-room, and Madame MELBA (who boasts of her Scotch descent) and ANDREW KIRKALDY charmed their hearers by a realistic rendering of "We twa hae paidled in the burn." The entertainments of the evening were completed by Bridge. BABBLES DALE only revoked once, and wittily apologised to his partner—the Duke—by saying "Playing with you made me think it was Nap."

We were all startled at breakfast by an extraordinary occurrence. In the midst of an impassioned discussion of GOETHE and *Wilhelm Meister*, in which Mr. HALDANE surpassed himself, BABBLES DALE was seen to pass the window. He was so negligently dressed—his tie in more than ordinary dishevelment—that his attire, coupled with his ascetic lineaments, carried the honest socialistic heart of Mr. JOHN BURNS, who had not been introduced to BABBLES DALE the night

before, by storm. He rushed to the groaning sideboard and, seizing with one hand the cold ham and with the other a béchamel capon, he flung open the window with his teeth and hurled the dainties at what he conceived to be the destitute mendicant. BABBLES DALE, whose dexterity is proverbial, caught them ere they fell, and with a ready smile promised that they should be conveyed to the Buckhounds.

After breakfast Mr. LYTTELTON and Mr. JOHN BURNS played Mr. C. B. FRY and BABBLES DALE at single wicket on the cocoa-nut matting pitch in the second palm house. BABBLES DALE, who once, he tells me, was no mean practitioner, seems to have been out of form. However, although he made no runs he broke more panes of glass than all the others put together.

Most of the next morning was agreeably spent in those prehistoric peeps which old photograph albums supply. Here I discovered chubby, callow, bewhiskered editions of the Colonial Secretary, the present Prime Minister, and our host in incredibly striped peg-top trousers, and the tiniest of bowlers. I must have made this remark aloud, for Mr. LYTTELTON remarked, "Not tinier than BOBBY ABEL, I expect. He has given up bowling now." On hearing this, Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF was heard to misquote dear MAT. ARNOLD:

"Ere the fleeting bon-mot fly,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!"

or "taiblets," as ANDREW KIRKALDY reminded me *Wee Macgregor* would have said.

By the way, owing to an unfortunate slurring of consonants on the part of the Duke when making the initial introduction, BABBLES DALE acquired the painful impression that ANDREW KIRKALDY was ANDREW CARNEGIE, the American plutocrat. With his usual readiness to put everyone at his ease, BABBLES DALE addressed to KIRKALDY several remarks bearing upon the endowment of free libraries and the claims of democracy. They never really got on to terms until BABBLES DALE happened to mention the pleasure he had in driving with the CONYNGHAM GREENES in Switzerland. KIRKALDY at once rejoined: "I'm no sure whit way they drive in Switzerland, but there's no driving on the greens at St. Andrews." With incredible swiftness of repartee, BABBLES DALE rejoined, "How about green tee, then?" At this Sir MOUNTSTUART rushed from the apartment to the conservatory, obviously in search of a fountain pen.

Tea was more than usually comforting that afternoon, and the Duke, who always sleeps with a hop pillow, sat down snugly at the table. As he handed me the muffins, he said the person who takes the top piece is as

self-denying as the man who chooses the gizzard wing of a chicken.

After such company the life of London was painfully exciting.

CHARIVARIA.

THE abolition of Mr. BRODRICK's Army Corps can scarcely have come as a surprise. It will be remembered that, when the ex-War Secretary introduced the scheme to the House of Commons, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN congratulated him on it.

Father CREAGH, of Limerick, has stated to an interviewer that, if his persecution of the Jews in that town has a successful outcome, he will, in his opinion, have accomplished one good thing in his life. This ambition to accomplish one good thing in his life is laudable, but it seems rather hard on those who have been chosen as the means to the end.

As the result of two recent actions in the High Court, mothers-in-law throughout the country are reported to be adopting a truculent attitude, and will require careful watching.

It is characteristic of the change that has come over Anglo-French relations that, although the little boy who was found abandoned in Paris the other day was dressed in a sailor suit, and a cap that bore the inscription "H.M.S. *Powerful*," he was not arrested as a spy.

A great sense of relief was experienced here on the 16th inst. by the publication of a telegram from New Zealand stating that Mr. SEDDON considered the Anglo-French Agreement satisfactory.

The over-feeding of infants has been responsible for so many deaths recently that it is proposed to legislate with a view to making it compulsory for every child to be marked with a load-line corresponding to the Plimsoll mark on ships.

By the by, greedy little boys will be interested to hear that in Greece a "Swallow Feast" is held once a year.

The agitation in favour of "Clean Milk" is already bearing fruit. But care must be taken to see that the water used for this purpose is first thoroughly filtered.

THE Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, of the City Temple, who has just gone over to Rome (*via* Mt. Cenis), spoke recently on the subject of the new Education Act, and declared that "Nonconformists are not prepared to give the Liberal Party a blank cheque." We think the epithet regrettable as coming from a minister.

The Rouge Trade has received a nasty blow. The Commissioner of Police at Johannesburg has issued an order that in future no coloured person is to be allowed to use the sidewalks of the streets of that town.

On the occasion of the introduction of the Licensing Bill, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE made a violent personal attack upon Mr. BALFOUR. On being called to order by the Speaker, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE declared—what we have frequently hoped to be the case—that he must not be taken to mean what he said.

Is the Government really anxious to promote the cause of temperance? It is true that the Licensing Bill has been introduced, but, at the same time, many inebriates who are anxious to reform their habits declare that the Budget makes it impossible for them to turn over a new tea-leaf.

An American millionaire has been explaining the secret of his success. In a nutshell it is this: Look after the pence—and you will become a Copper King.

A number of artists have written to the Press to complain of the unjustifiable rejection of their masterpieces by the Royal Academy. It would be a good revenge if they were to refrain from sending any more.

The current number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* contains an article on Physical Culture for Women. The introductory section is headed "Looking Backwards." This is surely the mildest form of athletics that has ever been suggested.



PENRHYN STANLAW

A SERIOUS DECISION.

Beatriz aged six, after remaining in deep thought for quite two minutes, addresses her mother, who has been choosing frocks for her). "MUMMY, DEAR, . . . BEFORE YOU BUY THE FROCKS, I'VE THOUGHT IT ALL OVER, AND I THINK I'D RATHER BE A BOY."

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

II.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—It is only due to our Readers to repeat that we are very far from satisfied that our Correspondent's account of himself can be depended upon—or even that he is at the front at all.

*In Japanese Headquarters with
Honble. Col. Khakimono, Korea.*

(Precise locality suppressed by Censorship Regulations.)

April 1.

AFTER a somewhat tempestuous transit as the Bird of Passage on Japanese transport-junk *Shimbun*, I am now deposited with all my paraphernalias in the Hermetically-sealed Kingdom of Morning Qualm. I have been attached to a flying column personally conducted by a rather diminutive but dashing commanding officer, viz., Honble. Col. KHAKIMONO, who is ably seconded by his honble. and gallant friend, Major NETSUKÉ.

Korea has already succeeded in winning my golden opinions. Possessing same latitude and longitude as Italy, the climate . . . [Ed. Com.—*The next few sentences, which seem to have been industriously paraphrased from some work of reference, are omitted.*] . . . It is also the happy hunting-field for carnivorous faunas—tigers, leopards, bears, caymen, deer, otters, *et hoc genus omne* being plenty as black-berries.

When not too engrossed in describing horrors of war, I shall make best endeavours to secure a skin or two, which I beg you will do me the honour of accepting as Office hearth-mats and door-rugs.

As, by official order, all war-reporters are required to sport proprietorial badges, one of my arms has necessarily been ticketed "*Conch*"—but you will, I humbly think, be pleased to learn that it is my *right* arm which is branded, in Japanese characters, with the proud title of "*Punch*." [Ed. Com.—*Most gratifying!*]

So conspicuous a stigma has very naturally rendered me a jaundiced eyesore with my fellow-reporters who correspond for less humorous contemporaries, but I am too thick-skinned to heed the malicious buzzings of such paltry flies in my pomatum.

The Korean aborigines cut highly ludicrous figures of fun in immoderately tall broad-brimmed hats, composed of horse-hairs and fastened under their chops with ribbons and bows, like antiquated British spinsters, and it is not possible to encounter them without giving vent to uncontrollable cachinnations.

However, they are highly polite, peace-loving parties, though incredibly bashful and timorous.

I am setting up a stud, having become the sole proprietor of a small but very lusty secondhand crock of piebald complexion, for the rather moderate price of yens 25 (about £2 10s.). This, being a necessary, you will kindly allow as working expenses. I have not baptised him as yet with any *nom de plume*, and you must not take it in snuff if I should not decide to name him after your illustrious self, since he is scarcely deserving at present of so good-humoured a god-parent.

For he is of such an excessively *noli me tangere* temperament that it is not possible to venture my person within his sphere of influence except under penalty of receiving some shocking kick! One of these has severely dilapidated a rather valuable gold-rimmed nose-pinch, and compelled me to purchase a pair of native Korean goggles as a *pis aller*.

Although I can only nurture a slender hope that your paternal generosity will decree me compensation for damages which (perhaps) do not strictly come under heading of "ordinary wear and tear," I may be allowed to mention that

a similar nose-pinch could not be purchased in Calcutta at all under rs. 15.

You can readily suppose that, until the ferocity of my aforesaid pony has abated, I am reduced to ride entirely at anchor, and cannot be expected to scour the surrounding sceneries in pursuit of tit-bits of information.

However, I am far from being a mere *dolce far niente*, and it is invariably the still sow, according to the proverb, that takes in most of the pigs' washing. Accordingly I have already wormed myself into the good books of Colonel KHAKIMONO, who imparts to me many important military secrets which he preserves with the snugness of wax from ordinary journalists.

For example, he has whispered, in strictest privacy, his expert opinion that, should some irresistible Japanese force encounter any invincible Russian army-corps, there will infallibly result a somewhat severe snip-snap. This you may regard as *official*.

With excusable national partiality he foregoes the conclusion that he is triumphantly to emerge on top. But, although I refrain from clouding his cocksecurity by any doleful vaticinations, I am wholly unable to believe that it will be mere child's play for even the pluckiest pigmies to succumb these Colossians of the North.

At present the enemy is reported to be retiring into his own interior with seven-league boots, but I have the shrewd suspicion that this is a trick to entice us into chasing a wild goose.

So I have exhorted Col. KHAKIMONO that he is on no account to make such a *faux pas* as Honble. BONAPARTE, by pursuing so wily a foe as far as the metropolis of Moscow, since he would probably soon find himself out in the cold owing to some treacherous incendiaryisms.

I am proud to say that my honble. friend has promised to follow these counsels of perfection.

It is a popular fallacy (as I am cabling the *Chittagong Conch*) to imagine that Japanese soldieries are rigged up in old-fashioned panoplies, or that their field-pieces are fashioned to resemble dragons and the like. On the contrary, they all carry muskets which, though home-made, are far superior to any Indian matchlocks. Whether they are as proficient potshots as Russian marksmen, I am not as yet in a position to say.

As for the cavalry, they have scarcely the firm seats of ancient Centaurs, and indeed are by no means even such practical jockeys as our native Sikh horsesoldiers.

Nor can I entirely commend the Japanese custom of warbling national ditties when engaged in combat; whether this is done to terrorise the enemy, or simply as a preventive against funkiness.

For it is not possible to sing and shoot simultaneously with equal correctness, while it is also mere waste of valuable wind, since no song will reach the heart with the celerity or certainty of a bullet.

However, it is not for this unassuming self to dictate to the Goddess of War as to whom she is to award her apple of Discord.

The National Religion of Korea consists in the worship of Ancestors, but, for the convenience of parties who may not possess such articles, and who would otherwise be reduced to Atheism, it is permissible to venerate any local demon.

This I learnt from a certain Bonze whose acquaintance I have recently scraped. For, on presenting him, as my letters of marque, with a back number of your salubrious periodical, I discovered that, though constitutionally incompetent to understand any Western waggery, he nevertheless received it with profound awe as a kind of sacred *shastra*, to which he commanded his disciples to do *poojah*. And I myself, being able (after a fashion) to expound the inner meanings of the



Lady Visitor (to old parishioner). "WELL, MR. HUGGINS, AND HAS THE NURSE BEEN TO SEE YOU YET?"

Old Parishioner. "YES, MUM, THANK 'EE. SHE'S CALLED ONCE, AN' DONE MY FOOT MORE GOOD THAN ALL THE IMPRECATIONS I'VE EVER USED!"

cartoon pictures, am now in no small repute as a Sanctimonious. My friend the Bonze, a very honest childlike old chap, has made the rather ingenious suggestion that it might be feasible to dedicate a small mountain shrine to your Honour's lordship, with appropriate idol, faithfully copied in local colours from your paper's frontispiece. It appears that a neighbouring devil, owing to being ordered abroad on active service, would be willing to dispose of his shrine, goodwill, &c., for a mere song or mess of pottage.

This, I am fully aware, is the rank piece of superstition. Nevertheless, it might be worthy of your while to think it over as a business proposal, since all converts would of course be required to become regular subscribers. I think I could undertake to do the trick for (shall we say?) yen 200—or, as it is penny wisdom and pound folly to attempt to burn your ships with a haporth of tar, why not have the effigy life-sized and splendidly gilded? This would be a very small extra item in the estimate, and, with best quality gilding, will indubitably be *aere perennius*.

I am anxiously awaiting your honoured instructions.

H. B. J.

[ED. NOTE.—We are letting Mr. JABBERJEE know our private opinion of this suggestion.]

OPERA OPERANDA.

ON Monday, May 2, take place the Two "Great Events." The Royal Academy opens its doors by day to the public at the small charge of a shilling a head, that is at the rate of sixpence an eye, and the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, by night opens its doors to all and sundry at prices varying inversely as the lowliness and loftiness of the purchaser's position in the house. Again we have M. MESSENGER, of the Messageries Musicales, as Manager for "the Grand Opera Syndicate," while, as heretofore in the satisfactory past, Secretary NEIL FORSYTH is to control "the business department." No pleasure without business: the greater the pleasure, the better the "business done." "Special performances" of certain operas (nothing uncertain is worth mention) named in the list, are to be given "without cuts." Mr. Punch begs to state, for the benefit of all concerned, that for his part (a very strong one in every opera) he hopes to give from time to time some account of these same special operas "with cuts," otherwise "illustrations," forming a part of his "Operatic Notes," which will, by reproducing the lineaments of singers, musicians, and operatic persons generally, present some features of interest to the general public. Of what surprises may be in store for Opera-goers, no foresight, nor FORSYTH, can assure us.



QUITE ANOTHER STORY.

R.A. (who has engaged Chelsea Pensioner as model, looking forward with interest to stirring narrative of 'battlefield where he was disabled). "AND WHERE DID YOU LOSE YOUR LEG?"

Veteran. "ROUND THE CORNER, SIR, AT MRS. WEMBLEY'S. YOU SEE, WHEN I LEFT OFF SOLDIERING, I WENT INTO THE FURNITURE BUSINESS AS CARMAN. UNLOADING VAN, PIANNER FELL ON MY LEG AND BROKE IT. THEN I GOT INTO THE 'ORSPITAL." [R.A. gloomily continues painting.]

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

WHEN urchin voices wake the street,
Pushing the sale of "all the winner,"
And toil-worn City men retreat
From stocks and shares to rest and
dinner,
And Sol assigns the aerial heights
To Luna and her satellites,

I only at that cherished hour
Retain no sense of exultation;
For me no sweet suburban bower
Abuts upon the railway station:
No offspring welcomes me with kisses—
Chiefly because I have no Mrs.

For me beside the fender bulge
No large and languorous carpet-
slippers;
No aromatic airs divulge
The savoury mess of new-laid kippers;
No soul-reviving pint of Beaune
Lends the repast a giddy tone.

For I am of the luckless band
Who, when sweet ease invites their
neighbours,
Still find, aggressively on hand,
The subject of their arduous labours;

Whose daily task is still to do,
Long after other folks are through.

Briefly, I am upon the Stage
Where oft provincial maids and men
mark

The easy verve with which I gauge
The feelings of the *Prince of Den-*
mark;

It makes the artless rustic weep
In places where the Drama's cheap.

But here in Town my tedious art,
The common lot of all who plod, is
To trifle with a thinking part,
Or even "outside shouts, and bodies."
To play a lifelike corpse, observe,
Requires intelligence and nerve.

Nightly for quite a paltry sum
I entertain my fellow creatures
By putting greasy paints and gum
On what are really classic features,
And striving freely to amaze
The well-dined Public's torpid gaze.

Ay, there's the rub: it's not the waste
Of intellect that's so distressing;
And managers devoid of taste
Must be put up with, though depress-
ing;

It's not that life leaves much to seek
In London on a pound a week.

It isn't that the hours are late,
The dressing-rooms extremely grimy;
That suppers all expectorate
And usually say "gorblimey";
It is because I'm always fated
To have my meal-times dislocated.

What I persistently deplore
Is eating breakfast at eleven,
And wrestling with a meal at four
That others have at half-past seven.
Food at such times may stay one's inner
Pangs, but it really isn't dinner!

And, long accustomed though I am,
It stirs my self-respect profoundly
To find myself consuming ham
When other folks are sleeping soundly.
So late it hardly seems refined
To swallow food of any kind.

O how I long to dine once more
When other folks are also feeding;
And having dined to sit and snore
The solid hours away unheeding,
Nor care a cent how Chronos plies his
Hour-glass or when the curtain rises.



“ HITTING THE HAPPY MEAN.”

LICENSING BILL. “OH! MY FRIENDS! MY FRIENDS! DON'T HIT ME! I COME BETWEEN YOU AS A PEACEMAKER!”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 18.—Lord DUNRAVEN, blasé with Biarritz, pent up with the placid pleasures of Pau, bethought him of the place to spend a happy day. Not Rosherville, but the House of Commons with Irish debate to the fore. Remembers days of old when PARNELL was in his prime, with JOEY B.'s broad smile beaming over expansive imitation sealskin waistcoat girt with massive gold chain fashioned like a ship's cable. Wit sometimes; always humour, if occasionally of Donnybrook Fair order. Certainly movement, fire, possibly an explosion.

Looking down to-day from Peers' Gallery, DUNRAVEN finds NANNETTI on his legs, making dull speech of prodigious length on subject of Primary Education in Ireland. Also O'DONNELL—not him of the eyeglass, who, nigh thirty years ago, used to rise from this very seat and stir up the Saxon. This is O'DONNELL of Kerry West, a national school-teacher. None the worse for that. But alack! so long in getting to what he thinks he wants to say.

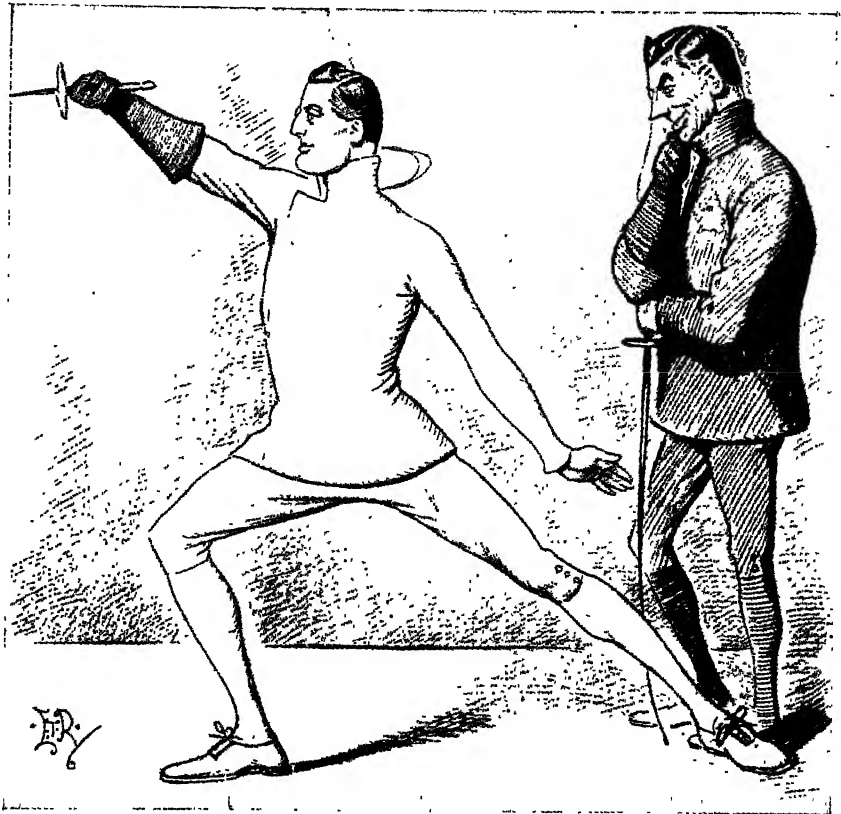
In due course, in place of PARNELL with his tall, slim figure, his keenly cut intellectual face, his icy manner and his biting sentences, comes portly JOHN REDMOND, ornate, oracular, overbearing.

"I warn the right hon. gentleman," he said, shaking a fat forefinger at WYNDHAM yawning on the Treasury Bench, "we will not tolerate the creation of a new Castle Board."

Terribly severe JOHN looks as he hurls this threat amid a pom-pom of cheers from SWIFT MACNEILL. WYNDHAM has been warned so often in the same bass voice with identical gesture that, like the eel injured by repetition to what to begin with was a painful process, he doesn't mind it.



"This is O'D-nn-ll of Kerry West."



THE OLD "MAÎTRE D'ARMES."

"By Jove, he'll do!"

As for PRINCE ARTHUR, he knows nothing of this new submarine destroyer launched against an often-threatened Ministry. He hurried off after questions, as indeed did the vast majority of Members present at that hour. The sitting is being wasted in long speeches manufactured at Westminster for currency in Ireland. Personally he does not complain of the persistence of the Irish Members in marking (with Melancholy) the sitting as their own. Indeed, by so doing, they relieve him from embarrassment. But for their insistence the day might have been utilised for introduction of the Licensing Bill, that Barmecide feast at the Ministerial table. Ever since Session opened this particular dish has appeared on the menu. Whenever *Schacabac*—represented by C.B.—has sat himself down, lifted the cover with anticipatory gusto, behold the dish was empty.

"Another day; some day next week," says BARMECIDE BALFOUR.

Positively announced for last Tuesday. Guests assembled hungry, not to say thirsty. BARMECIDE suddenly discovered there was another dish must be taken first. Thibet displaced the Licensing Bill on the only available day of last week. But here is Monday, set down for what is humorously called "getting the SPEAKER out of the Chair," on the

Civil Service Estimates. No urgent necessity in point of time. Gymnastic operation could be accomplished equally well on Wednesday.

But the Irish Members have prepared the speeches aforesaid. The Harp that once through Tara's halls not been thrummed for at least three weeks. Promise extorted from PRINCE ARTHUR that to-day (Monday) should be appropriated for the performance. Had PARNELL still been to the fore he would, with poignant courtesy, have released the belated PREMIER from his pledge, and pressed on his acceptance Monday for the purposes of a Bill over which the Cabinet still wrangled. PARNELL's successor blunders into threat of what will happen if their Monday is taken away from Irish Members. PRINCE ARTHUR, with a sigh of relief, says if things are put in that way he really must keep his pledge. So the difficulty is evaded; days of grace extended to Wednesday, when in some form or other the dish will be ready, and *Schacabac* will have chance of gorging himself.

Odd thing about complicated business is that when the long-delayed delicacy is at length actually placed on the table there is no one more sure to regret its appearance, criticise its composition, than the erstwhile unfortunate *Schacabac*. Meanwhile here is an

afternoon wasted that NANNETTI and O'DONNELL may make speeches, each an hour long, and REDMOND *ainé* may wag a truculent forefinger at an indifferent Chief Secretary.

Business done.—Chiefly talk.

Tuesday night.—It is eleven years last February since AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, engaging a four-wheeled cab, bade the driver take the New Cut on his way to the House, and at one of its many emporiums freighted the vehicle with top hats that had seen better days. Hurrying on to the House he planted them out on the benches below the Gangway just as if they were cabbages. By these means secured priority of place for what in those days were called Dissident Liberals.

A great deal has happened since then. To-day the still-young Member has come to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Seizes earliest opportunity to reward the care and loving-kindness of his parent by increasing taxation on his cigars.

Rarely since that February day when Mr. G. expounded his second Home Rule Bill has House been so crowded. Four ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer sat at the feet of GAMALIEL from Highbury. JOKIM peered down from Gallery over the clock. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD-CUM-NUNEHAM reflectively stroked his chin as he looked across the Table at our new Financial Minister and, like King GEORGE with the apple in the dumpling, wondered how the—well, how he got there. From his place of exile below the Gangway RITCHIE loomed large. Above it sat ST. MICHAEL in the unseen company of All Angels. Just below RITCHIE, under the lee of his new leader, HARRY CHAPLIN, was DON JOSÉ, bronzed with foreign travel, all unconscious at the moment of the little surprise AUSTEN had in store for him in the matter of cigars.

An exceptionally embarrassing position for the *début* of a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Hard enough for one of modest mien to face this crowded House; harder still to meet deficit approaching five millions sterling. All very well for JOKIM, at the period when GRANDOLPH "forgot" him, to come into the accustomed heritage of a surplus, legacy of a Liberal Government. It was AUSTEN's fate to reach the Treasury after nine years of continuous Conservative administration, and that, as RUDYARD KIPLING used to say, is another story.

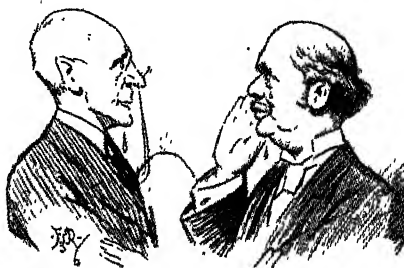
He fronted the ordeal courageously; neither forward nor affrighted. Made no effort to emulate the eloquence of Mr. G., the learning of Mr. LOWE, or the epigrams of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. In language unadorned he lucidly explained his purpose, adding to the gratitude of the audience by the comparative brevity of his discourse. Only time he faltered

was in view of the painful scene between those eminent tea-dealers, Messrs. LOUGH and KEARLEY, when they heard about the tuppence extra duty on tea. As they convulsively clasped hands their sobs filled the tear-dimmed House.

Said Mr. LOUGH to Mr. KEARLEY,
" 'Tis of the Poor I'm thinking merely."
To Mr. LOUGH said Mr. K.,
" Yes; I was thinking we'll make 'em pay."

AUSTEN generously dropped a tear into an imaginary tea-cup, and passed on to explain the intricacies of stripped tobacco.

Business done.—Budget brought in.



A TOUCHING SCENE; OR, TUPPENCE ON TEA.

Eminent Tea-dealers (together). "My poor dear friend! (sniff). To think that it should come to this!" [Retire sobbing.]

Wednesday.—The Licensing Bill at last! No longer a Barmecide invention; a substantial joint more or less succulent. AKERS-DOUGLAS, recovered from depression born of days when he was *locum tenens* of the absent Leader, carries the dish round shoulder high, for inspection of guests.

As foretold, *Schacabac* inappeasable; will have nothing to do with the Bill for which he of late cried aloud. "I cannot," he said, "promise anything but the most strenuous opposition at every stage."

Funnier still attitude and position of WILFRID LAWSON and WHITTAKER. Up to moment when Home Secretary, standing at Table, expounded his Bill, no one knew what it contained. As mere matter of fact its actuality is a surprise. In anticipation of debate WILFRID LAWSON had fairly written out some jokes condemnatory of the Bill as his imagination pictured it. Similarly WHITTAKER in the seclusion of his study had with same design drafted a new *Almanack*. And here was the provoking Home Secretary bringing in quite another Bill.

That, however, an immaterial detail. WILFRID worked off his jokes and WHITTAKER read pages from his *Almanack*, just as if the Bill had been what they imagined, not what habile Ministers, endeavouring to walk on both sides of the road at the same time, had drafted.

Business done.—Licensing Bill brought in.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

ABOUT TOWN.

SEVERAL ladies have chosen this week for taking walks. As I was popping down Bond Street a few days ago I nearly ran into sweet Lady B., who was dressed in the softest brown, with a dear little robin redbreast perched lovingly in her *toque*, which was a veritable *dernier cri*. There is a beautiful story in connection with the little dickey, as Lady B. believes that it is the same little feathered darling she used to feed with crumbs on her window-sill last winter! It is such a joy to her tender heart to feel that her little pensioner will now never be parted from his benefactress—while the *toque* lasts.

A few minutes later, while I was returning the Countess of A.'s bow, I caught my foot in the *marabout* of one of our most unconventional and witty American visitors, who is, by the way, the heroine of the following delightful little story. While staying at a country house, not a hundred miles from a certain little white village with red roofs, the house party was taken to a local flower show. At dinner that evening, charming Miss X., who was a member of the party, was asked by her partner if she took an interest in gardening. "I guess I'm only interested in strawberry leaves!" was the witty answer.

BOOKS TO MATCH ALL DRESSES.

All lovers of literature will be delighted to hear that Miss CUMBERLAND SMITH's latest work, *Chained by Circumstance*, is to be issued in tooled green leather to match the dainty little belts which are being shown this week by Mr. PETER JAY. This book would look particularly well with a white satin Liberty robe, a stole of Indian work, and the hair *coiffured* in the *mode retroussé*, which is now, we are glad to see, once more with us.

Another little gem for book lovers is certainly Lady M.'s wonderfully realistic *Revelations of Revolt*, bound in crimson and black. No brunette should be without it. To go with this beautiful volume we should strongly recommend a simple Empire costume of crimson *panne*, with deep frills of accordion-pleated white chiffon, edged with black *ruching*, with sprays of crimson chrysanthemums falling to the feet.

CITY AND SUBURBAN NOTE LAST WEEK.—"Dean Swift" wasn't quite up to his name. At all events the Dean wasn't Swift enough, as he only came in second, with *Robert le Diable* in front of him! The very deuce! and this race wasn't to the Swift.



"SHARP MISERY HAD WORN HIM TO THE BONES."

(A Reminiscence of Easter Manœuvres.)

Colonel Washball, O.C., 1st V.B. Shoreditch (vainly trying to restrain his hired charger). "STEADY, YOU BRUTE! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TROTTING?"

A FREE CONVERSATION.

THE *Daily Chronicle*, of April 15, stated that "The reception of Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P., by the TSAR . . . was of an entirely private character, for Mr. NORMAN was not introduced by our Ambassador or by any official personage, and the audience, which lasted over half an hour . . . was conducted, by His Majesty's wish, with complete freedom of speech on either side. The TSAR began by saying that he had read Mr. NORMAN's book, kept it in his private library, and found it the best and fairest account in English of his own country. Of course, Mr. NORMAN does not intend to publish this interesting conversation."

Mr. *Punch* thoroughly appreciates the nice instinct for reticence shown by Mr. NORMAN in respect to the details of his Imperial interview; and, if the facts have nevertheless leaked out, the public must draw its own conclusions as to the system of key-hole intrigue that obtains in the Tsar's immediate entourage.

SCENE—*The Tsar's Library.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Mr. Henry Norman, M.P.

Nicholas II., Emperor of Russia.

Nicholas II. I have read your book. I keep it in my private library. I find it the best and fairest account yet written in English of my own country.

Henry Norman. Ha!

N. II. I like *Wee Macgregor* too. And did you read that very ingenious feuilleton in the *Daily Mail*, called "Mr. Smith, of England"?

H. N. I read the *Chronicle*—

N. II. What a pity you missed that! The author is a Mr. ANDREW LORING. Now, if only *he* would call upon me!

H. N. I doubt if he is a publicist.

N. II. That is what I meant. Is there not a bill now interesting your House of Commons on the proper regulation and control of publicists?

H. N. Publicans, I think your Majesty must mean.

N. II. Very likely. These *nuances* of a foreign tongue take so much learning.

H. N. The Far East—

N. II. By the way, what horse-power is your motor-car? I understand you are one of the pioneers of the new locomotion.

H. N. Assuredly. I don't think the *World's Work* could go on without motors.

N. II. This is very interesting about the "ashes." It created a profound impression at our Court when the news of their recovery reached us. It is a great thing to be an athletic nation. I suppose you know Mr. FRY, C.B.?

H. N. Intimately. We are fellow Editors.

N. II. I was wondering if he could be tempted to settle here for a while and introduce cricket among my moujik.

H. N. The claims of the English season are very exacting.

N. II. Ah, well, it was only an idea of mine, perhaps Quixotic.

H. N. There has always been a Quixotic strain in the Romanoffs.

N. II. Yes, indeed.

H. N. Japan—?

N. II. Oh, by the way, is the interest in London in Russian music still what it was? We look upon your great conductor Mr. HENRY J. TREE as one of the best of the English friends of Russia.

H. N. Not HENRY J. TREE, your Majesty; HENRY J. WOOD. Perhaps a not unnatural confusion. We have a TREE too, an actor. He played in an adaptation of Tolstoy's novel *Resurrection*.

N. II. Ah, yes. How foolish to confuse the names. But I often do not feel sure of them. Let me see, you are Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH, are you not?

H. N. No, your Majesty; Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

N. II. Tut, tut, how *gauche* of me! Mr. NORMAN, of course. You have been here before, have you not?

H. N. I am esteemed in England greatly on account of my intimacy with your Majesty.

N. II. Quite right, quite right. And what was the purpose of the present visit?

H. N. A few words on the situation, your Majesty.

N. II. The situation? Ah, yes. Charming, is it not? The view from this window always seems to me exceptionally fortunate. And now I must say Good-bye. [Interview closes.]

IMMEDIATELY, detached country or seaside cottage, with accommodation for six fowls; two sitting, three or four bed-rooms; convenient to Roman Catholic Church.

The above, appearing in a weekly lady's paper, shows the status to which the barn-door fowl is rising. The two sitting-rooms are of course euphemistic for the nests, and perches now take the more refined designation of bedrooms. But why "convenient to Roman Catholic Church"? Surely where Brahmas or Cochin Chinas are concerned a Temple to Vishnu, Siva, or Buddha would be more in keeping.

"Ah," sighed the rejected and rejected author, as he glanced at the betting list in a sporting paper, "I wish I could say this of my manuscripts—'Offered and taken.'"

CONSOLATIONS FOR THE UNHUNG.

Now that the painful month of suspense in Studioland is at an end, it behoves us to apply our most soothing embrocation to the wounded feelings of geniuses whose works have boomeranged their way back from Burlington House. Let them remember:

That very few people really look at the pictures in the Academy—they only go to meet their friends, or to say they have been there.

That those who *do* examine the works of art are wont to disparage the same by way of showing their superior smartness.

That one picture has no chance of recognition with fourteen hundred others shouting at it.

That all the best pavement-artists now give "One-Man" shows. They can thus select their own "pitch," and are never ruthlessly skied.

That photography in colours is coming, and then the R.A. will have to go.

That REMBRANDT, HOLBEIN, RUBENS and VANDYCK were never hung at the Summer Exhibition.

That BOTTICELLI, CORREGGIO and TITIAN managed to rub along without that privilege.

That the ten-guinea frame that was bought (or owed for) this spring will do splendidly next year for another masterpiece.

That the painter *must* have specimens of his best work to decorate the somewhat bare walls of his studio.

That the best test of a picture is being able to live with it—or live it down—so why send it away from its most lenient critic?

That probably the *chef-d'œuvre* sent in was shown to the Hanging Committee upside down.

That, supposing they saw it properly, they were afraid that its success would put the Academy to the expense of having a railing placed in front.

And finally, we would remind the Rejected One that, after all, his bantling *has* been exhibited in the R.A.—to the President and his colleagues engaged in the work of selection. Somebody at least looked at it for quite three seconds.

A Rapid Glance Round.

THE following advertisement of an Isle of Wight Hotel appears in the *St. James's Gazette* :—

"Miles of Beautiful Coast Scenery from nearly every window. From Waterloo to Hotel Pier, 12.30, arrive 4.5; return 4.10, arrive 7.35."

Cinq minutes d'arrêt! It sounds inadequate.

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. III.

OF course I have seen to it that young BOUDIN should pay a visit to the House of Commons; indeed, I went with him, for I was anxious to note what impression was made upon him by the sight of the institution which is at once the cause and guardian of our liberties and the promoter of our progress. "BOUDIN," I said to him, "I am glad to tell you that I have been able, through the good offices of my friend WINDLESTRAP, the Member for East Wopsall, to secure cards for the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons to-day. I hope it will be convenient for you to go."

"Convenient?" he replied. "Oh, yes, I can make it convenient, but I do not know that I am enthusiast for the House of Commons. I have seen the Chamber of Deputies and I suppose they are much alike. They are old gentlemen with bald heads that shine as you look down at them; and they talk and sometimes they are angry and beat themselves. Your House of Commons will be the same thing, will it not?"

I own that this way of putting it affected me disagreeably, but I kept calm and said, "The Chamber of Deputies, my dear BOUDIN, is no doubt all very well in its way. I am the last man to say a word against it; but the House of Commons is the oldest representative assembly in the world, the mother of Parliaments, and all that, you know, and—well, we're accustomed to think of it as something rather different from other bodies of a similar nature set up by foreign nations."

"As to that," says he, "I do not doubt it will be different in little things, but in principle they are all the same. And to be old is not to be full of wisdom; but I will go with you willingly and see your great House of Commons," and he bowed to me and lit himself a cigarette, as if it was all a matter of no importance.

However, I took him in spite of his flippancy.

We were lucky in our evening, for the adjournment of the House was moved from the Opposition benches almost immediately after we got there, forty Members having risen to support the orator who proposed it, and the debate that ensued was one of the liveliest and angriest it has ever been my good fortune to listen to. Epithets came pelting down like hailstones; eyes flashed; fists were clenched; there were interruptions, roars of fury, retorts, pale faces—all the signs in fact that denote a situation strained almost to bursting-point. I had the utmost difficulty in restraining BOUDIN from joining in the uproar and thus causing our expulsion from the Gallery:—

"It is not human," he said, "to prevent me from shouting. I smother if I do not shout. Oh, sacred name of a pipe, it is better than the Chamber of Deputies; it is better than the battle of Austerlitz at the Cirque; it is better—oh, but that was a terrible thing your Mr. BALFOUR say of your Sir BANNERMAN; and yet you say there will be no duels after this."

"My dear BOUDIN," I said with some dignity, "in a country which has long been in the enjoyment of liberty, and which has realised that progress depends on free and open discussion, there is no necessity to resort to the brutal and senseless arbitrament of the duel. We have got beyond that sort of thing. We do not bring political animosity into the field of private friendship. I myself agree with Mr. BALFOUR and the Conservative Press that the Liberals on the Opposition are, with few exceptions, a set of unprincipled scoundrels, the friends of every country except their own—but I should be sorry to let this opinion of mine break up my private intercourse with Liberals."

"Ah, then," cried BOUDIN, "you are all hypocrite; you are pretending like children. All this noise and fury you make them for fun. You mock yourself of the country; you



PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

"I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING, MISS BULLION. MY SISTER MAUD'S GOING TO MARRY YOUR BROTHER DICK. BUT DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT, 'COS HE DOESN'T KNOW IT HIMSELF YET!"

make a *pied de nez* at the people; you are humbugs" (he pronounced it "ombogs"). "You call a man a rogue and then, by blue, you dine with him and you smile, and he say to you, 'That was a splendid speech. I felicitate you;' and you say to him, 'Oh, but your speech' (in which he call you a villain), 'that was magnificent. My compliments.' Oh, come, let us go away. I cannot listen any more."

Of course I laughed at him, but for once in a way he seemed in earnest.

"Oh," he said, "you are indeed a great nation. You have my respectful homages. You make a serious thing of your football, and you make your politics like a play at the Palais Royal. Yes, you are a great nation."

"BRITISH OAK," who is interested in historical relics, writes from Wick to complain of a shocking case of vandalism reported in the "Literary and Scientific Corner" of his local paper. The facts are given as follows without comment:—"At the Royal Institution, before a brilliant audience, Professor OSTWALD took his stand at the historic green-clad table, from which JOHN DALTON a century ago enunciated his atomic theory, and proceeded to demolish it." *Mr. Punch* heartily shares the disgust of "British Oak" at this wanton act of destruction.

WANTED, A SITUATION as Working Butler, where footman is preferred.—*Maidenhead Advertiser.*

Is this a case of humility, or simply cussedness?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN spite of the fact that readers of *The Woman with the Fan* (METHUEN) will not make the acquaintance of a single desirable person, Mr. ROBERT HICHENS' book is fascinating by reason of its clever studies of character, enthralling in the drama it unfolds. It is always a pity that good people should not be capable of becoming, in the skilled novelist's hands, as interesting as the bad. My Baronite's limited experience does not bring him in contact with the exceedingly seamy side of highly-placed London society

familiar to Mr. HICHENS. All his men are bad (with the exception of a feeble old gentleman whose physical infirmities are pitilessly dwelt upon), and all his women (save one septuagenarian) are in varied manner vicious. Nevertheless one eagerly reads what they say, and intently follows their plotting and counterplotting. Amongst many finished studies is the character of *Lord Holme*, a sort of twentieth century Bacchus, with a touch of Silenus. *Robin Pierce*, a discarded suitor of *Lady Holme* who openly makes love to her in her married state, is the nearest approach to a gentleman in Mr. HICHENS' gallery. But this character is evidently imposed upon him with ulterior design. It helps to make the strongly dramatic situation in which *Robin*, after passionately protesting that *Lady Holme's* beauty is nothing to him, all he sought being "the angel within her," discovers that her face has been disfigured by an accident, and silently turns away and withdraws from the stage. There are other scenes that suggest dramatisation of the novel. But of course *Lady Holme's* scarred and seamed countenance, upon which the tragedy turns, makes such adaptation impossible.

Miss Arnott's Marriage, by RICHARD MARSH (JOHN LONG), can be recommended by the Baron only to the totally inexperienced in novel-reading, or to the thoroughly accomplished and indefatigable skipper conversant with the ropes. The story begins well; and thus it happens that the commencement is the best of it, "which," quoth the Baron paradoxically, "is just the very worst of it."

In the Editor's preface to *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates* (WARD, LOCK & Co.) record is made of the death of Mr. BENJAMIN

VINCENT, which took place since he piloted through the press the twenty-second edition of this indispensable work. Behold in this portly volume his unique monument. Mr. VINCENT commenced his editorial labours in connection with the seventh edition, and continued them through the last hitherto published. The twenty-third exceeds former

records by two hundred precious pages, not to mention space gained by condensation, printing in smaller type, or the expunging of matters of lessening interest. As it stands the volume is world-embracing. There is no subject, from Atoms to Zollverein, that is not dealt with compendiously yet comprehensively. The art of condensation reaches its perfection in these skilfully-arranged pages. Not only is the history of every nation in the universe brought up to date, but where, since the last edition was published, history has been made, place is found for succinct record. Turning over the pages my Baronite finds not less than ten devoted to record of the progress of the South African War. In this narrow compass are found, instantly accessible, particulars and dates of every one of the leading incidents in the Titanic struggle. The *Dictionary of Dates* is for the literary or business man a library in itself.

The Tragedy of the Great Emerald, by WETHERBY CHESNEY (METHUEN), is the story of a robbery, two murders, a suicide,

and the discovery of criminals without any assistance being given by professional detectives and subordinate police officers. The gentleman and the lady who undertake the detection of the above indicated crimes are not by any means strikingly original creations. The one really strong melodramatic situation arrests attention at the commencement of the story, but "subsequent proceedings" are not of increasing interest. The pace at first is too good to last: hence disappointment. Still, those whom Providence has blessed with an abundance of spare time may set themselves many a less profitable task than the perusal of this tale of meddle, muddle, and mystery.

Dr. BARRY is a master of perplexing style. My Baronite, reading *Newman*, the latest addition to the *Literary Lives* Series published by HODDER AND STOUGHTON, feels the touch of nature that makes him kin with the coster's acquaintance of the Old Kent Road, "'E dunno w're 'e are." Frequently he comes upon really illuminating sentences, and thinks he is now going to learn something about the Cardinal, his life and his works. But the next sentence, obscure, involved, has nothing to do with the matter, wandering blindfold on another tack. At best it is a lay figure round which the book is written—a pity, since there have been few personalities so rich and rare as that of the English Cardinal. The best things in the book are the various photogravures, from the miniature painted whilst NEWMAN was still in residence at Keble College to the Dantesque face presented a year before his death, with its pathetic gaze into an unknown future, and its unspoken prayer, "Lead, Kindly Light."

Bright in colour is the frontispiece of the *Pall Mall Magazine* for May, which opens with a poem entitled "A Summer Evening," by King OSCAR of Sweden and Norway. The translation of the Royal contributor's work is by EMILY JULIAN. There are some capital cricket notes, headed "Don't," aptly illustrated. MAUD RAWSON's story of "Pepita" is dashingly illustrated by S. H. SIME, who introduces a new method of dealing with the action of individuals in the tale by showing a page of curiously quaint landscape (in a certain sense Gustave Dorésque), wherein hundreds of trees appear like gigantic powdered heads of goblins in a valley, while the two principal actors in the scene are in the foreground, proportionately insignificant. Then in the next illustration we are shown how "he stood facing *Pepita* with flashing eyes," but the spectator sees only the broad back of the gentleman facing *Pepita*, and whether *his* eyes are flashing or not cannot be gathered from their reflection in those of *Pepita*. A lively and interesting number, as it should be for "The merry month of May."

SHORT NOTICE.—On this occasion Mr. Punch's Dramatic Commissioner can do no more for *The Rich Mrs. Repton*, the new comedy produced last week at the Duke of York's Theatre, than record the instant and well-deserved success of Mr. R. C. CARTON's wealthy widow. It is a delightful piece, capitably "staged" by Mr. DION BOUCHICAULT, and perfectly acted. The eccentric heroine, *Mrs. Jack Repton*, a modern *Lady Bountiful*, is charmingly impersonated by Miss COMPTON. Congratulations to Manager CHUDLEIGH and to all concerned; details in "our next."





CONSOLATION.

Wife of his bosom (to Daubsley, whose masterpiece, "The Calais-Douvres failing to enter Dover Harbour," has also failed to enter the Royal Academy). "NEVER MIND, GEORGE, I'M SURE THERE IS REALLY GOOD WORK IN IT, FOR I DISTINCTLY HEARD THAT CRITIC FRIEND OF YOURS SAY, WHEN HE WAS HERE ON SHOW SUNDAY—AND YOU KNOW HE NEVER PRAISES ANYTHING UNDULY—I DISTINCTLY HEARD HIM SAY THE PICTURE POSITIVELY MADE HIM FEEL QUITE ILL."

A CAFÉ IN PICCADILLY.

(Why Not?)

SINCE the Agreement with France was signed, the London climate itself seems on many days to have acquired a Gallic gaiety. The smoke still poured from a million chimneys, the smuts still descended on five million faces, but nevertheless those sunny April days, showing the freshly-painted white houses clear-cut against a sky that was almost blue, tempted us to sit outside a café in the sunshine, and watch the passers-by while we smoked at ease. The temptation was easily resisted, for that café was but a dream. However fine the weather may be, one can sit nowhere in London streets, except with tramps on a public seat, or with flower-girls on the base of the Shaftesbury Memorial.

People say the climate of London makes sitting out of doors impossible. It is quite possible in the Park, and very agreeable and cheerful at certain hours in the daytime, if the weather is warm and still and rainless. But one

can sit outside a *café* in the evening, and in weather much less warm and settled, because one is sheltered by the buildings and probably by an awning. People used to sit out in the charming garden behind the Albert Hall, at the time of the Fisheries and other Exhibitions, until that garden, which the richest city in the world could not afford to preserve, vanished for ever. Even now some adventurous explorers get as far as the Wild South-West, and discover a sort of open-air resort, sandwiched between railway lines and coal yards. The climate of London in summer is not so very much worse than that of Paris, though the sky is less clear. The temperature of the two cities is much the same. London has no monopoly of rain, or Paris of sunshine. Last summer a gondola in the Rue de Rivoli would have excited no surprise, and any May one can meet in the Avenue de l'Opéra a North wind that would be a credit to Cromer.

People also say that we ought to sit out in the Embankment Gardens, if we

want to imitate the French. But nobody in Paris sits upon the *quais*, charming as they are. At least there is no *café* of any size between the Louvre and the Trocadéro. The Parisian prefers the cheerful streets, and if we tried to imitate his *café* it should be in Piccadilly.

It might be on the site of St. James's Hall, or among the shops near Half Moon Street, facing the Green Park. It is true that in neither of those positions could there be chairs actually in the open air. But the seats could be inside as they are in Vienna, or Berlin, or Brussels, and through the windows, wide open or entirely removed in warm weather, one could see the movement in the street. There is, however, one ideal position. If there were a *café* on the ground floor of the new Ritz Hotel, with a *terrasse* overlooking Piccadilly and the Green Park—by that time perhaps more green than now, and no longer half black with recumbent and filthy tramps—the Londoner, other than the tramp, could try at home what he appreciates so much abroad.

STORM IN A TEACUP.

UNDER a hide profoundly elephantine,
To Nature's touches practically dead,
He hid a heart inhuman, adamantine,
Who lightly thought to tax the people's bread;
But he, I hold, possessed a constitution
Tougher by one incredible degree,
Who faced a country ripe for revolution
And put an extra tuppence on its tea.

What made him choose a course so rash; so risky?
Why pinch a people in its tenderest place?
Was it the falling-off in wine and whisky
That asked revenge in kind to meet the case?
Are we conjecturally right in stating
That he has penalised that sacred cup,—
The sort that cheers without inebriating,—
Merely to make the liquid difference up?

To him, I dare surmise, it little mattered,
So he could once restore the year's decrease,
Whether or not that tuppence rudely shattered
The dearest prop of our domestic peace;
That charm that in the mansions of the mighty
Makes bearable the women's gossip-hour;
The same that in the humbler form of "high-tea"
Draws home the clerk to his suburban bower.

I would some friend, some Treasury Achates
Had warned him not to put our tempers out
By carelessly upsetting those Penates
Who find their focus in the tea-pot's spout;
Had bid him mark that best of Britain's mottos,
Which, like her flag (to every wind unfurled),
Elicits loyal cheers and reverent "What ohs!"—
The hand that rules the kettle rocks the world!

For not by beer alone, nor yet at Eton
(The site where Waterloo was largely won),
Have we acquired the knack of being beaten
Without acknowledging when we are done;
But half our gallantry in earth- and sea-fights,
And that unrivalled gift of keeping cool,
Was learned in hand-to-mouth provincial tea-fights
Inaugurated by the Sunday School.

And what associations round it ripple,
The beverage that genii loved to gulp!
COWPER, whose Muse immortalised the tippie,
Grew nightly pensive o'er its sodden pulp;
On this, to cope with BOSWELL's deadly tedium,
The champion lexicographer relied;
WEIR drew his mellow note from just this medium,
And ANNE absorbed it freely—ere she died.

And if to-day we must forego that liquor
Which binds the nation as in bonds of blood—
Thicker than water anyhow, and thicker,
If you but leave it long enough, than mud;
When on the storied urn we used to brew in
We carve the dying record of the free,
His be the shame who wrought his country's ruin
By putting tuppence extra on her tea! O. S.

"The visit of M. LOUBET," says a *Times* correspondent, "confirms and symbolises the French recognition of *Roma intangibile capitale d'Italia*." "What's the use of an 'intangibile capital'?" asked a well-informed speculator on hearing the above. "One can't take much interest in it, or get any interest out of it."

A PLEASANT EVENING.

THIS can be insured in the company of *The Rich Mrs. Repton* at the Duke of York's Theatre. As Mr. CARTON's sweet widow is able to draw cheques to any amount, so may she draw the public. *Mrs. Repton* is a woman with a queer past, but ever ready with a splendid present. So good a character could not have a better representative than Miss COMPTON.

Mr. CHARLES ALLAN is excellent as an Anglican Bishop, also "with a past," at least so he gives the audience to infer from his uncommonly precise bearing in the presence of a lady whose morality he considers somewhat questionable. As his nephew, *Lord Charles Dorchester*, Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS "goes up" more than "one." He has a future of light-serious comedy before him, and this particular part he plays to perfection.

It is quite on the cards that Mr. CHARLES TROODE—enacting *Captain Pugsley*, an amateur conjuror—would be a good *remplaçant* for Mr. MATTHEWS whenever required at short notice. He has very little to do, but that little is always effective, and never obtrusive. In the hands of Mr. ERIC LEWIS the absurd character of the kind-hearted niminy-piminy *Bryce Kempshaw*, known as "*Fluffy*," is very safe. He brings out all its best points and never exaggerates its foibles.

Mr. C. M. LOWNE gives us a clever sketch of honest *Edward Lurcott*, a failure as a barrister.

The one part that might endanger the success of the play—namely, that of *Paul Rance* the Dramatist, simply because the public (a first-night audience excepted) is quite unable to sympathise with an author in agonies about the production of his new piece,—is remarkably well rendered, without the slightest exaggeration, by Mr. DION BOUGICAULT.

Capital as is Mr. DAWSON MILWARD's villain, *Fitzroy Marrack*, yet, is it necessary to make him up as such a ghastly bilious-looking rascal? How much more artistic would it have been were he shown as quite an ordinary-looking individual.

Miss DORA BARTON as *Mrs. F. Marrack* does not make this mistake: from her attractive appearance, her character might be good, bad, or indifferent: and, when it comes to business, she never loses a point. This happy couple to a certain extent resemble DICKENS's *Mr.* and *Mrs. Merdle*; while older readers may be reminded by them of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Wracketts* in ALBERT SMITH's *Pottleton Legacy*. *Mr. Wracketts* is there described as a gentleman very like a "dissipated eagle;" also "he had a very pale face," and his wife "was a very pretty woman, evidently his junior by ten or twelve years." Mr. CARTON's swindlers pretty closely resemble this latter happy couple.

Miss DORA BARTON is nice as the *ingénue* *Norah Lamony*, and Miss LENA HALLIDAY enlists all sympathies by her quiet rendering of *Miss Petworth*, *Mrs. Jack Repton's* secretary. The part of *Jowling*, *Mrs. Jack's* highly respectable butler, is capitally made up and played by Mr. CHARLES DALY.

The stage, at the present moment, is strong in representatives of upper and lower domestic service: and no piece just now is complete without a typical butler, footman, and house-keeper. The smart housemaid of ancient farce and comedy will have her turn again; the valet is once more getting his chance, as witness the *Vellamy* of Mr. LEWIS FIELDER.

The dialogue is epigrammatic and natural; the action, dramatic. Whether Mr. CARTON's play is strong enough for a long run must depend on "the taste and fancy" of the somewhat uncertain public.

THE *Westminster Gazette*, in reviewing the Stratford-on-Avon performances, says:—"Mr. BENSON has gone back to 5000 (*sic*) B.C. to show us that SHAKESPEARE and ÆSCHYLUS have much in common." Can the reference be to Protolasms?



THE WASTED WATERWAY.

FATHER THAMES (*who has been waiting for his Steamboat service for over three years*). "H'M! THEY TALK ABOUT 'CONGESTION OF TRAFFIC'! LORD! I WISH I HAD HALF THEIR COMPLAINT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, April 25.—
"I wants to make your flesh creep."

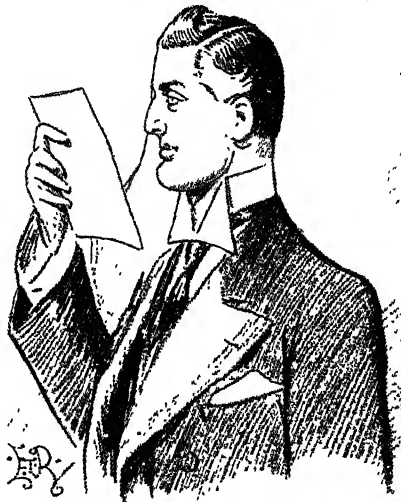
Thus the Fat Boy known to Mr. *Pickwick*, prefacing communication to his mistress of the scene in the arbour between Mr. *Tupman* and the spinster aunt. Nothing about the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR that suggests the Fat Boy; nothing save a certain subtle something in his manner as with dignified, yet lithe step he paced the floor this afternoon on his way to the Woolsack. Attendance small; through it ran quick apprehension that something direful about to happen. First thought suggested Dissolution. PRINCE ARTHUR might, on further reflection, be disposed to revert to ancient constitutional practice of resigning after defeat in the Division Lobby. But there had been no disasters of that kind; on the contrary, matters mightily improving in the other House. Ministerial majority more than once ran up to its old figures, even exceeded them. Moreover, if Dissolution were to the fore, it wouldn't be LORD CHANCELLOR'S business to announce it.

Could DON JOSÉ have been saying or doing something? Was the LORD CHANCELLOR bearer of a message from him? If so, would Black Rod be despatched to other House to request their attendance at its delivery, whilst in Palace Yard the Mansion House band played a bar of "God Save the King"?

That obviously absurd, including suggested action of band. Never know what we may come to; as yet this stage not reached. Anyhow, something evidently to the fore. Know it by the quiver of the LORD CHANCELLOR'S wig, the ominous rustling of his silken gown.

Having seated himself on Woolsack, LORD CHANCELLOR slowly rose. Fresh quiver of excitement passed along the benches. Noble Lords leaned forward with parted lips. Speaking rather in sorrow than in anger, LORD CHANCELLOR told his simple story. Two years ago CHARLES HENRY CHANDOS HENNIKER-MAJOR succeeded to the British barony of his ancient house. In no hurry to take his seat in the Lords. Made no move in that direction through last Session. Now occurred to him might as well keep up family custom. Advised that before presenting himself to take oath must possess himself of writ summoning him to Parliament. Looked in at Crown Office.

"Don't happen to have about you writ for Baron HENNIKER?" he enquired. "HENNIKER-MAJOR, you know. I'm called Major because I was born in January and my brother GERALD was born in December of same year. Odd thing, you know; doesn't often happen in a family.



ORSTIN, THE TAKER-IN OF SHEKELS.

Some idea, I believe, of christening me Alpha and GERALD Omega. But not carried out. Yes, you are quite right; we sit in the Lords as Baron HARTISMERE. Things altogether a little mixed. But thought I'd look in for the writ. Thank you; now it's all right, I suppose. Just drop in at the Lords, hand in the document, sign the roll, and there you are—at least, there I am."

So he was on the Tuesday following. But as it turned out he had no business there. The clerk at the Crown Office so interested in HENNIKER-MAJOR'S story—"Quite a romance of the peerage," he said to his wife when he returned home—that, looking up a file and finding a writ ready for Baron HARTISMERE he handed it over.

Accepted as matter of course by clerk at table in House of Lords; ALPHA HENNIKER-MAJOR, sixth Baron in the

Peerage of Ireland, second in that of the United Kingdom, duly signed the roll of Parliament and took his seat. Then dread discovery made. It wasn't his writ at all! HENNIKER-MAJOR'S a hap-hazard family. The fifth Baron went to his grave without ever possessing himself of the writ of summons to the last Parliament of Queen VICTORIA. Long it lay at the Crown Office, till the sixth Baron, casually dropping in, dazing the clerk with entrancing autobiographical details, gets handed to him his late father's writ, and but for accidental discovery might (legislatively) have lived upon it to the end of the chapter.

As it is, the Constitution must be saved. Instant action imperative. Thus the LORD CHANCELLOR comes down in State and, setting aside all other business, moves that the writ of summons directing Lord HARTISMERE to attend be set aside. Also that the name of Lord HARTISMERE, set forth among the Lords present on Tuesday last, should be deleted, and that the signature on the test-roll be struck out.

Noble Lords held their breath expecting the LORD CHANCELLOR would conclude dread sentence with the formula, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!" Stopped short at that; and noble Lords, feeling unequal to strain of other business, forthwith adjourned.

Business done.—In Commons, opposition to Aliens Bill defeated by a majority of 124. In Lords, Lord HENNIKER declared to be an alien. Name struck off roll of Parliament—*pro tem.* of course.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—A dull day, my masters. Nothing to the fore more important than voting in Committee of Ways and Means a trifle of one hundred and thirty-four millions sterling. Not at any time present through discussion one hundred and thirty-four Members. One touch of humour flashed over preliminary scene.

Before House went into Committee ANSON brought in Bill amending Education Act passed t'other day. Affairs have, it seemed, reached deadlock in Principality. Town Councils hold purse-strings of Education funds. When managers of Church schools come along for their share, County Councils, representing majority of Nonconformist population, dole out in threepenny bits exactly as much as the Church schools were accustomed to receive under old régime. That seems fair enough. But, working out, it falls roughly on school managers. Education grant formerly supplemented by contributions from the Faithful. Solicited to-day to renew subscriptions, the Faithful with discordant levity reply, "You bet! We successfully brought pressure to bear upon best of all Governments to throw



JOHN OF BATTERSEA.

(After the manner of M-x B-rb-km.)

charge of denominational education on the rates. Go and take it out of them."

But AP MORGAN and AP THOMAS who, as their fathers did, worship in, and out of their own pockets maintain, bleak stone-faced chapels on a thousand hills, won't stump up another penny beyond what particular Church schools formerly received from Education Department.

"They knew your needs and your just claim," says Alderman AP MORGAN, "and met them out of public funds. We, now administering those funds, allot you precisely the same amount."

"Felly," says Councillor AP THOMAS, dropping into the vernacular.

Managers of Church schools retire to secluded glen, and indulge in strange language. But it does not produce any money.

This, in brief, is the education pickle in the Principality. Government who created it by Education Act of yesteryear now step in to mitigate it by amending Act. The Education Board will supply the deficit created by backwardness of former subscribers to Church schools, and will afterwards take it out of the rates.

"Coercion! coercion!" cry the Welsh Members, raging furiously.

'Twas here the flash of humour crossed the parched mind. Idea of associating Sir WILLIAM ANSON—prim, precise, slight in figure, the ideal Professor for the University founded by the Lady PSYCHE and the Lady BLANCHE, one who might well have worn their

academic silks, in hue
The lilac, with a silken hood to each,
And zoned with gold—

to connect him with coercion too delightful!

"They'll be calling him Buckshot ANSON next," said SARK, recalling well-known episode in turbulent days of Chief Secretary FORSTER.

All the same, this being the line to take, LLOYD-GEORGE followed fuming, hurling round placid head of Secretary to Board of Education bolts of nicely-calculated thunder, gleams of home-made lightning. ANSON, who, as few suspect, once meekly bore the dignity of a City Alderman, instinctively shrank behind the bulwark of body of HOME SECRETARY. Managed throughout the tirade bravely to wear a smile not unworthy a Vinerian Reader in English Law.

Business done.—A good deal, of sorts.

Friday night.—NANNETTI has given notice of strange question addressed to the POSTMASTER GENERAL. He has put it down for Monday. It is to ask "if he is aware that men are frequently supervised by females in Dublin; can he say if this practice is general throughout the entire service? and, if not, will he make arrangements to have the practice discontinued?"

Lord STANLEY rather in a fix. Speaking as a married man he says the condition described in the question is not confined to Dublin. He has known cases on this side of the Channel, even in domestic establishments not unconnected with his old Department, the War Office. Why NANNETTI should have fixed upon him to deliver an opinion on the subject, urging him to make arrangements for having the practice discontinued, is entirely puzzling.

Business done.—Private Members'.

GREAT GOLFERS.

A SERIES OF APPRECIATIONS.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. G. W. Beldam.)

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Now we come to a player whom many consider to be gifted by nature with the most remarkable style in the Kingdom of Golf—an opinion in which I decidedly concur, for to see the Duke of DEVONSHIRE hitting hard with his wooden clubs is a sight for the gods. Some of the feats he has recently accomplished on the private links at Chatsworth are altogether unprecedented: on one occasion when playing a full-iron shot he cut what BEN SAYERS (no mean judge) declares to be the largest divot on record. It is said that when he is playing with the Hon. OSMOND SCOTT he is consistently out-driven, but I have never seen Lord HALSBURY drive a ball quite so far as the Chatsworth crack.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, as instantaneous photographs show, adopts an extraordinarily wide stance—there being fully three and a half feet between his feet—with the ball placed equidistant from the two heels, so that it is impossible to say for certain whether he plays off the right or the left leg. Another peculiarity of his is that he never fails to strike his shoulder, neck or head with the club-head at the top of his swing. The follow through is just as full of dash as the upward swing, as may be proved from the fact that the Duke has been known to strike the ground eighteen inches behind the ball, *and yet succeed in striking it several yards off the tee!* But his proficiency is by no means confined to his wooden clubs. With his mashie, when he is in form, the Duke can socket, dunch and flub against any amateur living, and Lord DARNLEY, better known as the Hon. Ivo BLIGH, has been heard to say that he has never seen any golfer make such a stroke to cover point.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

If there is one player who may be said to have a distinctive style of his own, it is the ex-Colonial Secretary. To begin with, in addressing the ball he entirely dispenses with any preliminary waggle.

His somewhat slight physique affords no criterion of his driving power, which is quite remarkable. But perhaps his most striking characteristic is his daring yet successful use of that difficult yet delightful shot—the push-stroke. Generally speaking, it is only used when the ground is firm; but no matter how difficult the lie, or how delicate the ground, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN can always rely on bringing it off with a certainty which paralyses the most imperturbable opponent.

Another great service which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has rendered to the game is the revival of the spoon. Time was when the driving mashie was the popular favourite. It had dethroned the cleek, as the latter club had superseded the spoon; but the spoon is once again amongst us, and I firmly believe has come to stay. It is a club to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, like Mr. HILTON and SANDY HERD, is peculiarly partial, but in one important particular he differs from these famous exponents of the game. They always use a short club, while he varies the length of his spoon according to the character of his partner.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

The peculiarities of the Liberal Leader's style are pronounced and easily described. Time after time he unconsciously "faces" in an entirely different direction from that in which he intends to go, with a result to his partner that can be easily imagined. It is said, however, that of late he has been assiduously practising a forcing stroke with a captive ball in a Chinese compound, and his present style would certainly tend to confirm this rumour. In addressing his ball he favours a prolonged waggle, and leaves a good deal to be desired in regard to the follow through. He is generally considered what is termed a left-leg player, but observation of his recent methods inclines us to the supposition that he has altered slightly his attitude to the globe, with the result that he is not quite so much of a left-leg player as he was.

It appears from the account given in the *Times* of the attempt to assassinate General KUROPATKIN, that a Cossack in attendance on the Commander-in-Chief noticed one of the two Japanese, "disguised as Chinese beggars, put his hand inside his dress, whereupon he felled him to the ground." Exceptionally sharp body-guard this. It recalls the case "down west" when a simple stranger, on putting his hand behind him, to draw out his handkerchief from his tail pocket, was immediately shot by the Arkansas gentleman of whom he was about to ask the way. Still the Cossack was right this time—if the story's true.



A TOAST.

"LONG LIFE TO YER HONOUR! MAY ASSES DANCE ON THE GRAVES OF YER INIMIES!"

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

A SOLDIER OF WEIGHT.

In the dim and distant ages, in the half-forgotten days,
Ere the East became the fashion, and an Indian tour the craze,
Lived a certain Major-General, renowned throughout the State
As an officer of standing and considerable weight.

But, though weightiness of mind is an invaluable trait,
When referred to adiposity it's all the other way;
And our hero was afflicted with an ever growing lack
Of the necessary charger, and the hygienic hack.

He had bought them by the dozen—he had tried them by
the score,—

But not one of them was equal to the burden that he bore;
They were conscious of the honour—they were sound in
wind and limb—

They could carry a cathedral, but they drew the line at *him*.

But he stuck to it, till finally his pressing needs were filled
By the mammoth of his species, a Leviathan in build,
A superb upstanding brown, of unexceptionable bone,
And phenomenally qualified to carry 20 stone.

And the General was happy; for awhile the creature showed
An unruffled acquiescence in the nature of his load;
Till without the slightest warning that superb upstanding
brown

Thought it time to make a protest, which he did by lying
down.

They appealed to him, reproached him, gave him sugar, cut
his feed,

But in vain; for almost daily that inexorable steed,
When he heard his master coming, looked insultingly around,
And with cool deliberation laid him down upon the ground.

But they fought it out, till in the end the undefeated brute
Made a humorous obeisance at the general salute!
Then his owner kicked him wildly in the stomach for his
pranks,
Said he'd stand the beast no longer, and "returned him to
the ranks."

* * * * *

(An interval of about three years has elapsed.)

Time has dulled our hero's anguish; time has moved our
man of weight

To an even higher office in the service of the State;
And we find him on his yearly tour, inspecting at his ease
A distinguished corps of Cavalry, the Someone's Own D.G.'s.

And our fat but famous man of war, accoutred to the nines,
Was engaged in making rude remarks, and going round the
lines,

When he suddenly beheld across an intervening space
A Leviathan of horseflesh, the Behemoth of his race.

"Colonel ROBINSON," he shouted, with enthusiastic force,
"A remarkably fine horse, Sir!" The remarkably fine horse
Gave a reminiscent shudder, looked insultingly around,
And with cool deliberation laid him down upon the ground!

DUM-DUM.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

III.

*Still in Korea—but higher up.
April 8.*

SINCE my last date of writing I have figured as a somewhat prominent fly on the wheel of international politics! This may perhaps appear almost too bombastical an assertion, even for the emissary of so potential a factor as Hon'ble *Punch*; still, like *Othello*, I have done the State some service, and they know it, so I need say no more of that—except to narrate how it all transpired.

As the fanatical admirer of my plucky little Jap cronies, I have been deeply mortified to perceive that their Korean entertainers, far from showing them their super-fatted calves, kept them at the arm's length of a cold shoulder; such boycotting tactics being due to the bad example of His Imperial Korean Majesty, who adopted the strictly neutral and ostrichian attitude of pretending to be unconscious of their nude existence!

I was anxious to intervene as the mutual friend to split their difference—but *que faire?* For the Korean EMPEROR is unhappily of such excessively sequestered and unsocial disposition that, whenever he makes the shortest promenade through the streets, the populace are strictly forbidden to witness the procession, even from their windows, and any such Peeping Tom is unceremoniously launched into the Coventry of Eternity!

And his courtiers also are compelled to turn their backs, and remain *sotto voce*, without so much as a hiccup, while his soldiers must carry small sticks in their mouths to evade all suspicion of loquacity.

Moreover, he is so sensitive to criticism that when, for some offence or other, he had ordered one of his sisters-in-law to be roasted to death in a brazen apartment, and a certain Governor had hazarded the *obiter dictum* that this was rather too ungallant behaviour towards a member of the fair sex, his Majesty not only ordered the said Governor's head to be decapitated, but that his shins were subsequently to receive twenty strokes from a *bastinado*! [Ed. Com.—*We cannot permit our Correspondent to label a most humane and amiable monarch in this way. This particular Court scandal will be found recorded in HAMEL'S "Account of a Visit to Korea"—published about two hundred years ago! Vide Pinkerton's Voyages, Vol. VII. Mr. J. must really be more careful as to the references he consults in future.*] Under these circumstances I naturally hesitated before venturing even my tip of nose in such a Cave of Despair as the Imperial Palace!

But, most fortunately, a friendly Yang-ban, or member of the Korean Upper Ten [Ed. Com.—*We are bound to admit that, on consulting an authority, we find that "Yang-ban" may be translated "gentry"*], gave me the valuable advice that if I desired an audience from the King, I must curry myself into warm favour with a certain Lady Hm, who was the light of his imperial optics.

Needless to state that I at once took measures to ascertain the length of her foot, and very soon succeeded in rendering her my friend in Court.

Lady Hm is a matronly Begum of imposing obesity, with a sallow visage, and liquid organs of vision which do not hunt in couples. She is of highly susceptible temperament, and, if I may credit the *ondits* of Korean *hoi pollies*, possesses a past of a rather luridly spicy character.

The ordinary reticence of an Indo-Anglian gentleman of course suppresses me to indicate the precise sentiments with which she regarded myself.

However, some of your readers may perhaps remember a certain celebrated Indian romance, in which the hero (*Mr. Bhosh*)

was put out of his countenance by the too forward advances of the *Duchess of Dickinson*. The incident in question was, I happen to know, drawn more or less correctly from the Author's personal experiences. It is notoriously waste of time to nod and beck with wreathed smiles at a wilfully blind horse, and I will restrict myself to the discreet hint that such a history may possibly have once more repeated itself.

Nevertheless, I must do Lady Hm the justice that, so soon as she was convinced by the inflexible prudery of my demeanour that she was a Moth who was hopelessly out of my Star, she did not exhibit any of the vindictive felinities of coroneted European feminines, but, on the contrary, put up with my friendship on strictly Plutonic principles.

In token of same she most kindly undertook the jobbery of presenting me at the Palace as a distinguished stranger.

I shall not attempt to describe the gorgeous sumptuosities of its gilded saloons [Ed. Com.—*Why not?*] beyond affirming that the interior is truly magnificent, if perhaps in too barbaric a style for cultured Western Tottenham Court Road taste.

Stopping in order to make a conquest, I imprinted my chaste salute upon the imperial foot to the solemn accompaniment of a stroke on the gong.

Then, erecting myself to my full stature, I said, with modest self-sufficiency: "Kindly excuse this intrusion, since I am here for the strictly business purpose of patching up a very old sore."

And, perceiving that His Majesty did not tip the wink to any executioner, but seemed willing to allow me my head, I proceeded to address him through the medium of an interpreter, who, however, was of such gross incompetency as to convey my fecundity in wretchedly bald laconisms.

I said it was the thousand pities that so enlightened and progressive a Potentate, in lieu of perceiving which was the buttered side of his bread, should be so inordinately paralysed by Yellow Perils as to remain a mere mugwump. To which the Emperor responded that he was by no means in love with the Japanese, whom he regarded as so many unmitigated nuisances.

"Still," I argued, "why, O intimate connection of the Sun and Moon, why snub individuals who are engaged in naving Heaven and Earth to prevent the double-headed and Promethian Eagle from praying over your internal economies? Is not said Eagle at the present moment lying, like dog-in-manger, in Port Arthur, and is Hon'ble Admiral Toko, with all his abilities, a Canute that he is to command the sea without assistance?"

His Majesty rather grumpily replied that the Japanese were already overflowing their footwear, and that, having himself a many-wintered crow to pluck with them, he would not be sorry to see them denuded of some of their stuffing.

"Do not, hon'ble EMPEROR," I implored of him, "neglect such an Al opportunity to heap coals of fire on their undeserving nuts! Why should such a first-class Navy as yours sit on the fence between the deep sea and a foreign devil, when it might be sent, with a magnanimous message, to your hon'ble Cousin the MIKADO, and contribute a formidable *brutum fulmen* to the bombardment of Port Arthur?"

For a while he made rather ominous apologies for the rough-and-tumble accommodation of his imperial torture-chamber, which suspended me on tenderhooks—until I had the unexpected felicity to gather that I had gained my point.

Bursting into lachrymation, he summoned thirty of his Rear-Admirals, who made their reverential entry on all fours [Ed. Com.—*It seems that the actual number of Korean Admirals is twenty-three*], and ordered that, unless the Navy set its sails for Port Arthur by sunset, every Admiral was to be flown as pennant from his own yard-arm.

With incredible celerity the magnificent Korean fleet [Ed. Com.—*According to Mr. ANGUS HAMILTON, it consists of*

one iron-built coal-lighter] was under its weight, and I think I may fairly claim that if it should prove, in very short space of time, to turn the scale in the balances of Naval Power—it is entirely owing to my agency.

After a little tittle-tattle on topics of the day, His Majesty graciously dismissed me, with the handsome present of a roll of silk and a fan, which I am sending home to my family circles. This diplomatical success (which surely adds an extra feather to the cap and bells of my revered Lord Paramount) emboldens me to put in a petition on my purely personal hook: I find that all my journalistic-rivals are equipping themselves with patent wireless telegraphic poles.

Accordingly, as it would be the beastly shame if so peerless a paper as *Punch* were to be less up-to-date than penny or half-penny periodicals, may I order myself a Marconigramophone apparatus—price, complete, yen 500 (or, say, £50), which is surely an inconsiderable drop in the inexhaustible bucket of your benevolence?

P.S.—I have had *Punch* idol put in hand by professional Korean carver and gilder. The nose is already protuberating, and (if I may say so) is the squeaking likeness! H. B. J.

NOMINAL HUMOUR.

[One of the delegates from the Lhasa Government is called MA.]

WHY, why don't we thrill with emotion
When Mandarins totter and fall?

Why find it so hard
Such events to regard
As of any importance at all?
If we cannot but laugh at the notion
Of people called LI and AN Foo,
Then I venture to claim
There is more in a name
Than the amorous Juliet knew.

A Briton can scarce be expected
To take as a serious man

Any news he may get
From a place like Tibet
Or China or funny Japan:
There, names, one would think, are
selected

To tickle one's sense of the queer,
And you straightway expand
In a smile that is bland
When the sound of them falls on your ear.

The talk is of Chinese intentions?
At once you relapse in a grin
As you think of the wiles
Of that master of guiles

Who is known to the world as *Ah Sin*;
The title Mikado one mentions,
And memory bears you with joy
To the potentate who
Used to rule Titipu
On the boards of the dear old Savoy.



‘HE COMETH NOT, SHE SAID.’

Mistress (who is going out for the day). “AND, MARY, YOU MAY INVITE A FRIEND TO COME IN TO TEA, IF YOU LIKE.”

Mary. “PLEASE, ‘M, I HAVEN’T GOT ANY FRIENDS. I ONLY KNOW YOUNG WOMEN!”

Our gravity falls below zero;
When we think of Tibet, it's the same,
For the papers declare
They've a Lama out there,
And that MA is the gentleman's name.
At once we imagine a hero
On farcical lines, and we can't
Bring our mirth to an end
As we picture a blend
Of DAN LENO and, say, *Charley's Aunt*.

But sometimes, when merriment bubbles
So fast that it cannot be checked,
As I think what a joke
Are these ludicrous folk
With the comical names they affect;
A doubt will assail me that troubles

The pit of my cynical chest—
Does the West seem at least
As absurd to the East
As the East would appear to the West?

At the sound of the word MONTMORENCY
Do the Lamas explode in their
mirth?

Do they grin and agree,
As they chortle, that we
Are the funniest people on earth?
Do the Chinamen's tails in a frenzy
Of merriment wag when they hear
There are Britons who claim
Such a ludicrous name
(And are proud of it too) as DE
VERE?



OUR THEATRICALS.

The Countess. "WILL THIS CRUEL WAR NEVER END? DAY AFTER DAY I WATCH AND WAIT, STRAINING EVERY NERVE TO CATCH THE SOUND OF THE TRUMPET THAT WILL TELL ME OF MY WARRIOR'S RETURN. BUT, HARK! WHAT IS THAT I HEAR?"

[Stage direction.—"Trumpet faintly heard in distance." But we hadn't rehearsed that, and didn't explain the situation quite clearly to the local cornet-player who helped us on the night.

ALIEN IMMIGRANTS.

"Oysters are being shipped from Bordeaux by the million to stock the beds at Ainsdale-on-Sea, between Southport and Formby, where the beach is stated to be entirely unpolluted."—*Daily Paper.*

I'm British to the core, but none can say
I'm narrow-minded as regards my eating—
I feed, although I state it, in a way
That takes some beating.

No edible that's known can vex my eyes
Except the thing all honest gourmets
curse—a
Seductive alien food in English guise,
Or *vice versâ*.

British or foreign, well or underdone,
No pale dyspeptic qualms have I to smother;
"All's fish"—so it be definitely one
Thing or the other.

Yet here my gastronomic sense is shocked
By just these very blatant masqueraders—

Our English oyster-beds are being stocked
With French invaders!

For, were I asked to state the thing above
All else that fills my soul with satisfaction,
I'd name the home-bred bivalve—this I love
Most to distraction.

So now in sheer despair I grind my teeth;
No more, as supper nears, my mouth grows moister;
Why can't I have, upon my native heath,
My native oyster?

"FIRST-RATE INVESTMENT."—The Prince of WALES formally invested the King of WÜRTEMBERG—with the Order of the Garter.

MOTTO FOR MUSIC-HALL PROPRIETORS.—
Sketch as sketch can.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

[According to the *Daily Mail*, Lord SUFFOLK, who, "during his sojourn with Lord CURZON in India, worked hard at amateur theatricals," has organised a company of seventy amateurs for the performance of *A Country Girl* at Charlton Park.]

We understand that the young Duke of HOLYHEAD, who, while *aide-de-camp* to Lord CROMER, distinguished himself for his devotion to ping-pong, has organised a crusade for the revival of that neglected pastime in the Potteries.

Lord BOOTERSTOWN, celebrated while secretary to Lord MILNER for his agility as a step-dancer, has recently started a Cake-walk Academy at Banbury.

Lord ALGY FITZBOODLE, who won the Bumblepuppy championship at Constantinople when *attaché* at the British Embassy, has now renounced diplomacy for Bridge, and has been adopted as a Progressive candidate for the Borough Council of Pontefract.



THE ECLIPSE OF VENUS.

MADAME VENUS. "OH, GOOD EVENING! I WISH YOU COULD DO SOMETHING FOR A YOUNG FRIEND OF MINE, SUCH A NICE BOY—"

GENERAL MARS (*pulling himself together*). "SORRY! BUT I MUST REFER YOU TO THE LATEST ARMY ORDER."

["No officer is to seek an interview at the War Office without the written consent of the General of his district. When an interview is asked for by another person on behalf of an officer it will be considered, unless there are grounds to show otherwise, that the application is instigated by the officer concerned."—*Latest Army Order*.]

CHARIVARIA.

ARTISTS are asking angrily who is responsible for the removal of the scaffolding which has for so long concealed the Albert Memorial.

"Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT is not likely to appear at the Adelphi this season owing to the success of *The Earl and the Girl*." Yet there are some who profess to think lightly of the taste of our theatre-going public.

One of our leading newspapers, which published a strong article on the subject of a certain detective agency, carelessly printed an advertisement of the same firm in the same number. It is doubtful which will prove the greater *réclame*.

250,000 cigars perished last week in the great fire at Aldgate. It is now suggested that this was a case of suicide due to the Budget.

We hear that a mass meeting of children is being organised by Our Little Chicks' League to protest against the threatened rise in the price of cigarettes.

A remarkable case of a man changing his colour from white to black is at present engaging the attention of the medical profession, and the problem of finding employment for Englishmen in South Africa may yet be solved.

Southend has so often been chaffed for its presumption in calling itself a seaside town, that we have much pleasure in drawing attention to the fact that last week it required the services of no fewer than twelve constables to take an ozone-laden prisoner to the local police-station.

The inconvenience caused to motorists by dogs and other pedestrians who get in their way has long been a crying scandal. We are therefore not surprised to hear that a proposal has been made for the Motor Volunteer Corps to be provided with a machine-gun.

A Heidelberg Professor claims to have discovered the Missing Link among the aborigines of North Queensland. This reminds us that devotees of golf strongly object to a column in the *Pall Mall Gazette* devoted to their doings being entitled "Gossip from the Links."

The latest *Entente* is between Russia and England. It is hoped that one between England and Russia may shortly ensue.

There is a feeling among the Chinese that the Russian custom of pulling pig-



OFFENSIVE FAMILIARITY.

Vulgar Street Boy (shouting to Master Merton, who is with his Mamma). "HALLO, TUMMY!"

tails to ascertain whether they are dealing with a real Chinaman or a Japanese spy presses rather hardly on the innocent natives.

Spring Poets have appeared in such numbers this season that one or two of the London District Councils have thoughtfully fixed wire baskets to the lamp-posts for the reception of manuscripts.

M. DE ROUGEMONT is to ride a turtle at the Hippodrome. M. DE ROUGEMONT, it is stated, regards the experiment in the light of a scientific exposition rather than as a diversion. Nevertheless, certain City Aldermen have let it be known that they consider this as the most disgraceful use to which a turtle could be put.

The statement that one of the many detectives who have been watching betting-men in South London was attired as a clergyman has had the effect of making the sporting fraternity very chary of doing business with gentlemen in holy orders.

"UP RIVER SEASON."—Father Thames is making himself uncommonly smart to receive visitors. His locks have been brushed up. Supplies are already being forwarded to meet the expected run on the banks. Ham sandwiches will be always ready, and Eel-pies are to be had hot and hot on the Island: thoroughly digestible and not in the least eel-piesonous. Everyone looking forward to the L.C.C. steamers, or rather, the L.C. River steamers.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(For the assistance of visitors to the Royal Academy Exhibition, Burlington House.)

GALLERY No. I.

3. *Portrait of Goscombe John, A.R.A.*, by ARTHUR HACKER, a Hacker-demician. Idea suggested is "Anybody looking? No? Then I'll just pocket this horn pickle-spoon. I'm not to be frightened by a bust covered up with a cloth to look like a ghost!"

8. "*We two*." By JOHN GRAY. Child and a Donkey. Puzzle—find the other.

9. "*Only so so, thank you*." Mr. RUSSELL represents pretty lady as she appeared after a severe Channel passage.

13. "*Under the Red Robe*" is SEYMOUR KING, looking more like King Seymour than the First Mayor of King-sington, as he is. SOLOMON, A., by wealth of colour indicates the Mayor in possession of plenty of "the reds."

14. *Sand and Canvas*. Perfect. Isn't it by B. W. LEADER, R.A.? To be shore it is.

20. A Model family sitting to SIGISMUND GOETZ.

21. *The worried Archbishop*. "They've tied me up with a gorgeous bell-rope, and it's quite put my sermon out of my head! Can't say much against ritualism now I'm associated with A. COPE (A.)."

50. *Tit for Tat*. A Judge well hung. Executed by GLAZEBROOK.

53. "*Caparisons are odorous*." Gentleman in splendid robes looking up at No. 50, and congratulating himself on his own apparel as represented by W. W. OUTLESS, R.A.

57. "*Piat Justitia!*" And here he is; the Lord Chief, Justice done to him by A. S. COPE, A.

64. Under examination and not yet plucked. "*Fowls*" claimed by IDA M. BOLTON.

GAL. NO. II.

75. That the *First Gal* in "*Gal. II.*" is hypnotised by fear, is transparent to everybody, as transparent as she is herself (admirably rendered by FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.), praying for rescue from Mr. WARWICK REYNOLDS' fierce tiger "*Rajah*" which (it is chained up at No. 77 for the entire season) looks as if he would come down on her at any moment.

88. *Wound up and going strong*. Children, as Mr. GEORGE WETHERBEE saw them, taking mechanical lambs out for a walk.

89. The story of *The Melancholy Maiden, the Haunted Harpsichord, and the Ghost's head under the keyboard!* Scene from a grim musical piece intended, so W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., says, for "*The Lyric*."

91. Isn't this the very picture of the pretty little girl who, "when she was good she was wery, wery good," but who, in a temper, is saying "No! With these light shoes and this blue butterfly of a lopsided rosette I will not go out! I won't move! No—I won't!" And at that instant clever Mr. KERR (sly dog that he is) caught the expression and fixed it on canvas.

95 and 138. "*Venice preserved*" for us in oils by HENRY WOODS, R.A. To quote old song, "Here's life in the Woods for me!"

106. *Harvey's Sauce! or, dear me, I thought I was Irving!* Cornered by J. J. SHANNON, A.

112. *The Lady in waiting; or, Her late husband*. "Here am I," she says, "all ready, with my new big hat and feathers! Why doesn't he come to take me out for a walk? Never mind. Mr. HUGH DE T. GLAZEBROOK shall take me." And so he did, evidently, "*Fabula narratur*" DE T." GLAZEBROOK.

142. *The Sea*. A very rough idea, cleverly suggested by E. G. FULLER.

141. Just the very contrast to the above is "*The Nymph's Bathing-place*." The Nymph objects to sea, or to being seen, so comes to a sea-cluded spot and here "in cool grot," denuded *in toto*, she puts in one toe at a time just to take the temperature. "A limner then her visage caught." But where was *he* in ambush? As an artist he would probably be concealed in some neighbouring brush-wood. Anyway, the nymph was an unconscious sitter to Sir E. J. POYNTER, Bart., P.R.A.

164. "*The Open Door*." Admirable specimen of draught-manship by G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

171. Mr. VAL. C. PRINSEP, R.A., gives us one of his best. "I do applaud thy spirit, VALENTINE!" as saith the prophetic SHAKESPEARE.

177. Four charming ladies, evidently very late for a dance, have dressed hurriedly, and have quite forgotten that there had been a *fall of soot!* The name of the *Pa' de quatre* in the catalogue is that of the artist, JOEN DA COSTA.

188. Here Mr. WALTER HUNT shows both his calves. "*Twins*," he calls it. Glad they're a pair.

194. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at his writing desk among his papers, a first-rate portrait of the eminent statesman by the eminent artist, Professor H. VON HERKOMER, R.A. This is a new edition of *Josephus*, with notes. It represents our orchid customer, with an eye-glassy stare, difficult to be successfully tackled by either painter or politician. But here the Professor has "done him in the eye."

214. *Heroism*. Lady with smashed and wounded fingers (or has she been picking and stealing strawberries?) silently suffering. Perhaps Mr. SHANNON, A., intends her for a Baroness whose heraldic sign would be similar to that of a Baronet, i.e. the sanguinary hand? A painful mystery.

229. *Joan Junior*. By JAMES SANT, R.A. Compare her with what she was as First Gal 75. Rather an old Gal then. The two together may be remembered as "*The Joans of Burlington House*."

267. *Gala Day*. Punch and Judy show at the Mansion House. The show is set up at the end of the Hall. Performance during dessert to amuse the guests as recorded by W. HATHERELL.

268. Mr. FARQUHARSON, A., has been wool-gathering with wonderful result.

270. Fine live mermaids, fresh caught this morning by EDWARD SLOOMBE.

280. Professor HERKOMER gives us a notable example of "Two single gentlemen rolled into one," in his portrait of "*The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot*." He carries a spare rod, and the little page-boy had better look out.

281. "*Two Belles*," by SHANNON, A. Taken red-handed. Of course they've been irresponsibly flirting, and have got some queer chaps on their hands.

314. *A Corner in Marble*, or young lady taking it coolly, as seen by C. E. PERUGINI.

331. Sporting subject by BEATRICE OFFOR. Eve before the race began, and she has nothing on!

345. *The Haunted Fiddler; or, a singing in his ears*. By BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

404. *Two Tigers preparing for Spring Time*. HERBERT DICKSEE.

423. Irritable gentleman, with cigar, a speaking likeness (by WILLIAM ORPEN), says, addressing somebody not in the picture, "What! smoking not permitted in the Academy! Bosh! Hang me if I stand it!" And they took him at his word: so here he is, hung.

460. Two girls dance, young lady playing harp. Mr. SHRIMPTON's idea of "*True Harpiness*."

463. Girl in garden of "the allotments" looking at some very brilliant vegetables. "Hallo! who's been painting my cabbages a bright green?" "I have," says Mr. ERNEST (very earnest) WALBOURN.

470. To quote the Bard, *à propos* of a Shaksperian subject, this picture by Hon. JOHN COLLIER is one of "Collier's counted bright." The brightness represents the brilliancy of the actresses. The likenesses of Mrs. KENDAL and ELLEN TERRY as the *Merry Wives*, and of BEERBOHM TREE made up as *Falstaff*, are perfect. "Hang him, sweet COLLIER!" (we substitute our own epithet for that in the text) on the walls of the Garrick Club.

493. *Sea-birds in Stormy Weather*. A lot of Puffin' and blowin'. J. FARQUHARSON, A.

496. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. This striking likeness by BACON, A. (quite BACON, A!, not SHAKESPEARE), must be more than merely O'Connorably mentioned. [Exit.]

524. *Regrets; or, The Bare Idea!* "Ah," says the warrior to THOMAS COWPER the artist, "I ought to have kept my helmet on."

560. *Ecece Signum*. Intended for "The King's Head." Painted by H. WEIGALL.

562. "*Where the Marshes meet the Sea*," and very nearly the ceiling. An example of the very highest art, as it is sky'd. The artist of this is MONTAGU CRICK, a name suggestive of what you feel in your neck when you look up at it. The teaching of the R.A. catalogue is highly moral, as it tells of "better things above."

574. SYBIL DOWIE's little unwashed old woman ought to take the cake—of soap.

682. "*The Blue Pool*." Not a game at billiards, but a landscape regarded with a jaundiced eye by ADRIAN STOKES, who perhaps wishes us to beware of "The Yellow Peril."

764. Familiar face in this little picture. It might be less, but, it is Littler, i.e., Sir Ralph Littler, C.B., K.C. By BEATRICE OFFOR. After this "No Offor refused" by the R.A.

769. Fishing boats arrived. *Mer Tranquille*, a Sea Peace. TERRICK WILLIAMS.

782. We are introduced by Mr. S. WATSON (we "follow you, WATSON") to a gracious lady delighted with her pearl necklace and charmed to receive visitors, while at No. 787, just a few doors off, there is another lovely lady who is regarding the first with envy, as though saying, "Ah, she may have a pearl necklace, but I prefer my (A. P.) GARNETT."

807. Lady and little boy with nets. The picture might be styled "The Transparent Boy, or Tommy without little Mary." Perhaps Mr. CHARLES SIMS means to show that they are both out catching butterflies for the diaphanous boy's supper.

834. London; the Thames as it ought to be. *A Happy Dream*, by W. L. WYLLIE, A.

840. Leopard spotted in the very act by ARTHUR WARDLE.

862. Little Red Riding—without the hood. Why is this *petite cavaliere* clad all in red? "Because," answers Mr. HARRIS BROWN, "such is her habit."

We haven't done all, but we "can no more, though poor the offering be." Plenty left where these came from. So walk up, walk up, and see the show, which, on the whole, is certainly above an ordinary average.

475.

Surely a misprint for Sir Simian Howatt.



Bringing home the Standard's Forbes's models



A Skiffed Blade

I know the game - it's a game of war



339.

Joan of Arc saves the life of the youngest member of the Alpha Club.



22



The Cakes-Walk on Horseback.
(as seen from the Baltimore Gate)
on the Hackenschmidt-cum-Shadow-Charger.

BY



397

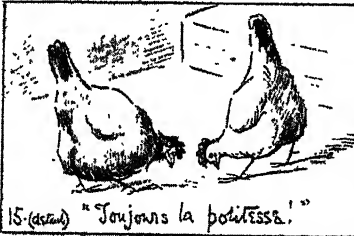
Not an ideal costume for cricket. Out! - robes before.

169.

Cardinal Reach me down "Hast you tried to be their Restorer?"



R



15. (caption) "Toujours la potitessa!"

A.



Catchers of Crabs!

52.



The Buller-boy of Wellington - 191 - draws the face of the Old Guard!

MR. PUNCH'S TESTS.

THAT the literary profession is overcrowded is generally agreed, and it is likely to become more so unless some steps are taken to keep down the newcomers. At the request of the Committee of the Athenæum Club and the Society of Authors, *Mr. Punch* has drawn up a number of Entrance-Examination papers, from which he gives below a selection of questions. Unless these questions are satisfactorily answered the candidate must continue to be a mere barrister or schoolgirl, curate or civil servant.

DRAMATIST PAPER.

The plums of the writing profession going now to the authors of successful plays, it follows that every child would be a dramatist. Six questions from the entrance paper for playwrights are subjoined, and only on answering four of them with *éclat* will the candidate be allowed to continue at his MS. :—

1. Assumed that your play has been produced without catcalls, from which of the following conditions would you augur most success?

(a) Sprightliness in the *Times*; disapproval in the *Telegraph*.

(b) Sarcasm in the *Times*; rapture in the *Telegraph*.

(c) W. A.'s confession in the *World* that he had slept.

2. Define melofarce. Give specimens of dialogue proper to (a) musical comedy, (b) comic opera, (c) melofarce, illustrating the differentia of each class.

3. Supposing that, having been commissioned to write a musical comedy, you spent eight hours over the plot and dialogue, how long should it take your six rhyming confederates to write the lyrics?

4. Do you think lyric a good word to describe these things? Suggest another.

5. The word "damn" having shown signs of late that it is losing its old drawing power on the stage, what would you substitute? Confine your selection to six expletives.

6. Give your reasons for believing in the need for a School for Actor-Managers too.

EDITOR PAPER.

Editors are supposed to be born and not made—their one point of resemblance to poets. But *Mr. Punch* would have them examined too. Here are a couple of questions :—

1. Given the need for a circulation-reviving serial at short notice, state the order in which you would apply to the following novelists :—

Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON.

Mr. ANDREW LORING.

Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.

Mrs. WILLIAMSON.

Mr. LE QUEUX.

Mr. HENRY JAMES.

2. Given the need for a special middle article on anything, in what order would you apply to the following ready pens?

Mr. CHIOZZA MONEY.

Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE.

Mr. ANDREW LANG.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.

Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

Mr. BART KENNEDY.

REVIEWER PAPER.

Reviewers similarly are supposed, like Minerva, to spring into the arena fully armed, either from Oxford, Cambridge or Scotland. But here again the examiner steps in.

1. Say whether in your opinion a reviewer should learn more from his author or an author from his reviewer. Much depends on your answer.

2. Take the necessary discount off the following phrases :—

(1) Mr. — may now be said to have arrived.

(2) The book bears the mark of distinction on every page.

(3) This edition is definitive.

(4) A work of genius.

3. Say what is wrong in the following sentence: "Neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were able to completely fool all the people all the time." What punishment would you recommend, from your high position as a critic, for the wretch so abandoned as to pen such enormities?

NOVELIST PAPER.

In spite of the overcrowded market, novelists are continually arriving, like Ostend rabbits, or leaves in Vallombrosa. There is now a new novel for every hour of the day; there will soon be one for every minute—unless, that is, the difficulty offered by these three important questions is a deterrent.

1. Give some idea of the paralysis of the art of fiction that would ensue if Bridge were forbidden by law.

2. *The Man with the Single Spat.* Devise a *scenario* for this title in the manner of (a) Sir A. CONAN DOYLE, (b) Mr. CONRAD, (c) Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, (d) MARK RUTHERFORD.

3. ELIZABETH is said to have had her day as a heroine's name. What would you substitute?

ART CRITIC PAPER.

Here are two leading questions for would-be art critics:

1. What is your idea of the terms of the Chantrey Bequest?

2. Explain in as few words as possible the necessity which seems to exist

for every member of the New English Art Club, however young and intelligent, to paint Mr. GEORGE MOORE.

MUSICAL CRITIC PAPER.

Music plays so large a part in our life that the exclusion of incompetent critics is a paramount necessity. By way of achieving that end *Mr. Punch* suggests the following test questions :—

1. Explain who were

(a) The Bonn Master.

(b) The Bayreuth Colossus.

(c) The unfortunate Brabantian nobleman.

2. Distinguish between JOHANN and RICHARD STRAUSS, BRAHMS and BRAHAM, CÉSAR FRANCK and CÉSAR CUI, and state the nationalities of GRIEG, ONDRICEK, SILOTI, CAMPOBELLO, BROCCOLINI, TERNINA and GIULIO PERKINS.

3. Did GLUCK write *Orphée aux Enfers*, and why do English printers almost invariably prefer the form GLÜCK?

4. Account for the strange fact that the same pianist has supplied more than one firm of pianoforte manufacturers with testimonials stating that their instruments were superior to all others.

5. Who observed of an inferior performer that he played the easiest passages with the greatest difficulty?

A Questionable Habit.

In predicting the vogue of the ride-astride skirt the *Ladies' Tailor* reminds us that these garments are occasionally seen in New York and other American towns, while in Mexico, the Plate River and the Malay Archipelago ladies all ride in this style.

It may perhaps stimulate enthusiasm for this new fashion if we further inform our fair readers that quite the best set in the Camaroons, and the smartest women in the most exclusive circles of Albert Edward Nyanza, not to mention *tout ce qu'il y a de plus chic* among the Choctaws, patronise this mode of equitation.

Finis Coronat Opus.

"I HAD been completely run down through overwork and decided to try —, with the result that in a day or two I was relieved of a peculiar nervous dread, and I attribute my present ability to work long hours and sustain prolonged mental effort to the fact that I have not yet finished . . . the first half-crown bottle."—*Adv. in the "British Weekly."*

THE Primate, interested as he is in any Licensing Bill, would do well to apply his proposed "time limit" very strictly to sermons. Say, ten minutes from start to finish.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

JEFFERSON HOGG's *Shelley at Oxford* (METHUEN) is not new. It first saw light in the *New Monthly Magazine* of seventy years ago. It was, later, incorporated in Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, forming the most attractive feature in the book. TRELAWNY testifies that "it paints SHELLEY exactly as I knew him." To lovers of the poet it is a precious bequest, bringing close to them the personality of the genius in his budding time. Before he took to writing deathless verse, SHELLEY dabbled in chemistry, to the alarm of his college scout, the detriment of tablecloths, carpet, and articles of furniture in his newly-furnished rooms at Oxford. More than fifty years ahead of electric telegraphy, nearly a century before telephones and motor-cars, SHELLEY, combining the gift of the seer with the grace of the poet, foresaw the future of electricity. "What a mighty instrument it would be," he wrote, "in the hands of him who knew how to wield it, in what manner to direct its omnipotent energies."



Bats at Twilight, by HELEN M. BOULTON (HEINEMANN), is a story of such absorbing interest as to hold the reader in its grip in spite of its being somewhat slowly worked out, through sordid scenes of domestic tragedy, to the end, when the deaf heroine, a touchingly simple character, sees "the joyful home-coming within reach." The author's style is nervous and incisive, and the characters are drawn in a masterly manner. The title may be somewhat misleading to those who, in their light-heartedness, expect to find in *Bats at Twilight* a sequel to *Cricket on the Hearth*, and still more so to those of a sporting turn who purchase this book in joyful anticipation of its being the first of a series whereof the sequels will be *Stumps in the Gloaming*, *Bowlers at Midnight*, and so forth.

In *Greater America* (HARPER BROS.) Mr. COLQUHOUN has contributed to literature what my Baronite ventures to predict will be a standard work. Its more than four hundred pages teem with intimate knowledge of an ordinarily perplexing subject. Most of us know America, chiefly on the route between New York and Chicago. With extensive view



Mr. COLQUHOUN surveys the relations of the Republic, present and prospective, with other parts of the world. The Monroe Doctrine, as we know, works only in one direction. No foreign Power may be permitted to establish itself newly on the mighty continent dominated by the United States. But the United States may (and occasionally does) go afield, picking up the Philippines, protecting Cuba, and putting a spoke in Russia's wheel in Manchuria. Mr. COLQUHOUN, who has studied the question on the spot, gives an interesting account of America's work in Cuba and the Philippines. With respect to her latest expansion by way of the Panama Canal he has some weighty remarks. Approving it in the interests of the United States he perceives in it immense strategic value to Great Britain. It provides an alternative route to British dominions beyond the seas, at present chiefly maintained by the Mediterranean and Suez Canal, open to attack all the way from the English Channel to the Red Sea. Dealing with colossal interests of intricate and multiform nature, the book is a model of lucid condensation, conveying fresh and valuable information on a prominent topic of the day.

A Magdalen's Husband, by VINCENT BROWN (DUCKWORTH & Co.), is a dramatically conceived story of a somewhat unsavoury Zolaesque type; unequally, but, on the whole, powerfully written. Not infrequently the author develops a high falutin style quite out of keeping with the tone of the narrative. To

obtain from the public, as jury, a verdict of "serve him right" on the fate of the man whom the author is scheming to sacrifice as victim to the obstinate mad vindictiveness of his "hero," is clearly a duty of the novelist's art; but to overdo the besmirching is dangerous; and, brute beast as is the murdered man, nought but the proof of temporary insanity can excite in us any sympathy whatever with a hot-headed assassin who mercilessly stabs his sleeping, unresisting victim. Artistically fine, its chief merit consists in its conscientious development of character. Strange that in what may be considered as part of the lighter relief to the tragic gloom of the drama we are suddenly reminded of a situation which has served several French comic dramatists as a leading incident in more than one of their outrageous farces; for the story of *Martin's* father, the seafaring Captain with two wives, is by no means a novelty to the Palais Royal school. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt as to the genius of the author of *A Magdalen's Husband*, nor as to the firm grip with which this grim, uncompromising story holds the reader.

THE BARON



DE

B.-W.

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. IV.

"I HAVE seen your Westminster Abbey and I have seen your St. Paul's and your Thames Embankment, which is magnificent, but *triste* to split your heart, and I have seen the Bank of England and the Tower of London with the Beefeaters. Aha, I pinch you there. What do you think the Beefeaters is derive from?"

It was BOUDIN who spoke, and his manner was aggressive.

"The Beefeaters," said I, "are derived from—well, isn't it fairly obvious what they're derived from? There's nothing very mysterious about a word like that."

"Pinched, my old man, pinched," cried BOUDIN in great joy. "Now, I tell you, you think it is British at the backbone, that word; it is because that old gentleman, the *invalide* in the funny cap and the red tunic and the big knickerbockers, because he have always eaten rosbif or bifteck à l'Anglaise, because he is therefore an old *bouledogue* of the first order, that he is called Beefeater. Not a bit. It is I, JEAN JACQUES MARIE AUGUSTE BOUDIN, who tell you so."

"Come, come," I said, "moderate your transports. What is it derived from, then?"

"It is from a French word, my brave one, from a French word, and that word is *buffetier*. And so you see, old cock of the walk, when you want to have anything really British you have to get it from France. And it was from France you get your Norman kings with their noses like beaks of eagles. Ah, they have jollily arranged you, did they not?"—and thereupon he skipped about the room and sang a verse of the "*Marseillaise*" at the top of his voice.

He had got me in a tight place; for I did not know at the time that his patent derivation for Beefeater was all moonshine, and that the word is as much Anglo-Saxon as anyone can want a word to be. I was forced to let that pass, but I was not going to let him off quite scot-free.

"My dear BOUDIN," I said, "seeing that you live in a glass-house—"

"Like a peach—oh, yes, I am like a peach," said he.

"Seeing," I went on, without noticing his interruption, "that you live in a glass-house, it is not for you to throw stones."



"FLATTERING UNCTION."

Mrs. Noovoriche. "YES, MY DEARS, I GAVE A HUNDRED GUINEAS FOR THIS GOWN! PRETTY FIGURE, ISN'T IT?"

Chorus (after due inspection). "SIMPLY AWFUL!"

"Ah, you are going to throw back your stones, are you not, and break my glass-house? and the poor peach, she will die in the cold wind—is that it?"

His flippancy was maddening, but I was determined not to be put off my point, so I proceeded relentlessly:—

"Doesn't your own nation use plenty of English words? How about the *higlif* and the *struglifeur* and *le five o'clock* for instance?"

"Aha," said he, "you think I am caught *à l'improviste*? Not a bit. Your silly three words, 'struggle for life,' we take them and make them into one, and we give him a feminine"—he blew me a kiss with the tips of his fingers—"and that adorable feminine it is *struglifeuse*. Ah, you have not heard that? *N'importe*, you cannot know everything, my poor friend. And the five o'clock with us is a new word with a genius of its own, for we can five o'clock at four or at six o'clock. But, sapristi, I throw you back your stones. Do you not say yourself that you write under a *nom de plume*? Bah! you think you talk like a Parisian when you say him, but you do not. We know not the expression: it is not use at all. You have invent him to make your aunts and your grandmothers believe you know French——"

"Gently, Boudin," I broke in; "how about 'sportmans'?"

"Yes, and how about '*façon de parler*,' which I see every day in your Daily Something or other?"

"And how about 'jockey'?"

"And how about '*châssis*' and '*chauffeur*'? There, you are *flambé*; I have beat you. Surrender, my brave one; *tout est perdu fors l'honneur*. You have your honour safe still, my friend, with the *Britannic morgue*, but as for me I will sing you again '*La Marseillaise*,' for you have given me to-day the best cup of coffee you have given me yet, and, by blue, you are a good fellow, but you do not [know] your own English. So now——" and he started off with "*Allons, enfants de la patrie*."

"BOUDIN," I shouted to him, "I warn you, if you go on I must retaliate. I shall sing '*Rule Britannia*'—at least, as much of it as I can remember." And, as he didn't stop his French caterwauling, I had to begin. We sang at one another across the table for about five minutes, and I daresay we should have been singing still, if my wife hadn't come in and disturbed us.

In its review of Sir WILLIAM LEE-WARNER'S *Life of Lord Dalhousie* the *Standard* remarks:—"He was charged with having . . . sown the seeds of that discontent which, under his predecessor, yielded the harvest of mutiny and rebellion. It is one of the main objects of the book to show how little truth there was in this accusation." But surely this is good labour thrown away. The man who would believe that DALHOUSIE really left this terrible heritage to his predecessor would believe anything.

LAW AND DISORDER.

DISORDER on a "first night" seems to have reached its climax last Thursday at Wyndham's Theatre, after the curtain had fallen on *The Bride and Bridegroom*, whose honeymoon thus commenced most unfortunately. According to report Mr. ARTHUR LAW's happy pair would have gone off merrily enough, with the old slipper thrown after them for luck, but for the malevolence of the gods (in the gallery), envious of so much human happiness. So with one accord they indulged in the sport of "manager-baiting," which, in the theatrical world, seems to be on a par with "brawling in church" in the ecclesiastical. Such disturbers of the piece as these "first-nighters" ought to be summarily dealt with at a police-court. Of course rowdiness of this kind can never be lawful, and in this particular instance both Law (the author) and Order (which includes courteously-given free admissions to the friends of LAW) were undoubtedly on the side of Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM. In spite of this stormy commencement, it is to be hoped that *Bride and Bridegroom* will enjoy a happy *lune de miel*, and that the "sweet little cherubs" who behaved in so unangelic a fashion "up aloft" will in future show themselves to be the very best of good (gallery) boys, not in opposition to a known LAW, and heartily ready to give a hand to "CHARLES his friend."

A SUGGESTION.

(For Sir A. Acland Hood's consideration.)

[Conservative Members, according to Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND, are accused of lethargy, of party disloyalty, of a sullen resentment against the legislative proposals of their leaders, whereas in reality they are merely dissatisfied with the smoking accommodation.]

O GENTLE Whips, forbear to rave!

We do not really mean
Disloyalty: we simply crave
My Lady Nicotine.

Yet always, if we want a whiff,
The smoke-room's overflowing;
No vacant chair is ever there,
Nor can mere words describe the air,
So off to clubland we repair
To set our Cubas glowing.

The House itself has many a seat
No Members occupy;
Long rows of olive desert meet
The wondering stranger's eye.
We promptly go when So-and-So
On Scottish evenings preaches,
While some there are who frankly say,
When others speak they never stay,
But hurry off as soon as they
Have finished their own speeches.

Instead of being plunged in gloom,
If you had any nous



STARTLING!

(Young Mr. Noodle at a suburban dance). "OH, MISS PETTIFER, NOT TAKING ANYTHING?" (Persuasively) "DO LET ME PRESS A LITTLE JELLY ON YOU!"

You'd make the House the smoking-room,
The smoking-room the House.
We all could thus our weeds discuss
In quarters not unpleasant,
Nor would the House be changed, as folk
Might fancy, by this simple stroke,
For things would still all end in smoke
Precisely as at present.

LEST WE FORGET.

(Some Extracts from our "Lapses of Memory" Correspondence.)

"SYKES" (Portland) writes:—"My case presents an interesting psychological phenomenon. As Lady BULLION's butler I had cleaned the silver daily for fifteen years until March 18 last, when I forgot to put it back."

"COSSACK" (Central Manchuria) says:—"Our squadron had a unique experience. Ordered to advance at the

Yalu—a manoeuvre we had performed correctly hundreds of times at rehearsal—in a moment of aberration we charged for No-Go (25 miles to the rear)."

"STATESMAN" (Oldham) asks:—"A Conservative from birth, a short time ago I accidentally voted with the Opposition on a Free Trade motion, and am now asked to become its Leader. Has a similar mistake ever occurred in Parliament?"

"RING-MASTER" (travelling Hippodrome) writes:—"Our lion, holding my late partner's head in his mouth yesterday afternoon—forgot to keep it open. He had never failed in the trick before."

She Stoops to Conquer.

GIRL (18), country, as under housemaid or house-tablemaid, where lady would be willing to learn.—*Scotsman*.

THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

Nor of the times portrayed by Monsieur MALORY,

When, poising high in air his barber's pole,
Your lusty knight beneath the ladies' gallery

Took a preliminary caracole,
Then went and got himself severely bruised
So as to keep the pretty dears amused :—

Not of the period dimly pre-Quixotic

When, wearing mail for flannel next the chest,
Heroes half gladiatorial, half erotic,

Rode out upon the thing they called a Quest :—
Not of those days I speak, for I have read
How that CERVANTES, cynic, killed them dead.

I speak of other times and other morals,

An age of Tin replacing that of Steel,
When Chivalry declines to hunt for laurels

By charging ponderously, spur at heel,
On deeds of high emprise down Piccadilly
(Unless it wants to look supremely silly).

Doubtless the better sort would gladly nourish

Those notions which occur in ARTHUR's tale ;
Doubtless Romance might still contrive to flourish,

Changing its knightly for its Daily Mail,
If Woman would but give our modern gallants
A livelier chance to ventilate their talents.

Men ride abroad in rubbered automobiles,
Naked of armour, bar the nauseous smell,

Not bound on any ransom save to owe bills
Contracted by some errant damosel,
So that in Carlton's Halls, superbly gowned,
She may adorn their Dinner-table Round :

But here their service ends. They fain would wrestle

With horrid dragons or a heathen crew ;
Ride *ventre-à-terre* to help the weaker vessel,
Behaving just as LANCELOT used to do ;

Only you cannot keep it up much longer
When once the weaker sex becomes the stronger.

With nothing left to learn (outside the nursery),

These types of self-contained and virile strength,
Have they, I ask you—kindly take a cursory

Glance at their pictured shapes, three-quarters length,
Exposed, for sixpence, in the social Press—
Have they the air of ladies in distress ?

Believe me, Woman's skin is not so tender ;

She knows, as well as you, her way about ;
Why offer, then, your arm as her defender

When she can manage nicely, thanks, without ?
Why sacrifice your seat in trains or pews,
When she can chuck you from it if she choose ?

And, since the creatures we were taught to cherish

Cease to comply with Nature's holy plan,
If the old Chivalry should shortly perish

Let none that finds it murdered blame the man ;
But write this epitaph for its demise :

Crushed by a woman's boot (men's extra size). O. S.

From the "Field."

SALMON and SEA-TROUT. — Bally-

Furnished COUNTRY RESIDENCE; nine bed and
Lough Inagh, for £1 per day or £20 per month.

The "nine bed" sounds ample; but are they at the bottom
of the Lough? Nothing definite is said about the "bally"
furniture of the Lough, and it certainly has a fishy look.

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. V.

"My dear BOUDIN," I said to him one morning, "how comes it that your compatriots, admirable as, no doubt, they are in many respects, pay so little attention either to the requirements of religious observance or to the dictates of that morality which is established as a standard in our own country?"

I was a little annoyed with BOUDIN. He had lately been becoming rather aggressively French. For instance, he was wearing a low collar and a tie tied in a bow with two large streamers, a sort of speckled sash, in fact, round his neck. Besides, he had not expressed what I considered to be a sufficient admiration for some of the sights I had shown him and some of the institutions I had explained to him, and on the whole I thought the time had come when I ought to take him down a peg.

He looked up at me quickly :—

"What do you drive at?" he said. "Explain yourself, my old fellow."

"Oh come, BOUDIN," said I, "you know well enough what I mean."

"Word of honour, I do not understand a word of what you said."

"Well, then," I began very patiently, for I was determined to keep my temper, "I'll try to make my meaning clear to you. You know we all admire and like the French—"

"Bah!" said BOUDIN.

"And we realise that they have many great qualities which—"

"—which you think you have better and greater yourselves. Oh, I know you, you English."

"—which," I continued quietly, "are necessary to the progress of our common civilisation. At the same time we are made painfully aware that our lively neighbour, the Gaul, does not see eye to eye with us on certain matters which go to the root of life. He is of a volatile and mercurial temperament, and is apt in mere carelessness to set at naught those sanctions of morality and orderly conduct which prevail amongst ourselves. Of the inner life of religion which shines so brightly amongst people of the Anglo-Saxon race he has but little conception, while—"

"Oh, thunder!" shouted BOUDIN, springing from his seat, "I can no more. My friend, you should write down what you have said, write it down very careful and correct, and send it to the *Daily Telegraph*. They will print it—at least, provided they have not printed it already, for I have read it, I am sure, somewhere."

"Be calm, BOUDIN, be calm. I am not blaming you for it, I am only stating facts which really cannot be denied. Everybody knows that the worship of the goddess *Aseigeia* is still very prevalent in France."

I had been reading MATTHEW ARNOLD, and I thought the quotation would bowl BOUDIN over.

"Oh, go away with your goddess," he said; "I do not know her. I have not the honour of being presented to her. She is not in France. And I tell you, my friend, *franchement* vous m'éreintez with your everybody. Who is this everybody? I am one of him, and I deny him. I throw him into your teeth. What do you, for example, *vous qui m'assommez* with your disquisitions, what do you know about morality in France?"

"My dear BOUDIN," I interrupted, "I have spent some time in Paris."

"Oh, I know, read a novel, or you go to the Palais Royal and you puff with laughter at the play, and you come out and you make yourself a long face, oh so melancholy, and you say, 'Shocking! it is shocking.' But what do you know of the life of my countrymen? Nothing. You do not know—you would



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

JOHN BULL. "DOCTOR, I FIND I'M LOSING A LOT OF STRENGTH IN THIS ARM."

DR. ARNOLD FORSTER. "H'M—I'M AFRAID WE MUST USE THE KNIFE A BIT ON IT."

JOHN BULL. "THAT'S RATHER A DRASTIC REMEDY, ISN'T IT?"

DR. ARNOLD FORSTER. "WELL, I CAN WRITE YOU OUT A CONSCRIPTION, IF YOU PREFER IT."

not believe—that we respect our fathers, that we adore and reverence our mothers—that these fathers and mothers bring up their children to be virtuous—that, even if we do not make our looks sad and our lives black, we are taught to obey the law and to say our prayers, and to respect our neighbour, and to be honourable men. All this you are ignorant of, and then you come and you say me by heart an article of the *Daily Telegraph* about the wickedness of ‘our lively neighbour the Gaul.’ Bah, I detest him—your lively neighbour, the Gaul. He may go with your remarkable goddess whose name I will not pronounce, and they may find a home for them in your Divorce Court, or in your so moral music-halls, or—”

“Steady, Boudin,” I broke in, “steady. Don’t you think it is a little unfair to judge us by our Divorce Court cases?”

“Ah, you think so?”

“Certainly I do. They are no test of the real home life of England.”

“Well, my friend, if that is so, then follow your own example and regard more the home life of France. And, above all, do not laugh as you did yesterday at our *Prix Montyon* for virtue, or our crownings of *rosières*. They are innocent games, but they show perhaps more of the real France than your Palais Royal. And now let us go and promenade ourselves.”

CHARIVARIA.

SOME uneasiness is being felt at St. Petersburg lest the stupid Chinese should be unable to grasp the fact that the recent defeat of the OZAR’S troops and capture of guns was in reality a Russian victory.

The Japanese are gradually rising in the estimation of the Russians. At the outbreak of the war they were “Miserable monkeys,” but last week the *Novoe Vremya* promoted them to “Venomous dwarfs.”

It is reported that the United States Minister at Belgrade has been instructed by the State Department to resume diplomatic relations with Servia. It is realised that if some of the leading regicides could be persuaded to visit the St. Louis Exposition they might catch on as a side show.

Turkey has pointed out to England and France that it was not consulted when the recent agreement relating to Egypt was being negotiated. We understand that England and France have replied that this is so.

The *Entente* continues to grow. A distinguished French journalist denies that the English are a Germanic race,



CROSS PURPOSES.

She (thinking of the dogs). “UGLY LITTLE THINGS, AREN’T THEY?”

He (alluding to the children). “OH, I WOULDN’T GO AS FAR AS THAT. BUT PERHAPS IF YOU DRESSED THEM DIFFERENTLY—”

and declares that the French are our real cousins. This must be Love.

The current number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains a contribution by the Poet Laureate modestly described as “The Wind Speaks.”

Imitation snails are to be seen in many shops in Paris. Over here they are only to be found on certain railway lines.

“Cannibals attack a steamer,” announced a placard the other day. We trust it gave them indigestion.

Major McBRIDE, who married Miss MAUD GONNE, has expressed the hope that their little boy SEAGAN will be the first President of the Irish Republic. We, too, wish the little fellow long life.

Fresh uses are found for motor-cars every day. Last week one of them ran into a band at Dewsbury and put four of the instruments out of action.

A Judge who was trying a case in which the wife of the defendant confessed to having got thirty-six blouses and ten hats in eighteen months remarked that he himself only bought one hat a year. A lady points out that he was silent as to the number of blouses he purchased during the same period.

An interesting exhibit at the Royal Academy is a drawing executed by the artist when he was only sixteen years of age. Quite a feature of the show, too, is the number of pictures by artists over that age which have the appearance of having been painted by artists under that age.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

IV.

*In Hon'ble Col. K.'s Headquarters—
but nearer Yalu.*

I REGRET to report that my aforesaid piebald pony still exhibits extreme peevishness. For no sooner do I approximate him than, like *King Claudius*, "his heels fly up, his head remains below!"

Consequently I am curing his doleful dumps by Hon'ble CHAMBERLAIN'S homoeoa of putting a self-protective tariff upon his food imports.

And, seeing that up to date he is of more ornament than utility, I have rather facetiously christened him "*The Sho-ji*"—an Anglo-Japanese *jeudesprit* by which Hon'ble KHAKIMONO, on my explaining it, was so immoderately tickled to death that he requested leave to incorporate it into his despatches as his own manufacture.

To which I willingly assented—on condition, of course, that *Punch's* copyrights in same were strictly reserved.

Interpreting your kind silence as the tacit consent, I have now furnished myself throughout with a patent wireless telegraphing pole, fitted complete in best quality finish, as per illustrated catalogue.

It is far handsomer than any of my competitors', and already a going concern; so, as soon as I have completed a highly intricate private code of my own invention, it will, I fondly hope, entirely supersede all more hum-drum methods of communication.

My most favourable hour for dropping aërograms will be about 5 P.M., and, as you may be aware, in Korea we are about nine hours faster than Greenwich time. Therefore you should be upon the tiles of *Punch's* office punctually between 8 and 9 A.M., when, by lending your ear with even ordinary attention, I think I may promise that you will not improbably hear something to your advantage.

Unfortunately, my aforesaid code is still in its embryo, as it is the matter of difficulty for me always to clearly comprehend my own signalings. But you can take it for granted that a cackling sound, like the thanksgiving hymn of a hen after safe delivery of a fowl-egg, will mean, either that "All is quiet on the Yalu," or that "Some important military movements may shortly be anticipated."

As these are the only two messages permitted to special war-reporters at present, I shall probably be under the necessity to cackle till further notice.

Col. KHAKIMONO, in very quiet gentlemanly circumlocutions, has intimated that he may be miserably compelled to set up any indiscreet correspondents as hon'ble cockshots for such of his recruits as have not yet fired their class in musketry practice.

So, being at the loose end of my tether and reduced to kill Time by the fetlock, I have recently, at the invite of some Korean native gentlemen, taken part in the *battue* of a tiger.

There is a Chinese saying that the Korean spends one half of the year in hunting the tiger, and the remaining half on the *vice versa* system; so I was careful, before accepting, to ascertain that the latter half-season had not yet set in. My fellow-reporters, who, on my suggestion, were also invited to share the sport, excused themselves on the somewhat pusillanimous plea that tiger-chasing was considered, by all real Korean sporting-nobs, as a vulgar *infra-dig.* pursuit.

After a sleepless night, owing to excitement, I turned out of my cold snug couch at 4 A.M., since it is only the early bird that catches the worm in bud, and, assuming the kit of a Nimrod, sallied forth with my shooting-irons, to surprise "Mister Stripes," by putting him in the bag.

My manly courage was greatly accelerated by overhearing the contempt expressed by my fellow sporting-men for their quarry, whom they accused of abject physical cowardice.

Being unaware that this was a mere *façon de parler* to sustain their pecker, I pressed myself ahead with ardent intrepidity until I had the unspeakable satisfaction to run up against the object of my pursuit while hot-busy with feeding-time in a mountain gorge!

Now, whether my native friends or the tiger were in error as to which of us was entitled, under game laws, to close time, I am not to say. I can only affirm that I became a *sauve qui peut* on the spur of the next moment, with the devil endeavouring to harass my unprotected rear and take my hindmost!

But providentially I preserved my head sufficiently to lead my pursuer on to the society of my less adventurous companions, and was running like game to my finish, displaying (so I was afterwards assured by credible eye-witnesses) phenomenal proficiency as a sprinter—when suddenly I became lost to sight and dear to memory in a profound pit hole which had been insidiously masked in foliage to entrap my formidable antagonist!

As luck would have it, he failed to notice my compulsory retirement, and continued his wild career until he was bowled out by a well-delivered ball from some fellow-tigerslayer.

So, besides severe perforations owing to my descent on sundry acutely pointed stakes, I had the additional mortification of being unable to be present at the death!

However, for consolation prize, and as a *proxime accessit*, I was very kindly awarded a couple of claws and one whisker. I hope I shall not be exceeding the bounds of amenity and reverie by forwarding these simple trophies of my chase by Korean Parcels Post to the gracious and cheerful members of your home circle.

The above-named whisker would, I think, form a rather splendid egret's feather in the cap (or bonnet) of your amiable spouse, while the claws, with gold-stoppings, will make handsome brooches on the shawls of your hon'ble dearest darlings.

Or rather, as second-hand thoughts are invariably best, I will reserve my gifts until I can accompany them with a fine bearskin of own slaying, since I am informed that the bear-baiting in these parts is even superior to any tiger-stalk.

I am now to narrate a still more shuddering episode:—

A few evenings ago I sauntered out of the camp, in the Korean get-up of a cloak and tall Welsh horsehair chimney-pot tile, for private practice on my wireless telegraphic pole.

While endeavouring to send cacklings in direction of *Punch's* Office, and being totally unaware that any enemy was inside my radius, O Gemini! I was unexpectedly accosted by a large hirsute Cossack *sotnia*, who demanded in very rough phraseology the nature of my game!

Being all of a twitter with the apprehension that I might be mistaken for the Hon'ble *Times* reporter and shot out of his hand, I replied that I was simply an orthodox Korean, engaged in performing my usual evening devotions with the aid of a portable praying-pole.

But he intimated that this explanation belonged, in his opinion, to the rat department, and desired me to at once accompany him to a contiguous Russian officer, or Samovar. So, perceiving that said *sotnia* was already in possession of my scruff of neck, I thought it best to accept his invitation in the spirit with which it was given.

Thinking that my praying-pole excuse was, perhaps, too filamentous for the credulity of any superior officer, I trumped up the more ingenious explanation that I was a native Korean entomologist, and that it was a native apparatus for capturing nocturnal *lepidopteras*, which are notoriously very fine and large in these localities. Most luckily the Samovar turned out to be too juvenile and beetle-headed to comprehend the precise *cui bono* of my said pole, and proceeded to put some searching questions to me respecting Japanese tactics and strategies.



FIN DE LA SAISON.

(At a Cercle Anglais. "Le Fiv' o'clock," i.e. Afternoon Tea.)

Britisher. "COMING TO THE BALL TO-NIGHT, COUNT?"

Monsieur le Comte. "MOI, MON CHER? AH, NON. I AM TIRED. I HAVE THE ACHES EVERYWHERE. I HAVE PLAY THE FOOT-BALL!"

Britisher. "GOOD! WHAT?—FORWARD, HALF-BACK?"

Monsieur le Comte. "FORWARD! HALF-BACK! PAR EXEMPLE, I AM 'ARBITRE'—HOW YOU SAY IT?—REFEREE!"

Whereupon I decided to reveal myself as the *Civis Romanus*: "O dearly beloved son of a Big White Father," I said, "beneath this Korean garbage beats the bosom of a full-blown British subject. It is *contra bonos mores* for me to be guilty of such shocking form as to reveal any prison-house secrets—even under the persuasions of the wildest horses." (I had previously observed that he was not in the Cavalry!) "For I am a special London Press Correspondent."

No sooner had he heard this than he at once commanded that I should be dismissed, since to question me any further would be merely attempting to get milk from a ram! Accordingly I came with peace and honour out of my tight fix, and carried home my pole in triumph at such a striking testimonial from an antagonist to the unswerving secretiveness of professional war reporters.

You need be under no apprehension, however, that I shall risk depriving you of my services by any injudicious daredevilry, since I am not an Acarus to fly in the face of Providence and tempt it beyond its powers of endurance! [Ed. Com.—We breathe again!]

P.S.—I reopen this to say that I have just heard from my friend the Bonze that the before-mentioned mountain-shrine, with adjacent devil-tree, has now been vacated. But, owing to extremely untidy habits of outgoing demon, repairs and

cleaning have cost the pretty penny of yen 25. Bonze would be willing to act as caretaker and work the oracle for the weekly stipend of yen 5—a month's screw to be paid in advance. *Punch* idol is now fit for service—but the carver churlishly refuses to hand it over except for c.o.d. A speedy remittance will therefore oblige. H. B. J.

OUR ANXIETY RELIEVED.—It was with immense delight that *Mr. Punch* read the true explanation of the report that on last Thursday night his old friend Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE, M.P., had "joined the majority." The truth being—Mr. LABOUCHERE being *Truth* itself, *cela va sans dire*,—that in the division upon Major SEELY's motion our LABBY went into the wrong Lobby. Of course on his part it was a Seely mistake. Anyhow, he is still the right man in the right place, and long may he continue with us.

THE NEW ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION.—Surely Mr. BALFOUR has made a mistake in his selection of these new Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Where there are "disorders in the Church," ought they not to be dealt with and prescribed for solely and only by "Doctors of Divinity"? Such professionals would be all "specialists."

TO THE SEA-SERPENT.

(On his recent reappearance.)

STRANGE denizen of those unbottomed deeps
Whence, having vanished for I know not how long,
You come to ease our minds, and give the creeps
To some astonished mariners at Aolong,

Welcome, thrice welcome! 'Tis a weary time
Since last you came, and saw, and sank rejected,
Dourly to welter in obscurest slime,
Where man was not, and you would be respected.

Year after year, with constant ill-success,
You were benevolently spurred to soften
Th' autumnal rigours of the Daily Press,
And were denied—and mocked at—just as often!

Skippers would log you, giving times and dates;
Foc'sle and quarter-deck combine in witness;
While picturesquely gifted bo'sun's mates
Described your charms with more than naval fitness;

But the Great Lubber—bitter shame be his!—
Blind to the claims of evidence and reason,
Spoke scoffingly of Giant Gooseberries,
And kindred figments of the Silly Season.

So you retired to Ocean's oozy floor
To soothe your hundred feet of outraged vanity,
Nor rose, awhile, to shed the light of your—
May I say—countenance upon humanity.

But now, how sweetly rings the old, old tale!
Men saw a mystic object—diverse fancies
Leaned to a rock, a turtle, or a whale—
When lo! before their horror-stricken glances

Coil upon coil unwound; a frightful crest
Craned upwards; and behold, in girth tremendous,
In length full thirty metres, moved confest
KRAKEN, the Serpent, monstr-ingens-horrendous!

O KRAKEN, those were men of proven skill
In war's alarms, with minds attuned to slaughter,
Armed with horrific engines, which, at will,
Had blown you skywards from your native water.

Nobly they spared you, tho' I know not why;
One would have thought that any sporting cap'en
Would go full steam ahead and have a shy,
Just for the sake of seeing what would happen.

But no such fracas marred the peaceful scene.
You dived beneath the keel, and passed to labb'ord,
And they forbore to seek the magazine,
Nor loosed the hungry cutlass from the scabbard.

One cannot wholly blame them for the fact;
No doubt, if one were placed in their position,
One would have done the same; they may have lacked
Leave to expend their service ammunition;

Maybe their spirit thirsted for the shot
Which more prudential counsel deprecated,
Fearing that, if they missed a vital spot,
You might have actively retaliated.

And though we feel a *souppçon* of regret
The chronicle remains; the world has read it;
And you, great KRAKEN, though uncaptured yet,
Are partially, at least, restored to credit.

Not wholly; but one never knows one's luck;
And we may hope, with confident reliance,
That you will soon be comfortably stuck
Or "potted," in the sacred cause of Science.

DUM-DUM.

THE PERILS OF AUTOGRAPH-HUNTING.

[The letter-box of a contemporary having overflowed, *Mr. Punch*, with characteristic chivalry, has come to the rescue of the crowded out.]

DEAR SIR,—I am surprised to see that the five-shilling fee (destined for a hospital) charged by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN for his signature is considered high. As an old and keen autograph-hunter, I can assure your readers that five shillings is a low figure. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS asks fifteen, one crown for each acre. Yours, &c. A KEEN COLLECTOR.

DEAR SIR,—I have now no objection to say that I have recently obtained thirty of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's autographs at five shillings each, the application being made under a different *alias* each time. I sold them in the ordinary way of business for a sovereign apiece. What I want to know is, Is this Protection or Free Trade? Yours, &c.

Z. BRAUNEBERGER.

DEAR SIR,—My experiences in connection with an attempt to obtain Mr. BALFOUR's autograph should be interesting to any student of the manners unhappily obtaining in English public life. First of all I called at Downing Street in person, requesting to see Mr. BALFOUR. I had my autograph book with me, and intended to save him all trouble. I even had a fountain pen laid on. But I was denied admittance to his sanctum on the ridiculous plea that a Cabinet Meeting was in progress! I then wrote explaining that I had been treated with some discourtesy, and demanding a signed reply. I received instead a formal letter signed by a secretary, whose autograph, I have ascertained, is not worth the paper it is written upon. I wrote again saying so, and again renewing my application for the PREMIER's signature. Will it be believed that to this letter I have had no reply? And Mr. BALFOUR is sometimes called a gentleman. *Absit omen.* I am, &c., AUTOLYOUS.

DEAR SIR,—It may be of interest in connection with the correspondence on the cost of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's autograph if I give the price of a few well-known hands on my list:—

	£	s.	d.
BOBBY ABEL, plain	0	0	6
Ditto, with expression of cordial goodwill	0	1	0
Mr. C. K. SHORTER, plain	0	0	6
Ditto, with denunciation of classic	0	0	3
Ditto, with praise of <i>Sphere</i> novelist	0	0	1
Sir WILFRID LAWSON, plain	0	1	0
Ditto, with anti-Bung poem	0	2	6
Mr. P. F. WARNER	0	5	0
HACKENSCHMIDT (with translation)	0	7	6
Mr. GEORGE MOORE, plain	0	0	2
Ditto, accepting proposal of a member of the New English Art Club to paint his portrait	0	0	1½
Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, plain	0	10	6
Ditto, with phrase from song	1	1	0

It will be seen from these figures that whereas, compared with that of some gentlemen, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's figure is high, compared with that of others it is low. I am, &c.,

DEALER.

"ONLY THEIR FUN."—How frequently the stupid phrase occurs in reports informing us that "up to the present time there has been no serious fighting." As if, on the stage of the Theatre of War, there could be any such relief to the tragedy as "*comic fighting*!"

DESPERATE DOINGS AT OXFORD.*(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")*

SOME sensational letters having reached this office with regard to the reign of terror prevailing at Oxford, a representative of *Mr. Punch* travelled down to that classic city last week to collect and collate information as to the Assassination Clubs which are alleged to be the root of the evil.

"Yes," observed a brawny giant weighing some nineteen stone, as he lounged in a rocking chair in his taste-

fully decorated rooms, "there is no doubt that assassination is rampant in Oxford to-day. As I belong neither to the assassins nor to the assassinated, perhaps I may be taken as an impartial and trustworthy witness. The fact is, that a certain number of undergraduates refuse to conform to the usages of the University, and, persuasion having failed, recourse has been had to extreme measures. The first serious case was that of a Worcester man, who would insist on wearing a bowler hat with a frock coat. About six weeks ago his decapitated head was discovered in Port Meadow."

"Great Heavens!" observed our representative. "Can such things be in this so-called nineteenth century?"

"Wait till you hear the rest," was the significant response. "The police were communicated with, and a guillotine was discovered in some unoccupied rooms in Tom Quad. The assassins were consequently driven to adopt other methods, and shortly afterwards a Duke's son, who had rendered himself conspicuous by the lowness of his collars, disappeared from Balliol. No trace of his body was ever discovered, but the wrecked condition of his rooms following on a violent explosion, which shattered all the windows in the college, left no doubt that he had been removed by dynamite."

"And was no redress obtained by the deceased Peer's sorrowing relatives?" queried our representative.

"None whatever," replied the giant in mournful tones. "You see, owing to the peculiar jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor—who, by the way, is supposed to be blackmailed by these secret societies—ordinary legal procedure is not available."

"Do you mean to say, then, that if I were to be kidnapped and flung into the Cherwell, my murderers, even if discovered, would not be prosecuted?"

cent's, Blues and so on, and public opinion is entirely on their side. Personally, I disapprove of their methods, especially the practice of torturing the victims—"

"Do you mean to say they torture them first?"

"Yes, by dislocating their limbs. Allow me to show you," and, suiting the action to the word, the giant seized his interlocutor by the ankle and gave his leg so violent a pull that he incontinently swooned. On coming to he was conscious of a parching thirst, and feebly asked for water.

"I'm afraid I've nothing but brandy," was the cordial reply; "try and swallow this."

"Thanks," murmured our representative, "I think I could swallow anything."

A few minutes later, disguised as a scout's boy, he stole from these haunts of crime, shattered by his awful experience, and ran all the way to the station, travelling up to town under the seat of a third-class carriage.

**THE UNPROTECTED MALE.**

Mother (after vainly offering a bottle to refractory infant). "ERE, TIEK IT, WILL YER! IF YER'DON'T 'URRY UP, I'LL GIVE IT TO THE GENTLEMAN OPPOSITE!"

"Certainly not, unless action were taken under the Rivers' Pollution Act," was the unhesitating answer. "But, as a matter of fact, the odds are a hundred to one against your remains ever being recovered. The Assassins have taken to cannibalism, and hardly a day passes without an orgy. Yesterday they roasted the bursar of Keble in broad daylight, at the foot of the Martyrs' Memorial, and there is to be a great Voodoo carnival in Peckwater to-morrow evening, culminating in the human sacrifice of four of the most unpopular smugs in 'the House.'"

"But will there be no attempt to rescue the victims?"

"Not likely! You see, the Assassins are all leading men, members of Vin-

cent's, Blues and so on, and public opinion is entirely on their side. Personally, I disapprove of their methods, especially the practice of torturing the victims—"

only caught the first part, "did she elope with a new uncle? What will the old one do!"

From the *Daily Express* of April 30:

"The *Devonshire*, a fine specimen of the new heavy but fast type of cruiser, will be launched at Chatham to-day, and christened, appropriately, by a Devonshire peeress. Her dimensions are . . ."

But *Mr. Punch* refuses to reproduce either the lady's name or her dimensions, which, it is evident, have been grossly exaggerated. But, apart from this, he considers that the *Daily Express*, in quoting any figures whatever in such a connection, was guilty of a grave lapse from its usual standard of good taste.



NO SENTIMENT.

Romantic Young Lady. "DOESN'T THIS REMIND YOU OF A SCENE IN SOME EXCITING MELODRAMA WHERE A HEROINE ESCAPES BY A TREE THAT HAS FALLEN OVER A RAVINE?"

Unsentimental Tommy (her cousin, "in the City"). "NO FEAR. BUT, IF I WERE SUPERSTITIOUS, IT WOULD MAKE ME A BIT NERVOUS—IT'S SO SUGGESTIVE OF A FALL IN 'GRAND TRUNKS'!"

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

[The Tailor and Cutter, in a recent supplement, laid down the law as to what to wear and when to wear it.]

My brothers, no longer shall care
And despair
With premature wrinkle
Your forehead becrinkle,
While snowy flakes sprinkle
Your hair!

Those agonised hours when you used to explore,
Uncertain, the depths of your wardrobe are o'er.
The oracle speaks: you need puzzle no more
The problem of what you should wear.

The rules for your toilet here lie
Cut and dry—
They tell you what braces
Are worn for the races,
When boots should have laces
To tie;

When buttons and spats are a *sine qua non*,
And ample instruction is given upon
The cut of the collar which gentlemen don
When various relatives die.

Your dress when you marry a bride
They decide;
Sartorial fancies

For dinners and dances
And river romances
They guide.

A week or two's study will bring you to see
When coats must be "morning," when "frock" and
"D.-B.,"

When taste in the matter of vests may be free,
When its flights must be sternly denied.

They tell you when diamonds you
Must eschew—
Thus, when you are going
To cricket or rowing,
You cannot be showing
Too few;

But the motorist, borne on petroleum wings,
Is bound to wear dozens of diamond rings,
And of course they are quite indispensable things
For golfer and fisherman too.

The worries that once made you groan
All are flown:
A simple inspection
Of this or that section,
And lo! your direction
Is shown.

A very few suits should suffice, say a score,
And it's not *de rigueur*, as it has been before,
That each single suit should possess any more
An overcoat all of its own.



A STRATEGIST.

RUSSIAN BEAR (*stily*). "RUNNING AWAY? NOT A BIT OF IT! I'M LURING 'EM ON!"

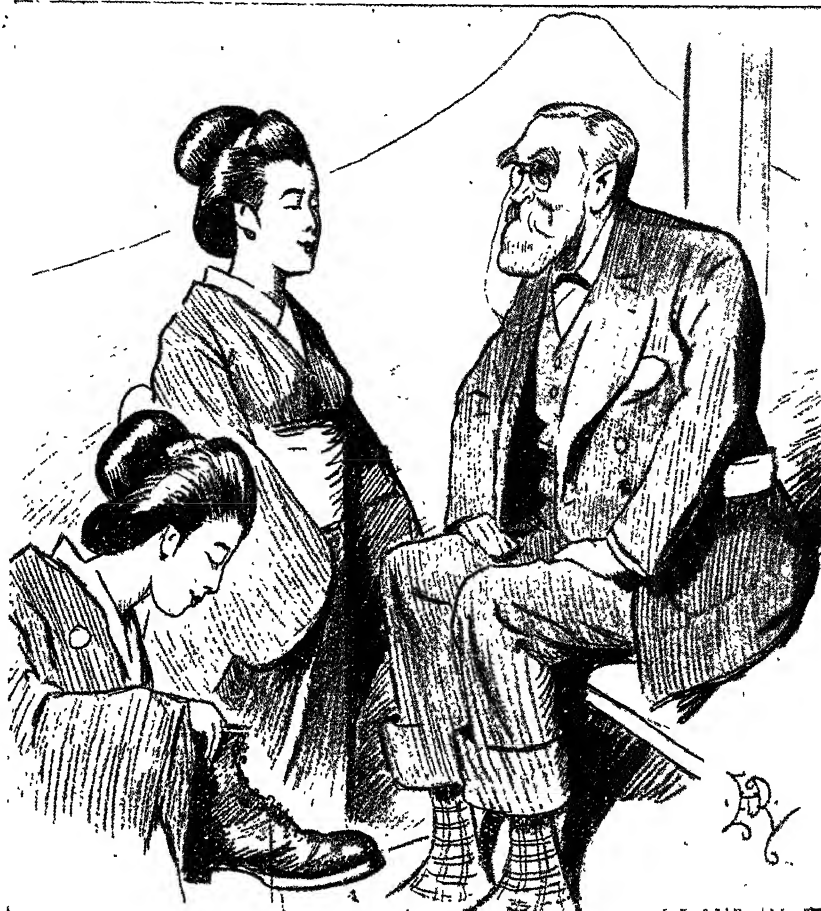
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 2.—So the MARKISS is to have his monument. Settled to-night in one of those casual conversations that sometimes conveniently take place between private Member and Minister. ST. MICHAEL—what a fine statue *he'd* make with All Angels artistically disposed about a pedestal!—asked whether PREMIER proposed to move a vote to cover expenses. PRINCE ARTHUR modestly replied it was not a matter on which he could be expected to take initiative. But, since ST. MICHAEL mentioned it, certainly thought course suggested was desirable.

Members on both sides cheered. All Englishmen are proud of the MARKISS, admiring not least his unconcealed contempt for the majority of them. In an age of self-advertisement he was scornfully silent. He never bent his knee to that political Baal the Man in the Street. Rather he delighted to flout him with utterance of what came to be known as blazing indiscretions. Only drawback to satisfaction in prospect of a statue of the Victorian statesman lies in apprehension of what may be turned out. We are a great people, mighty in commerce. We can colonise. But we can neither carve nor cast statues. Think of our Dukes of York, our Nelsons, our Prince Consorts.

SARK says the only decent modern statue he ever happened upon in London stood for awhile in the square at the



"Boots!"

Japanese Maidens. "Abject, moth-eaten, dogs'-eared servants must most unworthily remove honourable boots of high-born, honourable Mister."

(Mr. W-r suggests that Japanese girls should be provided at the House of Commons to remove the boots of hon. Members, and replace them with Japanese sandals. This was suggested to him by his own experiences at Nikko.)

bottom of the Haymarket, by the Athenæum Club. It showed OUTRAM, with sword drawn, riding to battle—a live man, a living horse. Passed by a week later to feast his eyes on the rare spectacle, and lo, it was gone. Too good for London, it had been captured by Calcutta.

Since then there has been placed in the quadrangle of Burlington House WATTS' equestrian statue, a real thing handicapped by a ridiculous label. "Physical Energy" it is called, just as you would write "Black Currant" or "Gooseberry" on the parchment covers of pots of jam. Besides, WATTS is not likely to undertake the MARKISS. So Common-place will, in the end, take its revenge over the mighty mind, the keen intellect, that in public and private scathed it through more than fifty years.

Yet the leonine head, the massive figure of the MARKISS, lent themselves generously to the sculptor's art. There are men still living who remember Lord ROBERT CECIL the counterfeit resemblance of Cousin HUGH, who after the lapse of

half a century sits in his father's old quarters below the gangway. Tall, slim, with stooping shoulders, head bent forward to discharge the barbed darts fashioned by an acrid tongue, Dizzy's old foeman of the 60's gave no promise of the figure which loomed in the sight of man in the opening days of the twentieth century. We are more familiar with the great bulk, the colossal weight, the slow tramp down the corridor, across the central lobby, reminiscent of an elephant treading a thicket, solitary, meditative, unnoticing.

If the chosen sculptor knew the MARKISS in the flesh, had the genius to conceive an embodiment of his presence in bronze, and the skill to realise it, we should be blessed indeed. But I fear me.

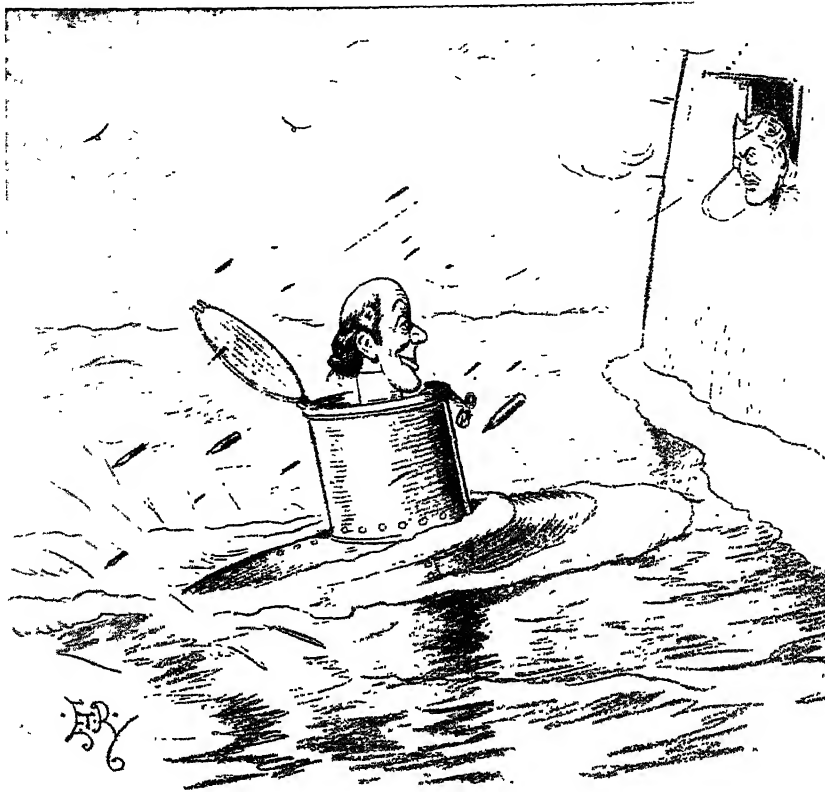
Business done.—A cheery night with Scotch gentlemen discussing their Education Bill.

Tuesday.—Just before five o'clock this afternoon House justified its ancient reputation. Since it met for a new week been steeped in what seemed invulner-



AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE!

Mr. W-nst-n Ch-rch-ll said that "The late Colonial Secretary had greatly reduced the amount of flogging all over the British Empire. (Cheers.) It was a question on which the rt. hon. gentleman held very strong views." (We strongly suspect that his dislike of flogging is not of universal application!)



M'KENNA AND HIS SUBMARINE ARE RECEIVED WITH A WITHERING FIRE.

able dullness. Yesterday it was the Scotch Members; to-day, on report of Budget resolutions, talk is of stripped tobacco and of cigarettes at five a penny. The House is ever like the sea. At one moment lulled in deadly calm, the next, struck by a hurricane, it becomes a seething cauldron.

It was DON JOSÉ who, as Cousin HUGH in a brilliant speech said, acted the part of amateur hurricane. At the outset his position was secondary. It was as the father of his son he interposed. Talk on the Opposition Bench of singular increase in imports of unstripped tobacco immediately preceding the Budget. More than twice as much cleared from Customs last March compared with same month in last year. By strange coincidence increased duty put on stripped tobacco. Fortunate persons who had (accidentally) commenced with great energy to strip Custom houses of unstripped tobacco found themselves threepence a pound to the good. Another coincidence was that largest dealer in unstripped tobacco trade is a member of DON JOSÉ's Royal Commission.

Putting all these things together, M'KENNA wanted to know. Brought no charges against anybody. But there were the Custom-house figures of 1903 and 1904; there was Mr. GALLAHER, tariff reform his foible, unstripped tobacco his forte; there was DON JOSÉ; and,

finally, there was SON AUSTEN, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"What conclusion does the hon. Member draw?" asked AUSTEN sternly.

"Will he explain a little more fully his insinuations against me?" demanded DON JOSÉ, pale to the lips with righteous wrath.

No; M'KENNA made no insinuation, brought no accusation; merely mentioned facts and invited explanation.

"Do you bite your thumb at me?" DON JOSÉ insisted.

No, M'KENNA didn't bite his thumb at him; did not, in appreciable degree, bite his thumb at anyone; stood up merely as a note of interrogation. Wanted to know, you know.

The House, filling as by magic, became scene of almost savage excitement. Cheers and counter-cheers applauded thrust and counter-stroke. At one moment DON JOSÉ and M'KENNA on their feet together. Neither disposed to yield. Later, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER being in possession of House, M'KENNA tried to get in a word. Amid yelling cheers waved down by CHANCELLOR.

Storm ceased as suddenly as it had arisen; Members went plodding through Division lobbies in succession of divisions.

Business done.—Budget Resolutions carried through report stage.

Friday night.—Whilst the gallant Jap

stands at grip with the Russ by the banks of the far-off Yalu River, Mr. WEIR, seated in the House of Commons, recalls an episode in his visit to Japan. When he entered one of the sacred temples at Nikko, or crossed the threshold of Palace of the ancient Mikados at Tokio, there approached him two fair damsels who lisped, "Boots."

At first, the Member for Ross and Cromarty, shrewd Highlander though he be, was baffled. The interval afforded opportunity of gazing upon the damsels who, prone on hands and knees, looked up at him with laughing gaze. Behold, they were fair.

"Boots," they murmured, drawing in their breath with that gurgling sound peculiar to a Japanese when he or she desires to please.

Then it dawned on Mr. WEIR that on the sanctity of the temple floor, on the snow-white purity of the Palace planking, no earth-crust boot must press. In brief, he was expected to have his boots removed and slippers substituted before he entered.

Cloud of disappointment gathered over the brow of SARK as WEIR recited the incident to the House. He whispers to me how, when he and I were in Japan, we partly shared Mr. WEIR's experience. We, also, were required to remove our boots. Service was performed, not by dimpled damsels with almond eyes and snow-white teeth, but by our guide or other male attendant.

Birds of a feather flock together. Mr. WEIR drew the youth and beauty of Japan, as he fails to "draw" the Lord Advocate on the topic of trawlers in lonely inlets of northern seas.

Incident happened in debate on vote for Houses of Parliament. System of ventilation discussed, as it has been annually talked of since the days when ACTON SMEE AYRTON was First Commissioner of Works. Members talk critically about ingress and egress of air, which, as most people know, is driven through iron lacework concealed under matting of flooring, and makes its way out through passages in the ceiling. Complaint made of its being stuffy, loaded with microbes.

Mr. WEIR explains it all. The radical fault that shatters an intricate costly system of ventilation lies in the boots. That a subject on which honourable Member long been accepted as authoritative. As House knows from daily observation, Mr. WEIR, by use of peculiar, delicate hydraulic machinery, pumps the lower notes of his impressive voice out of his boots. Effect observed when Secretary for Scotland, having made feeble reply to series of searching questions, takes refuge in silence as Mr. WEIR puts a fifth. Then is heard rolling through the House, like the



FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Father. "WHY, WHAT A LITTLE WOMAN SHE'S GETTING!"

Mother. "YES, A VERY EXPENSIVE YOUNG LADY. SHE GROWS OUT OF ALL HER FROCKS."

Dorothy. "MAMMA'S EXPENSIVE TOO. SHE'S GROWN OUT OF HER PRETTY FROCK!"

sough 'of 'wind 'in the caves of wintry Staffa, a sepulchral groan, "No answer."

It rises from the level of Mr. WEIR's boots. Enlarging on his argument, Mr. WEIR shows how fresh air ascending from the floor comes in contact with boots of Members and is carried upward to throat and nostril.

"Why not," he persuasively adds, "engage the services of two Japanese girls, who will remove the boots of honourable Members before they enter the House."

Two? What are they among so many? The matter is a larger one than Mr. WEIR sketches. It would not be necessary for every Jack to have his Jill. But two Japanese damsels to remove the boots of 670 Members, some of them Irish, and only one (a naval authority) with a wooden leg, is ridiculously disproportionate. If Mr. WEIR's suggestion be accepted, and no doubt it has been received with a wave of pleasurable excitement, the damsels must be brought over in transport ships, like the Chinese labourers for South Africa. Under the personal supervision of ALFRED LYTTELTON, they might live in compounds laid out in Palace Yard.

Long time since Mr. WEIR was so popular.

Business done.—Private Members'.

THE WIRE-PULLERS.

III.—THE MATERIALISER.

JUST as we passed the Dragon in Fleet Street the driver of our omnibus suddenly reined in his horses. The cause of the disturbance was a large brewer's dray which had come down Chancery Lane and was trying to take its place in the stream of traffic going west.

"Nah ven, Bung-'ole," said the bus-driver, "fink yer goin' to stuff up the bloomin' road?"

The speech struck me as terse and pointed, and I was accordingly not a little surprised at what followed. An old gentleman who was sitting on one of the front seats leaned forward and tapped the driver on the shoulder.

"No, no," he said, "that's not at all the thing. You *must* consider your metaphors. A bung-hole cannot stuff up a road. Had you said 'bung' instead of 'bung-hole' it might have passed. But there is a chance for something far more brilliant. You could have said, of course in your own inimitable way, something like, 'Now then, Barrels. What are you doing out of your cellar? The Tuppenny Tub is the place for you. Your shape would just about fit it.' Something like that."

"Right O, Guv'nor," said the man; "better luck next time."

During this little conversation I had

whipped out an envelope and jotted down a note for my great novel. I felt that I had found a type which would ensure its welcome as one of the masterpieces of the century. My excitement attracted the old gentleman's attention.

"You are a genius, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Unrecognised?"

"Practically."

"Not entirely?"

"Well," I said, "I have an aunt——"

"Yes, yes," he interrupted, "I knew that. But you would like the world to recognise you? Well, I'm your man. Nowadays, the genius in literature or art is the person who can depict life as it really is. Very few can, so I go about teaching life to behave as it is depicted. That produces the same result in the long run. If I come across a genius who cannot hold the mirror up to nature, I hold nature up to the mirror. It's my hobby."

"Take, for example, this omnibus-driver. Nature prompts him to speak as you heard him speak. Mr. PETT RIDGE, one of my *protégés*, would have him speak more according to the instructions you heard me give. The ultimate result of that must be the recognition of Mr. PETT RIDGE as a very observant writer."

"Have you many clients?" I asked.

"Hundreds. But you are wrong to call them clients. The majority of them are quite unaware of my existence. There's Mr. DANA GIBSON, for instance. I've done a great deal for him in the way of cultivating his particular type of feminine beauty."

"You send out specially trained ladies, I suppose?"

"No, certainly not. It's done entirely with dressmakers' lay-figures. Women will imitate models, but they will not imitate one another. I hope soon to have a couple of dozen genuine Gibson girls distributed over London, and so establish the artist's reputation for fidelity to nature. But my work is always rather delicate where women are concerned. I much prefer the other sex."

"I spent a most successful season, recently, stocking Scottish slums with *Wee Macgregors*. I have devoted quite a lot of my time for some years to getting detectives to measure footprints, smoke shag, and act generally like *Sherlock Holmes*. You'll perhaps not believe me, but there is hardly a man in the Force to-day who doesn't carry pocket editions of GABORIAU and EDGAR ALLEN POE."

"Art, too. I have peppered the country with CECIL ALDIN's popular creations—parsons who play golf till they are red in the face with suppressed imprecations; huntsmen who sit till the last minute in

front of gigantic game-pies; vehicles with no spokes to their wheels. I have an estate reserved for the rearing of trees after the pattern of HERBERT RAILTON, and in the same artist's interest I have laid out heaps of money in white-washing old iron gates to make them stand out well against dark backgrounds. If in the near future you happen upon any rather fat people with their hands carefully thrust out of sight behind them, you will know that I have been giving a little of my attention to Mr. HASSALL."

"Those are just a few of my favourites. But I do also a good deal of promiscuous work that has no application to any particular genius. I can say without boasting that there are to-day scores of Scotsmen about who couldn't see a joke if you paid them to, and Irishmen who really do say, 'och' and 'arra, be jabers,' and carry a shillelagh."

"Do you work much out of England?"

"Not at present, but I hope to extend my field. In American plantations I intend to teach the coons that quaint inquisitiveness which impels them to spend so much time in gazing with shaded eyes into space, and I shall also introduce some dress reforms if I can get a tailor to supply trousers with one leg permanently turned up. And I am thinking of instructing miners in Australia and the Klondike in the subtle pathos of dreaming of home. Now, is there anything I can do for you?"

"I am afraid," I said, with hesitation, "that—that——"

"Ah, I see," he said. "You would rather try and get on without me. Well, well. Most of them feel that way—at first. Candidly, I admire you for it. But I'll bear you in mind all the same. Hullo!—excuse me a minute. There's one of Mr. JACOBS' seamen just come out of Liverpool Street station, looking as though he were not altogether at sea in London. I must alter that."

He flew down from the bus, one step at a time, and that is the last I have seen of him.

In the description of the grand *foyer* of the recently extended Savoy Hotel it is mentioned that there is a sculptured group representing "The Three Graces." Surely, as appropriate to the *restauration* department, there ought to have been just double the number—symbolising the graces before and after the three principal meals of the day, Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner. Supper being an extra, another couple of graces would be superfluous.

A GENEROUS FOE.—Pending the completion of the Russian commissariat the Japanese have offered to give them beans, as many as they care to have.

OPERATIC NOTES.

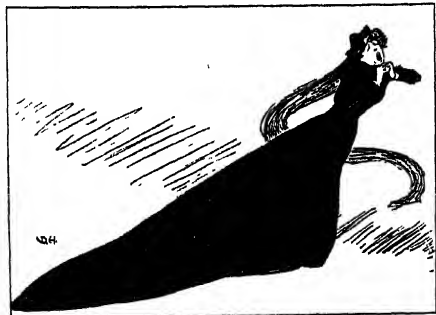
OPENING night, Monday, May 2, when *Don Giovanni*, having already interviewed Manager MESSAGER and Dr. HANS RICHTER,



Glasses between the Acts.

is re-presented to us as an old operatic friend who has refused to be cut. Doctor HANS has prescribed, and says no such operation is necessary. Thus is it that we get the *Don* almost to perfection. An excellent performance to a comparatively small, though select, audience. "No Royalties" here: which announcement sounds to joyful musical publishers' ears like "No Fees." Fräulein DESTINN as *Donna Anna* is the first novelty, and, instantly, a great success: Miss ALICE NIELSEN as *Zerlina* is the second, about whom there is too much Gaiety-girlishness. Monsieur RENAUD's *Don* we know and admire; and as *Leporello* and *Mazetto* Messrs. JOURNET and GILBERT, always amusing, give us nothing new, and have forgotten nothing old. As the statue, who, like some weary *habitués*, nods towards the end of the opera, Mr. RADFORD is basso-profondly statuesque. With Dr. RICHTER and his orchestra, including three bands in the ball-room, no fault can be found.

Tuesday.—*Tristan und Isolde*. House, never inconveniently crowded, revealed at first the aching void proper to the pre-prandial hour. Herr BURRIAN and Frau REINL (each a new and welcome guest at the Garden party) made a pair of lovers of the robust type associated with Wagnerian traditions. Yet "mighty and mellow" were mixed in their singing; and the great duet of the Second Act, exquisitely sung in its softer movement, gave them ample scope for qualities of sweetness and strength not always found together. Madame KIRKBY LUNN's most sympathetic rendering of the part of *Brangäne* was a pure delight, notably in that difficult



Distinguished Soprano hurrying to her destination is accommodated with special train.

passage where her voice breaks in out of the night upon the lovers' amorous session. The climax of the duet, delivered with those formal gestures of the arm which may also be supposed to be a matter of Bayreuth tradition, must have penetrated a good way

into the forest, and might easily, without information received from Detective Melot, have aroused the suspicions of King Mark. Herr KNÜFFER, in the rôle of that outraged monarch, enunciated his homily on the proprieties with a right portentousness. Subsequently *Tristan* took a most unconscionable time in dying; but that was not the fault of Herr BURRIAN, who must have wanted his supper. Herr SCHÜTZ, as *Kurwenal*, enjoyed himself most on the ship, where his *staccato* methods recalled the choppiness of a Channel passage. Herr REISS, as the herd, played his piping part admirably through the medium of a gentleman in the orchestra. Here, and on the head of its conductor, Dr. RICHTER, rested the laurels of the evening for a performance, on their part, absolutely flawless.

Wednesday, May 4.—Fairly good house welcoming return of MANCINELLI conducting GOUNOD's *Philemon et Baucis*; "Arcades ambo." Gods and mortals are pleased with Jupiter JOURNET, but remember Jove PLANÇON. Then all delighted to re-welcome LEONCAVALLO's *Pagliacci*, wherein Fräulein DESTINN distinguishes herself as *Nedda*. M. SALIGNAC as *Canio* is good, and SCOTT's *Tonio*, in acting and singing, fine. New scenery sets off *Philemon*, but the gem, *Pagliacci*, requires no brilliant setting.

Thursday.—Two magnificent bouquets occupied the Royal Box until the arrival of their Majesties at about 8.30. Considering that the KING and QUEEN had only arrived from Ireland—after their most successful and thoroughly popular visit—at 6.30, this, "their first appearance" at the Opera after their *tour de plaisir* must be recorded as a genuine *tour de force*. An excellent performance of *Roméo et Juliette* awaited them; Mlle. SUZANNE ADAMS being a most sweet singing and thoroughly dramatic heroine, true as a *Juliette* should be, without the single false note



Rapid exit of the exile Roméo-Salezza.

even wherewith to pay the crafty but impressive herbalist Frère Laurent (M. JOURNET), as an illegal marriage fee. Once again we salute our undefeated favourite, Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, in one of her most popular impersonations, namely, that of the highly trained nurse, *Gertrude*; and M. SALEZA, who, as *Roméo*, is as fresh as he was in 1902, when, as now, Signor MANCINELLI was the *bâtonnier*. The *entr'actes*, on this occasion, occupying less time than usual, the evening was most enjoyably passed in the society of Messieurs GUILLAUME SHAKESPEARE, GOUNOD, and company. "Et vive la Compagnie!"

Friday.—*Tannhäuser*. Suppose the Hörselberg must at one time have had its attractions for the hero, but to-night Herr BURRIAN frankly turned his back on the ballet and a couple of rather risky *tableaux vivants* provided for his entertainment. And indeed they manage these things better at the Halls. He was not altogether happy in the scene with *Venus* (Frau EGLI), who sang more than respectably but just fell short of fascination. As his case became more desperate, Herr BURRIAN's singing, as distinct from his action, improved steadily in dramatic power: and he was at his best in the Third Act, after the Evening Star, which had grown brighter and brighter at the prospect of being sung to by *Wolfram*, had modestly withdrawn.

Fräulein TERNINA as *Elisabeth* proved that her voice has

lost nothing of its unforced charm, her manner nothing of its sweet graciousness and dignity. Would that we had more of such Visits of *Elisabeth*, rarer than those of angels! House fuller (though still fasting) and a touch more appreciative. *Enfin*, a good week's work for a beginning.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Life of Frederick William Farrar, by REGINALD FARRAR (JAMES NISBET & Co.), is an interesting biography of a distinguished ecclesiastic who, when Canon of Westminster, was reckoned among the most popular of preachers. In his outspoken, manly character he somewhat resembled CHARLES KINGSLEY, though he could not be reckoned among the professors of muscular Christianity. As a parish clergyman, FARRAR was energetic and thorough; a lover of Art; indefatigable as author and lecturer at home, in Canada, and in the States. An *ultra* Liberal, almost Radical in politics, he owed his first preferment to the great Conservative minister DISRAELI, and for his subsequent promotion to the Deanery of Canterbury he was indebted to Lord ROSEBURY. Had Dean FARRAR been less courageously outspoken he would have been a Bishop. But his opinions were considered dangerous by "the safe side," and the Dean was no Dr. TRIMMER. The biography lacks an index of reference.

In English history, and in hearts of Englishmen all over the world, the New Forest lives by reason of two circumstances. One, the death of RUFUS; the other, the choice of



residence by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who for more than a generation has murmured in the glades round Malwood the impromptus with which, in ordered speech, he later delighted the House of Commons. Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON has written a book about *The New Forest* (METHUEN) which does justice to the alluring theme. Lightly sketching its history, he saunters around, pointing out its sylvan beauties and its points of historic interest. In both fields he has been helped by Mr. WALTER TYNDALE and Miss LUCY KEMP-WELCH, who between them contribute fifty-four charming sketches reproduced in colour. Most are charming enough to suggest framing. But it would be barbarous to divorce them from the text. My Baronite has the delight of knowing Beaulieu Abbey, which has for many years found a loving custodian in the father of our dear JOHN SCOTT-MONTAGU, Member for the New Forest division. Taking into account all the architectural treasures handed on to the twentieth century, Time has bestowed no more beautiful guerdon than Beaulieu. Of it and of other bits of the ancient forest Mr. HUTCHINSON chats in charming fashion. People who for divers reasons cannot visit the New Forest may, thanks to this beautiful volume, take patches of it home with them.

Of all the books of ready reference commend me to *Bartlett's Concordance to Shakspeare*, published by Messrs. MACMILLAN. Good and satisfactory as is the well-known compilation of CRUDEN this American production of BARTLETT's is better, and far more satisfactory in its completeness. Frequently hath the Busy Baron, when improving the shining hour and gathering honey from every petal of the flowers of literature, to pause in order to verify some quotation, professedly Shakspearian; and to no better authority upon the subject can he turn than to this work of BARTLETT's, which was commenced in 1876 and brought out in 1891; its latest edition is dated 1894.

CLARK RUSSELL and JOSEPH CONRAD, A.B.'s both, write books relevant to the sea, vivid with its colour, whether sleeping in sunlight or raging in storm. They generally go down to the sea in ships bound south. In *The Way of the Sea* (HODDER

AND STOUGHTON) Mr. NORMAN DUNCAN goes north and west to Newfoundland. Here is a sea of quite another sort, its dangers dared by men and boys of a race new to the British novel-reader. It is the first time my Baronite has come across work by this author. In descriptions of the North Atlantic surging round the rugged coast of Newfoundland, it is magnificent. In dealing with the fisher-folk there are frequent touches of humour and pathos. The chapter "Concerning Billy Luff" is a gem of purest ray serene.

The Poets' Corner, by MAX BEERBOHM, published by HEINEMANN, is an album of coloured caricatures of a daringly eccentric and utterly *bizarre* character, which, absurd as they are, must be as caviare to the general public unacquainted with the individuality of the more modern originals. Where SHAKSPEARE, BYRON, or BURNS is caricatured, the utter absurdity of the picture suffices for amusement. The entire collection will no doubt be laughingly and tolerantly appreciated by many kindred spirits among artists and literary men "in the know." It would have shown better taste on the part both of author-artist and his publisher had they decided to omit the silly nursery kind of caricature depicting TENNYSON reading "*In Memoriam*" to his sovereign. This is the blot on the scutcheon.



A FAULT OF COMMISSION.

"[The odious practice of touting for orders in Society shows no decrease. Even young girls increase their pocket-money by 'recommending' certain firms to their friends.]—*Evening Paper*."

THOUGH tactfully reluctant to employ the word "affection"

About her present feeling for the writer of the rhyme,

Undoubtedly AMANDA shows a certain predilection

Which rather makes him fancy that the rest may come in time.

I'm bound to add, however,—and it nearly drives me frantic—

Whenever I attempt to give my aspiration wings,
And make my conversation sentimental or romantic,
She will insist on talking of the *most* prosaic things!

I spoke of lyric poetry; my words were not at all meant

To bear upon the topic which she strove to introduce—

The plain advisability of buying (by instalment)

A "Helicon"—the typewriter for every poet's use!

"The fire of my emotion"—as I still submit, with deference—

Is not the sort of phrase which leaves you doubtful what it
At any rate, it need not have elicited a reference [means;

To Somebody's abominable "Putitout" machines!

Already I begin to feel a trifle apprehensive;

To be with her is pleasant, but I really wonder why

She always talks of bargains—which are far from inexpensive,
Which—here's the dreadful part of it!—she wishes me to buy.

She begs me, and of course I yield; she smiles—it's pleasant, very;

To gain her smile is worth, I know, a lot of sacrifice;

But why should it assume the form of writing off for sherry—

A rather common sherry, at a most uncommon price?

Perplexed why dear AMANDA should be bent on my undoing,

I come across this paragraph—and do not like its sound!

Well, either I must manage to accelerate my wooing—

Or pay a final dividend of sixpence in the pound!

CHARIVARIA.

THOSE persons who doubted the sincerity of Russia's promise to evacuate Manchuria are looking rather foolish to-day.

We would respectfully direct the attention of Frenchmen on the look-out for a good investment to that of Port Arthur.

Mr. FOLEY, an Irish giant, 7 ft. 4 in. in height, from Co. Carlow, was a visitor in the public lobby of the House of Commons one day last week; but, if the Irish think we are going to be intimidated into granting them Home Rule, they are mistaken.

The observant have noticed that a different fount of type has been used for printing the cover of the Royal Academy Catalogue this year. We understand that this was done as an answer to those critics who declare that the Royal Academy never institutes reforms.

Sir E. J. POYNTER, speaking at the annual dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, made a strong appeal for funds to help "those who helped to make beautiful the homes of many of those present." The Royal Academy itself looks after the other painters.

A proposal to pay Members of Parliament has again been before the House, but those Members who are in favour of the innovation would do well to remember that the taxpayers might insist on getting value for their money.

At the same time we do think that, seeing that the Members have to listen to one another, some slight compensation should be given to them.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, in his speech at the dinner to Mr. F. C. GOULD, omitted to draw attention to the fact that the gifted caricaturist had been correctly described as "the most valuable asset of the Liberal Party."

Mr. BARRIE's prowess in the cricket-field is matter of general knowledge; but it may not be so well known that

Mr. C. B. FRY, the famous journalist, is also something of a batsman.

The site originally selected at the Hague for a Palace of Peace as a memorial of the Czar's proposals, is called the Bosch. But, of course, the word may have a different meaning for the Dutch.

A Corsican mayor and his friends

People who are in favour of increasing the rates—Motorists.

The report that there are 46,719 total abstainers in the British Army is welcome news, but what grieves recruiting officers is the number of total abstainers from the British Army.

Mr. CARNEGIE's work, *The Gospel of Wealth*, has a steady circulation. The author has just presented a copy to Kettering Free Library.

King PETER of Servia denies the rumour that he is about to abdicate. He may have to do it all the same. He should not have expelled the *Daily Mail* correspondent.

English waiters have been protesting against being elbowed out by foreigners. The grievance is a legitimate one, but we think the cry, "We want justice. How long shall we have to wait?" an unfortunate way of putting it.

A member of the Reichstag has declared that the British Navy is becoming a danger to Germany. We sincerely hope he has not been misinformed as to its dangerous character.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON CHURCH DISORDERS.—We understand that inquiry is to be made as to the "alleged prevalence of breaches" among our Bishops.

London Opinion has been inviting contributions to "an open discussion introduced by SARAH GRAND on the subject, "Should Women Emigrate???" The rate of payment offered is no less than ten shillings per letter. How munificent after the beggarly two shillings a word received by one of our most popular writers of magazine fiction!

GENTLEMAN or LADY finds chargeless residence in a fashionable bath during the summer for English Conversation Lessons. Advt. in "*Daily News*."

We recommend this "situation" to the charming authors of *The Bath Comedy*.

HOUSEHOLD CARVER'S PROVERB.—"What's underdone cannot be helped." (At least, it oughtn't to be.)



"LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES."

(Cheerful Passage in the Life of a Whitsuntide Holiday-maker.)

barricaded themselves in a polling booth, and flung out of the window the dead body of a delegate sent to interview them by the opposition party. In England this would be illegal.

The plague of gnats reported from many parts of the country has not yet invaded Buckingham Palace; but the *Morning Post*, in an interesting historical article on the Nicaraguan trouble, reminds us that at one time the Mosquitos actually placed themselves under JAMES THE SECOND.

A HIGH PRIEST OF BACCHUS.

["Prime Minister's Eloquent Defence of Alcohol."

"Brewers win by 157."

"Mr. Balfour's Tribute to the Efficacy of Drink."

—Radical Headlines on Second Reading of Licensing Bill.]

ARTHUR, they did you wrong, those fools and blind
 Who deemed you had no settled views to give,
 Who loosely pictured you with open mind,
 Constructed like the Danaid's leaky sieve,
 Paddling about
 In devious pools of philosophic doubt!

They judged too soon; they had not heard you yet
 Upon a theme that closely touched your heart;
 Nor seen you stand with courage firmly set,
 And in a voice where Passion strove with Art
 Loudly extol
 The efficacious charms of Alcohol!

Was this their "Pretty FANNY"? this the vain
 Young thing they jested at a while ago?
 They should have rather dubbed you "Roaring JANE,"
 Not from our brilliant naval expert, no,
 Not FREDERICK T.,
 But after Mistress CAKEBREAD (R.I.P.)

What though about your fiscal point of view
 A certain fog at times has seemed to hang?
 No sort of vapour masked the obvious blue
 Then when you rose and in a voice that rang
 Convinced and clear
 Reminded members what they owed to Beer.

Long time among your ranks a vague unrest
 Had left you preternaturally bored;
 But now you had that swelling in the chest
 Which comes of loyal confidence restored,
 And gave it tongue,
 Backed by the serried armaments of Bung!

At length you knew, with heart uplifted high,
 The awful joy of making up your mind;
 An unaccustomed fire possessed your eye,
 Haunted no more by mutineers behind,
 Or doubts within,
 To mar your jocund eulogies of Gin!

I was not there: I missed that moving scene,
 And so was duped by your reported plea
 For sober habits and the temperate mean,
 Your praise of that financial honesty
 Which should occur
 Even inside a strict teetotaler!

How could I gather from the literal word
 That you were briefed to boom the poisoned cup?
 Yet an impartial Press was there and heard,
 And those resumptive headlines show you up
 In streams of ink
 As England's Champion Advocate of Drink!

O. S.

A DISCLAIMER.—Of course it is not absolutely necessary, yet it may be as well to notify to the less informed portion of the public that the "PUNCH & Co." mentioned in the recent case of "*Sievier v. Duke*," before Mr. Justice GRANTHAM, is not in the remotest sort of way connected with "*Mr. Punch*," the one and only possessor of that honoured name, whose palatial residence in Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, is "the hub of the universe."

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. VI.

"My faith," said BOUDIN a few mornings ago, as he put down the *Times*, which he had been studying for some time with great absorption, "my faith, but he is a great man, your Mr. BALFOUR. Word of honour, I take off my hat to him and I make him a reverence of the most humble. He have piqued me the heart with his speech."

I admit I was pleased, for a good many of us here in England, I fancy, are rather proud of our BALFOUR and think him a striking statesman of sagacious and highly disinterested principles. The difficulty, of course, is to get a foreigner to agree with us. Most of them seem never to have heard of him. I met an Austrian last month who was thoroughly up in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, but when I put in a word for ARTHUR BALFOUR he looked quite blank. I was all the more glad, therefore, to find BOUDIN so appreciative:—

"Yes, my dear BOUDIN," I said, "he really is a great man, and, besides that, he has a most extraordinary courtesy to his opponents, a charm of manner which makes people love him even when they most disagree with him, a kind of graceful politeness, a *je ne sais quoi*, which——"

"Ah, that is it," cried BOUDIN ecstatically, "I do not speak of his courtesy so *chevaleresque*, nor of his graceful politeness. It is the *je ne sais quoi* which I mean. You have said it, my brave, and you have said it in French which is, by blue, the only language which serves to describe a man so remarkable."

"Oh, for the matter of that," said I, "I could describe him in English fast enough, only I thought——"

"Yes, you thought, admirable man that you are, that for me it would be easy if you do it in French. Here, you say to yourself, is that poor BOUDIN, that Frenchman so ignorant and so *grossier*, he will not understand our Mr. BALFOUR in English; for BOUDIN's sake I use a French phrase—and, *sapristi*, you do it, and it is BOUDIN who is profoundly touched with what you do for him."

I didn't want to let him drivel along on that line, so I harked back:

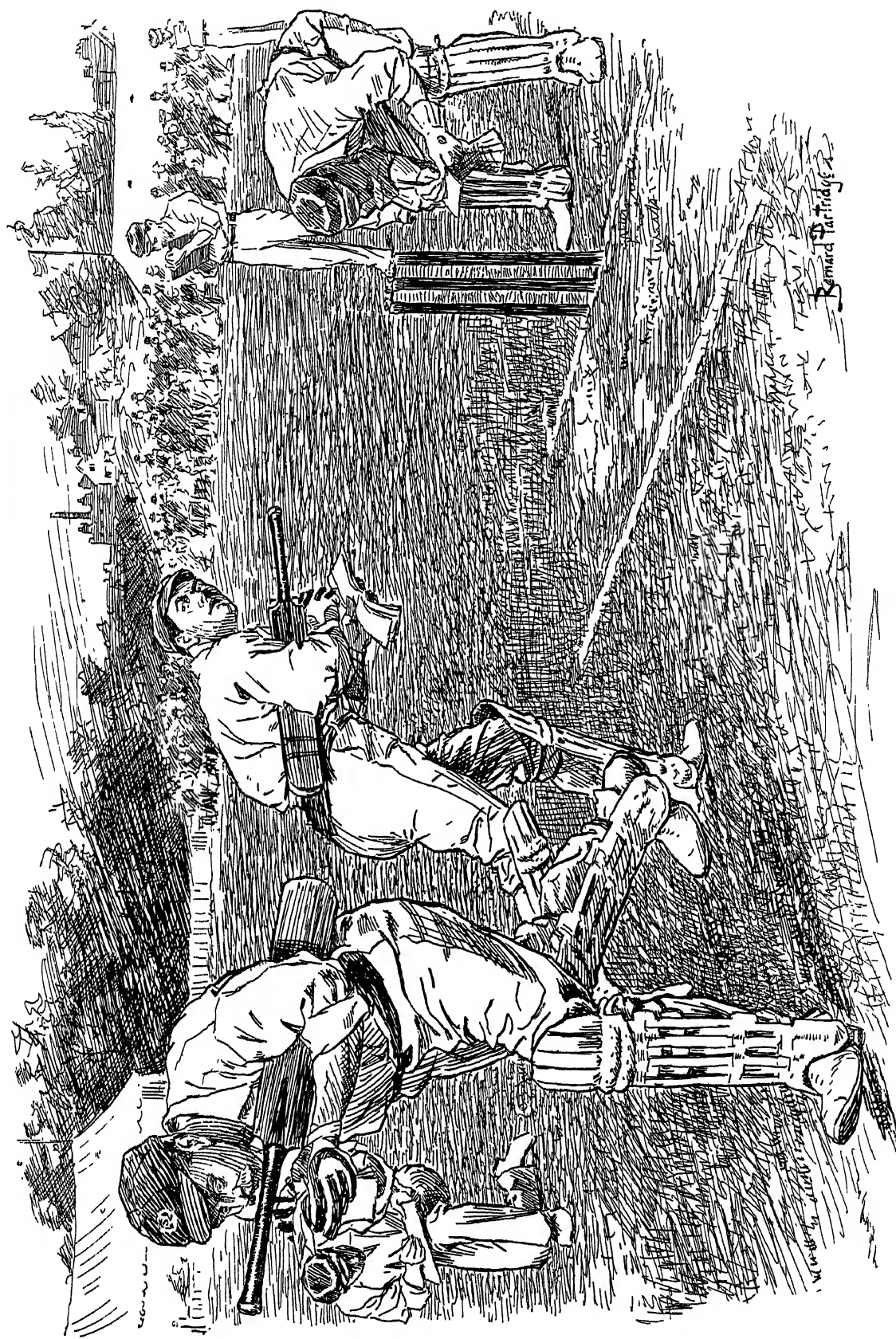
"But, BOUDIN," I asked, "what is it that has struck you so particularly to-day about Mr. BALFOUR?"

"Here he is," said BOUDIN, taking up the *Times* and adjusting his pince-nez. "He speak about a Licensing Bill, which, my faith, I do not understand and I do not mix myself with it, and someone ask him who is to compensate the widow and the son and the daughter who have been ruined by the publicans, and he say, 'Sir,' he say, 'these people are ruined by their gross and criminal self-indulgence. The fault,' he say, 'lies with the drunkard, with the man who cannot control his appetites.' And he compare him to members of Parliament and say the man drink more than members of Parliament who never drink too much, and he blame him, word of honour, he blame him for"—he read this with great deliberation—"for the lack of manly self-control which is necessary to resist temptation." I tell you, my fine fellow, your Mr. BALFOUR he speak like a *père noble* in the theatre. Have you ever hear the *père noble* speak?"

"Yes, but how——"

"Well, you know, the *père noble* he has a bald head with white favourites—that is to say, whiskers—and he has a big waistcoat beautifully arounded and a thick gold watch-chain, and he speak the most beautiful things about virtue and honour and modesty, and he say long *tirades* very vehement against wicked men and vice, and oh, but he is a dear little innocent white lamb this *père noble*—and that is, I think, your Mr. BALFOUR when he speak of the laborious classes and the lack of manly self-control, and, *enfin*, all that heap of nonsense I read to you from the *Times*."

"My dear BOUDIN," I said warmly, "I cannot allow you to



SPOILING SPORT.

[Most of our prominent cricketers are now engaged as expert reporters by various journals.]

impeach the sincerity of our public men in that way. Mr. BALFOUR—"

"Oh, it is not your Mr. BALFOUR alone. We have them in France, too, these deputies who think the poor man whose life is hard and whose pleasures are not many, my old fellow—that he shall always resist, resist, resist, and if he do not resist the temptation, well, he shall sink to the bottom of the sea, and we shall thank God we have sent there so poor a type."

"Well, why not?" I asked.

"And you too; *et tu, Brute!* Make him less the temptation, *sapristi*, and in the end you make him stronger, the poor man. But to talk like a *père noble* is to talk like a ombog, and it is not the less true because it is I, JEAN JACQUES MARIE AUGUSTE BOUDIN, who tell you so. Come, we will go out in Hyde Park, and you shall tell me innocent stories."

HERE VACUUM.

I WAS conscious of an unusual something in the air as I walked up the street to call on MABEL, something between a motor-car marking time and the bursting of a waterpipe. Still meditating as to the cause of the disturbance I came in view of the house, and my heart stood still at the sight before me. Through a turbulent crowd which overflowed the road into the front garden I caught a glimpse of a scarlet engine, and through a cloud of white smoke I saw the firemen's hose-pipes trailing down, like white serpents, from each doomed window. The vision of MABEL in flames roused me to frenzy, and pressing my top hat firmly on my head I dashed through the crowd and into the open front-door. The hall and ground floor were crowded by strange men pulling at the heavy furniture, or running the hose-pipes up the stairs, while in the back-ground, pale and excited, stood the pretty parlour-maid. I seized her shoulder and shook it frantically.

"Are they all out!" I cried.

"Lor' no, Sir!" she said in a startled voice; "they're all upstairs!"

"Great heavens!" I ejaculated, "what are they doing?—looking after their jewellery, I suppose." And disregarding the angry glances of the men, who seemed to resent my remark, I leaped up the stairs to the drawing-room door, and, flinging it open, stood transfixed by the sight that met my eyes. MABEL, BERTIE her small brother, BERTIE's governess and MABEL's mother were sitting serenely about the room at afternoon tea.

"Isn't there a fire?" I remarked feebly.

BERTIE laughed aloud, but MABEL, with her sweet eyes on mine, replied: "No, it's only the vacuum cleaner at work."



"DON'T POINT!"

Tommy (remembering his mother's lecture on the subject). "OH, MUMMY DEAR, ISN'T THAT VERY RUDE?"

MABEL's mother said: "Really, Mr. GREEN, you startled me dreadfully!"

BERTIE's governess said: "Indeed, yes." And all the while I was conscious of the little beast they call *Flipsie*—one of those waistcoat-pocket pet dogs, a cross between a rat and a spider—making a tour round my boots and growling diminutive thunder to itself.

I should have married MABEL last autumn if it hadn't been for *Flipsie*. *Flipsie* ruled the house with absolute authority, and from the first had declined to look favourably on me or my suit.

MABEL's mother chose her friends, servants and tradespeople according to *Flipsie's* unerring instinct—and I was weighed in the balance and found wanting.

"What a marvellous thing instinct is!" said MABEL's mother; "his intelligence penetrates where ours fails. All that is hidden from us is laid bare to him. Do you remember what an extraordinary aversion he had to the green-grocer—a fair-spoken young man—who afterwards forged his master's name and attempted to murder his aunt?"

At that moment I felt ready for a life

of crime myself, but I merely asked MABEL in a low voice if she would show me the cleaner at work. She rose with alacrity, but her mother interposed.

"BERTIE will be delighted to show you, Mr. GREEN."

I followed BERTIE. A man was wandering up and down, directing the end of a hose-pipe along the carpet, the large open-mouthed nozzle of which sucked up all dirt, dust, fluff and feathers, and in fact all unconsidered trifles that came in its reach. The man's attention was somewhat distracted by the presence of the pretty parlour-maid in an adjoining room, and presently, after warning BERTIE not to go too near, he left the pipe and went to help her hang a pair of curtains. No sooner was his back turned than BERTIE swiftly slipped an open paper under the gaping mouth of the vacuum pipe. Instantly the paper was licked up with all its contents.

"What's that?" I said.

"Oh, only my night powders," he replied gleefully; "now I'm going to fetch that lace collar they make me wear, and my toothbrush. I say, it's a pity you haven't got yours with you."

As he ran out of the room an idea struck me which in the sequel led the way to MABEL and matrimony. Ever since I left the drawing-room *Flipsie* had been dangling attentions, as usual, on my boots—my furtive but vicious kicks only strengthening the bond between us. The aperture of the pipe lay upturned on the carpet, sucking in the air with an uncanny swish. I approached my patent leather boot with *Flipsie* in attendance nearer and nearer, till only five inches divided us, and then I gave my foot a frantic wrench back to counteract the horrid pull that suddenly dragged it—like a steel filing to a magnet—into the vortex of this domestic maelstrom. I wrenched myself free and looked down with a strangely beating heart. *Flipsie* had disappeared!

Hastening through the door, I upset BERTIE and a miscellaneous collection he was carrying, amongst which I noticed the governess's *pince-nez*, a book of five-finger exercises, and a pat of soap. I dashed downstairs, hailed a passing hansom, and fled the scene.

Three days later I received the following message from MABEL:—

"We have lost our darling *Flipsie*; he must have strayed away when the cleaners were here. Our grief seems to have drawn us closer together, and Mamma wants you to come to dinner to-night, and bring your music. She says that personally she always liked you. Poor darling *Flipsie*!—Yours, MABEL.

"P.S.—The vacuum people have written most insultingly to Mamma, saying the dirt in our house was so abnormal it has quite choked their pipes."

THE LAWS OF CRICKET.

(Latest version.)

THE GAME.

I. A match is played between two sides of eleven ready-writers each. Each side has two innings and a reserve supply of pens and ink.

APPOINTMENT OF UMPIRES.

II. Before the commencement of the match two umpires shall be appointed, one for each end. They must both write a clear hand and be proficient spellers.

APPOINTMENT OF MESSENGERS.

III. Before the commencement of the match twenty-four messengers shall be appointed, one for each player and umpire, to convey copy to the telegraph office.

THE BALL.

IV. The ball shall weigh not less than five ounces and a half, when filled with ink. At the beginning of each innings it must be re-filled.

THE BAT.

V. The bat shall not exceed four inches and one quarter in the widest part; it shall not be more than thirty-eight inches in length. It must contain a fountain pen in the handle, like a sword-stick.

THE PEN.

VI. The pen must not be more than eight inches in length, and must be made of some unbreakable substance in case the ball strikes it. Every player must carry two.

THE PENCIL.

VII. The pencil must be protected by a shield over the point. This is known as a cover point.

THE PADS.

VIII. The pads must be blotting pads.

PLAY.

IX. At the beginning of the match, and of each innings, the umpire at the bowler's wicket shall call "Write."

DICTIONARIES.

X. No dictionary or thesaurus shall be allowed on the ground; but the pavilion must be full of them.

ORTHOGRAPHY.

XI. Umpires may be consulted as to the correct spelling of a word only when a batsman is out.

THE BOWLER.

XII. The bowler may be allowed to make notes between the delivery of each ball. While he is doing so the ball shall be considered dead.

THE WICKET-KEEPER.

XIII. The wicket-keeper may rest his writing-pad on the top of the stumps,

but he must not remove the bails in doing so.

THE FIELDSMEN.

XIV. Short leg must know shorthand.

THE ROLLER.

XV. The roller is to be used only after the completion of an innings. Players should place their writing-pads beneath it in order that the crease may be taken out of their style.

THE STRIKER.

XVI. The striker shall be out if in his report of the match he splits an infinitive;

XVII. Or if while stepping out to set down a good adjective he draws his foot over the popping-crease, and the wicket-keeper, abandoning his pen for the moment, stumps him;

XVIII. Or if he writes "and which;"

XIX. Or if in running he obstructs the field by jogging the arm of anyone who is writing.

WRITER'S CRAMP.

XX. The match shall be considered drawn when more than four players on either side are incapacitated by writer's cramp.

THE ANTI-MEAT MOVEMENT.

A GREAT meeting was held at the Albert Hall on Saturday last to discuss the subject of national diet, with special reference to the growing tendency to abstain from flesh foods, as recommended by Dr. HAIG.

Lord AVEBURY, who occupied the chair, said that bees, who were man's superior in almost every department except, perhaps, banking—his own banks he would remark, in the poet's phrase, were "furnished with bees"—were strict believers in the HAIG convention, if he might be allowed a pleasantry. It was, he would remind them, after office hours. No bee was ever known to eat a beef-steak, yet their polity was beyond praise.

M. CARAMELLO, the *chef* of the Churchill Restaurant, who spoke under the influence of strong emotion, declared that unless this pernicious habit of low feeding were to be checked, the most refined of the arts would perish of inanition. Only the night before, an aristocratic party from the Opera came in to supper and ordered a dish of nut cutlets. On his refusal to prepare these ignoble viands, they promptly withdrew to a vegetarian restaurant in the Strand.

Mrs. EARLE said that her only objection to Dr. HAIG's system was the omission of goats' milk from the *régime*. Goats' milk was an essential to health, although among the milkers the rate of mortality was high. This was because they were not sufficiently padded. Since the death



SUBTLE.

"AREN'T YOU A LITTLE OFF YOUR GAME THIS MORNING, MR. SMYTHE?"

"OH, I'M NOT PLAYING THIS MORNING, MISS BERTHA. ONLY JUST AMUSING MYSELF."

of the Piccadilly Goat the vital statistics for that thoroughfare showed a marked deterioration.

Mr. B. T. BOSANQUET, who described himself as a confirmed Fruitarian, declared that the success of the M.C.C. Team in Australia was due practically entirely to their devotion to Plum.

Colonel ALFRED NUTT, the Folk Lorist, said that he had been browsing upon his surname for many years with complete success. Scandinavian mythology, no less than the aboriginal legends of Northern Australia, pointed to the excellence of the HAAG menu. In his old home in Brazil, where, he would remind the company, the Nutts come from, all the strongest men were followers of HAAG.

Sir GILBERT PARKER said that, Imperial cheese being one of the chief products of Canada, he had recently purchased a residence in Wensleydale, which was called by his facetious friends the Seat of the Mity. But at the same time he was far from denying the merits of a good moose steak.

The Secretary of the Beefsteak Club said that the dietary of a certain section of the members was reducing the name of the Club to the condition of a *lucus a non lucendo*. Apart from that the

financial results of the new habit were most serious. A large number of members never took anything for lunch or dinner but what was included in their table money, and it was impossible to run the kitchen at a profit on these terms. The cook had already left because he was sick of making nothing but milk puddings, and his successor already showed signs of lively dissatisfaction.

Mr. W. R. CREMER, who won the Nobel Prize for the excellence of his Model Dairies, said that there was no doubt that the cow was the best friend of man. In the season all Society went to Cow's. (*Sensation, during which Mr. CREMER was whipped and clotted.*)

Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF stated that all his life he had been an impassioned botanist, but he was obliged to admit that for the manufacture and chronicling of *bons mots* it was impossible to dispense with a carnivorous dietary. As CÉSAR remarked in his immortal work, *cibus eorum lacte caseo carne constat*. The imperfect appreciation of humour which characterised the Scotch was, in his opinion, due to their excessive addiction to porridge. He noticed that the best things were always said at the tables of the carnivorous

and not at the vege-tables. "I remember," continued Sir MOUNTSTUART, "attending a vegetarian banquet, at which the best thing said was, 'When is a collie dog not a collie dog?' the answer being 'When it is a cauliflower.' When I related this to GOSCHEN at GRILLION'S next morning he said, 'Didn't it give you the colliewobbles?'"

At this point the Chairman abruptly called for a show of hands, which gave a pronounced majority to the carnivores, and the meeting broke up to the strains of "*The Roast Beef of Old England*," tastefully intoned upon the grand organ.

From the "Jersey Times."

"The Emperor and Empress to-day unveiled in the Thiergarten a statue of the Emperor WILLIAM I. The Emperor looked well and sunburnt."

Yes, but *which* Emperor?—or perhaps they were both nicely bronzed.

By the courtesy of the Admiralty H.M.S. *Buzzard* has been anchored as a permanent guardship of honour immediately opposite the approach to Mr. *Punch's* offices in Bouverie Street. The compliment is much appreciated.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

v.

*Grand Hôtel Bellevue,
Port Arthur, Manchuria.*

It would not at all surprise me, Eminent Sir (since it seems you are so faint-hearted a fishmonger as to cry down your piscine merchandise for too closely resembling a *post mortem* whale!) to find that you will once more caution your readers that they are only to swallow my above address with a very large saline grain! [Ed. Com.—*We must admit that the idea HAD occurred to us.*]

How well did the late King *Lear* exclaim: "Blow me, thou winter wind, you do not crack my cheek so unkindly as the serpentine tooth of a thankless editorial!" I garble from memory, as these outlandish neighbourhoods do not possess any *Dictionary of Familiar Quotations*.

Doubtless you will wring your withers, like a wincing and jaded Gaul, under the lash of my *seva indignatio*—but I am not a mere Free Trader that I can take a kick in my nether regions lying down! [Ed. Com.—*What on earth have we done NOW?*]

I would respectfully ask: is it first-class cricket to hit me below my unarmoured belt with the insinuation that I am pulling your leg-before-wicket? It is vanity to deny that I have caught you out as the fragrant derelict—for under your velvet glove I detect a cloven hoof in all its naked hideousness! [Ed. Com.—*We are at a loss to conceive how we can have deserved this ferocious metaphor.*]

Still, as Hon'ble ISAAC WALTON said to his favourite lap-hound, after it had carelessly devoured his inimitable treatise on *The Laws of Gravitation*: "Diamond, Diamond, Evil is wrought by want of Thought, as well as want of Heart!"

So perhaps you did not anticipate the panting anxiety with which I, as a stranger in a savage locality where there is only one postal delivery *per diem*, and none at all on Sundays, was awaiting the arrival of the copy of *Punch* containing the first instalment of my egregious lucubrations!

Otherwise, surely, surely you would not have inserted so many insidious fleas in my defenceless ear!

It is true that you commenced with the flattering compliment of a notice that my contribution was published "under considerable reserve," thereby betraying that at least you deemed them worthy of protection against the piracies of rival periodicals.

But, lack-a-daisy! you proceeded to interpolate sundry notes and comments, which (whether so intended or not) must infallibly produce the unimpeachable impression that you do not regard myself as an absolute *bona fide*!

I venture to think, Sir, that such a breach of ordinary Punic faith entitles me to pose as an injured innocent—even if I should not demand legal damages for defamation of my character!

As for the very mediocre *honorarium* forwarded by same mail (receipt of which I beg to acknowledge with thanks) I may remark, like Hon'ble SAMUEL JONSON in his preface to *Boswell's Dictionary of National Biography*, "had it been bigger it had been kinder."

But whether or no you should deem it politic to heal my wounded pride with a fresh supply of golden ointment (no fleas in it *this time*!) I must obsequiously insist that you are to cease these petty and carping criticisms in futurity!

Remember that the late Hon'ble Laureate TENNYSON, in his address to a plump head-waiter at Cock Hotel, London, desired that he was to "trust him all in all, or not at all"—and what is the worth of friendship if it cannot endure such a simple test as the Confidence Trick?

I scorn to justify myself! Good Champagne wine needs

no gooseberry bush—and I can well afford to let sleepy dogs go on with their lying.

Having thus placed my bone of contention in your Honour's eye, we may consider the incident closed, and I will promise not to again allude to so sore a subject.

Except by saying that, if you should consider my said present address too farfetched for plausibility, that is simply because you are making late Lord SALISBURY's mistake of studying too large a map.

My own pocket ordnance chart gives the distance from Korea to Port Arthur as not more than one inch, three quarters.

But to me it is the matter of total indifference whether it is an inch or an ell! It is enough for me that I have safely traversed it, and not on mere *Punch* business—but as bearer of secret instructions from my hon'ble friend Col. KHAKIMONO, who (being only a native of Nippon) has more implicit confidence in my veracity than certain sceptical European editorial *quidnuncs*!

For it seems he has been stuffed up with flattering tales of hope from Tokyo War Dept. that Port Arthur was already in the pretty kettle of fish, if not actually in the soup; and, being desirous of somewhat more ocular information, he requested myself to proceed on the spot, and bring him back my impressions of the final cataclysms.

So, being duly furnished by him with passport, Cook's circular return coupons (available for one month only) and introductory epistles to the Governor and Port-Admirals, I started for my hazardous mission, on pins and needles lest, like backward grass, I should not come up till after the starving steed had been stolen.

But hoity-toity! my fears proved to be totally chimerical, and already I am convinced that Col. K. has been too sanguinely counting a chicken which is not yet even new laid!

For, so far are the inhabitants from contemplating the slightest surrender that they do not admit that they are at all inconvenienced by so trumpety a bombardment—but are piping precisely as though in times of peace! [Ed. Com.—*We feel a delicacy in venturing any remark that might further wound Mr. JABBERJEE's feelings—but it is really too obvious that his circumstantial description cannot have been based on personal observation; he seems to have been inspired by certain telegrams which were being circulated, about a month ago, from St. Petersburg.*]

I have secured a suite of apartments, with excellent view of bombardment, as pensioner at above hotel, and am transported with amazement at the general tranquillity and gaiety.

The Bathing Season is now in a full swing, and the Promenade and fashionable pastrycookshops are full as an egg with elegant *beau mondes* and *élites*, while there is not a backseat to be hired in any of the theatres.

At night the entire neighbourhood is brilliantly illuminated by splendid searchlamps.

LATER.—There are pleasure yachts which will, for cost of one rouble per head (children half-price) take excursionists on a sailing jaunt round the Japanese blockading-junks, but I have not yet accomplished this trip, owing to the fact that, at present, the fleet is not yet in sight, to the inconsolable disappointment of all visitors.

Even when it does appear on some offing or other, I am informed that their bombshells are so amateurishly aimed that they fall ludicrously short, to blush unseen in unfathomed ocean caves. It is true that one cannon-ball did, a few days since, descend into a goat-sledge which was stationed near one of the bandstands—but fortunately the vehicle was untenanted by any puerile occupant, and the goat, though severely shaken, is now able to return to his ordinary duties.

I am utterly astounded at the temerity of Hon'ble Admiral

Toko in thus persisting in besieging a citadel after being magnanimously warned by all its leading inhabitants that it is totally impregnable!

Moreover, there are innumerable armour-clad Leviathans lying snug in the docks, which are fully competent, so soon as Russia should condescend to assume an offensive demeanour, to blow any blockading squadrons into a cocked hat.

Some of the aforesaid Leviathans are perforated with rather extensive orifices, but this, I am assured, is simply to improve the ventilation between their decks.

Altogether I have the shrewd suspicion that the Japanese officials with a disregard for nude Truth which is, I fear, too characteristic of some Orientalists!—have been sedulously sprinkling a peck of dust in the World's eye, by circulating barefaced taradiddles originally intended for their own marines!

It is out of the question that I can waste more of my precious time by burning daylight in such a mere health-resort, so I have packed up my traps, inquired for my bill, and am now to return to Korea, where at least there is more going on of which I can make a copy.

P.S.—Have just seen bill. O my gracious goodness! Please send me some more pocket-money *instantly*.

H. B. J.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

The *Daily Mail* has arranged with a number of leading cricketers to telegraph the point of view of their side after every day's cricket. Mr. *Punch*, as usual, goes further, and has arranged for the point of view of a great variety of other antagonists, including some cricketers.

THE LOAMSHIRE POINT OF VIEW.

The wicket was never good; it was awful when I was in.

RUMJIBUNJI batted freely.

The ball often broke.

C. B. ROAST had no luck.

The grass was green.

I could not get my eye in.

BOBBY CAIN gave no chances.

We drew stumps exactly on time.

A. C. MACNYREN,

Captain.

THE BUMPSHIRE POINT OF VIEW.

The wicket was superb.

RUMJIBUNJI was very cramped in style.

The rain kept off.

C. B. ROAST was very lucky.

MACNYREN got his eye in at once, but was bowled by a beauty.

BOBBY CAIN gave several chances.

We were late in beginning.

H. B. MUMMERY,

Captain.



QUITE EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

He. "DON'T YOU MAKE ANY MISTAKE. I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU."

She. "CAN'T POSSIBLY GUESS THE EXACT AMOUNT, BUT I'LL GUARANTEE NOT HALF SO MUCH AS I KNOW ABOUT MYSELF!"

THE MAGISTRATE'S POINT OF VIEW.

Three months' hard labour.

THE BURGLAR'S POINT OF VIEW.

The magistrate was most unfair.

The policeman was a liar.

I stood in the dock without a quiver.

Three months is absurd!

I shall do it again directly I come out.

THE HUNTSMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

One of the best runs of the season.

Good scent all the way.

Sir HEAVYSTONE STODDON unfortunately fell at a stiff bank and broke his collar bone.

At the last moment, I regret to say, the fox got away.

THE FOX'S POINT OF VIEW.

So tired I can hardly write.

The worst and hardest run I ever remember.

I am glad to say that one man fell and was hurt.

At the last moment, when death seemed certain and not unwelcome, I escaped.

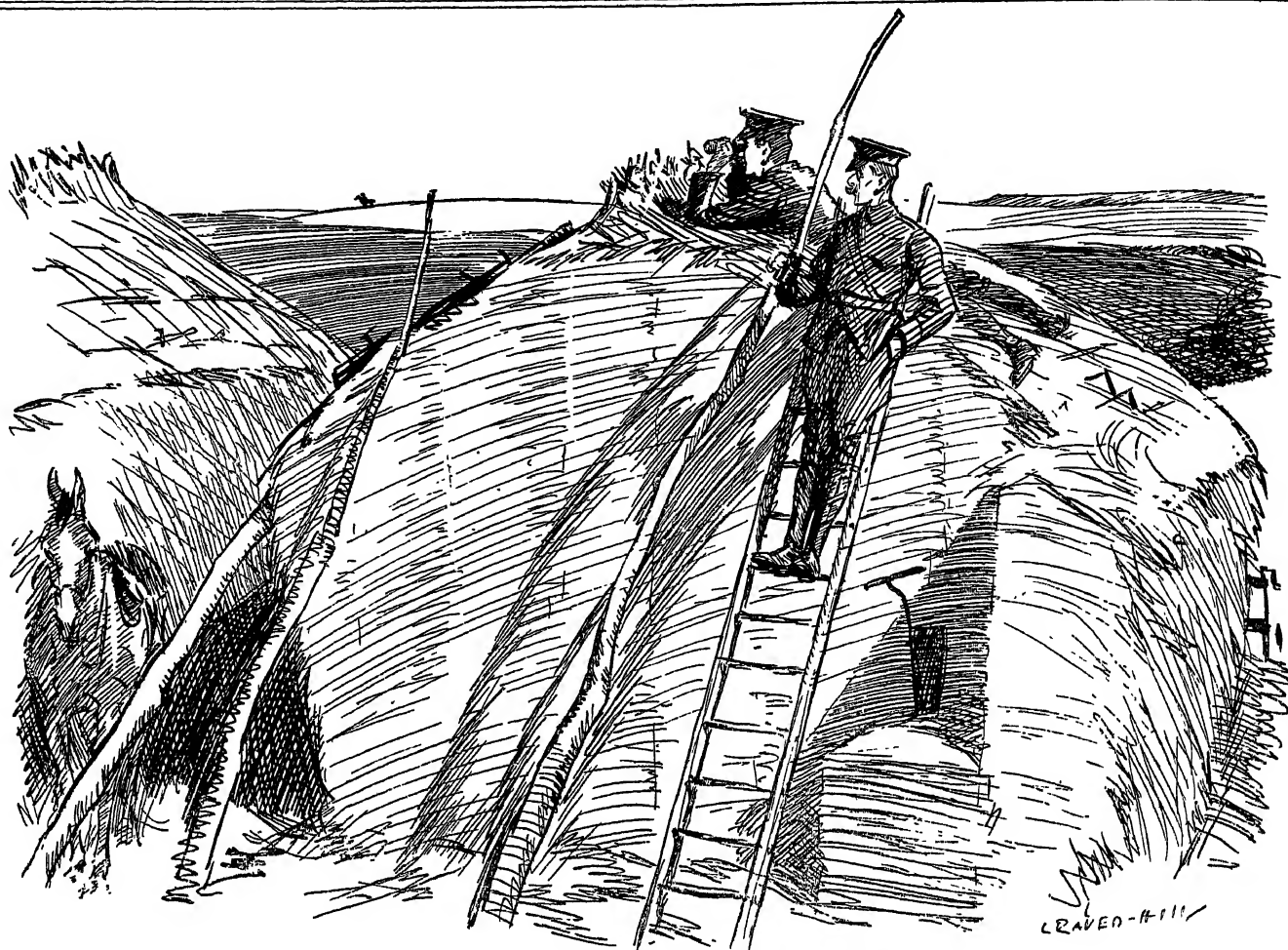
THE PUBLISHER'S POINT OF VIEW.

The publisher of *The Albino Agnostic* is confident that in this book he has discovered a work of genius worthy to rank with *Feverel of the Freak* and *Robert Hellsnear*. Never in his experience can he recall anything to compare with the *frisson* which he experienced on reading, &c., &c.

THE SANE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

Rubbish.

"RUSSIAN NAVAL APPOINTMENT."—Very satisfactory we hope. Rather more so than recent Russian Naval Dis-appointments.



THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT.

First Budding General. "I SAY, IS THAT JOHNNIE ON THE HILL A SCOUT OR A WRETCHED CIVILIAN?"
Second Budding General. "MY DEAR CHAP, DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A SORT OF SHERLOCK HOLMES?"

FABLES.

I.

THE giddy fly paused in his circumvolatory exercises.

"It is undeniable," said he, "that the flame of a candle exerts a powerful fascination. But it is equally undeniable that to venture too close to it would be the height of folly, folly from which disastrous consequences would inevitably ensue. Briefly to review such consequences: I should perish. My untimely end would effectually wreck all my hopes and plans for future prosperity; my home would be desolated, my family rendered destitute, and I should leave behind me, in place of an honoured memory, sorrow and shame to the third generation. Shall I commit a folly so criminal, a crime so foolish?"

Having soliloquised thus, he entered the flame.

II.

On a certain fine day in India you led a horse to the water, but you could not make him drink.

So you gave him what for.

Then you tried again, and again you could not make him drink.

So you cursed his stupidity, and taught him a lesson.

And a third time you tried, and a third time you failed to make him drink.

Then you spoke with the tongues of men and of angels, and had not charity. Indeed, you swore most earnestly, slandering the creature's ancestry and blaspheming his gods. After which you seized the rein, and, stepping into the river,

tried to pull the brute in, for he was nearly dropping with the drought of a fervent Indian noon.

I heard the Mugger laugh as he grabbed your leg.

THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

THE *Scotsman* I ken, for the grocer sends hame
 The butter an' eggs wrappit up in the same;
 An' the *Times* I hae read, for I foun' it, ye see,
 Tied roun' a bit paircel I had frae Dundee.

Wi' sic a wide readin' ye a' maun confess
 I ken a wee pickle aboot the warl's press,
 But in a' o' my studies I never hae yet
 Seen aucht to compare wi' oor *Anster* Gazette*.

Your *Times* an' your *Scotsman* are jist a fair fash
 Wi' their politics, furrin affairs an' sic trash,
 But as for real news, gin ye're wishin' to ken
 What's daein' in Anster, why, whaur are ye then?

Thae ignorant editors! Likely the loons'll
 No mention my speech at the last Pairish Cooncil,
 Nor yet my address at the Sabbath Schule Tea,
 Nor the bonny bit blessin' was spoken by me.

Na, na! Gie me fac's aboot fouk that ye ken,
 Nae Kings an' sic craturs, but real livin' men:
 The Bailies I've cracked wi', the Provosts I've met—
 Gie me my Ideal, the *Anster Gazette*.

* *Anglicè*, Anstruther.



CHANGE OF TASTE.

JOSEPH (the Chef). "DON'T LIKE THE OLD RECIPE. TOO RICH. FAR BETTER WITHOUT ALL THAT DEVONSHIRE CREAM."

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, finding the present constitution of the Liberal Unionist Council too "aristocratic" for his taste, is bringing forward a series of resolutions with the view of reconstituting the Council on the basis of a fuller representation of the Party.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 9.—Occasionally gentlemen below the Gangway, who know more of Parliamentary strategy than their pastors and masters soaring above it, complain of C.-B.'s tactics in Parliamentary warfare. All concede he had a happy thought when he selected THOMAS BURR to move rejection of Licensing Bill. The Member for MORPETH, a constant attendant on Front Bench, rarely offers a contribution to debate. Almost morbidly modest, he is hard to move from the conviction that what he has to say on any particular topic is not worth troubling mankind with. Nevertheless—perhaps consequently—there is none the House would rather hear than the ex-Secretary to the Board of Trade, who, as he mentions for the information of students of *Dod*, "commenced working in coal pits at an early age."

Following the HOME SECRETARY this afternoon he held in close attention the largest audience of the sitting. His deep, musical, Northumbrian burr recalls a countryman, colleague, and friend who long since left us. BURR has not the eloquence that adorned the infrequent speeches of JOE COWEN. That was a thing apart. The quaintly-dressed scholar and man of letters who sat for Newcastle-on-Tyne through the seventies was the last of the born orators found below the Gangway. Another, a contemporary who predeceased him, was P. J. SMYTH.

But though the ex-collier, who has represented MORPETH these thirty years, makes no effort at winged flight of oratory, his speech has excellent literary flavour, the sentences being perfectly turned, weighty in argument, informed by high personal character. The speech put a powerful spoke in the wheel of the Bill on this its first turning.

Business done. Debate on Second Reading of Licensing Bill opened. The Lords busy with Education Bill introduced by Bishop of ST. ASAPH. A pains-taking, ingenious device to ease the deadlock in Wales created by Education Bill. Right Rev. brother of ST. DAVID's gave judicious measure of support. With the Welshman speaking in the House of Lords and the Northumbrian addressing the House of Commons one had flashed upon him sudden vision of the variety of race, each with native tongue, who people a geographically insignificant island.

"What line is ST. DAVID's taking?" SARK asked a noble Lord who was quitting the House.

"I am not quite sure," said the irreverent Peer. "As far as I can make out he is reading in his native tongue an early Welsh manuscript."



"EXCELLENT LITERARY FLAVOUR."

Mr. Th-m-s B-r-t.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—

"No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth."

Thus the LORD CHANCELLOR. And as he murmured the words of DUNCAN, King of Scotland, he unconsciously put on royal air. The hand imperiously waved toward Lord CAWDOR conveyed subtle impression of holding a sceptre.

House generally in state of uproar unfamiliar in the placid atmosphere. Noble Lords on both sides cried "Order! Order!" just as if they were in the House of Commons, and the gentleman on his legs was an Irish Member.



Lord M-rp-th follows the Member for Morpeth.

CAWDOR looked round in blank amazement. What was the matter? Had they all gone mad? Had Birnam Wood untimely come to Dunsinane? Had *Macduff* cried aloud the weird secret of his birth before receiving the cue?

CAWDOR really didn't know; all he was conscious of was that, he having risen with intent to say a few words, here was the whole House at his heels like a pack of hounds, the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR mysteriously wagging his head and pointing at unseen things on the horizon.

As he stood with blanched cheek staring at demented Thanes, one whispered a word in his ear. Clapping his hand to his head he found it was true. In deep thought he had risen from his seat without removing his hat. Hence this outcry.

"Wouldn't you also like to put up your umbrella?" a noble Lord sympathetically whispered in his ear from a back bench.

A pleasing incident, varying the austere respectability of the Chamber. In the Commons it is not an unusual thing for a Member strolling out to a division to forget to remove his hat. The uproar that follows puts in the shade the emotion displayed by noble Lords to-night.

Affair brought into prominence peculiar difference between procedure in two Houses. The LORD CHANCELLOR, though he draws an additional £5000 a year for presiding over legislative Chamber, is not endowed with disciplinary authority. Had the third Earl of CAWDOR still been Lord EMLYN, with a seat in the Commons, his apparition with his hat on whilst he addressed the Chair would have been met by stern cry of "Order!" from the SPEAKER. All the LORD CHANCELLOR could do was to wave his arms, at first sight suggesting to the bewildered Chairman of the Great Western Railway the idea of a station porter directing the shunting of a train.

Business done.—Lord CAWDOR forgets to take off his hat.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—Commons had their burst of uproar to-day. Row in the Lords when Thane of CAWDOR presented himself in twentieth-century hat mere murmur by comparison. Happened at twenty minutes past seven. Prince ARTHUR resumed seat after winding up debate on second reading of Licensing Bill. House crowded in anticipation of division. Feeling of relief at conclusion of three days' drear debate. Just get division over in time to slip away and dress for dinner. Deputy Speaker risen to put question; found himself confronted by HERBERT ROBERTS, who had something to say, its deliverance designed to carry debate over half-past seven, and so necessitate resumption at fresh sitting.

Members gasped for a moment in pained astonishment. HERBERT ROBERTS of all Members, the mildest mannered man that ever cut in where he wasn't wanted. The silence, awful in its intensity, suddenly broken by anguished howl. A den of tigers seeing the lions' dinner carried past their cage, themselves apparently forgotten, could not exceed the roar of the gentlemen of England at the prospect of their dinner postponed.

HERBERT ROBERTS faltered, bending before the sudden hurricane like a sapling in a north-west gale. Members thinking they had frightened him almost out of life intermitted their roar. ROBERTS



"STOP, STOP!"

Porter H-lsb-ry stops the Cawdor
(Un-)Parliamentary.

seized opportunity to observe, "Mr. DEPUTY SPEAKER—"

These were his first and last audible words. For ten minutes by Westminster clock he stood, his lips moving, his hand apparently emphasising argument or enforcing illustration. He was evidently making a speech, possibly in Welsh. He might an' he pleased have lapsed into that language or even worse without rebuke from the Chair. Not the faintest whisper of his voice rose above the uproar.

At twenty-five minutes past seven Colonel SANDYS jumped up and said something in a sentence. No one caught its drift; guessed he was moving the closure. Deputy Speaker made no sign. Prince ARTHUR lolling on Treasury Bench, discussing with ALFRED LYTTELTON moral

bearing of Chinese labour, seemed indifferent to episode that threatened upsetting of all business arrangements. Indifference assumed; eye furtively kept on the clock. When long hand moved almost within touch of half-past seven he rose. Gentlemen of England, still howling, varied their note into a wild cheer of welcome. Then silence whilst Prince ARTHUR moved that "the question be now put." Put it was, and Members with parched throats went forth into the division lobby.

Business done.—Second reading of Licensing Bill carried by 353 votes against 196.

Friday night.—Looking through a fresh book of "Memories" by Dr. KERR come upon a story whose moral will recommend it to Major RASCH in his crusade against long speeches.

One THOMAS THORP bequeathed his savings to a distant relative on condition that the legatee should place by his grave-side a tombstone, preserving his name for posterity, and throwing in a bit of poetry. On making enquiry the canny Scot upon whom fortune unexpectedly smiled discovered that inscriptions on tombstones cost so much a word. He gave instructions to a local artist to prepare one as short as possible. The stone-cutter after profound thought suggested the following:—

Here lies the corp
Of THOMAS THORP.

The legatee, mindful of the condition of the bequest, but careful for shillings, spent a sleepless night in effort further to reduce the inscription. At length he succeeded, and in a far-off Scottish graveyard stands at this day a moderately sized headstone bearing this inscription:

THORP'S
Corpse.

This triumphantly shows what can be done in the way of condensation, whether of speech or writing, if a man honestly gives his mind to it.

Business done.—Private Members'.

Startling Occurrence in a Post-office.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am not subject to hallucinations, and this is what happened. I stood in the spacious hall of a post-office. Beside me a fellow citizen was transacting business with an official. Some slight error occurred, for which the official was to blame; imagine my feelings when I heard him pronounce these extraordinary words to the customer: "I beg your pardon, Sir."

Oh, Mr. Punch, Sir, is the Millennium near?

Yours in deep respect and agitation,
A PLAIN MAN.

MORE SUSPICIONS.

It is hinted in the Lobby that Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL is in possession of information which gravely affects the character of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. An Irish Member chanced to be making a small purchase at a tobacconist's when the Chancellor came in, and after buying a twopenny Borneodora observed to the assistant, in a markedly significant manner, "It's a fine day to-day," thus implying that it might not be a fine day for the tobacconist on the morrow. The next day saw the introduction of the Budget. Mr. MACNEILL, it is understood, will put a question on the paper, and, save in the highly problematical case of a satisfactory explanation, will afterwards move the adjournment.

The energy of Mr. McKENNA is said to have unearthed another highly suspicious circumstance. The story is that on enquiring at the Civil Service Stores he found that on the day prior to the Budget Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN's house-keeper purchased two pounds of 3s. 6d. tea in place of the one pound she usually bought. The attention of the Chancellor will be drawn to the growing practice of forestalling, and to move a resolution.

Lord LANSDOWNE's latest indiscretion will possibly be noticed on the Foreign Office Vote. Just before the publication of the Anglo-French Treaty, Mr. WEIR saw the Foreign Secretary and the French Ambassador drive up to the Foreign Office in a hansom. Lord LANSDOWNE allowed the Ambassador to pay the driver. Mr. WEIR says that of course he does not imply that the surrender of British rights in Morocco is a direct consequence of this, but he remarks very justly that it is most undesirable that an English Secretary of State should be under financial obligations to the Ambassador even of the most friendly nation.

On Doctor CLIFFORD's last visit to Oxford a reliable informant remarked to him that there had been a great increase in the quantity of firewood supplied to All Souls College recently. It is believed that Sir WILLIAM ANSON, in anticipation of an increase in Welsh Martyrs on the Education question, is trying to corner the faggot market. As Sir WILFRID LAWSON observed with a touch of old-world humour, "His prophets and ours are both at stake." But, jesting apart, there are in this case the elements of a very ugly scandal.

FINEST QUALITY FIRST ARCHANGEL
Wanted, 1 in., 1½ in., and 1½ in., 8 in. to 11 in.; must be dry.—*Contract Journal.*

But surely archangels are *always* thoroughly well-aired.



A MODERN WOMAN. INNOCENCE UP TO DATE.

Small Girl (to man who has been promising circuses, &c.). "YOU ARE A DEAR MAN! I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH—MORE THAN ANY OTHER, 'CEPT ONE. YOU SHALL BE MY SECOND HUSBAND!"

THE NEW GAME.

[The papers announce that the Thibetans were to be seen "firing jingals from a jong into our camp." Since reading this the writer has lost all interest in other and simpler matters.]

Time was I cared for cricket, golf,
Bridge, billiards, and ping-pong;
Cutting a ball to the ropes for four,
Doubling a spade to the sixth or more
When things were going wrong;
But now I spend my evenings off
In jingal-firing—from a jong.

Of old I had my hopes of bliss
The coming years would bring:
Lunching at large with a peer or two,
Filling a page in the last "Who's
Who"—

You know the kind of thing;
But now my only joy is this—
To fire a jongal from a jing.

Though editors despise my pen,
And saxes go bang,
Creditors seize my only chair,
Prison authorities cut my hair,
I do not mind a hang:
So long as, every now and then,
I fire a jungle from a jang.

And, when upon my life you see
The final curtain rung,
With reverent head and on bended
knee

This be the verse you grave for me:
"Here lies unwept, unsung,
All that is left of JONES—N.B.
He fired a jangal from a jung."

BATES.

BATES once told me that when he was a little boy he invariably took off his gloves if, on getting into an omnibus or railway carriage, he found his fellow-passengers were without those articles of attire. He did it, he said, out of consideration for their feelings. I was inclined to doubt it at the time, never having met the class of little boy to which BATES would appear to have belonged; but I can quite believe it now—since I presented BATES with that continental tobacco-pipe.

I bought it in Milan. Its clumsy head, made of some sort of imitation meerschaum, was surmounted by a hinged lid of metal of equally doubtful composition. Its wooden stem tapered off into a cork, which was supposed to fit into the head, but didn't. The genius who devised it had, however, provided for this peculiarity by mooring the head to the middle of the stem with a short cable of green cord, adorned with several tassels. Its mouthpiece had originally formed part of the horns, or the hoofs, of some animal or other.

I only smoked it once. If you so much as attempted to hold it in your

mouth, its weight made your teeth ache in five seconds. If you held it by the bowl, it burnt your fingers. If you held it by the stem, the head at once dropped off and was brought up by the cable with a jerk that sent the burning tobacco all over the carpet. Perhaps the genius meant you always to smoke it with the lid shut: but, so arranged, no person of ordinary lung capacity could make it draw. And, when it did draw, the flavour of tobacco was entirely lost in a combined sensation of overheated earthenware and singed horn.

I came to the conclusion, with mature consideration, that perhaps, after all, it was not intended for a pipe, but for a present. Then I thought of BATES—my dear, polite friend BATES—and remembered that I had returned from Italy without bringing him any little souvenir of my visit.

I presented it to him. "I've had one pipe out of it," I said, "just to take some of the newness off, you know. I thought you wouldn't mind."

"It's really very good of you to have remembered me," said BATES, as he carried the pipe away, "very good indeed—come round some evening."

I went round one evening—perhaps a week later. I expected that he would have had a struggle with the thing—brief but decisive, as mine had been—and would then have wisely hung it up over his mantelpiece as a curiosity. I should also, had it been anyone else but BATES, have been prepared to exercise due caution in accepting anything in the shape of a cigar that might be offered me.

"Now," said BATES, taking the pipe out of a drawer, as soon as we were comfortably settled in his den, "now I'll start. I thought that as you had been so good as to bring this all the way from Milan for me it would be only courteous to wait until you came, and celebrate the initiatory rites in your presence. I'm not much of a smoker, you know."

"Aren't you?" I said, uneasily; "in that case, perhaps—"

"What?" asked BATES, filling the capacious bowl.

"Nothing," I replied. "I thought you might prefer—"

"Cigarettes? Nasty things! Give me a pipe!" exclaimed BATES.

"I have," I remarked.

"And had a try at it, what?" said BATES.

"Once," I said. "I wish I hadn't!"

"Oh, I don't mind at all, my dear fellow," said BATES politely, as he struck a light and began puffing away.

I did not want to see him suffer, but I did not know what more to say. But somehow BATES got on with the horrible machine much better than I had done.

He grasped it firmly by the stem, and the bowl did not fall off; it seemed to draw beautifully; he threw back his head and smilingly blew rings with every appearance of enjoyment. It was I who suffered, and I was greatly relieved when at length he knocked out the ashes, and, examining the pipe critically for the fiftieth time, said, "Thanks awfully, old man; it is indeed very uncommon."

Presently I rose to go, and BATES accompanied me to the front door. The gardener was waiting in the hall.

"Ports," said BATES, "will see you down the drive, old chap; it's rather dark. Good-night!"

I was marvelling at the extreme courtesy with which BATES treated his guests, when Ports began to talk.

"I've had a rare job all this week," he said, "with that there forren pipe you give to Mas'r BATES. What wi' piecing it together wi' string, and blowing shag through it every morning in the greenhouse to get the taste out of it, till I were fair sick—I wouldn't take it on again, no, not if you was to give me five bob, I wouldn't."

I paid Ports the amount of his damages. On the whole I think I prefer moderately rude people to such a "pine-apple of politeness" as BATES.

TUBEROSES.

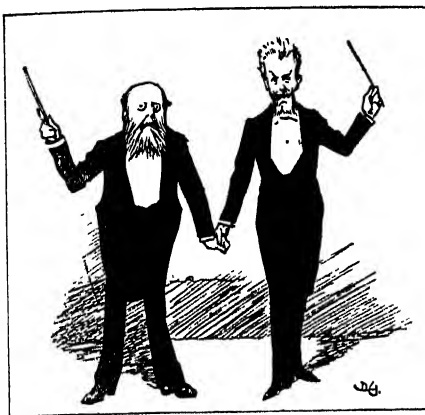
[A controversy is now raging in the columns of the *Daily Mail* as to why, when the Tube is full, some ladies are offered seats while others are not. The statement of one correspondent that she is permitted to stand because she is young, pretty, and healthy-looking, has naturally roused resentment in the hearts of those who have been offered seats.]

WHEN the Tube is replete,
And there isn't a seat
Each morn as I travel to town,
Some gallant I find,
Judiciously kind,
Who rises and lets me sit down.
I smile, and he raises his hat—
And I publicly certify that
Though a bit over twenty
Of graces I've plenty,
And that's why she's jealous—
The Cat!

It's an error, forsooth,
To imagine that youth
Is the only essential that pays;
Why, a babe at romance
Stands a very poor chance
When matched with my womanly
ways.
It's the charms that are ripest
that please,
And I know, as I sit at my ease
In the seats they surrender
With glances so tender,
They're longing to offer
Their knees.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 9.—WAGNER'S *Lohengrin*.—This is a



TWO OF A TRADE IN PERFECT HARMONY.

Hans Richter conducts Signor Mancinelli, and Signor Mancinelli conducts Hans Richter, before the curtain, to receive the plaudits of the audience.

perfect. Herr VAN ROOY is powerful in voice and dramatically villainous in action, as also is his charmingly-wicked co-conspirator Madame KIRKBY LUNN as *Ortrud*. Dr. HANS RICHTER has well doctored the chorus of comically-crowned aristocracy, who, if not all celibates, show such a rigid regard for propriety, that, when staying a night or so in the same hôtel—"The Fortress" at Antwerp (we do not recall it)—with the ladies of the Court, these high-minded noblemen, in order to avoid the faintest breath of scandal, insist on occupying the left wing of the building, while the charming Countesses and Duchesses, of various ages and sizes, are all "in their own right" quartered in, apparently, first-floor rooms on the opposite side of the building. These titled ladies and gentlemen observe so stately and dignified a bearing in their dealings with one another that it seems as though either they were only the most casual acquaintances, or their cool manner towards each other, individually and collectively, was the result of some deadly quarrel. Of course it may be their artfulness, and the nobles may be in reality the slickest of gay dogs, and the ladies the most hypocritical hussies. But we would rather not think so; let us have one illusion left. So excellent, however, is their courtly tradition of politeness, that in public they are all in complete harmony. A musical triumph for HANS RICHTER.

Tuesday, May 10. Rentrée of Madame MELBA as Juliette



EGG AND HELMET TRICK—TWO TO ONE LAID.

On retiring, *Lohengrin* (Herr Herold) takes off his helmet, and finds that the swan has laid two to one on him.

German night, in which language the artists sing, and a majority of the audience talk. Enthusiastic applause at the end of every Act. Herr HEROLD as *Lohengrin* is somewhat nervous on his first appearance here, but if not yet quite "in it" with a certain JEAN, fresh in our memory, certainly never once is he "a knight out." Fräulein DESTINN, rather "ein Kernmädel" for *Elsa*, is vocally and dramatically

perfect. Herr VAN ROOY is powerful in voice and dramatically villainous in action, as also is his charmingly-wicked co-conspirator Madame KIRKBY LUNN as *Ortrud*. Dr. HANS RICHTER has well doctored the chorus of comically-crowned aristocracy, who, if not all celibates, show such a rigid regard for propriety, that, when staying a night or so in the same hôtel—"The Fortress" at Antwerp (we do not recall it)—with the ladies of the Court, these high-minded noblemen, in order to avoid the faintest breath of scandal, insist on occupying the left wing of the building, while the charming Countesses and Duchesses, of various ages and sizes, are all "in their own right" quartered in, apparently, first-floor rooms on the opposite side of the building. These titled ladies and gentlemen observe so stately and dignified a bearing in their dealings with one another that it seems as though either they were only the most casual acquaintances, or their cool manner towards each other, individually and collectively, was the result of some deadly quarrel. Of course it may be their artfulness, and the nobles may be in reality the slickest of gay dogs, and the ladies the most hypocritical hussies. But we would rather not think so; let us have one illusion left. So excellent, however, is their courtly tradition of politeness, that in public they are all in complete harmony. A musical triumph for HANS RICHTER.

to the *Roméo* of M. SALEZA. Happy *Roméo*! The favourite *prima donna*, as Juliette writ large, perched up aloft in her balcony warbled her sweet notes, and inspired M. SALEZA to rise to the occasion, which he did, getting as far as the balcony of the verandah. The Botanical Friar was well represented by M. JOURNET; and once again Mlle. BAUERMEISTER

gave us her inimitable rendering of giddy *Gertrude*, the sly nurse (distinctly a near relative of that wicked dame *Martha* in *Faust*), between whom and old *Capulet* (M.



SALEZA-ROMÉO BETWEEN JULIETTE MELBA AND JULIETTE ADAMS.

"How happy could I be with either!"

GILBERT) there is evidently something more than meets the eye. Congratulations to Signor MANCINELLI. Crowded house. Enthusiastic. QUEEN, Prince, Princess of WALES and Princess VICTORIA, all evidently pleased: ergo, to quote a portion of the tag of the ancient but universally popular farce, the Royal "Box is satisfied."

Wednesday, May 11.—*Tristan und Isolde* in Three Acts: done in German. Fräulein TERNINA unsurpassable as heroine; Herr BURRIAN as *Tristan* singing as well as acting first-rate. Enthusiastic calls: especially for Dr. RICHTER as representing company, orchestra and himself all rolled into one. Madame KIRKBY LUNN a fine *Brangäne*, and ditto for VAN ROOY as *Kurwenal*. Herr KNÜFFER's *Marke* equal to a sovereign.

Friday.—*Faust* in French, with chorus of Italian army. Symbolical of Harmonious Alliance. SUZANNE ADAMS a sweet *Marquérîte*, sparkling among the brilliants in Mr. RYAN's perfectly lovely "garden scene." Special success of Miss PARKINA as nice little boy lover, Siebel. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER is most welcome to us all in her admirable impersonation of coquetish *Martha*. Jovial Monsieur JOURNET good, but not devilishly good, as *Mephisto*. FAURE was the great *Mephistopheles*; and 'tis difficult, at any time, to find one man equal to FAURE. Signor SCOTTI acting and singing well as *Valentin*. M. DALMORES in make-up, acting and singing, a fair



As Telramund—Van Rooy-tooral-looral. Startling effect!

Faust. M. COTREUIL cleverly takes the part of *Wagner*; GOUNOD knew what he was about when he gave *Wagner* an eccentric bit of music and then cut it short; artful. Under the safe conduct of Signor MANCINELLI *Faust* finished famously. Crowded house, for *Faust* is an old favourite, very hard to beat.

Altogether, on reviewing the first three weeks of the operatic season, the Singdicat may certainly shake hands with themselves at Whitsuntide, when those of their audience who can do so give themselves a few bars' rest and a change of air; and when, for those who can't, the Covent Garden Management is able to provide both frequent change of scene and continual change of air.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Letters from England (SMITH, ELDER) were written by Mrs. GEORGE BANCROFT, and cover the term during which her husband, the historian, filled the position of American Minister at the Court of St. James's. It was during the late Forties, a period full of social, literary and historical interest. Under the direction of a lively, keen-eyed lady, to whom everything in the old world was startlingly fresh, we get vivid peeps of well-known personages. Among the portraits, lightly sketched, are those of MACAULAY, the Duke of

CAMBRIDGE in his prime, the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS, then a comparatively young thing known as Miss ANGELA COUTTS, Mr. and Mrs. DISRAELI, Sir GEORGE GREY, Lord MORPETH, Lord LANSDOWNE, TOM MOORE, and, not least informing, the Prince Consort. There are many notes of contact with Queen VICTORIA, then in the full bloom of early married life. My Baronite is especially delighted with the reference to Lady SUFFIELD. Belonging to one of the oldest high Tory families, so opposed was she to innovations that when, consequent upon the opening of a railway, her letters arrived at seven in the morning, she would never allow them to be opened till two in the afternoon. All her life, through mail-coach days, they had been delivered at that hour, and she was not going to change her habits because men made railways that ran (so they said) at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Like Queen ANNE, Lady SUFFIELD is dead, and has consequently been spared much suffering in the way of electric lights, electric trains, motor-cars, and dinner at half-past eight.

To all who are at the present moment interested in Japanese movements—and who is not?—the Baron persuasively recommends the perusal of a little book, brightly written, by CONSTANCE TAYLER, entitled *Koreans at Home* (CASSELL & Co.). The illustrations are both "plain and coloured"—the coloured individuals there represented being mostly uncommonly plain. The authoress is an observant *raconteuse*, of a ready pen and wit. One among many striking pictures is that of "An unmarried Korean Boy." This boy looks like a girl, and his age might be anything in the 'teens. Now, that one unique individual should be singled out from among all Koreans seems to imply that most Korean boys are married, and that this gay young bachelor, of, say fourteen or thereabouts, is a rare exception to the rule. The authoress, evidently appreciating his loneliness, shows us also a young "unmarried girl," who is evidently the very helpmate suitable to the aforesaid boy-bachelor. Early marriages, it seems, are encouraged in Korea: and, apparently, so also is serious flirtation; as in the very same plate is a portrait of a "Kisso or Messenger." Now what does the name of "Kisso" suggest? Lip-service. And if Master Kisso be "a messenger" is it not clear that he must be an *employé* of Korean Kupid? The Baron leaves the solution of this Korean problem to intelligent English

readers of both sexes. The "Emperor of KOREA" (p. 41), who looks here like a mechanical doll, may remind not a few of one of those quaint figures which that excellent ventriloquist, the late "Lieutenant COLE," used to such amusing purpose in his highly-popular entertainment. Facing p. 15 is a delightful portrait of "a Korean Bridegroom," who appears to have been awakened from slumber rather too early in the morning, and therefore has had only barely time to don a red dressing-gown, easy slippers, and to balance a tall-crowned straw hat, several sizes too small for him, on the top of his head, before going out into the street. If he be receiving visitors his attitude towards them must necessarily be very stiff, as the slightest nod on his part, not to mention any attempt at a bow or a shake of the hand, would immediately imperil the position of the hat. Altogether a most amusing and interesting book.

Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS publish *The United States in Our Own Time*, appropriately named, since the work is in form and style closely modelled on JUSTIN M'CARTHY'S *History of Our Own Times* given by the firm to an appreciative world. Mr. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, sometime President of Brown University, is now Chancellor of the University of Nebraska. But there is nothing of the Professor in his way of writing. He is delightfully chatty, teeming with information, telling at rapid pace the marvellous history of the United States from reconstruction in 1870 up to the close of last year, which he notes as the date of expansion. The pages are full of pen-and-ink portraits, rapidly drawn with skilful hand, of men whose names are familiar to the British reader. The interest is increased by some five hundred illustrations, chiefly from photographs, snapshots of faces and places. A chapter my Baronite finds of special interest just now is that which deals with the question of Chinese immigration to California. An Irish immigrant named KEARNEY led the crusade against his yellow brother. "The Chinese must go," was the opening phrase of KEARNEY'S multitudinous speeches, a declaration that never palled on the ears of the excited mob.

In writing *A Race with Ruin* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), Mr. HEADON HILL had his eye on a plot for a melodrama for Drury Lane or for the Adelphi, should the management of the latter theatre determine upon returning to its old line of business. Here in this novel is miching malecho with a vengeance, and matter sufficient for, say, quite a couple of thorough-going melodramas of the deepest dye, with the possibility of more than one powerful sensation scene, which would give the stage-manager, the scene-painter and the mechanist some fine opportunities. As to actors' chances, they are innumerable. From the experienced Romance and Novel Reader's point of view, which is also that of the astute "Skipper," the one serious fault in this melodramatic work is that the shadows of coming events are too clearly cast before them. By those virgin minds, however, that still retain their pristine innocence of all criminal procedure and proceedings, the sufferings of the victims, the energy of the good, the wiles of the villains, and the dodgery of the detectives, will be found matter exciting enough to keep their attention awake long after the hour of bed-time has sounded. But for "*nous autres*" *c'est vieux jeu*. By the way, there is a *vieux jeu* in it, who is as exceptionally good a character as the kindly old Mr. Riah in *Our Mutual Friend*, who was intended by DICKENS as a set-off against the villainous *Fagin*.



M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. VII.

WE were walking, BOUDIN and I, the other day in Piccadilly just where that street begins its slope westward from Devonshire House.

"Come, BOUDIN," said I, "you must admit that a street like this is hard to beat. Of course I know what you'll say—"

"Then I will not say it," he broke in. "It is stupid like a mutton to say something when the other man he know it before you say it. Therefore I guard the silence, my bulldog of Piccadilly, I guard the silence the most profound."

"Why so touchy, BOUDIN?"

"Touchy! *Moi!* Ah, by example, there is what is good. No, it is I, BOUDIN, who say to you, 'Speak, my brave; you have the word and you can speak what you will. Praise your Piccadilly, for I admit it is a beautiful street, and I, for my part, I will not pronounce in a whisper the name of the Boulevard, which is, *sapristi*, a beautiful street also. And so we are both happy, you because you love your Piccadilly, and I (but I am, it seems, doubly happy) because I love your Piccadilly and my own Boulevard also,'" and he began to sing a refrain:—

"Tric trac, quand ça va bien
Dans ma boutique, j'aime la musique.
Tric trac, quand ça va bien
J'aime la musique—"

"What a song-bird you are, BOUDIN!" I thought it best to interrupt him, for the people in the street were all beginning to turn round and stare at my young friend, who was trolling out the song at the top of a pair of by no means feeble lungs. He saw through me, however.

"Ah, you do not like your little BOUDIN to sing. *Très bien*. You say it is *inconvenant* to make music in full air in this so magnificent Piccadilly. The other bulldogs do not like music to sound in their ears when they go to sell their wives at Smithfield, for you know, my good friend, they will all sell their wives at Smithfield; it is your English custom. And *le Lor Maire* will be there to see that there is a fair play, is it not so, *hein?*" and he began again, but in a lower voice—

"Il y avait un millor de Londres
Bien gras, bien solide,
Qui se fit diablement tondre—"

"It is a little *poésie* which I compose, but I have not finish him yet. He shall describe the customs of the English as they exist at this hour, and every word shall be the true truth—

Pour les maris c'est bien commode,
Tantarata, tantarata."

"Look here, BOUDIN," I said with determination, "if you're going on like a *primo tenore* gone mad, we shall be taken up by the police. If you must sing, let's get into a hansom."

"A hansom!" he cried in a tone of terror; "ah, but no—a thousand times no. We will go—you and your friend BOUDIN, so respectful and so devoted—we will go in an omnibus, in a four-in-hand, in an automobile, or even in a growlair, but in a hansom—no, no. I am a man of much courage. I am ready to go on the *terrain* with my wife's grandfather if I marry and my wife's grandfather (I hope she have one) say me any *injures* but in a hansom I will not go. I love life, and the English *meesses* are *blondes* and amiable, and Piccadilly is beautiful, and one day I hope to see *ce beau pays de France* once more. No, in a hansom I do not enter."

"But, my dear BOUDIN," I said laughing, "surely that's absurd. Why, there isn't a smarter sort of conveyance in the world than a hansom. We are rather proud of them, I assure you, for London is practically the only place where you can find them, and as for danger—"



A PERSONAL GRIEVANCE.

"I SAY, WON'T THEY LET YOU GO INTO LONG TROUSERS?"

"Now I tell you, my fine fellow," said BOUDIN eagerly, "you are wrong. If there are no hansoms in foreign cities it is because they are not all fools in foreign cities. Possibly they have seen a hansom and they do not like him. And I do not care for the smart. I like my top-hat best, and when I enter a hansom, *vlan!* it is done with my top-hat. It was a top-hat, but now it is an *omelette*, it is a *marmalade*, it is everything which a top-hat must not be if it is still to be a top-hat."

"Oh, that's all nonsense; it's all your own clumsiness. And that doesn't make a hansom dangerous."

"As to the danger, I tell you. Yesterday I make a promenade in St. James's Street. It has rained a little, and the hansom-cab horses they all make a *glissade* down St. James's Street. It is a very clever thing to teach your horses to *patiner* down St. James's Street, but as for me it returns me the stomach to see them. Sudden a hansom-cab come running very quick and he make collision with a growlair. The growlair *fait culbute*, but no one is hurt. As to the hansom-cab horse, he fall down and an old gentleman with spectacles on his nose, who was inside, he describe a *parabole* and fall on the back of the horse, and the coachman he describe a bigger *parabole* and he fall on his own back, and the old gentleman have cut his face with glass and he say, 'Take me home to *ma mère*. I never go in a hansom again,' and he faint. And the poor coachman he is pick up by two policemen, but he say no word. When I see that I say, 'BOUDIN, my friend, we have in Paris some nice *fiacres* like a little *barouche*; you shall go in them, but if you love yourself you go not in a hansom'—and, by blue, I do not."

RECESSIONAL.

I WOULD my heart were such that I could share
The festal interludes of lighter folk;
Could barter hats with some congenial fair,
Or blithely urge afield my panting moke.

I would that I could couch on Margate's strand,
Pillowed upon my HARRIET's heaving chest,
And watch her large and speaking smile expand
Under the pseudo-Æthiop's hoary jest.

These are the human joys of men; but oh,
I could not imitate them if I tried;
There is a something bids my soul forego
The hallowed levities of Whitsuntide.

'Tis not that I have passed my active prime,
Or ache with *Weltschmerz*; not that I have seen
Too much of men and cities in my time,
Or that the East has petrified my spleen.

Life has her remnant spoils still worth the chase;
My health is fair; my appetite excels;
I have not quite outworn the buoyant grace
That one associates with young gazelles.

Yet can I not assume the jocund air
Of general holitime; for I confess
That I am never wholly free from care
During a Parliamentary recess.

Barely I brook the time, however short,
Through which my stricken country stands alone,
Prey to a Cabinet, by all report,
The worst and most degraded ever known.

What devilry may FORSTER have in store,
When for the nonce that rival figure pales—
LLOYD-GEORGE, our future Minister of War,
At peace among the spouting schools of Wales?

Picture what schemes these vermin mice may brew
With ROBSON (cat) no longer on the spot,
CECIL not there to teach them Who is HUGH,
WINSTON away, the judge of What is What.

And yet I must not grudge their hour at grass;
Only the gods dispense with Nature's law;
No mortal, though the thing were made of brass,
But needs at times to lubricate his jaw.

Meanwhile, till that return for which I pine,
May Heaven inject new unction in their souls,
Then give me back, like giants fresh with wine,
My WEIR, my BANNERMAN, my wassail BOWLES!

O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALE.

Selections from the Catalogue, with Prices realised.

GLADSTONE (WILLIAM EWART), *Liberal Statesman, to his friend*
Lord ACTON. 4 pp.:

My experience at the Opera on Wednesday night was not altogether productive of unmixed enjoyment. The opera was *Tristan und Isolde*, by the German composer WAGNER, and in his treatment of the old world legend on which it is founded I missed a good deal of the simplicity which constitutes the chief attraction of the Homeric poems. . . . The tone of the story, which is concerned with the fortunes of a distressed Irish princess, I found regrettably pagan, the element of amativeness being unduly prominent throughout. GEORGE RUSSELL, who shared our box, was much shocked by the absence of any definite theological motive, and left us early in the evening. . . . After the second Act we were

introduced to the *prima donna*, an Italian lady of considerable vivacity, with whom I had some interesting conversation on the manufacture of macaroni, the cooking of polenta and the prismatic stratification of Neapolitan ices. I have little doubt from what she told me that the word *bombe*, used in culinary operations, is connected with King BOMBA of infamous memory, whose addiction to the pleasures of the table was notorious; unless, indeed, it is to be traced to ERASMUS's phrase of the Chimæra, *bombinans in vacuo*. . . .

[Madame MELBA, £7 10s.]

SHAKESPEARE (WILLIAM), *Reputed Dramatist, to Lord BACON, urging him to look shippy with the MS. of "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark"*:

D' FRANK,—I prithee hasten with *Hamlet*, as BURBAGE is gettingye verie restive. I have two or three more plottes for thee when *Hamlet* is done, but nothyng quite so good as that. Put aside ye plays thou art doing for BEN [? JONSON] and JACK [? FLETCHER] and give all thy time to *Hamlet*.

Thy obliged friend, W. S. [Mr. SIDNEY LEE, £5000.]

JAMES (HENRY), *Novelist, to Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, declining suggestion that he should contribute to the series "In the Days of my Youth" in "M.A.P.":*

Conscious as I must, and always intermittently at least will be, of the far too flattering estimate of my poor abilities embodied in your appreciative invitation that I should, following the example of so many conspicuous representatives of the various callings which illustrate the *enchevêtrement* of modern civilisation, hazard the committal to print of some of the most salient, or, at least, significant reminiscences of the period anterior to the recognition by the instructed public on both sides of the Atlantic of my claim to be considered in the light of an author who might not unfairly, perhaps, be described as one who had more or less, to borrow a convenient neologism, "arrived," I am nevertheless permeated by the conviction that, having regard to the limitations imposed by the exigencies of space on the one hand, and the, to me, inexorable dictates of my artistic consciousness [JAMRACH, £500.]

LATHAM (PETER), *Champion Tennis and Racquet Player, to Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON, lamenting his defection:*

DEAR SIR,—I only heard this morning of your being elected a Member of Parliament for Leamington, and wish to send you my respectful congratulations. At the same time I can't help thinking it a great pity you should give up tennis for politics. I always said you had the best natural stroke of any player, and if you practised as much as I have, would be a match for any professional. . . . [Mr. EUSTACE MILES, 2s. 6d.]

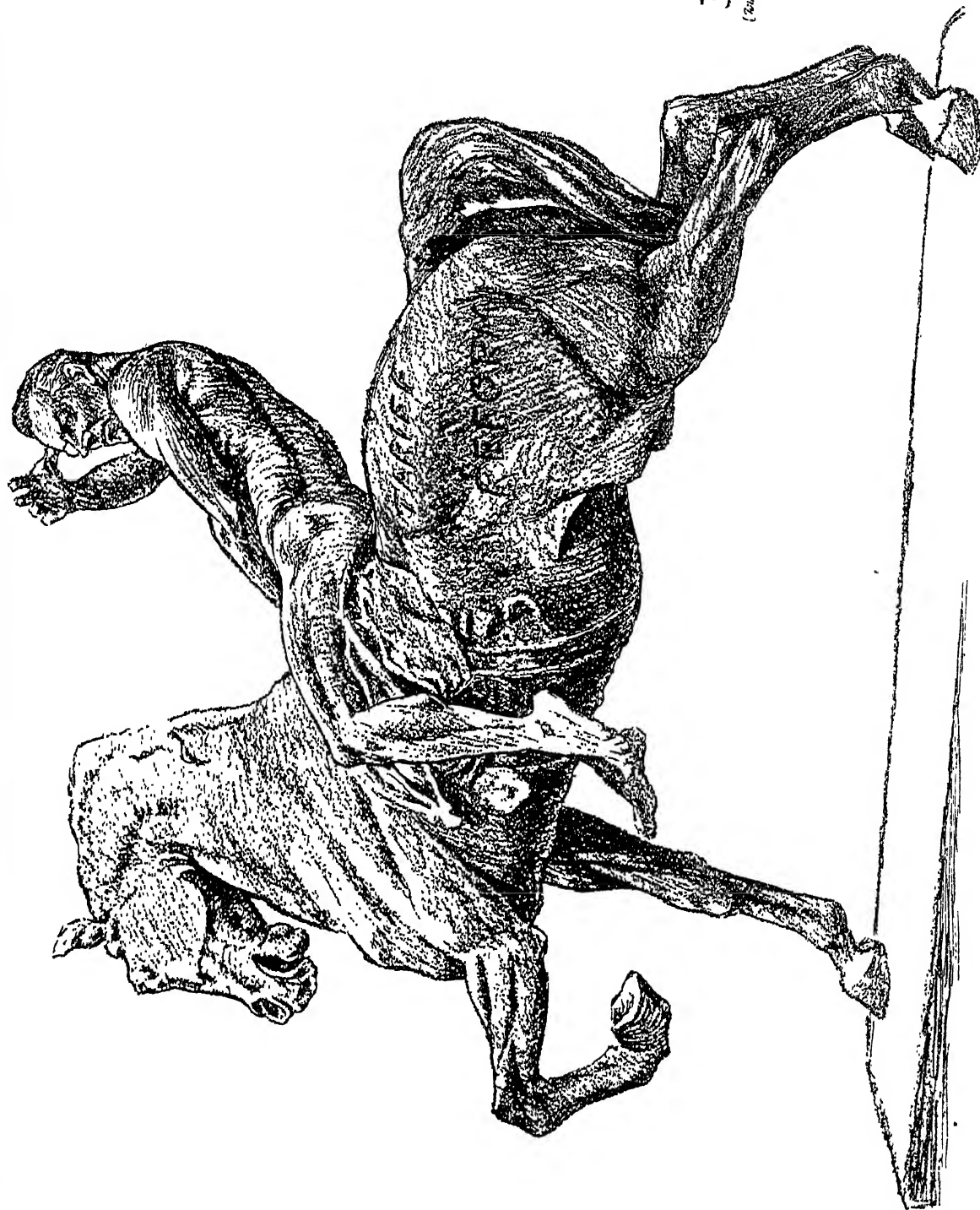
AUSTIN (ALFRED), *Poet Laureate, to the GERMAN EMPEROR, with an unpublished sonnet:*

Majestic monarch, from whose golden tongue
With all the fury of a lava stream
Pours forth a flood of eloquence supreme
That brooks not the restraint of any bung!
I hail thee brother, for I too have slung
Much ink and covered many an azure ream:
I too have felt the need to blow off steam
When curs have yelped or mean mosquitoes stung,
Yet hailing thee my eagle-crested peer,
Conscious of kindred aims and common goal,
Fain would I whisper in thy royal ear
Two winged words to sink into thy soul:
Festina lente. Did not some one say
Crude haste is aye blood-brother to delay?

[Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, 3s. 9d.]

SPENCER (HERBERT), *Philosopher, to the*
Chevalier DE ROUGEMONT:

I have to thank you for your suggestion that, as a remedy



Edward Partridge,
Engraver,
No. 15, F. D. M., R. A.

FISCAL ENERGY.

(After Mr. G. F. Watts's statue, "Physical Energy," in the courtyard of Burlington House.)



Mistress. "JANE, WHERE IS THE SALAD OIL. I TOLD YOU TO PUT ON THE TABLE?"

Jane. "PLEASE, 'M, I DID PUT IT ON THE TABLE WHEN I POLISHED IT UP THIS MORNING!"

for the persistent insomnia which interposes so serious a hindrance to the accomplishment of my work, I should take regular riding exercise on a turtle in the Zoological Gardens. The proposition in itself is not devoid of attractiveness, but I perceive one objection which I fear may prove fatal. Having always myself had an intolerance of strenuous effort, and especially effort under coercion, my sympathy is aroused by any creature making strenuous effort under coercion; and the result has ever been a dislike to seeing either a man or an animal overpressed, and still more to overpressing one myself. The specific obstacle in the present case would be the difficulty in ascertaining whether an undue strain was being placed on the locomotive capacity of the crustacean. In the case of a horse, there is the ocular assurance conveyed by the phenomenon familiarly described as "not turning a hair." But the absence of capillary growth in the turtle renders this test inapplicable. Could you kindly inform me how turtles show fatigue? [Alderman TRELOAR, 30s.]

MILTON (JOHN), the notorious Epic poet and Raconteur, to his publisher, surprised at his liberality:--

Mr. JOHN MILTON begs to acknowledge ye receipt of five pounds (£5) sent to him by Mr. HUMPHREY MOSELEY. Mr. MILTON would like to be enlightened on certain points relative to this matter: namely, Does ye sum represent ye total payment for ye poem *Paradise Lost*, or is it an advance upon royalties? Are thirteen counted as twelve? What does Mr. MOSELEY propose about American rights? Any restrictions as to remainders? [Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, £75,000.]

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

VI.

*Back again with Japanese Advancing Column.
Nearer River Yalu.*

I AM now returned to Col. KHAKIMONO, with the unwelcome intelligence that Port Arthur is going so strong that it treats bombarding shells in the contemptuous spirit of a lion shaking off dewlaps from his mane. This bit of news has so depressed Col. K. that he is now going with nose in pocket, and, I think, commences to realise that Japan, by coming to scratches with Russia, may have caught a rather formidable Tartar.

I have consoled him by the reminder that the enemy may perhaps prove less invincible on land than when they are all at sea.

But he cannot yet succeed in getting into touch and go with any enemy. For, in spite of my own discovery of a Sotnia and his superior Samovar, no Japanese professional scout has, so far, managed to detect the slightest trace of a single Cossack!

Which, as I could not help remarking, is surely a gross sign of incompetence. "Then," says Col. K. with a rather ironical simper, "since it seems you are such an *au fait* in scouting, why not ride yourself to spy out the Russian whereabouts?"

This suggestion, at first, rendered me blue as a pill with

apprehension, being a comparative neophyte in the science of military sneaking. Then I opportunely recollected that a civilian friend at Calcutta, BABOO OPROCASH SHEEKHUR, had very kindly presented me, thinking that it might be perhaps of use in war-reporting, with a small handbook of *Aids to Scouting*, composed by Hon'ble Major-General BADEN-POWELL in the midst of Mafficking.

Consequently I have accepted Col. K.'s challenge, and am confident that, by dint of assiduous cramming up of the aforesaid volume, I shall at least acquire sufficient smatterings to scrape through with honours.

LATER.—Hip-hip-huzzay! After diligent perusal of the above pamphlet, I find it as easy as a play of dolls! Already I possess a working majority of the necessary qualifications for a scout. Am I not "smart, active, and intelligent"; "willing to turn my hand to any kind of jobbery"; a "good rider"? (this I am soon to become, since my *Sho-ji* is now, owing to compulsory abstinence, quiet as an unborn lamb). As to the article of Pluck, this, I am encouraged to find, is a quality which is, almost always, inside every man, and only needs developing and bringing out.

Accordingly I have already purchased a secondhand patent Sandow developer, for yen 7 sen 50, from one of my fellow reporters. I must also be able to "keep hidden and take care of myself" (which I humbly think I am fully competent to do), and of my horse (which I will do, with his kind permission). In addition I am to "sketch and report information."

Now, as a sketcher, I do not claim to be a Sir FREDERICK LANDSEER, that I can paint a Derby Dog Day, or yet an Hon'ble TURNER, R.A., to represent a Railway Terminus, with train and passengers complete.

Still, I have, more than once or twice, depicted for the amusement of my olivebranches, not only trees but even cows and horses, with such lifelike verisimilitude that they were easily enabled (after a little prompting) to identify same!

Then it seems that a scout should learn Hindustani—which of course I already speak with fluency. . . .

LATER.—Before making my start, it has been necessary to train *Sho-ji* to lie down on the word of command, and I am delighted to find that he is of marvellous docility and intelligence. (I forget whether I mentioned that I purchased him from a Korean Travelling Circus Proprietor, who was selling off, owing to loss of business through War Panics.) For it is now only necessary to say, "*Sho-ji*, the Russians are coming!" and he rolls over with the deadness of mutton! As the signal to rise, I have merely to kick him in his abdomen and say, "It is only the MIKADO!" whereupon he erects himself on all fours. After which I can, generally, contrive to leave the stable before I am nipped. . . .

LATER.—Col. K. is becoming slightly impatient, requesting to know when, if ever, I intend to make my start.

I have replied that I am now in marching order, and have offered to take a selection of my rival correspondents in my party as pupils. What a pity that they are such poor white-livered unenterprising chaps as to unanimously decline with thanks! . . .

Col. K. has just generously presented me with my rations for four days. By a singular coincidence, they exactly correspond with those mentioned in the Hon'ble Major-General's textbook, viz., a live sheep, and my helmet-full of best quality flour!

I must confess that the Hon'ble and gallant Author was not far out in his assertion that such a commissariat is apt to produce a certain horrified "what-am-I-to-do-with-this-little-lot?" expression on the recipient's visage. But he is totally wrong in adding that I was "to consider myself in clover," since I am not an *Admiral Oighton* to ride a horse and drive a sheep at the same time!

Fortunately, it is the sheep who is now in clover, having absconded itself into an adjoining field, in defiance of my exhortations.

But, not being an inveterate meat-eater, I am by no means to *fondre en larmes* at such defection, as I have sufficient flour in my solah topee and pockets to make several chupatties.

According to the book, I am first "to take some steeple or broken-down gate as a landmark, and work from that." But how is this possible in such a barbarous land as Korea, where the sacred edifices are unprovided with steeples, and there is no such thing as any agricultural gate, in good or bad repair?

Again, I am to find out the North Pole by dint of the Sun and reading the hands of my watch. But suppose, owing to parsimony of my proprietors, I have been compelled to leave my fine gold repeater timepiece with some Korean uncle or other—please, how *then*, omniscient Military Mister? . . .

LATER.—I have come to the halt—after riding for all my worth. At first, a gentle walk along the high road, gradually increasing to a trot—then to a wild and neckbreaking tittup! Every now and again my faithful piebald would imagine (erroneously) that the Russians were coming, and lie down instantaneously, without waiting for any signal. Whereupon I also would dismount, being careful, following textbook tip, to make my clothes "as near the colour of my background as possible." Such occasions I have generally utilised to make a map, or depict the sceneries and other objects of local interest.

Also (as recommended) I have permitted my pony-crock "to refresh himself by a roll in the dust or mud"—though I did not anticipate that he was to roll on myself as well! But I do not think I have incurred any vital internal displacements, so—who cares?

Next, as the Major-General advises, we have been across the country—though not at my original suggestion.

Now I am once more alone, as *Sho-ji* has either absented himself without leave, or has taken his cover so cleverly that he is practically an imperceptible. No matter! I will do the remainder of my scouting on foot.

I have got back to some highway. A good opportunity to do some 'sign-reading' by guesswork! . . .

EXAMPLE I.—*Ground*: A well frequented road in Korean locality. Dry—gravel—some mud. *Atmosphere*: Warm. No breeze. *Time*: Afternoon. Getting on (I should think) for Japanese tea-hour. *Signs*: Fresh hoofmarks. (Remark: *Fresh, because, if there had been any rain, they would be washed out.*) Feetmarks. (*Human, because heels on boots. Not Korean, as they wear carpet slippers.*) Dust disturbed: several hoofmarks together. (*Therefore more than one horse—probably several.*) Semi-circular dents on ground. (*One or two of the cavaliers must have sat down.*) Tufts of coarse hair on bushes—some reddish brown, some white. (*Not Japanese or Korean hairs, which are black as a crow. Therefore, European. Only Europeans in neighbourhood, Russians. Cossacks have rather red coarse hair. After a certain age it would turn white; therefore, both old and young Cossacks have recently passed.*) Patches on road of some white substance—flour. Military tents in distance. (*They have been sent out to get flour.*) But said hoof and feetmarks point in opposite direction to encampment. (*A stale dodge, and old as the hills! They have simply shodded their steeds stern foremost, and walked themselves backwards!*)

DEDUCTION: I am close to some hostile Cossack camp. Their supplies must be dwindled to a shadow. Else, they would not be so short of flour, and would have at least sufficient Petrol-oil to keep their hair on. A senile and juvenile Cossack have been sent out to procure forages. They have got some flour. Being famished, they have squabbled for its possession. Their respective steeds have likewise become cantankerous. Both Cossacks, owing to sheer debility, have sat down in the dust. *Argal*—the

encampment is so reduced as to become the easy booty! . . . Where is Hon'ble Sherlock Holmes now? . . .

NOTE.—The above proved to be nearly right. Only, as it happened, the encampment turned out to be Col. K.'s headquarters. Said Col. expressed himself as highly delighted with my report. It is true that certain envious rival reporters have pronounced the said hairs (of which I brought back samples) to be of equine origin. But, as I said to them, "What proof, Masters, is there that the Enemy is mounted both upon white and red quadrupeds?"

I am composing a rather flowery testimonial to Hon'ble B.-P., with permission to publish same (free of charge) in next edition of *Aids to Scouting*.

LATER.—Sho-ji turned up later, utterly exhausted by his scouting excursion. I have been compelled to call in a Korean vet., who reports that my unfortunate crock is suffering from severe nervous prostration. I enclose his bill—a very quaint, almost undecipherable document.

P.S. Account unfortunately mislaid, but net total, yen 25 which please settle. I cannot afford to pay for such working expenses as horse-balls, which, I assure you, are not by any means a mere drug in Korean markets!

H. B. J.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XV.—SHOULD WE NOT STRAIN EVERY NERVE TO ENLARGE THE LANGUAGE?

SCENE—*The Philological Society's Canteen.*

PRESENT:

Dr. J. A. H. Murray (in the chair).

Prince Ranjitsinhji.

Mr. Charles Frohman.

Mr. Augustine Birrell.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

The Chevalier de Rougemont.

Mr. Henry Chaplin.

Madame Yvette Guilbert.

Dr. Clifford.

Dr. Murray. We are met to-day, in solemn conclave, to do what we can to strengthen and colour the language by the addition of new and picturesque words. A more representative gathering I have seldom seen.

The Chevalier de Rougemont. Hear, hear!

Dr. Murray. Everyone should invent a new word—like Boycott and Marconi-gram, Mesmerism and Spoonerism. Lord AVEBURY would have us say "manywhere." It is not, perhaps, good, but better than to invent nothing.

Dr. Clifford. You think it better to have invented a bad word than never to have invented at all?

Dr. Murray. Certainly.

Dr. Clifford. But bad words surely should diminish in number?



TRAPPED.

Benevolent-looking Elderly Party. "DO YOU LIKE CHILDREN, MISS?"

Superior Governess. "OH, I DON'T MIND THEM."

Elderly Party. "No. So I see!"

Dr. Murray. I don't mean bad in that sense. The last bad word in that sense was Assouan—the biggest dam on record. Very useful for golf.

Mr. Chaplin. The difficulty is not so much inventing new words, as getting people to take them up. I invent lots, but they will perish with me.

Madame Yvette Guilbert. But will you perish?

Mr. Chaplin. Not exactly perish, perhaps. *Exegi monumentum*, don't you know. But I should have liked some of my coinages to stand. For example I once called a spade a spade. That was a very daring innovation.

The Chevalier de Rougemont. I see that Mr. FRANCIS GALTON has been lecturing on Eugenics. What are they?

Mr. Chaplin. Eugenics is the science of perfecting the next generation.

Prince Ranjitsinhji. I suppose the word derives from my friend EUGENE SANDOW?

Madame Yvette Guilbert. Let me see, is there not a proverb which says, "When you are in Frome you must do as the Frohmans do?"

Mr. Frohman. Where is Frome? Is there a theatre there?

Dr. Murray. I think it's in Wiltshire, where the bacon comes from.

Dr. Clifford. No doubt FROHMAN originally meant Frome-man, a Baconian. Hence his interest in the legitimate drama.

Prince Ranjitsinhji. Every great man should add at least one word to the language, just as my friend P. F. WARNER has done. Who ever heard of a Plum wicket until he showed us how to play forward on one!

Mr. W. S. Gilbert. In this connection I should like to say that poets cannot be too grateful to Prince RANJITSINGHI for his own contribution to the vocabulary. Until he made it possible to refer to innings of RANJI's the stock of rhymes to Ganges was very low.

Dr. Murray. Sometimes it takes two cricketers to form a word—as in the case of bowling which is more than broken by the batsmen, and is, in fact, FRY-ABEL.

[The tea interval was here taken.]

Mr. Augustine Birrell. Had it not been for me and my *obiter dicta* the pastime of birrelling would be unknown.

Prince Ranjitsinghi. What we all wish is that Mr. BIRRELL would indulge in birrelling more freely. On my recent tour in India I found the Sikhs in despair about it.

Mr. Charles Frohman. Instead, he "gives up to party what was meant for mankind."

Mr. W. S. Gilbert. And thus—to use another word derived from a man—burkes our enjoyment.

Chevalier de Rougemont. Surely "turtle" is as good a word as "hurtle." If a man can hurtle through the air, why cannot he be said to turtle through the Hippodrome?

Dr. Murray. Turtle, however, is not a proper name. A better word was the variant of "rhodomontade" which cropped up some time since—"rougemontade."

Mr. W. S. Gilbert. I can sit here with a perfectly satisfied mind, having provided the language with the excellent adjective Gilbertian, which saves critics and journalists so much trouble. I have noticed that no South American President can do anything without being called Gilbertian in the head-line press.

Madame Yvette Guilbert. Guilbertian!—I 'aif not 'eard it. But it is a good word. I will take it back to Paris with me.

Dr. Murray. Look at the other excellent words we have obtained from men of note, such as, for example, Bridge from Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, and the Green Park from Sir GILBERT PARKER.

Mr. Frohman. Yes, and the Marble Arch from Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER.

Mr. Birrell. And Lake Windermere from Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM.

Dr. Clifford. That reminds me of a riddle: Why is Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM like England?

Mr. Chaplin. I give it up.

Dr. Clifford. Because he has had trouble with the boo-ers.

[Ambulances having been brought in, the party left for home.]

ALIEN IMMIGRANTS.

[SIR LEES KNOWLES has received a letter from the nervous father of a boy at an English public school. The boy's name is down for Oriel, but in view of the unfair competition to be expected from Rhodes scholars the writer is half inclined to send him after all to Cambridge. The argument of the letter is here carried a step or two further.]

O WILLIAM mine, no tongue can tell
What raptures in my bosom centred
When on the books of Oriel
Your youthful name I first saw entered.
With pride and pleasure freely mixed
My fond paternal heart was swollen;
I thought of you as something 'twixt
A mighty MIRO and a SOLON.

Triumphant still I pictured you
Between the goals and at the wicket;
With ease you were to win your blue
For football, rowing and for cricket.
Putney should know you, Lord's should ring
When on the field your men you posted,
And Queen's Club cheer like anything
The bravest forward Oxford boasted.

Nor was your prowess in the field
To mar your scholarship—far from it!
Your bright career was not to yield
In brilliancy to any comet;
And when you reached, say, twenty-three,
Replete with academic knowledge,
I thought you probably would be
Created Provost of your College.

But now the quads are over-run
With great Rhodes scholars—huge,
gigantic—
They hasten from the rising sun,
They cross the billowy Atlantic.
WILLIAM, I tremble at the thought
That even in a friendly tussle
Your fragile figure should be brought
In contact with such fearful muscle.

And oh, my little one, what hope
That Youth which numbers eighteen
summers
In classic lore can ever cope
With these maturer-brained newcomers?

Under the new and fatal rule
Oxford must weep to see her glories
All pass to aliens in the school
Of *Literæ Humaniores*.

I sigh, my son, to picture you
Amid these learned men of letters,
Striving to grasp their point of view,
And vying vainly with your betters.
If Isis suffer such unfair
Conditions, who would ever blame us
Should we decide to go elsewhere,
And seek the juster courts of Camus?

Yet even there come Scotch M.A.'s,
Men who have dared to wander darkly

By KANT's and HEGEL's hidden ways,
And know by heart their HUME and
BERKELEY.

Hindoos of supple mind and wrists
Swarm from the Empire's utmost
fringes

To oust us from the wranglers' lists,
And give our Blues to RANJITSINGHIS.

WILLIAM, I would not have you vie
With men so much more wise and
witty,

And therefore let us rather try
A junior clerkship in the City;
There we may find a spot that's free
From preternaturally bright lights,
Where you, my WILLIAM, yet may be
A candle 'mid the lesser night-lights.

TAMING THE SEA.

No one who dwells exclusively on land can have any idea of what it means to a traveller on the Atlantic to have the monotony of the passage broken by news of home. Of old one said good-bye to newspapers at Sandy Hook or Queens-town, and reluctantly and sadly settled down to the difficult task of getting on without them for a week. In those days one was driven to the boredom of reading books. But now all is changed, for the genius of Signor MARCONI is to make it possible for a newspaper, with the title of *The Cunard Bulletin*, to be published at sea every morning, containing all the news of the day. Marvellous are the prizes of civilisation! How much better than to be ignorant of home affairs is it to be able to read such marconigrams as these:—

"Rain stopped play at Lord's at 4.15. Glamorganshire have a lead of 138."

"Mr. C. B. FAY is still undecided whether or not to play for the Gentlemen."

"A woman at Devizes has celebrated her 105th birthday."

"There were eighteen hours of bright sunshine at Brighton yesterday."

"The rumour that Mr. BALFOUR will stand for King's Lynn at the next General Election is unfounded."

Meanwhile rivals are in the field. We hear already of the *White Star Gazette* and *Bibby's Babblers*; while the Messrs. HARMSWORTH are busily engaged in completing plans for a mid-ocean intelligencer of a more natural character—no less than a trained school of swift cachalots, which will leave Queenstown every morning, bearing news to whatever liners they can find. The news will be printed on a small leaflet which these ingenious mammals will spout on to the first-class deck. The leaflet, edited by Mr. F. T. BULLEN, will be entitled *The Daily Whale*.

I C E.

"DEAR DOLLY" (wrote HARRY)—"Let's go to *Princess's*. I believe it's quite a nice place to go to. I used to be able to scratch about a bit at school, and you, of course, are great at skating—as at everything else, so I'll come round for you after dinner. "Yours, HARRY."

"P.S.—Put on something warm."

I was delighted to hear that HARRY was a skater; personally I am *not* great at it, but a supporting arm covers a multitude of slips, and I may mention we are engaged.

The band was playing pretty German waltzes when we arrived, and through the glass doors of the entrance lounge the circling skaters seemed to keep time to the soft throb of the music, and the skating simply took my breath away. Each graceful figure swerving past must, I felt convinced, be a champion, but HARRY assured me the artificial ice made it so easy that we should be astonished at our own performances.

We were. Hand in hand—skates on, and impatient for the floor—we clumped to the side of the rink and stepped over the edge. I have never been quite sure *whose* fault it was. HARRY says it was that idiot instructor chap with the fur cap, who looked as if he were going to run into us. Possibly it was my fault, but probably it was HARRY'S—anyhow, what happened was this. No sooner had we stepped over the edge than HARRY made a sudden wild dive forward, as if he were going to butt down the barrier, dragging me with him; then, flinging himself upright, he plunged backwards, still grasping my hands, so that I was compelled to duplicate all his movements; he then wrenched me sideways, hit me hard in the back, and sat down with me so violently that my teeth rattled in my head.

I gazed at him speechless; he returned my gaze and smiled foolishly.

"Sorry, DOLLY," he said; "let me help you up."

He scrambled to his feet, and taking my hand fell on top of me three times running, until in terror I crawled away on all fours lest worse should befall, and assisted by the instructor in the fur cap I arose, and stood trembling and clinging to him.

If HARRY could have managed to get up without using his feet it would have been easier; however I suppose he couldn't, but eventually he stayed right end up, and the fur-capped instructor glided away, while the passing skaters cast resentful glances upon us, as we stood innocently dividing the ceaseless procession.

"Never mind, DOLLY," said HARRY cheerily; "better luck next time."

"Perhaps so," I replied, "if we don't



A SPREADING FASHION.

IF HATS AND VEILS GET MUCH BIGGER, WHAT ABOUT THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE?

go together." I started off alone, and by dint of taking tiny strokes and bringing the other foot down again as quickly as possible I got once round the rink and found myself gripping the handrail and trying to look as if I was not suffering. As a matter of fact the gnawing anguish in my legs was intense, and owing to the extra things I had put on I was roastingly hot. The swaying melody of the band mocked at my pain, and in bitterness of spirit I watched the accomplished crowd gliding by. Suddenly I saw a lane open in their midst, and down the middle of it came—HARRY, his arms now outstretched now flung upwards, as he lost his balance one moment, and recovered it the next, the shock and jar travelling wave-like all up his body. From the look of relief on his perspiring face and his desperate efforts to hurry I saw he was making for me. I turned and fled.

My own tremulous career was stimulated by sounds behind me, I became

aware of a series of thuds, and presently, safe for the moment from pursuit, stopped to rest. The fur-capped instructor paused as he glided by, and in answer to my smile approached with the suggestion that "Mademoiselle might like a little instruction?"

Mademoiselle jumped at it, metaphorically speaking, and from that moment the prospect grew rosier. Guided and supported by strong and intelligent hands my movements became easy, not to say graceful; the music was delightful, the quaint broken English at my ear mingling pleasantly with the melody.

The first time we came across HARRY I stopped to explain the position, feeling myself adequately protected. He still wore the same sheepish smile as he stumbled along, but it seemed frozen on his face; there was pain in the lines on his forehead, and he seemed quite pleased to stand still. We were standing quite still, too, no one so much as touching him, when without the least provocation



A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Major Mustard (who has been changing several of his servants). "HOW DARE YOU CALL YOURSELF A CHAUFFEUR?"

Alfonse. "MAIS NON! NON, MONSIEUR! JE NE SUIS PAS 'CHAUFFEUR.' J'AI DIT QUE JE SUIS LE CHEF. MAIS MONSIEUR COMPREHEND NOT!"

he suddenly shot one foot forward, reared himself back, stamped a large hole in the ice with both feet, and with a sinuous movement all up his backbone, kicked high in the air and collapsed. I have heard people say that HARRY is too stiff and unbending; that, I think, was not the general opinion at Princess's.

"Mademoiselle will be injured," said the instructor, drawing me away; and basely enough I went. I felt heartily ashamed of HARRY. The refined, con-

temptuous stream of skaters carefully avoided him, and, as he rose to his feet, hand was wrenched from hand, and couples flew apart to make way for his approach.

It was at 10 o'clock, when they were clearing the rink for the quarter of an hour's waltzing, that I called to him to come and sit down. At first he did not hear me, and I was shocked at the change that had come over his expression. He was getting on better, but I could not have believed that HARRY'S

intelligent, distinguished face could ever express such utter imbecility. His smile was fixed and vacant, his body unnaturally rigid, and the feeble fluttering of his legs pointed to early senile decay.

"Jolly good fun, isn't it?" he said, as with a sigh of relief he sank down in the cushioned chair beside me.

"It's coming back to me now, and I'm trying to remember some of our old school tricks. Hallo! they're waltzing. Come on, DOLLY, we've never missed a waltz yet."

I clung desperately to my chair, and coldly pleaded fatigue. I was wretched. It seemed as if I knew HARRY for the first time, and I kept saying to myself, "How can I ever marry him!"

The waltzers retired, their quarter of an hour over, and for a few minutes before the ordinary skating was resumed the rink was practically empty.

"I used to be able to scratch along backwards," said HARRY; and, with the rink practically to himself, he started to have "a try at the old dodge," as he called it.

From the opposite end, a charming little lady, graceful as a swallow, came skimming down the rink outside edge backwards. HARRY had gained a wonderful momentum from his own convulsive plunges. Back to back they met—the force of the shock sending them to opposite sides of the rink in horizontal attitudes. The lady was quickly surrounded by eager cavaliers, but HARRY, seizing the hand-rail to draw himself up, was unable to get his feet to stop underneath him, and his skates struck the woodwork of the barrier with a sound like the rattle of musketry. Even the band stopped to laugh, and leaning over the barrier I hissed between my teeth:

"HARRY, I'm going home."

I waited for him in a secluded corner of the entrance lounge, desperately resolute that no power on earth should make me marry such a blundering, half-witted clumsy clown!

Glancing up, my eyes rested on a man walking away from me, and I sighed enviously at his distinguished air and stately demeanour. He turned—it was HARRY!

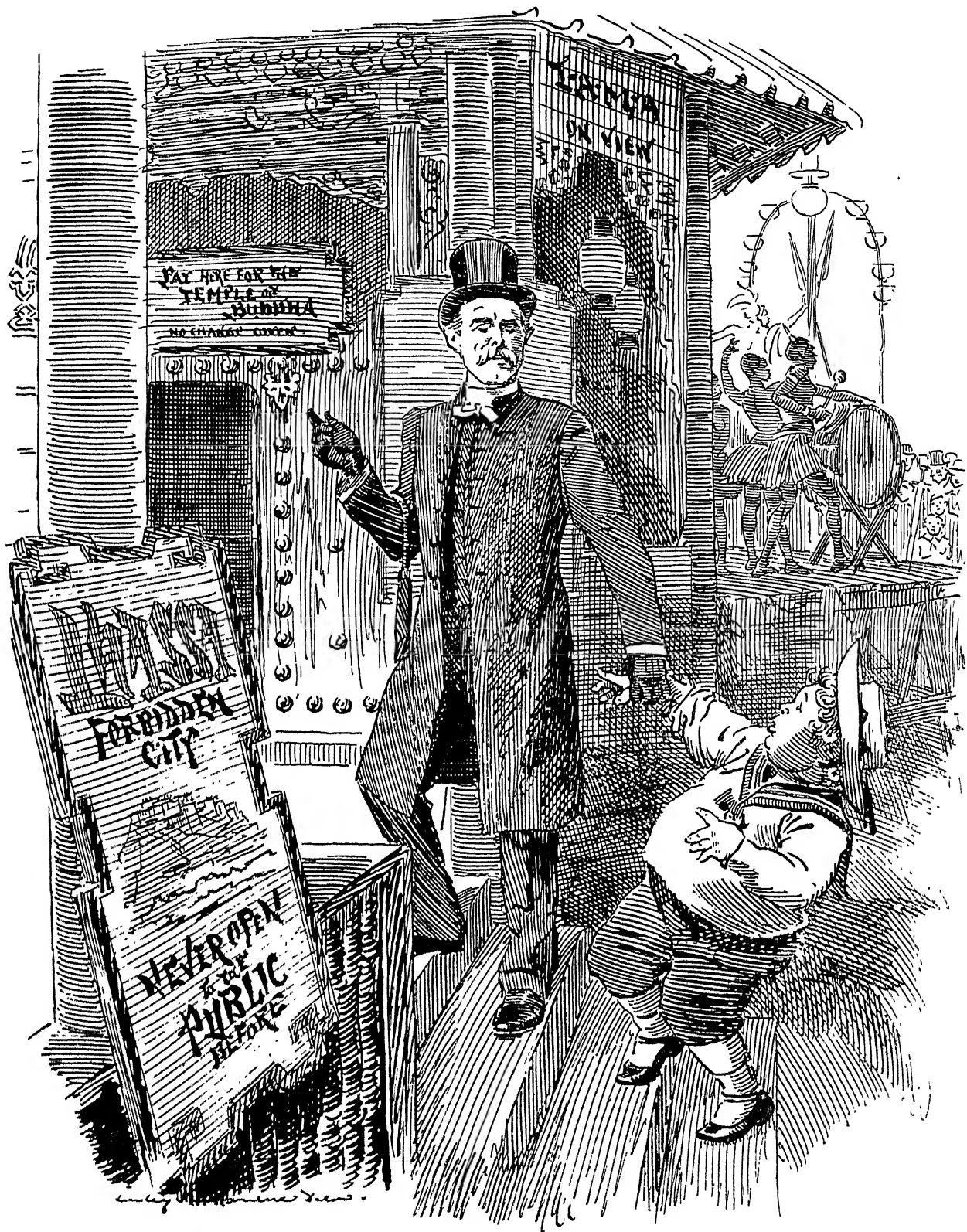
HARRY—calm, elegant, dignified, though a little pale and worn. If the coat makes the man, then skates make the fool. I took his arm rapturously.

"HARRY," I murmured, "never bring me to this place again!"

"I won't," said HARRY.

Later on they sent in a bill for flooring, panels and glass, but we were married then, so nothing mattered.

A GENTLEMAN who lives by his Wits:—
Mr. Punch.



ANOTHER SIDE-SHOW.

MASTER JOHNNY BULL. "NEED WE GO IN HERE, SIR?"

MR. BR-DR-CK. "YES, MASTER JOHNNY. YOU MUSTN'T MISS *THIS* ON ANY ACCOUNT."

MASTER J. B. "OH, ALL RIGHT. I SAY, IT ISN'T ANYTHING LIKE THE SOMALI ONE, IS IT?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 16.

—Wasn't for nothing that Sir FRANCIS S. POWELL had SHARP bestowed upon him at baptismal font as a second name. He met the situation to-day in manner prompt as it was wise. For *nous autres* it was a little depressing.

Second reading of Budget Bill moved. C.-B. challenged with amendment condemning large and continuous increase of national expenditure; brought down with him sheaf of notes defining position. Truly appalling even when read from MS. Went back to year 1895, at which period the nation was re-endowed with Unionist Government, strengthened by accession of Dissident Liberals. In the nine years intervening, leaving out of account two hundred and thirty millions, cost of war in South Africa, there has been an addition of forty-nine millions per annum to ordinary expenditure!

Anyone curious to discover his personal, household, share in the little bill, will find it tot up to an added taxation per head of £1 3s. 4d.

"The population," said C.-B., summing up case in memorable phrase, "has since 1895 increased by ten per cent.; expenditure by fifty per cent."

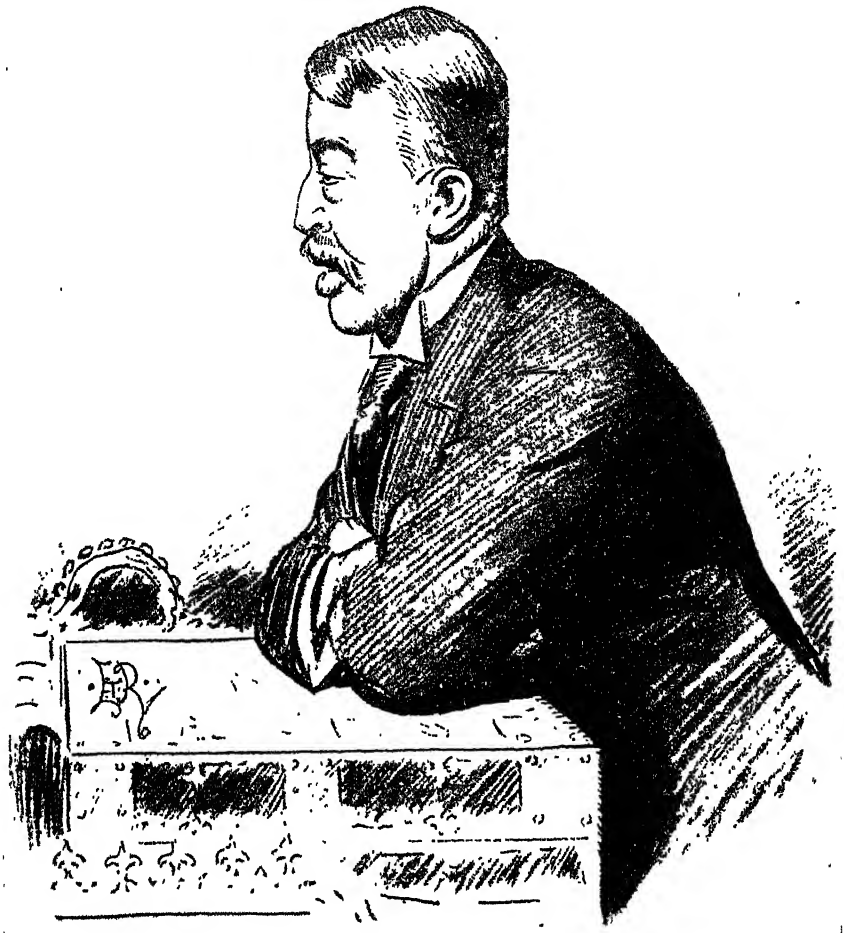
It doesn't need a cool calculating head like that of the late Mr. Micawber to work out sum showing where in course of time this process will lead the wealthiest nation in the world.

Almost more striking than these colossal figures was attitude of custodians of public interest. A rare summer afternoon blazed outside, illuminating the dusty roads, glorifying the spring-robed parks. Urgent Whips brought down Members in hundreds ready to snatch a division or resist attempt

according to their honest intentions. Meanwhile they nurtured these last on the Terrace, where they tarried whilst C.-B. told his terrible story to [almost empty benches.

No more damaging indictment of a long-lived Government has ever been delivered at Table of House of Commons. PRINCE ARTHUR, lolling on Treasury Bench with, to do him justice, genuine indifference, met attack by a move of saturnine sarcasm. To attempt an answer would have tested to utmost his own unrivalled skill in evading reply whilst making a speech. ST. MICHAEL thanked All Angels that it was not his duty to stand up in defence of a habit of reckless expenditure fought against throughout his guardianship at the Treasury, before whose accumulation he had retired in despair. At the Old Bailey Bar it was a familiar axiom when one had no case to abuse the plaintiff's attorney. Whelmed by the appalling story substantiated by official figures related by C.-B., PRINCE ARTHUR—put up VICTOR CAVENDISH to reply!

It is dogged does it with a CAVENDISH. *Cavendo tutus*, he will face any odds, stubbornly pegging away at the call of duty. Never since the Treasury was founded had a young and still new Financial Secretary had such a task



THE HEIR TO CHATSWORTH.
Pounding "C.-B." with heavy artillery.
(Mr. V-ct-r C-v-nd-sh.)



THE MINISTERIAL "CAKE-WALK" INTO THE RECESS.

The Balfour Administration reaches the Whitsuntide Holidays with huge majorities still to its credit in vital divisions.



IN THE ARMS OF MORPHEUS.

How Sir Francis Powell took Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's onslaught on Tory extravagance—"lying down."

committed to him as PRINCE ARTHUR this afternoon, with winsome smile, lightly laid on VICTOR'S back. Lowering his head, squaring his shoulders, he plodded along, showing how the undeniable increase in national expenditure was directly due to neglect on part of Liberal Party, who, save for a brief period of three years, have not been in office these eighteen.

It was at this period Sir FRANCIS SHARP POWELL justified a Parliamentary reputation, founded in days as remote as the time of PALMERSTON. He dropped fast asleep. As his head fell back he from time to time woke with what envious people said was a snort, but was really a note of admiration at the con-

vincing argument of the Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

Business done.—Second Reading of Budget Bill moved.

Tuesday.—Two pretty episodes at to-day's sitting. The first when PRINCE ARTHUR laid a garland on the freshly-dug tomb of his uncle the MARKISS. "This for remembrance."

It came about in form of address to HIS MAJESTY praying that a monument to the late Premier may be set up in Westminster Abbey. As Leader of the House it fell to PRINCE ARTHUR'S lot to submit motion. He did it in a speech which, as C.-B. heartily said, will remain a treasured possession of

the House. Its beauty was based on a firm foundation of simplicity, of unaffected reverence for a great man who chanced to be of near kin. With the perfection of art that conceals art the brief speech was delivered without notes, thus adding the final charm of spontaneity.

In a long procession of successes this flash of genius will hold high place. It was more than an intellectual triumph; it was the revelation of a fine nature.

The other incident followed when SQUIRE OF MALWOOD-CUM-NUNEHAM had made an end of speaking in debate on Budget Bill. A not too crowded House listened with respectful attention, almost affectionate interest, to what, possibly, may be the last of the veteran's charges in the Parliamentary list. When he sat down up gat HARRY CHAPLIN, who, thirty-six years ago, entered the House with the SQUIRE, and has since missed no opportunity of beating him about the head. Now, amid general cheering, he expressed the profound regret with which the House looked forward to "the snapping of another link with the past, the removal of another great ornament of the old school."

This is the true Parliamentary spirit that, in spite of party passion and some personal littlenesses, ever maintains the lofty tone, the courteous manner of the Mother of Parliaments.

Business done.—C.-B.'s amendment on Budget negatived by 297 votes against 213.

Thursday.—The Right Honourable Sir WILLIAM HART DYKE, Bart., bustles about the House to-day as if it were not forty years ago next Session that he first crossed its threshold. The MEMBER FOR SARK well remembers him in the 1874 Parliament, when, in colleagueship with ROWLAND WINN, he was Whip in DIZZY'S first Government. Eleven years later, the Conservatives coming in for a brief spell of office—DON JOSÉ, in unregenerate days, scoffed at "the stop-gap Government"—ROWLAND WINN, the junior Whip, was made a peer. "BILLY" DYKE, to cite the name by which he is affectionately known in the House, was at same time impaled on the horns of dilemma ever sharpened at Dublin Castle. When in 1895 his Party came in for a real long run of good luck, the faithful servitor was shelved.

SARK not the only man in House who thinks "BILLY" DYKE has been scurvily treated. Perhaps the only man who doesn't take that view is the modest-mannered, loyal-hearted ex-Whip. Whilst other flotsam and jetsam of reconstructed Ministries washed up on back benches have cunningly sought opportunity of revenge, never once, under whatsoever tempting circumstances, has "BILLY"



DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE.

Hesless (to new Curate). "WE SEEM TO BE TALKING OF NOTHING BUT HORSES, MR. SOOTHEM. ARE YOU MUCH OF A SPORTSMAN?"
Curate. "REALLY, LADY BETTY, I DON'T THINK I OUGHT TO SAY THAT I AM. I USED TO COLLECT BUTTERFLIES; BUT I HAVE TO GIVE UP EVEN THAT NOW!"

DYKE departed by a hair's breadth from his loyalty to the Treasury Bench.

Members in all parts of the House hear to-day with pleasure of the recognition paid to his sterling capacity by appointment to the chairmanship of one of the principal railway companies.

Thus hath the stone—or shall we say the DYKE?—which builders of Cabinets rejected become the corner-stone of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway.

Business done.—House adjourned for Whitsun holidays. "S. Y. L." as the mourning widow engraved on the tombstone of her late husband: meaning, "See You Later"—to wit, on Tuesday week, 31st inst.

CHARIVARIA.

A NEW musical warning-horn for motor-cars will shortly be placed on the market. It will play a few bars of the "Dead March" in *Saul* when sounded.

We are sorry to learn that the fact that, at an auction at Sotheby's, a letter from NELSON was sold for £1030, while one from the Duke of WELLINGTON fetched only £101, has led to a regrettable recrudescence of jealousy between the two arms of the Service.

It is announced that the Russian Grand Manœuvres will not be held this year. It is now realised that, as an educational factor, they are of small value as compared with the actual lessons of war.

It has again been officially denied that the CZAR is to go to the front. The Japanese have already got far, and it is feared that they might get a Little Father.

It has been asked—Why did not the Japanese attempt to capture the train in which Admiral ALEXEIEFF escaped from Port Arthur? The answer, as submitted by a Boer General, is being hushed up by the British Government.

The Channel Tunnel Scheme has been revived, and the *Entente* between England and France threatens to become a bore.

Servian credit is at so low an ebb that King PETER has been unable to raise a crown, although it might be wanted only as a temporary loan.

An official *communiqué* to the Press tends to show that we sleepy English are at last waking up to the importance of pageantry and brilliant decoration as an aid to impress Oriental potentates. On the occasion of the visit of His Highness MAHARANA CHATRASINGHI SAVAS KHAN, Rajah of Rajpipla, to the India Office, the steps of that building, it is announced, were laid with red carpet.

The Government's Temperance Bill is threatened with so many amendments by Members that it seems likely, after all, to perish at the hands of the licensed whittlers.

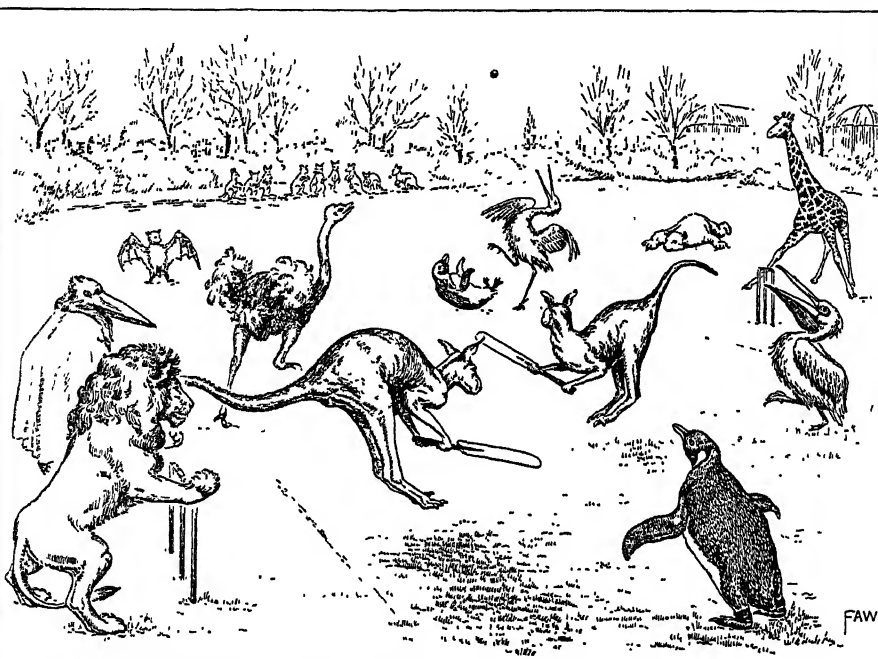
Westminster Gazette with the cool request that it should be reviewed in the column entitled "A Book that Counts."

We note the appearance of *The Single-handed Cook*. We understand it is to be followed by *Jane, the Double-faced Lady's Maid*, and *Janus, the Two-headed Valet*.

In view of the fact that an American gentleman has recently been charging the British Race with a lack of humour, we would like to point out to him that the East London Coroner made a capital joke at an inquest last week.

The Chinese army has been looked upon by many as a *quantité négligeable* in the Far Eastern struggle owing to its primitive equipment, but its power to do serious damage will now be conceded by all. Eight motor cars (decorated in the Imperial orange colour) have been presented to the EMPRESS.

For the only other news item of national importance we are indebted to the *Daily Express*. Mr. PERCY PARSONS, of Portishead, Somerset, set a hen on seventeen eggs. The hen has just hatched out eighteen chickens, one egg having been double-yolked.



WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS. CRICKET AT THE ZOO.

It is reported that the Army Council, at any rate, intends to do something to put down smoking among juveniles. In future it is to be forbidden to recruits.

Last week was a notable one for the Musical World. (1) The missing score of an overture by WAGNER was discovered, and (2) the vexed question as to the ownership of the copyright of the song, "*Oh, Charlie, come to me,*" was decided once and for all.

The early achievements of our greatest men is a common topic of interest, but it is not, we believe, generally known that many of the older members of the Royal Academy started life as artists.

The publisher of a new Ready Reckoner is said to have sent a copy to the

"Question Time" and Answer.

"WHERE shall we go for Whitsuntide?"
Was the problem a week ago;
And after searching in every guide
We owned that we didn't know.
Up north, down south, or across the sea,
To Paris, Madrid, or Rome?
At last 'twas settled that it would be
Best to remain at home.

LAST lines of an ode entitled "To CYNTHIA (Wyndham's Theatre)":—

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not BARRYMORE.

THE POET SCORNER.—MR. MAX BEER-BORM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

At first, in E. McNULTY's *Maureen* (ARNOLD), the characters, as sketched, and the dialect, in queer English, representing Irish as popularly supposed to be spoken, lead the reader to expect a rollicking story of Hibernian life and character, such as was long ago represented, more or less truly, but always amusingly, by CHARLES LEVER. No, not a bit of it; the breeziness soon subsides: the froth fizzles off, and the remainder is as flat and as acid as a glass of fifth-rate champagne that has stood for an hour or so on a sideboard.

Naughty Nan (WARD, LOCK & Co.), by JOHN LUTHER LONG, is an interesting story, with a strong sensational infusion, told however in so eccentric a style and with such affected mannerisms as seriously to imperil its success. By the way, who ever heard of a clerical candidate "receiving his orders," that is, being ordained! A Bishop confers orders, i.e. "ordains," and every one is familiar with the phrase "taking orders." But "taking his orders" has the smack of the commercial traveller about it, and suggests the question, "whose?" The narrative style adopted by the author is rather suggestive of what might result from the pen of an imitative admirer of Dolly Dialogues and Dumas.

In *Theodore Roosevelt* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Mr. RUS does not attempt to produce a life of the President of the United States. As he says, it is alike too early and too late for such a work. Too late for details of his career, since everybody knows them; "too early to tell the whole story of what that strong, brave life will mean to the American people." Accordingly, through 450 pages, he gossips about him as a man and a citizen. He has the advantage and the disadvantage of long intimate acquaintance. As my Baronite discovered on a recent visit to the White House, Washington, to know THEODORE ROOSEVELT is to admire his intellectual force, and be drawn by the simplicity, yet strength of his personal character. Mr. RUS, knowing him from boyhood, maintaining the intimacy through the rough rider's steady, irresistible advance to the highest position the world provides for a citizen, finds it difficult, if not impossible, to vary the note of eulogy. This is apt to be monotonous. But the tendency is overlooked in the interest of the story and the vivacity of the incidents of which it is made up. There are nearly a score of photographs and other



illustrations, dating from the time when young ROOSEVELT was at Harvard to the day when he was seated in the Presidential chair.

My Nautical Retainer desires once again to acknowledge his indebtedness to MARY JOHNSON, author of that fascinating story, *By Order of the Company*. In her new novel, *Sir Mortimer* (CONSTABLE), she goes back a little further to the times of the best Elizabethan buccaneers. We plunge at once into the very heart of things. Given two gallant sea-captains, who exchange a mortal challenge on the eve of sailing together for the Spanish Main, but from a public sense of duty and of discipline put off the settlement of their private quarrel till the expedition shall have come home; given a fair and gracious lady of the Court, who learns, an hour later, from one of these that she is the *monna innominata* whose beauty and virtue he has made famous in song; and with these high issues of love and hatred alike indefinitely deferred, the author from the very outset has the reader almost mercilessly in thrall. And indeed he must have a courage scarce less than *Sir Mortimer's* to face outrageous fortune and the proud man's contumely, though at his darkest hour the gloom is for a moment lifted upon as noble a picture of pure loyalty in love

as you shall find in any page of English romance. But the end more than atones for the long and pitiless ordeal.

If it is not ungrateful to offer a word of criticism, one might say that the author's style betrays a tendency to affectation, as in the little trick of inversion by which she throws her verbs forward in front of their subjects; that she has allowed herself to overlay the narrative (told by herself) with the euphuistic embroidery of the period: and that she sometimes permits the colours of her backgrounds to become rather obtrusive. But it is a book of which she has every right to be proud: and indeed when one reflects upon the proofs here given of her possession of those qualities so rarely found together—a man's strength and a woman's tenderness—it would be hard to name a living writer, of either sex, who could have written it for her.

Major W. P. DRURY, in his *Peradventures of Private Pagett* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), seems, in the Baron's opinion, throughout this book, by making the supposed narrator of the stories an ex-private of marines, to have aimed at achieving a success similar to that attained by Mr. W. W. JACOBS in his most humorous series of semi-nautical coast-trading tales. There is, too, which is in character with a marine, a flavour of KIPLING's private soldier's slang: decidedly objectionable. As to the stories themselves, the Baron is bound to admit that, reading them with the very best will in the world, they seem to him hopelessly unintelligible, and, therefore, absolutely uninteresting: save two, namely, one entitled "The Signal Guns of Gungapore," which might and ought to have been a fine, weird, imaginative legend; and the other called "In the Bay Flat," which is the better told of the two. But real interest in stories narrated by a man who is "accounted a painstaking and promising liar by the sea-faring profession—the profession best qualified to judge,"—is, from the commencement, discounted. Maybe, if the Major could forget JACOBS and KIPLING he might tell something in his own style that would catch the public.



MORE INSIDE INFORMATION.

OUR wrestling correspondent, the "Horrible Arab," wires an account of his £100 match with the "Unmentionable Swede":

"I was favrit; the manigment backed the Swede and I was to go dahn after a game struggil and get £70 out ev the stakes. At 10:15 the scawr was:

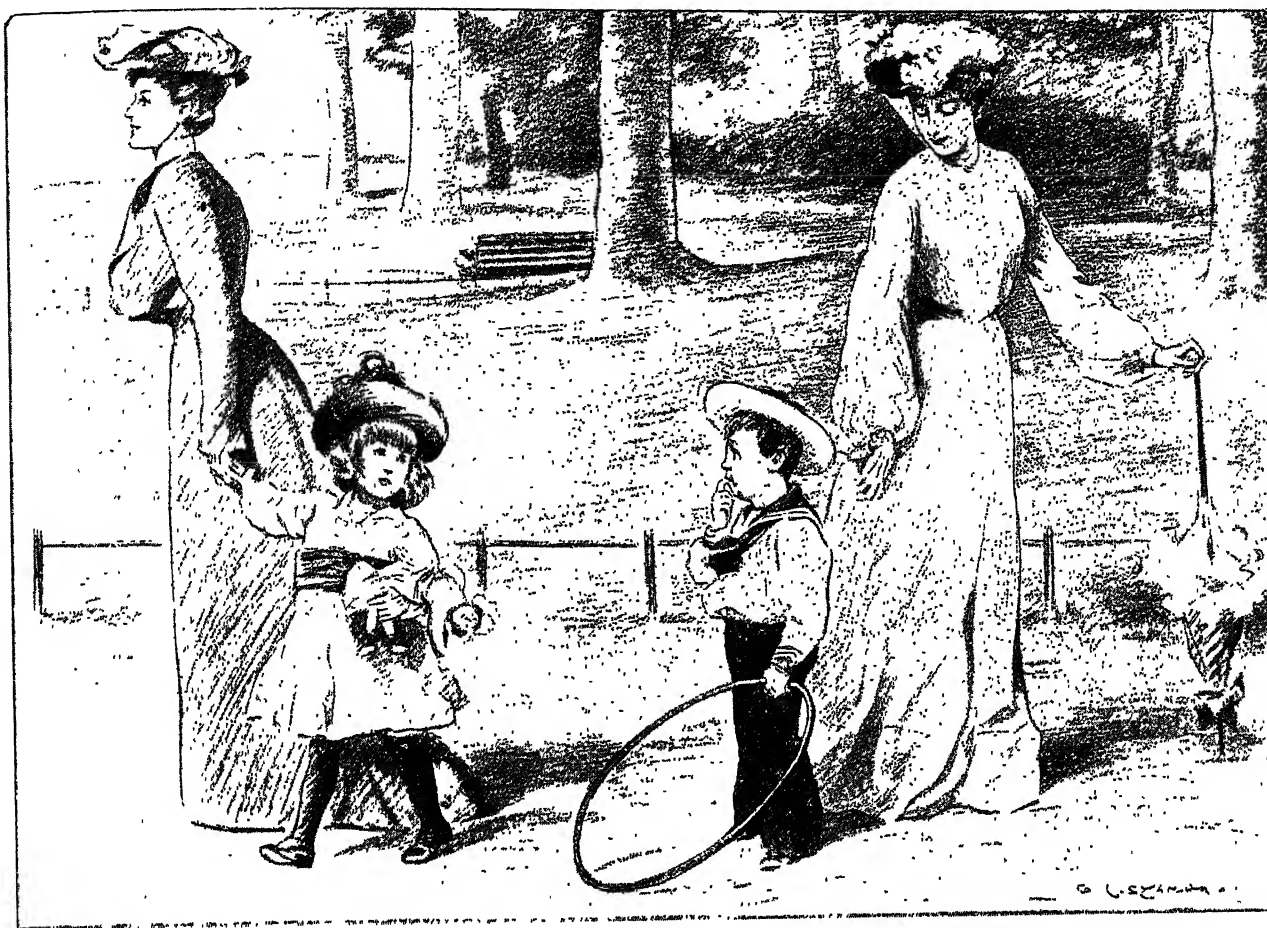
ONE ALL.

'Tike your 'ands out ev my whiskers, you blimed Irish-man,' sez I to the Swede. 'Blimy if I don't play fair an' throw yer!' sez I, givin' 'im a $\frac{1}{2}$ -Nelson. 'Steddy,' sez the refree, who 'ad a few quid on him, 'you'll ev 'im dahn in a minit.' 'You arst for sensashun,' sez I, 'an' yer going to ev it!' 'Fwhat the divil's the use of worraking overtoime?' sez the Swede; 'go down, ye cockney shpalpeen,' sez he. 'Alrite,' sez I, 'I've a wife and famely dependin' on me,' and went dahn unconshus, scawr at 10:30—

2 ONE.

"Excewse bad riting, my 'ands are shakin' somethink awful. Send cheque by retern."

EXSCORIATING!—Mr. GAMBLE, the discoverer of WAGNER's "Rule Britannia" overture, has had to pay dearly for his good fortune. Every post brings him applications from batsmen who have failed, asking him if he can discover their lost scores too.



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

"WITH THIS RING I'LL THEE WED."

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

SCENE—A Law Court. Mr. Justice SPRIGHTLY on the bench. TIME—Second day of the hearing of *BROWNING v. TUPKINS*, an action for infringement of copyright. A crowded and fashionable audience. The plaintiff, Mr. ROBERT BROWNING—a poet tolerably well-known except in the Law Courts—is in the box. Mr. STUMPER, the eminent counsel, is cross-examining.

Mr. Stumper. You contend, I understand, Mr. BROWNING, that the defendant's poem "Applause" is stolen from your lines called "Popularity"? You consider yourself an authority upon that subject? . . . Well, one would not have guessed it. And you allege that these lines of yours have some literary value? . . . Indeed, that is most interesting. Perhaps, then, you will explain their meaning to the jury. Here is a line, for instance: "Mere conchs! Not fit for warp or woof!" [Laughter.]

The Judge. Mere what?

Mr. S. "Conchs," m' lord. Perhaps

the plaintiff can enlighten us—ah, thank you.

The Judge. The plaintiff seems—er—a little shellfish too.

[Loud and prolonged laughter at this brilliant witticism.]

Mr. S. Then the meaning, I take it, is that these winkles—[Laughter]—are not "fit for warp or woof"—are we to understand that most shellfish can be used in decorative needlework? . . . Come, you need not be angry; I am asking for information only, you know. Well, we will go on to the next verse. "And there's the extract, flaked and fine, and priced and saleable at last." Is that poetry? . . . No, I don't want you to express your opinions about me, but to answer a simple question. . . . Thank you, so that is your idea of poetry. Now we can get on. "And HOBBS, NOBBS, STOKES and NOKES combine." [Loud laughter.]

The Judge. HOBBS? Anything to do with the Leviathan? [Renewed laughter.]

Mr. S. And who is NOBBS? Friend of yours? . . . Only a type? Well, that is disappointing. [Laughter.] And who are Messrs. STOKES and NOKES?

Your solicitors, by any chance? [Laughter.] . . . Oh, no offence meant. So they're only types too? "HOBBS hints blue—straight lie turtle eats." Will you be good enough, Mr. BROWNING, just to "hint blue"—for the enlightenment of the jury? [Laughter.]—Well, your Mr. HOBBS did it, you know. Then "NOBBS prints blue."

The Judge. Blue-letter type, no doubt. [Laughter.]

Mr. S. "Who fished the murex up?" Is that a riddle? . . . But you must know, if you wrote the poem. And then the last line: "What porridge had JOHN KEATS?" [Prolonged laughter.] Why porridge, Mr. BROWNING? And who was JOHN KEATS—another type? . . . Oh, a real poet this time? And what does this line mean—or has it no meaning at all? . . . And you consider that all this balderdash about conchs, and porridge, and NOKES and STOKES and murexes and KEATS really deserves to be called poetry? . . . Thank you; you can stand down.

[At this point the Jury intimated that they had heard enough of the case, and returned a verdict for the defendant.]

TO C.-B., MINING EXPERT.

(See Cartoon opposite.)

MASTER of that obscure infernal craft,
The work of almost diabolic wits,
Whereby the foeman, taken fore or aft,
Is meant to be dispersed in little bits,
(Or else the engineer who laid the snare
Cleaves inadvertently the ambient air):—

Loose on the high seas in an open boat
(*Vide* ensuing page) the limner's lines
Present your counterfeit in train to float
Another batch of detonative mines,
So that the course of any hostile ark
May be extremely tricky after dark.

Why are their lethal properties so small?
Think you this impotence is due to damp?
Do they explode too soon, or not at all?
Or is there treachery within the camp—
Some spy that serves the enemy with maps,
Showing the sites of all your booby-traps?

There is, of course, another stamp of mine
(Which also sometimes undergoes a slump),
Built on a totally distinct design
From such as make a nervous vessel jump;
Can you have possibly confused with these
The toils we set for coolies overseas?

Nay, rather, like a hen that seeks the shade,
There furtively to drop her egg apart,
And, having done the deed and got it laid,
Blazons the fact from foolish pride of heart,—
So with the secret bombs you darkly lay,
Your instant cackling gives the game away.

And so you try, and try, and try again,
To crumple up your rivals' rotten fleet,
Strewing your engines round the astonished main,
And yet their fighting strength is still complete,
Save that in dirty weather one or two
Have stove each other in—no thanks to you.

Well, cast them on the waters how you will,
The "best-laid" mines, we know, "gang aft agley,"
Yet, though their mere explosive power be nil,
Death has another move, as grim, to play;
For, while they watch the little pranks you're after,
The enemy may always die of laughter! O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALE.

Selections from the Catalogue, with Prices realised.

II.

CARLYLE (THOMAS), *Historian and Philosopher*, to JOHN RUSKIN,
describing his first meeting with Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE:

... FROUDE, coming in at tea-time yesterday, brought with him a strange Dumfries body, by name CRICHTON-BROWNE, but more like a Brownie than a CRICHTON. The creature, a DON-WHISKERANDOS-DUNDREARY-elongated-EDWARD-CLARKE in physiognomy, has strange whimsies on sanitation and diet—voluble in abuse of tannin and home-spun tweed. At last FROUDE carried off his semi-grand hygienic Panjandrum and left me to smoke in peace.

[Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, 21s.]

MAY (EDNA), *Comédienne*, to GEORGE MEREDITH, expressing admiration of his genius and asking for an autograph:

... I know that for poor little *Me* to address such a great man is like Mahomet going to the mountain or carrying coals to Newcastle or anyhow something quite unusual and absurd, but I must tell you what a flood of sunshine your glorious books have shed on the existence of a poor little struggling actress. If it had not been for my reading of *Diana of the Crossways* I should never have dared to assume the chief part in the *Belle of New York*, so perhaps you will not think me forward if I ask you to sign your name, with an appropriate quotation, in my birthday book, which please find enclosed. . . . [Mr. WILLIAM WHITELEY, £25.]

ROSEBURY (Lord), *Liberal Statesman*, to Miss ADA BLENKINSOP, *Head Girl of Minerva House School, Epsom*, declining proposal that he should contribute to the *School Magazine*:

... I regret profoundly that I am unable to comply with your courteous request. But the multifarious demands on my limited leisure preclude the possibility of acceptance. Apart from that I greatly doubt whether any effusion from my unpractised pen could possibly reach the standard of excellence exacted by the conductors of your meritorious periodical. It would be inexpressibly painful for me to illustrate in my own person the truth of the adage *Sus Minervam*. As a token, however, of the profound respect I entertain for your effort to develop the cult of *belles lettres* in a town so dear to me and mine, perhaps you will do me the honour of accepting the accompanying revolving bookcase containing a complete set of the novels of Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, 7s. 6d.]

WATTS-DUNTON (THEODORE), *Gipsy Poet-critic*, to the Station-master at Dunton Green, on the South Eastern Railway, in reply to the suggestion that the station should be renamed Watts-Dunton Green, after the Master:

... But as I have said, such a request, at once so flattering and so just, could not have been proffered at all a hundred years ago. It is part of the Renaissance of Wonder. In *Aylwin*, Chapter XXVII. (page 87 of the cheap edition, with my portrait on the cover; page 168 of the six-shilling edition, which I recommend)—in *Aylwin*, as you will doubtless remember, I have something to say of this question and its bearing upon South country lines.

[Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, £5.]

PARKER (Sir GILBERT), M.P., *Legislator, Novelist and Amphitryon*, to HACKENSCHMIDT, *Wrestler*, declining a contest:

That strong men now and then should be pitted against each other in friendly rivalry I should, I trust, be the last to deny. But there are occasions when, however much one's inclinations may persuade, one's decision must be against the easier way. As Prince BISMARCK remarked to me almost the last time I saw him, Duty is Duty ("Pflicht ist Pflicht"), and I have never forgotten it. On Thursday evening, the date you suggest, I have to take the chair at the annual dinner of the Society of Canadian Boatmen in London. Hence, delighted as I should have been to meet you, I must respectfully decline. Possibly in the Ides of March we may find a more suitable date.

[MADRALI, 2s. 11d.]

CAINE (HALL), *Manx Fictionist and Statesman*, to ROBERT ABEL, suggesting collaboration in a novel:

While riding home to Greeba Castle yesterday I conceived the scheme of a great cricket novel, in which the foster brother of the POPE, kidnapped in infancy by an unscrupulous Neapolitan pianola player, and growing up to manhood in the purlieu of Kennington, develops wonderful skill as a cricketer, is elected captain of the Oval team, and performs the hat trick in the final Cup Tie match at the Crystal Palace.



A SLUMP IN MINES.

C.-B. (log.). "I'VE BEEN LAYING THESE THINGS ALL ABOUT THE PLACE FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS, AND THE SILLY IDIOTS WON'T RUN INTO THEM!"



NON COMMITTAL.

SCENE—Fashionable Auction Rooms. A Picture Sale.

Amateur Collector (after taking advice of Expert No. 1, addresses Expert No. 2). "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PICTURE? I AM ADVISED TO BUY IT. IS IT NOT A FINE TITIAN?"

Expert No. 2 (wishing to please both parties). "I DON'T THINK YOU CAN GO FAR WRONG, FOR ANYHOW, IF IT ISN'T A TITIAN, IT'S A REPE-TITION."

Although deeply interested in the spectacular and emotional side of cricket, I confess that my technical knowledge leaves something to be desired. To guard against the possibility of any inaccuracy, I am desirous of enlisting the aid of an expert, and you at once occurred to me as predestined by your name as an ideal collaborator. "*The Batster*, by CAINE and ABEL"—why, the very title-page alone is worth a million copies! If you do not see your way to fall in with my suggestion, I think of applying to Mr. TOSSETTI, the Essex amateur. His (presumably) Italian extraction, and the resemblance of his surname to that of my dear friend and protégé, D. G. ROSSETTI, are weighty credentials. But I cling to the notion of our partnership. You see I hope to be the "Governor" of the Isle of Man some day. . . .

[ALBERT TROTT, 10s. 6d.]

EXTRACT from a bill exhibited in a shop window in High Street, Haslemere, advertising a Marionette Show:—

"The greatest care has been taken in forming the pieces so that the morals of the Younger Branches may not be injured, and yet the more Mature may witness the performance with pleasure."

"And yet" is felicitous.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

VII.

On Banks of Yalu.

April 30, Just Before the Historic Battle of Kiu-Lien-Cheng.

WITHOUT professing that any prophet has, like St. Martin, divided his mantle with such a poor beggar as this undeserving self, I shall still hazard the confident prediction that it is two out of eight that, within the next twenty-four hours, a rather decisive *terra-firma* combat of Japs *versus* Russians will be the *fait accompli*! [ED. COM.—We have every reason to believe that this singularly accurate forecast cannot have been penned less than two days after the event.] I will further venture my opinion that (as I have anticipated from the first) the Japanese Chrysanthemum is to walk over its ursine antagonist.

This morning I was present at a War-Council, at which I found Col. KHAKIMONO and his staff dismally apprehending that some gleaming Russian cohorts might come down like folded wolves, and cross the Yalu at very short notice.

"Pardon me, Mist'ers," I politely interpolated, "why not meet your sea of troubles half-way by crossing Yalu *first*?"

"Your hon'ble idiotic suggestion," said Col. K., with rather too military abruptitude, "is mere hon'ble Tommy rot, since we should immediately become targets for their entrenched musketry practices!"

"Still," I queried, "could you not prepare them for your attack with preliminary cannonadings?"

"That would simply be skittles," he returned, "seeing that we have fieldpieces of too great levity to propel balls at all within their radius!"

"But," I suggested, "could you not borrow bulkier artillery from some armoured gun-junk at mouth of river? Then, by hoisting such petards upon a hill-top, you would infallibly obtain a more extended shooting-range."

"Are guns volatiles," he demanded ironically, "that they are to fly to such altitudes?"

"You are evidently ignorant," I returned, "that, in our recent Boer War, hon'ble PERCY SCOTT invented a machinery by which the longest Toms could be easily transported to incredibly lofty peaks." Whereupon I jotted a rough but spirited sketch of said vehicle, with a few improvements of my own. "Here," I said rather waggishly, "are pinions for your iron pigs!"

And, as soon as they comprehended the contrivance, they were instantaneously metamorphosed from dismal Jemmies to Sunny Jims, and unanimously agreed that I had indeed proved myself the missing lynx.

Very prudently they have not permitted any grass to grow on their feet, but have at once commanded gun-carriages to be constructed after own design by a military carriage-builder, and have sent down to a gun-junk, requesting the temporary loan of its finest cannons, which are already pulley-hauled to the summit of a commanding elevation.

At daybreak to-morrow they are to commence the ball with a bombardment—and, though the result is still a toss-up on lap of gods, my very slight acquaintance with military strategies convinces me that it is to fall out in our favour. Col. K. has very kindly invited me to witness to-morrow's battle in his company, and offer any suggestions that may occur to me as an *amicus curiæ*. Which I have of course willingly consented to do *gratis*.

I am inditing these lines by the sickish light of the moon, on *Sho-ji*, who is voluntarily serving as my temporary writing-table. I rejoice to say that my trusty quadruped is now a valetudinarian, and will, I hope, be sufficiently robust to carry me out of any ordinary conflict.

My thoughts are now exclusively engaged with my wives and progenies. If, unhappily, I am nipped in my bud, what is to become of them? It is only too probable that even the person of a *Punch* representative will not necessarily be sacred to a Russian sapper. However, I am buoyed up with the inflated hope that, should Fate come with her horrid scissors and snip off my vital thread, then you, benevolent Sir, will officiate as loving Father to my poor afflicted families—if only as token of remorse for having ever doubted my eternal verities!

Now, with my Marshal's cloak around me, and my head pillowed upon *Sho-ji's* recumbent stomach, I am dropping off into a calm and serene snooze. Should Heaven be able to spare me, and I am permitted by Censorship to lift the brazen veil of silence, you may perhaps receive some rather sensational reports. If, on the other hand, my destined address is on the wrong side of Gates of Grave, you may rely on my using best endeavours to fall with as much similarity to a soldier as possible!

But I entreat, sympathetic Sir, that you are not to snivel too inconsolably over my spilt milk. . . . Good-night. . . .

MAY DAY: EARLY MORNING.—Col. K. has just called me, with the intimation that, if I desire to witness any fighting, I am to tumble out. *Sho-ji* is so overpowered by somnolence that he declines to rise till the very last moment. At length

he is up. . . . The nautical guns on hilltops are rending the atmosphere with thundering loud bangs. . . .

I have just been ferried over the Yalu in a puntoon, together with Col. K., Staff and *Sho-ji*. Remainder of Japanese forces are crossing in other puntoons. I am not experiencing any severe sensations of funkiness. . . .

Candour obliges me to state that I do not perceive any of my rival reporters on the field of battle, and can only conclude that either they have overslept themselves, or that they have been unable to screw their courages to the crossing-pitch. But this, I daresay, is not to prohibit them from cabling highly fanciful and idealistic descriptions to their respective journals—in which of course no mention will be made of myself! . . .

It is a pity that I have come out without my wireless telegraphic pole, but it is too complicated a concern to be manipulated with impunity from the back of any horse, not to mention that you are, as yet, not sufficiently familiar with my secret code to make out more than very elementary signalings. So I shall have to forward this by the customary route—*via* Calcutta.

I am supremely delighted with *Sho-ji*, who is undergoing his fiery christening with the total indifference of a seasoned war-hack! Col. K. has entreated me not to so rashly expose myself—but not having felt any wound, I can afford to make a joke of my scars. . . .

LATER.—The Battle is now in full blast, but so enveloped in smoke as to be practically invisible. I might of course very easily fake up some atrociously harrowing word-pictures, which would be absorbed readily enough by the rather credulous Editor of *Chittagong Conch*—but I instinctively feel that you, Sagacious Sir, are too venerable a bird to swallow such mere chaff. Also, seeing that your residuary columns are reserved for facetious matters, I should be committing a solecism were I to indulge in any too appalling realisms. [Ed. Com.—*We entirely agree with our Correspondent, and can only commend his self-restraint.*]

Still, I may perhaps be permitted to mention that poor *Sho-ji* has just experienced the close shave of a cannon-ball, which has utterly demolished his ulterior tail! Luckily, he is not in the least disconcerted by such a hair-breadth escape. . . .

By permission of Hon'ble Col. I have harangued each regiment before they proceed to the firing line, with brief soldierly exhortations, abjuring them to preserve the coolness of salamanders when exposed to hot fire.

LATER.—Both sides have exhibited first-class gallantry—but we have succeeded in turning the enemy on to his flanks, which has compelled him to fall back rather precipitously.

The Russian Bear is now engaged in energetically rolling down the darkling torrent of Fate, and retiring with grim persistence. I am pursuing at a respectable distance. . . .

Col. K. is inclined to the opinion that the pursuit should be suspended, as it is time for tiffin—but I have warmly opposed such lukewarm policies, and urged him to make hay of his foes while the sun is shining, and to smite their hips and thighs before they are out of his touch. Which, having now a more exalted opinion of my military acumen, he is accordingly doing. . . .

I have just overtaken a Russian officer, and was courteously lamenting his fortune of war, when, to my amazement, I found that he was cockahooping with content, asserting that everything had turned out most fortunately, since they had succeeded in ascertaining our strength, and were getting nearer to their base of operations!

He is immoderately amused by Japanese simplicity in not seeing through such transparent tactics. . . .

TEN O'CLOCK, P.M.—Our bugle has now warbled truce, the night cloud has been lowered, the stars are doing their



THE ORIGIN OF THE "CAKE-WALK."

OUR ARTIST HAS DISCOVERED THAT THE STEP-DANCE NOW SO WIDELY POPULAR MAY IN REALITY BE TRACED BACK TO AN INSTINCTIVE AND SPONTANEOUS EFFORT TO EVADE THE RAVAGES OF THE REPTILE WORLD IN PRIMEVAL TIMES.

celestial sentry-go, and myself, with thousands of others, have sunk on the ground overpowered!

Col. K. and Staff have just called at my tent to make the handsome acknowledgment that, humanly speaking, they owe their victory to my instigation. It seems I am to receive some distinguished service decoration or other!

But, lackadaisy, every rose has a thorn in its side! and I regret to report that the gallant steed which has borne me through the day is again totally collapsed, owing to nervous prostration! If he is no better to-morrow, I shall be compelled to apply for leave of absence, and conduct him back to Korea, to consult his horse-doctor, and be fitted with a new tail-piece.

May I, in conclusion, hope that, as some slight recognition of the additional prestige I have procured for *Punch*, you will consider the propriety of augmenting my slender stipend by stumping up with an extra bonus? H. B. J.

MUSICAL JOTTINGS.

A TERRIBLE blow has befallen Professor ERASMUS BILGER. While he was on his way to Constantinople to give a "command" performance before the SULTAN, the Orient express was boarded by a bevy of Koutso-Vlach *condottieri* at Nish, and little BOLESLAS BILGER, the idolised three-year-old son of the famous Bessarabian composer, was kidnapped and carried off into the Blue Carpathian Mountains. The distracted parents were reduced to a condition of abject coma for several days, and could be kept alive only by hypodermic injections of strontium, nitro-glycerine, digitalis, and other powerful explosives. Search parties were at once organised at positively prohibitive cost by Dr. LUNN, General DE GEORGIS, and Mr. CHARLES MANNERS. The last-named, tastefully disguised in the costume of *Mephistopheles*, is scouring the mountains in every direction, striking terror into the hearts of the Komitadjis, and if herculean strength and bewitching moodiness are any guarantee of success can hardly fail to restore the *enfant perdu* to the afflicted authors of its being.

The infant prodigy market, supplies for which are remarkably fine in both quality and quantity, still remains firm. On Friday last little EUTERPE PAPADIA-MANTOPOULO, the infant contrabassist from Mitylene, made her *début* at Marlborough House in BOTTESINI's thirteenth concerto. On the previous day PAULINE MAROFATTI, aged seven, sang the closing scene from *Götterdämmerung* at a charity concert at Grosvenor House, and was immediately engaged by Mr. H. V. HIGGINS for next season at Covent Garden. Amongst recent arrivals at the Carlton are

SIGISMUND BLOWSKY, from Prague, aged five, violinist; GEMMA and GIUDITA COLOCOTRONIS, twin sisters, aged nine, harpists; and IGNAZ POPPER, aged three, whose performances on the rattle have created such a *furor* in the Republic of San Marino.

On Monday last little PETZY, the Albino child pianolist, had the honour of playing before the Hereditary Margravine of LITHIA. The tiny toddler was taken to Potass House in her perambulator, and carried to the royal apartments by her devoted parents, accompanied by her *impresario*, her advance agent, and her bill-stickers. After laying aside her bottle with the prettiest of baby gestures, she approached the instrument with the decision of a *diva*, and played BILGER's beautiful but complex *étude* in F without a tremor. There was not a dry eye in the room. The Margravine, who was much overcome, presented the marvellous infant with a box of pralines, and the *séance* concluded. PETZY has not a vacant date until July, 1907, when she will be four.

Madame BAREILLY BLAMANGE, the famous pianist, whose father, a distinguished Mutiny veteran, named her after the sanguinary battle on whose anniversary she first saw the light, has just celebrated what she happily calls her pianofortiet birthday by a charming and original party at her splendid mansion in Arlington Street. The entertainment comprised a serenade by the Misericordia Amateur Orchestra, a new Water-polonaise by the Turbine Trio, a delicious sermonette by Canon COCKERELL, and a birthday ode with trumpet *obbligato* written, composed, and recited by the heroine of the occasion. The presents included a richly-timbered and undulating Spotstroke Cottage piano with basaltic plinth and holophote attachments from Sir ALBERT BARKER: silver-mounted Persian kit-bag (Count Tolstoi): box of Borneo cigars (Cardinal RAM-POLLA): $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Everton Toffee (FRANZ VECSEY).

Mr. JAMES MORRELL's season of Venetian Grand Opera opened at the Neptune Theatre, Balham, on Saturday night. The work chosen to inaugurate the venture was GOUNOD's *Romeo and Juliet*, but before the performance an interesting costume lecture on the SHAKESPEARE-BACON controversy was given by Mr. SIDNEY LEE. The proceeds of the season are to be handed over to the Chancellor of the Exchequer with a view to reducing the income tax, but at the close of Saturday's performance Mr. MORRELL was able to announce that a deficit of no less than £200 had been realised. A special feature of the

evening was the trial of the new invisible hermetically-sealed talc roof to the orchestra. The device worked perfectly in keeping down the volume of sound, but unfortunately, owing to an insufficient supply of compressed air, three members of the orchestra perished of suffocation. Mr. MORRELL is, however, confident that he will be able to continue using the talc roof without serious loss of life. He has pointed out in a long letter to the *Times* that the structure is vegetable-proof, that it will resist the impact of a rabbit, and reminds him and Madame SANKEY MORRELL, by its chaste and corrugated appearance, of a musical beehive.

M. PADEREWSKI has just returned to Poland after spending a week at Madame SARAH BERNHARDT's marine pavilion on the coast of Brittany. The sport was excellent, including shrimp-shooting with saloon pistols, crab-stalking, &c., M. PADEREWSKI's biggest bag including 14 jelly-fish, 11 mussels, 3 brace of shrimps, a small conger-eel, and a large piece of cork. The intrepid pianist charmed the rough fishermen by his affability and condescension, and is said to have composed a new Cracoviak in their honour.

KUBELIK, acting on a hint from Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, has decided to renew his acquaintance with the classics, and is at present translating *Longinus on the Sublime* into Hungarian, with the assistance of Count TASSILO FESTETICS, Baron BANFFY, Count PALEFFY, and Professor ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY. It is understood that Count KHUEN-HEDERVARY, the Ban of Croatia, will contribute a brief preface, and that the index will be prepared by M. POBIE DONOSTZEFF, the Procurator of the Holy Synod. The work, which will be published in crimped lambskin at 21s. net, will be copiously illustrated with portraits of the translator.

THE ALAKE OF ABEOKUTA'S BUSY WEEK.

May 24.—The Alake of ABEOKUTA, chief of the West African Egbas, prevented by the wet weather from seeing the Zoo, visits the Colonial Office in State.

May 25.—The Alake of ABEOKUTA, again unable to reach the Zoo, inspects the offices of the *Daily Mail*. Having only thirteen orders with him he can decorate only a limited number of the gifted brothers.

May 26.—The Alake of ABEOKUTA once more sets out to see the Zoo, but gets no further than Lord's, where he watches a cricket match with increasing depression. In the evening he contributes the Abeokutan Point of View to the *Daily Mail*, and gives it as his opinion that what would make the game is bloodshed.

May 27.—The Alake of ABEOKUTA, accompanied by Mr. ADEGBOYEGA EDUN, at last reaches the Zoo. Mr. EDUN is much impressed by the snakes, to whom he offers apples.

May 28.—The Alake of ABEOKUTA travels by special train to Highbury, where he is the guest of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He leaves the house in the evening full of praise of the right hon. gentleman, saying that in all Abeo there is none cuter.

May 29.—The Alake of ABEOKUTA receives VECSEY the child violinist in private audience, orders two pianolas and a barrel organ, and elevates him to the post of Potential Bandmaster of the Egbas' White Watch.

May 30.—The Alake of ABEOKUTA and suite spend the afternoon and evening at the Hippodrome. The Alake is enraptured with MARCELINE, whom he endeavours to purchase as his Court Jester. MARCELINE being unavailable, Mr. OTHO TWIGG, the ringmaster, offers his services but is not accepted.

THE MEMOIRS OF A DIVINITY.

(Suggested by *Memoirs of Sarah B. in "Strand Magazine."*)

I AROSE one September morning, my heart leaping with some vague thought of coming joy. I was on the eve of my fourteenth birthday, and I was a tall child for my age, being about seven feet high and as thin as a lath. You can see this in the picture of me in the *Strand Magazine*. I pressed my forehead against the window panes, looking at I know not what. Perhaps I expected to see Mme. GUÉRARD, whom, in defiance of sense as well as grammar, I used to call *mon petit dame*. Strange that a French girl, or any girl, should make *dame masculine*! But genius cannot be hampered by genders!

Suddenly I heard my mother—*mon mère*. I used to call her—asking for me. I plunged into bed again, and then I heard my mother say that after *déjeuner* there would be a *conseil de famille*. I went into hysterics immediately. As a child I was rather excitable.

Then weeping I went in to lunch, and found assembled *mon tante, mon gouvernante, ma parrain*—as I called them—and the Duc DE MORNY. It was a melancholy meal; *morne et MORNY*, as I have often said since.

"*Comment allez-vous?*" asked the Duc. I did not answer this memorable question of that gay but cynical aristocrat.

After *déjeuner* we went into the drawing-room and there we found M. LESPRIN, a friend of the family, who always called me *ma fil*. The worst thing about our disregard of genders was that it rendered our meaning



Visitor. "I'VE JUST BEEN TO MAKE MY FIRST CALL ON MRS. JOHNSON."

Lady of the House. "SO GLAD, DEAR. POOR THING, SHE'S GLAD TO KNOW ANYONE!"

obscure. I have never been able to make out whether he meant *mon fil*, because I was as thin as a thread, or simply *ma fille*. There were also present my uncles FÉLIX FAURE, JULES GRÉVY and CASIMIR PERIER—none of them in any way connected with the Presidents of the Republic. There was also a notary from Havre, who was not only ugly, having red hair and a face that seemed like the back of his head, but actually wore a pair of spectacles on his nose. If he had worn them on his chin I think he would have seemed less repulsive.

The Duc de MORNY sat next to my aunt, with his arm round her waist. It appeared to me that he was carrying on a slight flirtation with her.

"You ought," said he, "to send this little girl to the Conservatoire."

He then patted my cheek, kissed my aunt, and bowed to all the others. Ah, what it is to be *un grand seigneur*!

After this he took his departure, and I rolled on the floor and screamed. I was an excitable child. The Conservatoire! What was it? A conservatory, a hot-house, what we call a *serre*? A forcing-house to make me grow taller, and I already seven feet high! My uncles and the others wagged their heads. "Ah! Oh! Eh, *ma fil*? Hum! Hum!" said M. LESPRIN! I shall never forget those prophetic and wonderful words.

Suddenly someone shouted "She is too thin!" I immediately went into



AN IMAGINARY LINE.

Master Tom. "I SAY, MUMMIE, I DIDN'T KNOW THE EQUATOR WAS LIKE THAT."

Mother. "WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, CHILD?"

Master Tom. "WELL, MISS TEACHEM TOLD US IT WAS A MENAGERIE LION GOING ROUND THE WORLD "

hysterics and was carried off to bed, where I screamed '*Au Conservatoire!*' for sixteen hours without ceasing. As a child I was excitable.

The next day we all squeezed into a cab—it was rather a tight fit, but my uncles and the Duc de Morny went on the box—and drove to the Français. When we were all installed in a *loge* I should have fainted from the crush if the sharp knees of my governess, thrust into my back, had not kept me painfully conscious of everything. Soon I began to cry. The audience, hearing my sobs, gazed at our box. That was my first appearance in any theatre. Then I was taken home in hysterics. That was the *début* of my artistic career. An impatient world will read of it with joyful eagerness.

THAMES WEATHER.

COME, GEORGE, give your clubs and your Haskells a rest, man :

You can't spend the whole of your lifetime in golf ;
If it pleases your pride I'll admit you're the best man
That ever wore scarlet or teed a ball off ;
I'll allow they can't match you in swinging or driving,
That your shots are as long as they always are true,
And I'll grant that what others effect after striving
For years on the green comes by nature to you.

But the sun's in the sky, and the leaves are a-shiver

With a soft bit of breeze that is cool to the brow ;

And I seem to remember a jolly old river

Which is smiling all over—I think you know how.

There are whispers of welcome from rushes and sedge there,

There's a blaze of laburnum and lilac and may ;

There are lawns of close grass sloping down to the edge there ;

You can lie there and lounge there and dream there to-day.

There are great spreading chestnuts all ranged in their arches

With their pinnacled blossoms so pink and so white ;

There are rugged old oaks, there are tender young larches,

There are willows, cool willows, to chequer the light.

Each tree seems to ask you to come and be shaded—

It's a way they all have, these adorable trees—

And the leaves all invite you to float down unaided

In your broad-bottomed punt and to rest at your ease.

And then, when we're tired of the *dolce far niente*,

We'll remember our skill in the grandest of sports,

Imagine we're back at the great age of twenty,

And change our long clothes for a zephyr and shorts.

And so, with a zest that no time can diminish,

We will sit in our boat and get forward and dare, !

As we grip the beginning and hold out the finish, !

To smite the Thames furrows afloat in a pair. R. C. L.



THE MANCHURIAN STAKES.

MR. BULL. "JAPAN LEADS!"

MADAME LA FRANCE. "AH! BUT THEY'RE NOT YET ROUND THE CORNER!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Leaves from the Covent Garden.

THE hit of the season up to now, according to the general verdict, would be LEONCAVALLO's *Pagliacci*, as perfectly rendered musically and dramatically by the cast that included



Van Rooy. A regular nailer at a Sole-o, when he makes another striking hit.

our Signor CARUSO, magnificent as *Canio*, and our Fräulein DESTINN, admirable as *Nedda*. Signor SCOTTI's *Tonio* is also a fine impersonation, and M. SEVEILHAC, in the comparatively small part and rather ungrateful one of *Silvio*, completes a cast which must ever be memorable in the Covent Garden annals of Operatic drama. "Hæc olim MANCINELLI jurabunt" when at some future time he scores notes of a conductor's reminiscences.

A German night with WAGNER's *Die Meistersinger* is another feature of this particular season. The parts in the opera are all well filled, and so is every part of the house. Herr VAN ROOY a splendid *Hans Sachs* the cobbler, in voice perfectly bootiful. Herr HEROLD, too, excellent as *Walther von Stolzing*, and to Frau EGLI as the sweet singing *Eva* Wagnerian enthusiasts could go on listening "for Eva and for Eva!" As for Dr. Head-and-HANS RICHTER his conduct in the chair leaves nothing whatever to be desired; what he, his orchestra, and *tout ensemble* fail to do, need not be attempted, elsewhere or here for the matter of that, with any chance of success.

May 25.—Crowded house for *Rigoletto*. Tenor CARUSO



"A German night."

announced with Soprano MELBA. Signor CARUSO came; Madame MELBA unfortunately didn't. Of course a note from her reached the management, but not the audience, who regretted they couldn't hear from her. So without MELBA, temporarily invalidated, the house takes full value for its money in SILVA, as *Gilda*, and expresses itself quite satisfied with the performance, seeing that there is such a tenor as CARUSO for the part of "the Dook." Altogether satisfactory. Opera generally going strong, in spite of the little *agitato* movement of *Tunes v. Times*.

APPETISING.

THE *Westminster Gazette* announced last week that on Monday (now past) at the KING's *Levé* there would be "a number of general presentations but only a thin *entrée* and a small Diplomatic Circle." That mention of a "thin *entrée*" looked queer. It is all over by now, but let us hope that in consequence of the "Diplomatic Circle" being "small" there was sufficient *entrée*, however thin, to go round. The name of the *entrée* was not given. Something very tasty, of course.

DANGER, MINE AND THINE.—This is everybody's danger who has a speculative turn. As for "floating Mines" a well-known expert observes that, relying on past experience, he will back himself to float any mines, however dangerous they may be (to others), and come off with a fair profit himself.



A Hammer-us Trio.

TROUBLE AHEAD

OR, THE PERILS OF THE WEEKLY EXODUS.

["Some Sunday, when the moon is at her lowest, and most of the telegraph offices are closed, Germany will declare war, fall upon the English coasts, and stab the Empire at its heart by a descent upon London. And beyond a few messenger boys and doorkeepers and charwomen, they will find no one in the Government offices to receive them. All the Ministers and responsible officials will be idling in the country, motoring and playing golf, or inspecting antiquities, or chatting under the garden trees."—"Sigma" in the "Daily Dispatch."]

Saturday, May 28, 3 P.M.—Owing to dissatisfaction with provisions of the Alien Immigration Act, an ultimatum was forwarded by the Government of Baratania to the British Premier, demanding repeal of the obnoxious clauses within two hours of its receipt. The messenger, however, after repeatedly knocking and ringing at No. 10, Downing Street, failed to elicit a reply or to induce anybody to open the door. The document was then taken on by a passing postman, with its envelope marked, "Gone away—left no address," to the Dead Letter Office, whence it was eventually returned to Baratania.

May 28, 5 P.M.—On the expiry of the allotted two hours the Baratarian Ambassador proceeded to the Foreign Office to demand his passports, but was unable to make his wishes clear to the solitary occupant of the building, an ancient dame whose hearing was impaired. She recommended his Excellency at length to try the Lost Property Office in Scotland Yard, which establishment, needless to say, was closed. The Ambassador, therefore, boarded the first train for Dover, without taking official leave.

Sunday, May 29, 2 A.M.—Under cover of a cloudy night, a Baratarian squadron of three submarines made its way up the Thames to Blackfriars, where it torpedoed and sank the British fleet there stationed. The loss of life was happily not great, as a cabin-boy was the only person aboard. The incident passed for the time unnoticed by the solitary policeman on the Embankment beat. Shortly afterwards, and before an alarm could be given, he was overpowered by the Baratarians, who had noiselessly effected a landing at the Temple stairs. The invaders, a party some thirty strong, then marched through the deserted City streets and occupied successively the Mansion House (in the absence of the Lord Mayor), the Bank of England, the various newspaper offices, and the Tower, where the night Beefeater was caught napping and speedily rendered *hors de combat*.

May 29, 6 A.M.—An East End milkman got wind of the annexation of the City by the Baratarians, and spread the alarm through the sparsely-inhabited regions of the West. Meanwhile the new masters of the Metropolis were reinforced by a contingent of their alien friends in Whitechapel, and resistance was seen to be useless. The caretakers (twenty-three in number) of Belgravia, the forty odd housemaids of Kensington, and the Beadle of Hanover Square surrendered at discretion. A middle-aged cook in Mayfair was inclined to show fight, but finally capitulated on seeing herself outnumbered.

May 29, Noon.—The back-door of the War Office was forced without much difficulty by the enemy, though some little opposition was offered by the Government cat. A strong guard of three was here mounted, and a look-out was kept for Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER, who, however, did not turn up. The Admiralty and other offices were similarly taken over. They were all found to be unoccupied.

May 29, 2 P.M.—The Palace of Westminster was entered by means of a skeleton key, and the Emperor of BARATARIA'S Proclamation to his new subjects formally read from the throne in the House of Lords, rewarding all the pro-Baratarians with peerages. At the same moment the Baratarian national flag was run up at the top of the Victoria Tower. The rest of the day was given up to rejoicing on the part of the now emanci-

pated aliens, varied with the collection of valuables and *bric-à-brac* from West End mansions.

Monday, May 30, 8 A.M.—Londoners began to return from their week-end, and learnt too late from their morning papers of the *coup d'état* which had been effected during their culpable absence from town. They had to bow, however, to *force majeure*.

DRAWBACKS.

PRY the sorrows of a minor bard,
Whose fettered spirit, emulous to vie
In leppings with the wild and wanton pard,
And, with proud head, assault the lower sky,
Now, in the bondage of a great despair,
Miltonically promulgates his views:—
*Alas, what boots it with uncessant care
Strictly to meditate the thankless Muse?*

Times I have had great matter for my song,
But lacked the mood to beat my music out;
Times, when I really felt like going strong,
There wasn't anything to sing about!
O Mood and Matter, uncongenial pair,
You that so oft have robbed me of my dues,
Tell me, what boots it with uncessant care
Strictly to meditate the thankless Muse?

Yet have I lived, expectant of the hour
When these proud twain in full accord should join,
Bringing me bliss, and comfortable dower
Of pleasing patronage and current coin.
O Brief as brilliant, Rapturous as rare!
O Hour too slow to win, too swift to lose,
Whisper, what boots it with uncessant care
Strictly to meditate the thankless Muse?

To-day, to-day it came; it charged my blood
With the fair promise of a fruitful time;
I saw new metres bursting from the bud;
The airiest quips, the happiest turns of rhyme,
Th' inevitable word, all, all were there;
Mine was the noblest theme that one could choose;
And yet—what boots it with uncessant care
Strictly to meditate the thankless Muse?

I seized the harp; I smote the frolic strings;
Sweetly the opening prelude waned and died
Even as tho' 'twere borne on angels' wings;
My bosom swelled; my jaws were opened wide;—
There came an organ-grinder in the Square,
Grinding the engine such barbarians use!
Alas, what boots it with uncessant care
Strictly to meditate the thankless Muse?

Ah me, I could not catch him in the chase.
I could not glut my purpose to destroy;
Even to cuff him on the head and face
To me had been a melancholy joy!
Screaming, with flapping hands, and flying hair,
Scatheless he fled, and passed without a bruise;
While I—what boots it with uncessant care
Strictly to meditate the thankless Muse?

Now have I laboured through the long, long day;
My mood has passed; the jocund strings are dumb;
The World has lost an epoch-making lay,
And I, both fame and honorarium!
The chance of years has melted into air;
The Star of Hope has vanished in the Blues;
*Alas, what boots it with uncessant care
Strictly to meditate the thankless Muse?*

DUM-DUM.



DERBY-DAY. DOWN THE ROAD.

MATCHES THAT STRIKE UPON THE BOX.

APOLOGIA.

By the reviled spectator.

THEY frankly say at cricket I'm a fool,
But none shall tell me that I don't
play straight,
For every time I'll make a stringent rule
To pay my money promptly at the gate.

And though one ball will always get me
out—

The first straight ball that leaves the
bowler's hand—
During the year I shall beyond a doubt
Be prominent in more than one "grand
stand."

Though as a bowler I'm no good at all
(I couldn't drop a straight one if I
tried),
Yet I'll deliver many a good-length bawl
When things are going nicely for my
side.

And though my fielding's hardly worth
a glance,
This in my favour I can safely say,
I'll never through the season miss a
chance—
A chance to watch a good game when
I may.

So, though I'm not a RANJI or a RELF,
Be gentle with me, scornful playing
men;
I'll go to watch you every time myself,
And take a maiden over now and then.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are pleased to see signs already
of a better feeling between Russians and
Japanese. The *Svet*, a Russian organ
which has not hitherto been remarkable
for the kindness of its attitude towards
the enemy, last week went out of its
way to point out in the most courteous
language that a siege of Port Arthur
could only prove harmful to the Japanese.

Russia continues to appear in her
new rôle of the apostle of the Open
Door policy. She will shortly open all
the ports in her possession on the
Pacific, and has succeeded in partially
opening Port Arthur in the teeth of
Japanese obstruction.

We live in an age of advertisement.
In these days of motor-car competition
it is more than ever necessary for rail-
way trains to keep themselves before
the public; and, to show that there is
life in them yet, last week the Ostend-
Vienna express ran over four persons in
succession at Bingenbrück, Bacharach,
Bischofsheim and Mayence.

A novelty at the Apollo Theatre just
now is the appearance of a new kind of
stage donkey. It has four feet.

Professor RUTHERFORD has informed the
Royal Institution that, owing to the
existence of radium, the end of the
world, which some scientists had esti-
mated would arrive in a few hundreds
of thousands of years, may be postponed
for a million æons. We trust this state-
ment will put a stop to jerry-building.

We like to see a great man free from
pride. We learn from a recent issue of
the *Express* that CHARLIE SMITH, the
champion shoe-black of London, per-
mitted a representative of that organ to
hold converse with him.

A priest of the Italian Church, Hatton
Garden, has declared that anyone can
go into the Italian colony without fear
of annoyance. But where, then, do the
piano-organs live when they are at
home?

Some satisfaction has been expressed
that the Boer Congress should not have
demanded life pensions for all those
who took part in the war against us;
but it must be remembered that the
Congress is young yet.

Colonel SWAYNE, Commissioner for
British Somaliland, is returning to the
country to study the situation on the
spot. It is not yet known whether the
Mad Mullah will be allowed to find an
asylum there.

Four West African natives suffering
from sleeping sickness have been brought
safely to the Liverpool School of Tropical
Medicine. The fear that they might
recover on the voyage happily proved
groundless.

The KAISER has informed LEONCAVALLO
that he (with a small *h*) is the greatest
dramatic composer of the day. This is
unusually modest of the KAISER.

Mr. T. W. H. CROSLAND has been
writing in the *Gentlewoman* to prove
that there are no British Humorists.

The *British Medical Journal* prints
out that one of the penalties of consum-
ing unripe bananas is dyspepsia. One
scarcely likes to think what would
become of the nation's health were it not
for the warnings published from time to
time by the medical press.

A gentleman writes to the *Daily Mail*
to complain that even the refreshment-
room at the Royal Academy leaves much
to be desired.

On Thursday last Mr. HARVEY DU CROS
succeeded in reaching the summit of
Snowdon in a four-cylinder 15 h.-p. car.
This is bad news for those nervous

people who are in the habit of retreating
to the top of this mountain so as to
avoid being run over by motor-cars.

The Poet Laureate has written an
anonymous comedietta. This opens up
the interesting possibility of his having
previously published a *magnum opus*
without our knowing of it.

As we go to press, some important
War news reaches us. According to
the *New York Journal*, the CZAR has
buckwheat cakes for breakfast, and
cucumbers scooped out and filled with
sweetbreads for luncheon, and has taken
to cellular underwear of an American
brand.

The American city destroyed by fire
for last week was Yazoo City, Missis-
sippi.

DEPORTMENT FOR TRAINS.

In calling the attention of our readers
to a forthcoming volume under the above
heading, we wish it to be understood
that "deportment for trains" does not
refer to any rules of etiquette for the
trains themselves, these being already
fully supplied by the regulations of the
respective companies and by such addi-
tional maxims, having regard to punctu-
ality ("the politeness of engines"),
courtesy in ceding the *pas* to an express
upon the same line, etc., as will readily
suggest themselves.

The present Manual has for its object
the provision of a few useful hints,
collected from the best authorities, for
the guidance of those whom business or
pleasure causes to travel by rail. They
will be found of great value for the
proper regulation of conduct under
circumstances which are by no means so
easy as might be supposed. A brief
selection is given below.

WAITING AT STATIONS.

Your time being of importance, it is
the duty and privilege of the railway
company to see that your train is ready
for you as soon as you have purchased a
ticket and inspected the bookstalls. If,
therefore, owing to negligence on their
part, you should be compelled to await
its arrival, you are perfectly justified
in expressing disapprobation of such
conduct.

This may be fittingly exhibited by the
demeanour (something between that of
a Cabinet Minister at a crisis and an
angry schoolmaster) with which you
pace the platform. Any observations
or enquiries which you address to the
officials should be delivered as loudly as
possible, so that those passengers in the
neighbourhood may enjoy the pleasure
of sympathy.

AT A REFRESHMENT ROOM.

Deportment at a refreshment room is a matter largely dependent on the sex of the deporter. Should you be a man, you will find that the matter will probably adjust itself. If, on the contrary, you are a woman, no amount of deportment will make much difference.

SEEING, AND BEING SEEN OFF.

This is a transaction of great importance and delicacy. The seer-off should stand at a distance of about two feet from the compartment in an attitude of sorrowful expectation. On catching the eye of those within, his face should momentarily lighten, and he should smile and nod briskly. This process may be repeated any number of times without fear of overdoing it. Care should be taken to avoid consulting the watch or staring impatiently at the engine. As the train moves off, one hand may be waved gracefully (if possible) and a wistful expression conveyed to the countenance. After this it is best to retire at once, in case the thing should be only shunting.

Meanwhile the seen-off will gaze pensively from the window and return the nods with, if anything, a shade more melancholy, befitting one who voyages into an unknown and (as regards the seer-off at least) friendless world. Conversation on both sides is generally restricted to such observations as "Don't you wait!" "Soon be off now!" and "Mind you write!" *da capo* and *ad lib.*; but topics of a more intimate character may be broached, and for these what is called the Mysterious Method is recommended. A few simple phrases, as, "I hope she won't tell him about the other day"; or, "You see we did manage it after all!" will furnish your fellow-travellers with a field for interesting speculation that should cause their journey to pass both quickly and pleasantly.

EATING IN TRAINS.

Of this occupation the author truly observes that it is a matter of elaborate and almost Oriental ritual. Refreshment-holders may be divided under two heads, the luncheon-basket of the male, and the reticule or hand-bag of the softer sex. Of a luncheon-basket, as being the visible token of a robust appetite, as much display should be made as possible, and to this end a list of viands and beverages of suitably pungent fragrance is provided.

The hand-bag, on the contrary, is in its essence secretive. It is most frequently used to contain sandwiches or bath-buns, which should be broken furtively, with the fingers inside the bag, and conveyed to the lips in an abstracted and as it were unconscious manner, the attention meanwhile being



A TOOTHsome MORSEL.

Distracted Nurse. "GRACIOUS, CHILDREN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

Children. "OH, WE'VE PUT THE MEAT COVER ON GRANDPA'S HEAD TO KEEP THE FLIES OFF HIM!"

apparently concentrated upon the surrounding landscape.

The provision of dining carriages upon our leading lines has however to a certain extent removed the pressing character of the food problem, but many other chapters of this little volume, such as "How to unfold, offer and accept a Newspaper," or the excellent advice upon the Secretion of Footwarmers, will be found of permanent value to travellers.

Pour encourager les autres.

"Mr. Justice WALTON will attend at the Central Criminal Court during the week to try prisoners, in addition to Mr. Justice CHANNELL."—*Standard*.

A WELL-BALANCED LOVER.

["Recently there has been a reaction in favour of the sweet reasonableness of poets who sang of love in a fashion which did not suggest the ravings of decadent youths and neurotic maidens."—*Society Paper*.]

LADY, I woo thee not with sighs
Of rapturous excess,
I drink not madness from those eyes
Whose beauty I confess;
I ask no passion in return,
Since I have none to give;
To die for thee I do not yearn—
For I prefer to live;
No blood for thy sake have I spilt—
I have no blood to spare,—
But, Lady, love me if thou wilt,
Or, if thou wilt, forbear.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

RICHARD BAGOT's story of *Love's Proxy* (ARNOLD) is cleverly conceived and told in the true comedy vein of well-balanced humour and pathos. The author never descends to farce, nor does he attempt extravagantly-coloured descriptions. The dialogues are perfectly natural. This is of the very best in the art of novel-writing. A more pleasant and evenly interesting book it has not often fallen to the Baron's lot to read. Though unsensational, its central situation is sufficiently dramatic: while the finish of the human comedy strikes the true note of pathos. There are in it two mistakes not to be ignored by the laudator: the first is the title, which, like the measles, is catching; but when you have read the book it becomes somewhat mystifying. Secondly, it is regrettable that, like HENRY ARTHUR JONES when he was weary of his own latest comedy, *Joseph Entangled*, at the Haymarket, RICHARD BAGOT should adopt so old a device as an accidental eaves-dropping for the sake of clearing up difficulties.



The last time my Baronite heard of JOHN COLEMAN, mention was made of him in a letter from a friend, who wrote to say that the veteran actor had broken down in health, and that a subscription was on foot to ease his pathway through what remained of the long journey of life. Soon after came news of the end, and here, in two portly volumes, published by HUTCHINSON, is the record of *Fifty Years of an Actor's Life*. The story goes back literally to the times of Mr. *Crummles* and his famous company at Portsmouth. COLEMAN identifies the original of DICKENS's fancy, and more than hints that the unfledged novelist was a failure in the troupe. Running away to join the stage while still a boy, COLEMAN saw all its seamy side. It was a different world in those days, the lessee and manager being more of the *Crummles* type than that of Sir HENRY IRVING. A scratch company played in barns dignified by high-sounding names. They got meagre pay when times were moderately good, straightway spent it, and starved whilst the ghost walked. What stands forth with undesigned prominence is the kindness of the strolling players to each other. None was so poor he could not spare a coin and a crust for a brother in lower deeps. The eager boy, anxious to play *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, *Othello*, and other small things he believed he could do better than most men to whom the parts were assigned, came in personal contact with many old stagers. He played with MACREADY, of whom he



writes much; approached PHELPS in vain endeavour to obtain an engagement at Sadler's Wells; trod the stage with CHARLES MATHEWS and Madame VESTRIS, with BENJAMIN WEBSTER and Madame CELESTE; knew G. V. BROOKE, HELEN FAUCIT, BARRY SULLIVAN, EDWIN FORREST, CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, CHARLES KEAN, and other stars in a theatrical firmament long since darkened. COLEMAN had a long life, on the whole a merry one, and generously shares its fun with his reader.

My Nautical Retainer has been greatly refreshed by the reading of *Incomparable Bellairs* (CONSTABLE). It resumes the intrigues of that charming breaker of mendable hearts who captivated the readers of *The Bath Comedy* some few years ago. In their sequel, AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE have had the courage to introduce, in the character of *Rachel Peace*, a serious element into that atmosphere of frivolity which was the life-breath of *Kitty Bellairs*. The pathos of her inevitable passion, if it does not actually verge on melodrama, is perhaps too strongly, too almost tragically, contrasted with the light volatile loves that flutter like moths in

asbestos armour about the scintillating *Kitty*. In the very first chapter—perhaps the cleverest in the whole book—the picture of the gracious innocence of the Quaker girl serves a little to temper one's taste for the shallow distractions of the society whose fringe it was her evil fate to touch. However, it would take a good deal more than this to put out of countenance the irrepressible *Bellairs*, even if the unsuspected womanliness of her sympathy for *Rachel* had not redeemed her from the charge of mere egoism. We leave the pretty widow on the eve of an alliance with the best-hearted rogue in either book: but she, and her admirers too for that matter, have so often escaped the toils that we may yet hope for a further tale of her wooing. There is perhaps no passage in this second stage that is quite so diverting as the chapter in *The Bath Comedy* where the virtue of the Bishop of BATH AND WELLS is compromised; but, grave or gay, every page glows with those eighteenth-century graces which the authors, in common with the courtly poet to whom their work is dedicated, have claimed for their peculiar heritage.

Olive Latham, by E. L. VOYNICH (HEINEMANN), is a clever book, and in some respects powerfully written. The devotion of a self-sacrificing, deeply attached woman, with a mind so unbalanced as to have but a hazy perception of the distinction between right and wrong, is scarcely a personality to enlist the sympathies of an honest English reader on behalf of the brutally treated Poles under the Russian misgovernment. Had the story, *mutatis mutandis*, been transferred to Ireland of less than a hundred and fifty years ago, when it would have been equally true of that "distressful country" under the cruel penal laws, it would have had a greater chance of attracting sympathetic attention than has this narrative of fiendish persecution and hopeless suffering. But perhaps the talented authoress is not so well acquainted with the history of Ireland as she is with that of Poland. The character of *Olive's* father, who begins with bright prospects and great energy, and then goes under, is sadly true in ordinary life. The heroine is never a very sweet Olive, and ends by being a decidedly bitter one.

THE BARON



F. A. F.

THESE mystic letters spell Fresh Air Fund, an institution established by Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON with the object of bringing under the very eyes of the Waifs and Strays of great towns the sweet, wholesome—to them, marvellous—actualities of the green countryside. Ninepence pays for a long day's happiness for a forlorn little one. £8 2s. (don't forget the odd 2s.) will carry forth a complete party of two hundred. There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. Every penny subscribed goes to the children in food or fares. With that generosity that especially marks the theatrical profession, Mr. BEERBOHM TREE has lent His Majesty's Theatre for a special *matinée* in aid of the Fund, at which Miss VIOLA TREE will make her *début* in London. June 7th is the happy day. Take tickets or roll along the nimble ninepences to C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Henrietta Street, London. Perhaps if you called with a cheque for £8 2s. you might see ARTHUR PEARSON himself. He's a very pleasant Pearson.

NEW TITLE FOR AN OLD PICTURE ("His Master's Voice").—*Fox et præterier nihil.*



A HINT TO THE PARK COMMISSIONERS.

WHY NOT INTRODUCE A "PUSH BALL" IN THE ROW? EQUESTRIANS COULD NO LONGER COMPLAIN OF MONOTONY.

CHARIVARIA.

LONDON undertakers, it is announced, are establishing a Master Undertakers' Union "for the promotion of the interests of the trade." An amalgamation with the Dairymen's Union is suggested.

"Cricketers who draw crowds" is the title of an article in a contemporary. We already have the cricketer as special correspondent, and the cricketer as special artist was, of course, bound to come.

A Paris footballer, on being attacked by a spectator into whose face he had kicked the ball, drew his revolver, and fatally wounded his assailant. As a result it is thought probable that French football teams will in future be made to leave their revolvers and swords in the dressing-room.

The Manx budget shows a surplus of £12,000. It is rumoured that a certain author intimately connected with the island is of opinion that with this sum a worthy monument could be—and ought to be—erected to a certain author intimately connected with the island.

It looks as if theatre *matinées* were about to be instituted in Abyssinia. According to the *Board of Trade*

Journal, at the present moment every Abyssinian is ambitious to possess himself of a felt hat, and the larger the hat the greater the pleasure.

We have been requested to state that the copy of Mr. CARNEGIE's *Gospel of Wealth* in the Kettering Free Library, recently founded by Mr. CARNEGIE, was not (as stated in this column) a gift from the author. It seems that when Mr. CARNEGIE fits up a library he draws the line this side of actual books.

A capital new religion, entitled "The New Thought," has just been invented. It allots each man no fewer than two souls. We wonder it has not been realised before that one soul alone cannot stand the wear and tear of modern life.

MISS GRACIE GRAHAME, having been threatened with an injunction if she persists in singing "*Oh, Charlie, come to me*," has changed the words to "*Oh, Billy, come to me*." But, we would ask, is there no power to protect the public by an injunction preventing anyone singing either version?

"While we have no doubt of Germany's prowess, we must not forget that many dogs can kill a stag," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, speaking of Ger-

many's isolation. This is the first time we have heard Germany called a stag. It is true we had noticed the horns, but we had thought they were those of a dilemma.

According to despatches from Rio de Janeiro the differences between Brazil and Peru have been virtually arranged. Each country will now settle down again to its own revolutions.

A Russian has adapted an old form of war chariot. It consists of a motor-car with sharp knives outside, which revolve with the wheels. It has been offered to the Russian War Office, and that body has recognised the utility, for purposes of retirement, of a conveyance that is guaranteed both to cut and run.

The report that civil war has broken out in the Czar's dominions is declared, at St. Petersburg, to be an exaggeration. Prince DOLGOROUKI has boxed Count LAMSDORFF's ears, but the movement has not spread.

It is stated that the wife of a Parliamentary candidate has hit upon an ingenious way of obtaining an audience for her husband. She does a "turn" of singing patriotic songs before the speech-making, and will not stop until a hearing is promised to the candidate.

THE HOME OF LIBERTY.

THE King's Commission gravely sat
 Probing the crust of hoary creeds;
 They heard the notions, this and that,
 Of such as knew their country's needs;
 And they declared, by two to one,
 That in defence of Home and Beauty
 England expects each mother's son
 Some day to do his martial duty.

I moved with meditative feet
 Along the Strand's alluvial marge,
 And there I saw a poster-sheet
 Printed in letters green and large:
 Broadly, the facts were thus expressed
 (Though, for the words, I slightly twist 'em):—
 FOUR MILLION WORKING-MEN PROTEST
 AGAINST THE CONTINENTAL SYSTEM.

I could believe it. I was swift
 To find it racy of the soil;
 I knew the British Workman's gift
 For shunning any form of toil;
 I knew he could not fail to shirk
 Fatigue and guard and grim reveille,
 For when he sees a job of work
 He trembles like an aspic-jelly.

Pampered with breakfast-table fare
 At prices fabulously short;
 With gladiators, cheap as air,
 Trained to provide vicarious sport;
 Rather than waste, on work or play,
 Time, talents, energy, expenses,
 He goes the good old Roman way
 That points to *Panem et Circenses*.

This is his birthright, being free.
 Over his beer in liquid staves
 He mocks the vile indignity
 Of habits incident to slaves;
 But most he views with scornful eyes
 Those foreign churls, mere human chattels,
 On whom the noxious duty lies
 To fight at need the nation's battles.

Some Englishmen may choose to dare
 Death of their free unfettered will;
 That is not his but their affair,
 So long as others meet the bill;
 Nor if, to save his private ears,
 Our local trenches needed filling,
 Would he object to Volunteers
 Who pay for leave to learn their drilling;

But never a candidate shall get
 The labour vote—let that be known—
 Who asks that each in turn should set
 His country's claims above his own!
 Let German dogs permit the State
 To march and starch and sweat and bleed 'em,
 But Heaven defend that such a fate
 Should fall upon the Sons of Freedom!

Secure behind that wall of fame
 Our fighting conscript-fathers won,
 O Liberty, in thy dear name
 How many things are—left undone!
 For who would mar his ease of mind
 By patriot service, bound to bore him,
 When he is always free to find
 Some simple soul to do it for him?

O. S.

THE TOMMIES' TOURNAMENT.

"WALK up, walk up," or motor, or bike, or drive to the Agricultural Hall, and see the Military Tournament to-day or to-morrow, June 9, when the show comes to an end. Do not forget to notice the inscription that, glorified by flags high up aloft at each extremity of the building, announces to the crowd, not the naval and military glories of the British Empire, not the loyal watch-cry of "God Save the King!" but the name, style and title of those whose timely provisions can effect so much both in peace and war, that is, of the Refreshing Firm that has contracted for this expansive advertisement! Long live the Roast Beef of Old England, coupled with drinks of all sorts, without which even these stalwart heroes of the Military Tournament would faint and bite the sawdust. Caterer, thou reasonest well!

The band of the First Life Guards, under Mr. FRED HAINES, L.R.A.M., has had its work cut out. Here is blow for blow, given up in the orchestra, where all are "a blowing," and never "a growing" weary. Every "display" in the afternoon show, that lasts for nearly four hours, was (on the occasion of this visit) brought off with marvellous punctuality, each performance being within at least twenty minutes after the time announced in the programme. It was wonderfully kept going! "One down t'other come on!" is the rule for this programme, so strictly adhered to, even in individual cases, that when an unfortunate warrior of the artillery comes to grief, another plucky one is ready to spring into his saddle and be his substitute. How delightful, how inspiring, it must be in war to go to battle with a splendid orchestra perched up aloft playing appropriately inspiring airs! Scarcely a manœuvre but ends with some artistically designed and spiritedly executed tableau, which, on a field of battle, must be one of the most heart-stirring sights. Imagine how an enemy in ambush would be fascinated by witnessing a musical ride executed by our heavy cavalry to the tune (among others) of "Mr. Dooley-ooley-oo!" The enemy is bound to give in at once: to come out of their ambush, applaud enthusiastically, insist on fraternising, and then to hilariously join the mazy dance. Bravo! *Vive la danse! Vive la guerre! Vivent les deux ensemble!*

Best of all, where everything is best, is the gymnastic display of the lively and intelligent boys of the Duke of York's Royal Military School. How many forms there are in this school it would be difficult to say, but every form present is to be noted as first-class. So also for the Royal Marine Artillery, whose men unlimbered a gun in less than no time, and, having fired it off point blank at the little red-riding-hooded girls of the Duke of York's School (without hurting one of them, thank goodness!) packed up and bolted away ere you, or anyone else, could even so much as think of calling out "Police!" or of invoking the mysterious "JACK ROBINSON."

The Historical Pageant will amuse all, from the entrance of the English troops mustered at Crecy, marching in to the tune of "*If I had a donkey what wouldn't go*," up to the exit of our most modern warriors in khaki, to the inspiring strains of "*Rule, Britannia*," "*God Save the King*," and finally the "*March from Tannhäuser*." The Circusy masquerading part of the military display, the present deponent is inclined to regard as mere Tommy-foolery. This view is, perhaps, hypercritical. Taking such haphazard notes of the music as was possible in the midst of so much excitement, your very unmilitary, but ever civil, reporter, was struck by the frequent recurrence of the late HENRY RUSSELL's popular compositions, such as "*Cheer, Boys, Cheer*," "*A Life on the Ocean Wave*," and so forth. These be our national melodies, popular and inspiring.

The Indian soldiers (or soldiers who had been commanded to "dress up" as Indians), tent-pegging, and whooping for all they were worth (which wasn't much, as there were more



PLAY'S THE THING!

HAMLET (MR. PUNCH) to OPHIDLIA (*the Danish Infant Musical Prodigy*). "GET THEE TO A NURSERY! GO!"

misses than hits), stirred up the sawdust, sending it to *chokee* down our throats, just as if it were brown rappee scattered about by giant snuff-takers. After this there was dummy-hunting, representing the clowning part of the entertainment; and then came the now highly popular "Push-ball" played by teams of Horse Guards. The horses thoroughly enjoyed this, as it was evidently the first time in their experience when to have anything to do with a ball was entirely distinct from a "twitch" in the nostril followed by unpleasant medicinal consequences. Men and horses "kept the ball a-rolling" for a good twenty minutes; but which side came off victorious this deponent did not stop to ascertain. Trusting that the best men and horses would win, he departed hurriedly, and after dodging the wheels of the Royal Artillery gun-carriages, escaping unscathed from the 'oofs of the 'osses, and successfully performing various other strategic movements, he, having formulated his plan of campaign, which included the escalading an omnibus amid the storming of various passengers, found himself outside a public conveyance, having "come out at the top," safe and sound, within sight of the protectorate of the guardian Angel of Islington.

M.P.'S AS TOURIST TIPSTERS.

Members of Parliament Describe Specially for "Mr. Punch" the Delights of their Favourite Resorts, as in the "Daily Mail."

PROSPEROUS PRETORIA.

By the Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P.

I KNOW of no more charming spot under the sun than this gay little South African city. Full of life and laughter it is a veritable paradise, and shortly to be rendered more so by the proximity of thousands of happy Celestials carolling over their genial tasks. A home from home indeed. I recommend all my Chinese constituents to hasten there.

SALUBRIOUS SHANKLIN.

By Major Seely, M.P.

As a convinced opponent of coloured labour I can conscientiously recommend the Isle of Wight. Shan-*klin*, in spite of its distinctly Chine-ese-sounding name, is a most charming spot, and so unsophisticated that one of my supporters, a local pork-butcher, wrote to ask me what harm a pig-tail could do once it was cut off.

BREEZY BATTERSEA.

By Mr. John Burns, M.P.

That Londoners should every year go to great expense and trouble to get their families to the seaside, or abroad (which is worse, since it takes good English money out of the country) is one of the most ludicrous of the errors of the day.



INGRATITUDE.

Nervous Youth (to charming girl, who has been trying to set him at his case). "He, he! I ALWAYS—HA—FEEL RATHER SHY WITH PRETTY GIRLS, Y'KNOW, BUT I'M QUITE AT HOME WITH YOU!"

For here, at their very gates, is a pleasure resort that offers all the attractions of the seaside or Normandy at no cost at all. Battersea Park provides green glades, rocky glens, vast lawns for manly sports, a sheet of water for navigators, a track for motors and bicyclists, refreshment rooms, a matchless view of the river Thames—everything that the foolish and extravagant go to the ends of the earth to see. And all within hail of London. And it is the healthiest place in the world; its death-rate is nil.

ENERVATING EPHEBUS.

By the Duke of Devonshire.

To the toilers eager for repose there

is no holiday like travel in the slumberous Orient. Of all spots in the near East I know of none to equal Ephesus, home of the Seven Sleepers. There one may rest indeed. The best inn is, I think, the "Morpheus Arms," where hop pillows are included in the charge for the night.

BEAUTIFUL BOUNTIFUL BOOTLE.

By J. H. Stock, M.P.

When, wearied by the strenuous life,
You wish a while to footle,
Take my advice, with babes and wife
Be off to balmy Bootle.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

VIII.

*In Korea once more.**(By Extra Special Runner.)*

I HAVE been very kindly given my *congé* by Col. KHAKIMONO, with indefinite leave to absent myself, and I can only devotedly hope that the Japanese army may not commit any too shatterpated actions, now that they are temporarily deprived of my counsellings!

But I am under serious apprehensions lest they may be so overjoyed with their bird-in-hand as to underrate some rather formidable covey of Russian eagles concealed in an ambush. I have private information that Hon'ble KUROPATKIN is already hastening up with several hundred *ikons*. Also that Port Arthur is now so completely insulated that it is more impregnable than ever, having sealed up its harbour so hermetically that no Japanese junk can obtain admittance.

A certain Russian prisoner of war, Hon'ble Major DROSKYVITCH, who is accompanying me on his patrol, assures me that before eighteen months his country is indubitably to assume highly offensive attitudes, by invading Japanese territories. As their own squadrons are lying snug in Port Arthur, they will be compelled for such invasion to make use of the Japanese fleet, which is by no means so well adapted for the purpose. However, it is only a sail for a very few hours, and Major D. is confident that, when his countrymen are once landed, they will completely overturn the tables.

I am free to confess that my gore is chilled by these methodistical calculations, and if only I had not most unfortunately mislaid my wireless pole I would at once telegraph Hon'ble General KUROKI that he will do well to look at home before he leaps too far into the Manchurian darkness.

After taking so leading a part in the Battle of Kiu-lien-Cheng (described in a previous report, which has, I trust, come to hand), I am naturally rather tired of war's alarms, and am now mainly pre-occupied with health of my poor unfortunate crock, which, alas! is still very so-so!

Being of abnormally high-strung temperament, his bellicose adventures have reduced him to a condition of uncontrollable jumpiness. For example, only a day or two since, when a Korean juvenile had, in a spirit of barbarous puerility, discharged a pea at *Sho-ji's* nose from a popshooter, my said pony was so violently upset that he incontinently rolled over with all his *quatre fers en l'air*, and fainted away for ten minutes on his end!

Notwithstanding which debility the Korean horse-physician here says that, although my pony's nervous system is rather seriously dismantled, he expects, with care and quietude, that he is ultimately to recover his mental balance. Only I am cautioned not to employ him, at present, as a battle-horse.

So, being thus disbarred from proceeding to the front till further notice, I am forced to fly at smaller games, and have already gone in for bear-fighting—which (as I think I mentioned in previous letter) is a far more exhilarating recreation than a mere tiger-hunt, as Korean grizzlies are of notoriously ferocious idiosyncrasies.

I made the proposition to the aforesaid Major DROSKYVITCH that we should take a day off in company, and see whether we could not succeed in captivating at least one bear between us.

"I will come with the whole of my heart, little Father JABBERJEEVITCH!" he responded, "on condition that you, as the old *Shikari* in such sporting expeditions, assume supreme command."

To which I assented, being reluctant to admit that, while in India, I had become totally out of practice in the art of bear-sticking.

But a certain Korean Geomancer, who had been a some-

what arduous sportsman before adopting the more sedentary profession of divination, reported, after constructing my horoscope and making a few incantations, that the day after the next would be my lucky day, whereon I should be utterly impervious to any *feræ naturæ*—which decided me to appoint that as the date for our shoot.

The aforesaid Geomancer further lent me his own favourite fouling-piece, which, so he asserted, possessed the magic qualification of never missing when it was correctly aimed. Thus armed, I repaired myself, with Major D. when the auspicious day was thoroughly broken, to the locality which the natives assured us was the customary haunt of one of their finest bears.

After posting my Russian friend in the direction from which the animal was inevitably to emerge, I modestly took up my position at a considerable distance, behind a large bush.

The merest tyro in ursine peculiarities is aware that every bear is furnished by Nature with such saccharine teeth that he cannot resist making a hog of himself with a pot of honey.

Accordingly I had taken the precaution to purchase, at a Korean general store, a bulky jar of Japanese home-manufactured honey, which was labelled in colourable imitation of London jam-merchants.

This I deposited in front of the bush as a decoy duck, and waited for the prey to turn up.

But for several hours no bear put in an appearance, and I was becoming all agog with impatience, when my shoulder was unceremoniously clapped from behind—and, on turning my head, I beheld a Bruin of Brobdingnagian dimensions, who was evidently inquisitive regarding the nature of my occupation!

Swift as a doe, I discharged my fouling-piece at a blank point—but, either the weapon had been insufficiently enchanted, or I was too flabbergasted to aim correctly at such short notice—for, so far from prostrating the bear, it was myself whose heels were sent flying over my head!

On returning to percipience, I made the shocking discovery that I was being dragged along into more open country! Naturally, my first impulse was to rise to my feet, and grapple my assailant to my soul with hooks of steel. But a momentary reflection convinced me that Mister Bruin was probably to prove himself the more proficient wrestler, whether in Græco-Roman, Catch-who-catch-can, or *Ju-Jit-su* styles, and that perhaps my wisest policy was to counterfeit the demeanour of a *post-mortem*.

Of this I succeeded in giving so lifelike an imitation that, to my unspeakable dismay, the Grizzly at once proceeded to scratch a large hole for my interment—after which he covered me with leaves, as if taking such leaves from the book of the robins in the well-known English ballad of the *Babes in Wood*, which twittered: "'Who'll dig his grave?' 'I,' said the Robin, all sighing and sobbing, 'I'll dig his grave!'"

Only, unluckily, the Bear was by no means melted to lachrymation point, and, from the resigned attitude with which he sat on my head, I easily divined that he had only afforded myself Christian burial until he should become oppressed by pangs of appetite!

As luck would have it, he had selected a spot for my temporary tomb in close proximity to the above-mentioned honey-jar, which, with enormous presence of mind, I surreptitiously contrived to kick off in his direction. No sooner had he snuffed preserves than he embraced the pot amorously between his front paws, and immediately transferred its contents to the recesses of his own interior.

Now, although a frenzied admirer of Japanese enterprise, I am compelled to confess that their native sweetstuffs, although got up externally with very able imitations of genuine British trademarks, are, as a rule, composed of highly adulterated materialism.



EXPLAINED.

Our Village Cricket Club, after the Opening Match.

The Young Squire (who, at school, made a century against Harrow). "I SAY, SPINNER, I DON'T YET UNDERSTAND THAT FIRST BALL OF YOURS THAT TOOK MY LEG STUMP. WAS I LATE, OR SHOULD I HAVE PLAYED FORWARD?"

Spinner (our demon left-hander). "YOU COULDN'T 'AVE DONE NOTHING WITH IT, SIR."

And I shrewdly suspect that this particular honey must have been manufactured by a very incompetent (and possibly altogether bogus) class of bee!

For, within an incalculably brief period after licking the pot clean, this unfortunate Bruin was seized with severe sickishness, together with such intolerable pains in stomach department that he was soon rolling and roaring like toad under harrow!

So, perceiving that he was far too engrossed with his internal symptoms to pay further attention to myself, I crawled out, and, as soon as he became a comatose, dealt him such swashing blows on top of head with the butt-end of my fouling-piece that he was compelled to shuffle out of his mortal coils and pay the debt of Nature!

Thereupon, with the aid of my pocket-knife, I deprived him of his integument, which, *as per* my original promise, I am forwarding as my humble contribution to the furnitures of *Punch's* palatial office. [ED. COM.—A parcel did actually arrive, invoiced from Calcutta and containing a large roll of what looked like black lamb's wool, which it was found necessary to have destroyed at once.]

I must offer best apologies for fact that said bearskin is slightly moth-eaten. [ED. COM.—Slightly!!] You must remember that I have already mentioned that this district teems with excessively large *lepidopteras*, and it is impossible to come across any bear which has not been more or less damaged by such parasitical depredations. For a Korean

bruin, this is not the half of a bad hide, and its cost price out here would be, at least, yen 100. But I have the typical Indian characteristic to hang the expense when making presents—especially to so openhanded a friend as your esteemed self!

H. B. J.

MR. PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALE.

Selections from the Catalogue, with Prices realised.

III.

GRANT DUFF (Sir MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE), *Statesman, Belletrist and Botanist*, to an *Elgin Correspondent* in reply to various queries:

... In reply to your courteous inquiries I have to say, (a), that I cannot claim the credit for having invented the word "anecdote"; (b), the number of volumes of selections from my diary has not yet reached three figures; (c), my favourite quotation is *pereant qui nostra ante nos dixerunt*; (d), the best instance of an impromptu riddle that occurs to me was one that I made in conversation with Lord ODO RUSSELL at the Cosmopolitan Club. We were talking about miracles and I suddenly said to him, "What is the difference between a miracle and Queen ELIZABETH?" Lord Odo professed his inability to solve the conundrum, so I obliged him with the answer: "One is a wonder and the other is a Tudor (two-der)." Lord Odo afterwards repeated this to Prince BISMARCK, who

said, "The man who can make a riddle like that is *capable de tout*." . . . [THE EDITOR OF GREAT THOUGHTS, 1s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.]

MURRAY (Dr.), *Lexicographer*, to Mr. ROBERT MAXWELL, *ex-Amateur Champion Golfer*, asking for information in regard to certain technical terms:

. . . . Being anxious to render my Dictionary complete in the terminology of pastime, I have been recommended to apply to you for enlightenment in reference to certain words with which my unassisted intelligence is unable adequately to cope. (1) *Tonk*. I see it stated in the report of a recent match that Mr. EDWARD BLACKWELL "hit a tremendous tonk off the fifteenth tee." My friend Professor W. W. SKEAT is of opinion that the word is purely onomatopoeic. For my own part I am inclined to connect the word by GRIMM's law with the mystic vocable *κόγξ*, unless indeed it may be derived from a surname. There is, I know, a well-known artist of the name of TONKS. Perhaps there may also be a golfer of the same name, distinguished for the vigour of his stroke. (2) Can you kindly supply me with definitions differentiating the exact meaning of *foozle*, *fluff*, and *flub*? (3) Is the phrase *plusser*, i.e. a *plus* man, generally accepted? . . .

[MISS LOTTIE DOD, 30s.]

HOWORTH (Sir HENRY H.), *"Times" Correspondent and Mammoth-hunter*, in reply to the Secretary of the Kennel Club:

SIR,—I regret that I am unable to give you the information you are in search of. Your application is evidently based on a misunderstanding, my *magnum opus* being the history, not of the Mongrels but the Mongols. If, as I am inclined to suppose, there is any analogy between the brute creation and mankind, I should think you would be most likely to obtain all the necessary details from one or other of those pestiferous hybrids, the Free Fooders, whose recent incursion into the arena of politics has poisoned the springs of Parliamentary life, corrupted the national fibre, and threatens to envelope the entire Empire in a miasmatic atmosphere of mediæval intrigue . . .

[THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 3d.]

WAGNER (RICHARD), *Composer*, to J. P. SOUSA, *acknowledging receipt of a MS. composition, and commenting thereon*:

Honoured Colleague! I have examined with heartfelt interest your remarkable and sonorous (*hellklingend*) score, the like of which I have never hitherto encountered. Impressed by its remarkable qualities, I cherish the fervent wish that before long you may hold a Post at Washington proportionate (*verhältnismässig*) to your deserts. With regard to your flattering intention to incorporate some of the themes of my *Parsifal* in a Ragtime March (*Lumpenzeitmarsch*), I reluctantly am obliged to decline an honour so unprecedented and truly American (*echt-Amerikanisch*) . . .

[W. ASHTON ELLIS, £50.]

BELL (C. F. MOBERLY), *Manager of the "Times," and Rhetorician*, to a lady residing at Bournemouth, who has written to the "Times" Office offering twopence a copy for the "Times" for the next year:

I assure you, Madam, we have come down as low as we can. The accompanying leaflets will give you an idea, crude and imperfect I will admit, of the advantages offered by the new system. If you wait until July 4, and carefully peruse the advertisement pages of the papers day by day, you will, I am persuaded, meet with other arguments, some of which may induce you to spring the extra farthing. Till then, adieu.

[MR. A. HARMSWORTH, £3.]

HENSON (H. HENSLEY), *Canon of Westminster*, to the Postmaster-General, complaining that "cakewalk" was charged for in a telegram as two words, and demanding the return of a halfpenny:

. . . . I am supported in my contention by the whole Dean

and Chapter. The hyphen is a relic of barbarity. In conversation there is no pause of even the slightest duration between the two syllables; and common usage, if not common sense, should govern these matters. . . .

[MESSRS. WALKER AND WILLIAMS, £1.]

JONES (HENRY ARTHUR), *Dramatist*, to the Hon. Secretary of the Ambidextrous League, declining to write his next play with his left hand:

. . . . Much as I should like to do anything to further your meritorious efforts, I am forced to decline your flattering request. My reputation is such that I would not, for worlds, that the suspicion got about that my forthcoming comedy is of Morganatic extraction. . . .

[MR. A. B. WALKLEY, 7s. 6d.]

VECSEY, *Boy Violinist*, to Sir HENRY IRVING, offering to retire in his stead. Translation.

It is not so much the actual recitals that are tiring as receptions afterwards, and visits to the Opera and so forth . . . very weary . . . Take your place with pleasure . . .

[HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, £50.]

SARGENT (JOHN S.), *Royal Academician*, to ISIDORE EHRENBREITSTEIN, Esq., in reply to a letter asking whether his inability to undertake a commission to paint his (Mr. EHRENBREITSTEIN's) portrait was due to the shape of his head or the colour of his poodle:

Both.

[MR. ROCKEFELLER, £1000.]

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. VIII.

"BOUDIN," I said to my friend the other day, "I feel I am not doing my duty by you. You have been here some time now and, with the exception of that football match we went to together, I haven't taken you to see any of our national sports, such as horse-racing, or cricket, or—"

"Or the game of golf," put in BOUDIN. "Oh, my friend, do not omit him, for it is a great game, the game of golf."

"Well," said I, "it's not a bad game, though it is, perhaps, more Scotch than English. Still, we English have made it our own."

"Ah, you noble English," he cried enthusiastically, "how I see you from far. It is always like that with you. You see a poor game which is a Scotch game and you say, 'These poor Scotch,' you say, 'cannot understand how a game must be played. Let us,' you say, 'annex this game and make it an English game, so that it may be great and prosperous and everything that is truly English,' and then, *sapristi*, you take it and you make of it a bit of your rule Britannia. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps," said I, smiling, "we do rather manage to improve any game we take up, but then we've been at games for a deuce of a long time, and, of course, we've got more experience of how things should be done than—"

"Oh, do not incommode yourself for me," he said; "say what you were going to say as if BOUDIN was not in the room. These Frenchmen, you were going to say, do not understand games and they make me pity. They do not play the cricket; they do not play the golf; how shall they be able to *remporter* any success in the public life, in the beautiful arts, or in making war? They have their *absinthe*, and they all drink it, from M. LOUBET, who has been in England and ought to know better, down to the quite small infants who have just arrived to balance themselves on their legs. They are a nation of drinkers of absinthe, who cannot understand the cricket or the golf, and—well, if it were not for the *entente cordiale*, which assure to them the friendship of England, they would burst like dogs, those unfortunate miserable Frenchmen. My faith, I go to naturalise myself

immediately, and when *le Lor Maire* have receive me in the City, I will learn the cricket and the golf, without which it is not possible to be an Englishman or a good man at all."

"My dear BOUDIN," I said, "you mustn't excite yourself so much."

"Ah, you have reason; I inflame myself too much. I am like the old gentleman I have seen playing the golf, for I have seen your golf, yes, I have seen it, and I am still alive. I did not die of excitement. 'BOUDIN,' I say me, 'you must survive, my fine fellow. It is true,' I say, 'that to see these magnificent Englishmen promenading themselves so seriously and following the little ball—it is true that the spectacle is grandiose, and it makes me much emotion, but courage, my friend, and *surtout*, try to be calm,' and, as I say this to myself, sudden I see an old gentleman in knickerbockers and a red coat and a *casquette* of cloth, as if he had made it from what he did not use for his knickerbockers, and a red face, but of a red more red even than his coat, and the old gentleman, who have white hairs, he look at the little ball, and he take a long stick—"

"Club," I said hastily; "you mustn't call it stick."

"Oh, well, all that is equal to me—he take a long clob and he commences, but very slowly, to *écarter ses jambes*, and he make the clob to go backward and forward over the ball *comme un papillon*, and at last he say to himself, 'Aha, rascal of a ball, now I will immolate you,' and, *pif-paf*, *il tire son coup*, but he do it in the air, and the little rascal of a ball stay there and, as for me, I puff with laughter."

"What did the old gentleman do?" I asked.

"Well, he did not say 'rosbif' or 'bifteck,' or 'I sell my wife at Smithfield,' but he say something which is quite as English, and a little word, and he say it to his clob and to the ball and to his eyes, and after he try again and he hit the ground and he break his clob, and I murmur to myself, '*Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin*,' and the old gentleman—perhaps he do not understand French—he hear me say something and he makes me the eyes of a tiger, and at last he put his hands in his pockets, and there he is departed without his clob or anything. I informed myself who he was, and they tell me he is a member of Parliament. My faith, I make you my compliments of him, for he knows how to speak, that one."

"Anyhow," said I, "it's a capital thing for men like that to have a little fresh air and to play a game of some sort."

"Oh, as to that, I do not say no; for you have told me that it is games which make Englishmen what they are, and it is golf certainly which have made this member of Parliament an old gentleman with a red face to whom the mustard mounts to his nose when he hit the air with a clob."

"JONES THE MAN."

In a review of a book entitled *Theodore Roosevelt*, we read that "one day the President and his biographer travelled in a crowded car. A factory girl got in, and *Roosevelt the Man* rose and gave her his seat." *Roosevelt the President* probably fined the Car Company for over-crowding. The distinction is a subtle one, and might be carried out further, as follows:

"Mr. JOSIAH SPIFKINS, the well-known Editor, was out dining the other night. After 'one crowded hour of glorious life,' *Spifkins the Man*, who had partaken somewhat freely of the numerous courses set before him, was handed a cup of coffee by the footman. *Spifkins the Editor* was compelled to return it owing to unusual pressure on space."

"We understand that *Hall Caine the Man*, in a recent speech, expressed his undisguised admiration for *Hall Caine the Novelist*."

"At the Marylebone Police Court *Plowden the Humorist*



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

"CAN I SEE THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE?"

"YES, YOU CAN, AND DO. NOW, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

has been convicted by *Plowden the Magistrate* for contempt of court."

"Last Monday *C. B. Fry, the Batsman*, was bowled by a Yorker which broke three feet each way. The case was reported at length by *C. B. Fry the Journalist*."

THE following advertisement comes from Rye:—

I have a great quantity of good second-hand.

Government Vices

of all sizes from 10s., 15s., 20s., 25s. each.

This seems moderate, and it might be worth while for the incoming Liberal Government to take them over at these prices.

We are authorised to state that *The Edge of the Storm*, produced at the Duke of York's Theatre on Wednesday last, has no connection with the storm of the EDGE that has recently raged at the Automobile Club over the representation of England in the GORDON-BENNETT race.

IN MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL'S *Golf Score Book* occurs the following instruction, of which that veteran Cantab golfer, Mr. LINSKILL, is the admired author:

"As it is most essential, when making a stroke, to keep the eyes well fixed on the ball, be particular to use clean ones."



NOT QUITE UP TO DATE.

Somersetshire Rustic (on seeing the signal drop). "AR-DON'T KNOW IF IT'D MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE, MAISTER, BUT THIC THER' BIT O' BOARD OF YOURN 'AVE A FALLEN DOWN!"

ACTORS BENEVOLENT.

MR. PUNCH wishes to take his share in attracting public attention to a *matinée* fixed for June 23, got up by the generous theatrical profession to assist the well-known dramatic critic, MR. CLEMENT SCOTT, so long and honourably connected with the *Daily Telegraph*, in a time of trial, of much suffering, and of physical incapacity for the special work in which he has excelled, and to which his journalistic career has been devoted.

To assist in this good work, comes, ever first and foremost in the cause of charity, SIR HENRY IRVING, giving on this occasion his inimitable impersonation of *Corporal Brewster* in CONAN DOYLE'S *Story of Waterloo*.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE is to appear as *Diogenes*, the original founder of the Tübingen Philosophical School, in which character he will recite the soliloquy adapted to his surroundings, commencing, "Tubby or not Tubby, that is the question."

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who, as ALEXANDER, naturally enough, is in close proximity to *Diogenes*, will give the touching speech, "If I were not ALEXANDER at the St. James's, I would be *Diogenes* at His Majesty's!" and, unless these lines are enthusiastically encored over and over again, he will then gracefully bow and exit.

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER is announced for a "new comic one-act piece, by MR. WATSON." Whether this is to present MR. BOURCHIER as *Sherlock Holmes*, with constant question, "Do you follow me, WATSON?" we are not in a position to

state. This show is entitled *The Conversion of Nat Sturge*. Sub-title, *The Stinging Nat Stung*.

Les deux Grossmiths, GEORGE and WEEDON, will appear in a "duologue written by themselves!" Fancy that! all by themselves!! no one near when they did it! But crowds, of course, to see and hear them perform it. It ought to be a success, by GEORGE!—and WEEDON.

The actresses kindly gracing the performance will be JULIA NEILSON, MARIE TEMPEST (quite calm after her sea trip), EDNA MAY, ADA REEVE, IRENE VANBRUGH, and other "dear charmers" not as yet mentioned in the bill of Fair Women.

Then MR. SEYMOUR HICKS is to appear, "supported by a chorus of Fourteen Ladies." Fortunate MR. HICKS! what matter if he faint, stagger and only shake his head helplessly, as long as he be supported by this bevy of Fourteen Beauties! This tableau of MR. HICKS and the Fair Fourteen might serve as an illustration of MR. BERNARD SHAW'S play, *Arms and the Man*. Beautiful arms! Lucky man!

Many more attractions are to be added to the above, at least so we gather from the programme; and to one and all doing their very best on behalf of our old friend CLEMENT SCOTT MR. PUNCH heartily wishes a colossal success. Here is the unique occasion when the critic's weakness is the actors' opportunity!

MR. PUNCH has pleasure in directing the attention of sportsmen of his own limited stature to an advertisement in the *Field*, announcing the sale of an estate, "including fifty acres of sporting woods, together with a small gentleman's residence."



THE TIME LIMIT.

SCENE — Interior of Compensation House.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF C-NT-RB-RY (Visitor, to Head Gardener, ARTH-R B-LF-R). "YOU CAN'T KEEP THESE POT-HOUSE PLANTS HERE FOR EVER. YOU'LL HAVE TO BED 'EM OUT AFTER A BIT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, May 31.

—JOHN O'GORST, time-honoured educationalist, almost in solitude on Front Bench below Gangway, Ministerial side, looked up with sudden start. For a moment he sat with lips parted, eyes staring straight before him, hands clutching edge of bench. Had he seen that wraith, the Committee of Council of Board of Education of which we heard so much when COUNTY GUY and he looked after the department? No living person ever beheld it in the flesh. Some there were who regarded it as the Mrs. HARRIS of administrative bodies. They "didn't believe there was no sich person."

As one followed the strained glance explanation leaped to light. At the corner of Front Bench below Gangway opposite was WINSTON CHURCHILL, in the very seat where, twenty-four years ago, GRANDOLPH nursed a dainty foot crossed over one knee, and tugged at a moustache of which, next to the companionship of DRUMMOND WOLFF and GORST, he was chiefly proud. So like the father too—less in face than in figure, in gesture and manner of speech. When the young Member for OLDHAM addresses House, with hands on hips, head bent forward, right foot stretched forth, memories of days that are no more flood the brain.

Like father is son in his habit of independent view of current topics, the unexpectedness of his conclusions, the



"So like the father too—less in face than in figure, in gesture and manner of speech."

(Mr. W-nst-n, Ch-rch-ll.)



A FLEET IN BEING; OR, THE INVESTMENT OF POET ARTHUR.

"Admiral" Ar-n-ld H-lls of the Thames Steamers makes a naval demonstration off the Terrace of the House of Commons.

ruthlessness of his personalities, his disregard for authority, his contempt of the conventions, his perfect phrasing of disagreeable remarks. His special enmity to DON JOSÉ and all his works is hereditary. He does not forget, and cannot forgive, the rebuff that seared his father's proud heart when Birmingham clamoured for him to represent them in the House of Commons, and DON JOSÉ peremptorily said "No."

Doubtless, in the task which now engages leisure hours snatched from conflict with DON JOSÉ on his new fiscal campaign, he comes upon evidence in the writing of a vanished hand which shows how deeply that cut was felt. The MEMBER FOR SARK, close in GRANDOLPH'S confidence at the time, knows how the thrust went home.

WINSTON is a convinced Free Trader. But he enters with lighter, more fully gladdened, heart on the conflict, since Protection is championed by his father's ancient adversary.

House resumed to-day after Whitsun holidays. Attendance small; benches mostly empty. WINSTON, entering with all the world before him where to choose, strides down to his father's old quarters on the Front Bench below Gangway to left of SPEAKER, and sits among the ghosts of the old Fourth Party.

"He's gone over at last, and good riddance," say honest hacks munching their corn in well-padded stalls of the Government stables. They don't like young horses that kick out afore and ahint, and cannot safely be counted upon to run in double harness. "WINSTON'S gone over at last," they repeat, whinneying with decorous delight.

Not a bit of it. He merely claims right as independent Member to sit

where he pleases. On one side to-day, t'other to-morrow; some day, if he lives, on the Treasury Bench.

Meanwhile, he celebrates his first day's lodging in the Opposition camp by going into the Division Lobby in support of Government. That proves his inherent consistency, displayed in diverse circumstances. When he sat with the Ministerialists he often voted with the Opposition.

Business done.—Back after holidays; that is, some of us arrive.

Wednesday afternoon.—France decidedly to the fore just now. At this very hour *Gouvernant* is running at Epsom in sure and certain hope of winning the Derby. At Westminster Anglo-French Convention, bred in the LANSDOWNE stables, run under combined colours of Union Jack and Tricolour, takes preliminary gallop, jockeyed by Earl PERCY.

Except in respect of assembly of crowds and demonstration of interest the Bill did better than the horse. The very emptiness of the Chamber, the languor of the few speakers, combined to form highest tribute to success of LANSDOWNE'S diplomacy. Attempt of course made to pick holes here and there; 'tis the business of the Opposition to oppose. But nothing could obscure importance of the accomplished work, removing ancient quarrels that might at some critical time have blazed forth at the cannon's mouth.

Later came news of *Gouvernant's* discomfiture.

"Curious," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, "how SHAKESPEARE foresaw everything, and provided for it in a phrase. You remember *Richard the Third* starting from his dream on the eve of Bosworth and crying,

'Give me another horse—bind up my wounds!'

There you have the whole situation worked out in the diverse phases of the Anglo-French Convention at Epsom and at Westminster. Here is LANSDOWNE binding up wounds which, at Newfound-land and elsewhere, have long bled, threatening discord between two nations. At Epsom, *Gouvernant* coming in last but one, we have the cry from dis-appointed France, '*Donnez-moi un autre cheval!*'"

Business done.—Anglo-French Con-vention Bill brought in and read a first time. *Gouvernant*, running at Epsom, was within one of the triumph of coming in last.

Thursday.—M. JOURDAIN's astonish-ment at discovering he had been talking prose all his life nothing compared with Mr. PICKWICK DAVIES's consternation on learning he had been eating Canterbury lamb.

Catastrophe made known in Com-mittee this afternoon. Vote for Local Government Board under discussion. *A propos*, Mr. DAVIES, stepping forward a pace on the floor, as was his wont in earlier days when he scarified DON JOSÉ with questions, observed, "I am opposed, Mr. LOWTHER, firmly opposed, to chilled beef and frozen mutton. Are you aware, Sir," he continued, sternly eyeing the faltering Chairman of Ways and Means, "that these things are placed on our dining-table in this House?"

The Chairman's official position pre-cluded manifestation of emotion. Chilled as beef, frozen in silence like mutton, he evaded the piercing glance bent upon him. Not so unofficial Members. "Shame!" they cried in tones of honest indignation.

Thus encouraged, Mr. DAVIES unfolded his woeful story. "One night, remain-ing here in obedience to the call of public duty, I dined chiefly and, I may add, not expensively, off lamb. I admit it was very good. But on paying my bill, Mr. LOWTHER, I learned that it was not English lamb but New Zealand; in short, it was Canterbury."

Members on both sides joined in low blood-curdling groan of sympathy.

"Sir," continued Mr. PICKWICK, one hand in familiar fashion thrust under his coat tail, the other swinging his eye-glasses, "I resolved never to eat it again."

This, as opening up fresh depth of horror, drew forth more moans from the anguished audience. To eat Canterbury lamb at a 2s. ordinary under the impres-sion that it was the innocent offspring of a sojourner on the South Downs was bad enough. To contemplate the pros-pect of eating the slice again in whatever condensed form was an added horror.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XVI.—ON STYLE.

SCENE—*The Authors' Club.*

PRESENT:

Mr. Robert Abel (*Surrey and Daily Mail*).

Bishop Welldon (*Westminster and M.C.C.*).

Mr. C. B. Fry (*Sussex and Daily Express*).

Mr. D. L. A. Jephson (*Surrey and Daily Chronicle*).

Mr. S. M. J. Woods (*Somerset and Daily Mail*).

Mr. G. W. Beldam (*Middlesex and The Sketch*).

Mr. John Tunnicliffe (*Yorkshire and Daily Mail*).

Mr. Harold Begbie (*Exeter Hall and Press generally*).

Mr. Robert Abel. It has been thought that a comparison of notes as to the models which have most helped us in shaping our new literary career might not be without interest and profit. That is why we are met this evening.

Bishop Welldon. Speaking as the Honorary Chaplain of the M.C.C. Aus-tralian team, I may describe it as a very laudable proceeding. Perhaps the courtly Chairman will be so gracious as to inform us as to who his own model was.

Abel. For some years I must admit I was under the spell of CRAIG.

Bishop Welldon. CRAIG? I seem not to be familiar with the name.

Abel. Yes, CRAIG, the Oval poet.

Bishop Welldon. You mystify me still more. I have heard of square meals and round robins, of circular tours and oblong garters, but never of an Oval poet.

Mr. D. L. A. Jephson. ABEL means the cricket ground, that scene of heroic but bloodless encounters, of Homeric but—

Bishop Welldon. Ah, yes. Ah, yes—I understand now.

Abel. But latterly, as a "Guv'nor," I must confess I have been more attracted by PATER.

Mr. Harold Begbie. How very interest-ing! Do you know I guessed that. I should so like to serve you up hot in one of my Interviews as an esoteric Paterian.

Mr. Jephson. That's a good phrase. I must make a note of that for the *Chronicle*. My style is a mixture of SALA and JEROME—very good models too. Fancy is what I aim at—fancy tempered by fun and feeling.

Mr. S. M. J. Woods. I go in for facts. Straightforward sinewy prose is my line.

Bishop Welldon. Ah, you like FIELDING?

Mr. Woods. Like fielding? Me? Not much; I hate it. What a rum idea!

Bishop Welldon. Oh! I meant the author, the man. Surely you know Tom Jones?

Mr. Woods. Not Tom, I think; SIDNEY JONES, the Australian, I know, of course.

Bishop Welldon. Joseph Andrews then?

Mr. Woods. There used to be an ANDREWS who played for Sussex, a left-hander. But his initials were W. H.

Abel. To return for a moment to our literary masters, I wonder where Prince RANJITSINGHI gets the exquisite finish of his style.

Mr. C. B. Fry. From careful study of the judicious HOOKER.

Mr. G. W. Beldam. I think I should name KEATS as my master.

Bishop Welldon. Ah, that is because he has a poem about you.

Mr. Beldam. About me?

Bishop Welldon. Certainly. He says you are *sans merci*.

Abel. And a very taking little piece it is too. I recited it once at a Bermondsey smoker.

Mr. Harold Begbie. Oh, Mr. ABEL, you must let me write about you as a Study in Personality. I cannot resist a mystic.

Bishop Welldon. But is our friend a mystic?

Mr. Harold Begbie. Whether he is or not I'll make him one. I commune with the stars.

Abel. What price the *Evening News*? Tunnicliffe. What is a mystic? It sounds rather like a loose ball.

Mr. Harold Begbie. I will make you one too, if you will give me an interview. There's nothing I can't do in that way. I made HACKENSCHMIDT one, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Mr. C. B. Fry. You did your best to make me one in the *Westminster*. A scholar too. You said I was never without a pocket *Virgil*, which I read even when riding to hounds.

Mr. Woods. Yes, I read that. And you said that he has a Meredithian mood, and is filled with the rich wine of life.

Tunnicliffe. Is that a good brand?

Mr. Harold Begbie. Well, one must say something.

Tunnicliffe. I learnt my style by translating MAUPASSANT. There is no better preparation. [Exeunt.]

"*Quel cheval va gagner le Derby dans la boue?*" This riddle appeared on an *Evening News* poster, and seems to have intrigued the British news-vendor. But, as the *Evening News* was at pains to explain in an early edition of Derby Day, our French visitors knew that it meant "Which horse is going to win the Derby in the mud?"

Astonishing linguists, these French-men!

ANSWERED.—A contemporary asks, "What makes novels bad?" This is very easy: the novelist.



THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE FAR EAST.

(Drawn from Imagination by our Specially Lively Artist in the Very Far Out West.)

[“It is said that the Japanese Cavalry have recently been provided with excellent Australian horses full of staying power.”]

OPERATIC NOTES.

May 28.—Never has Madame MELBA been in better voice nor, if it may be so expressed, in finer form than to-night, when reappearing in what is now one of her most favourite

strong as *Rodolfo*, both as regards singing and acting. He does not forget that he is a Bohemian student, and not merely a sentimental tenor. He can be as melancholy as they make 'em, but, on the other hand, when in good spirits and with cash in hand, *Rodolfo* is the liveliest of the lively, ready for any foolery. And this is just the very life, *la vraie vie de Bohème*, that Signor CARUSO puts into the character. A short life and—a sad one. As *Marcello* Signor SCOTTI played up to CARUSO sympathetically and was in excellent voice. The *Collini* of M. JOURNET, and the *Schaunard* of M. GILBERT, are familiar impersonations that give full effect to the comic, as also to the pitifully sad, scenes in the career of this true "Bohemian Girl," and in the life of the reckless light-hearted set among whom she wastes a part of her time, and to whom she returns to die. M. DUFRICHE, in his "divided duty" of *Benoit* the miser and *Alcindoro* the millionaire, shows himself *capable de "two."* Signor MANONELLI was at his best, as was also the orchestra that obeys his ruling. It was a magnificent house, full as full. The "calls" were not those of mere politeness: they were frequent and enthusiastic, and the artistes, on whom the calls were made, were always at home. Encores were "offered" (by the audience), but there were "no takers." Altogether



A LIGHT DUET.

Mimi Melba having got the right key from Rodolfo Caruso.

parts, that of poor dear *Mimi* in PUCCINI's delightful setting to music of the dramatic version of HENRI MURGER's (no—"HENRY BURGER," as the book of the *libretto* has it misprinted) *La Vie de Bohème*. Following the George-Edwardesian fashion of employing some half-dozen authors, librettists, and composers in producing a single musical piece, this adaptation of *La Vie de Bohème* (compressed) is by GIUSEPPE GIACOSA and LUIGI ILICA (in Italian), while the English translation is by WILLIAM GRIST (a name of good omen in connection with the operatic "Mill" at Covent Garden), assisted by PERCY PINKERTON, also a pleasant-sounding name, suggestive, as I think, of a Peerage (didn't *Pinkerton's Peerage* give Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER a title?), and of a lady's school, *Miss Pinkerton's*, wasn't it? Be these literary librettical questions as they may, MELBA as *Mimi* is better than ever she was, and

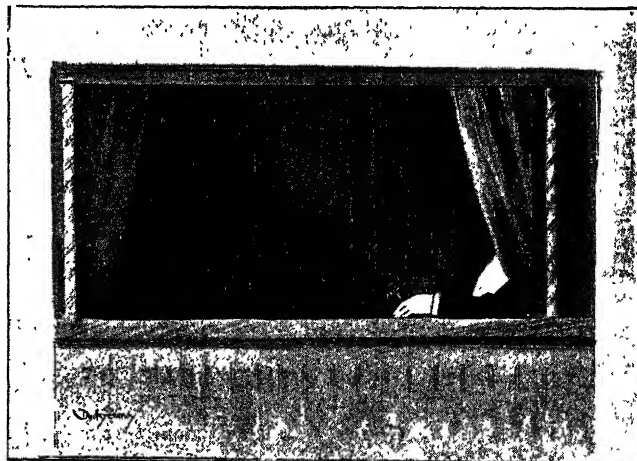
in saying so much it may still be hoped that, in the not very distant future, this sweet-voiced artiste may be better still; no, I should say, she may be still better, which is another pair of shoes, and is a wish applicable only to the artistic *finesse* of her impersonation. Miss E. PARKINA as *Musetta* seemed, to-night, a trifle nervous, but 'tis a very difficult part to play. Signor CARUSO in superb voice came out

an exceptionally fine performance.

Wednesday, June 1.—The Clerk of the Water Course, having long ago ascertained the impossibility of a horse-race taking place without bridles and saddles, thought it advisable to throw in on this occasion a variety of rains, which he had reservoir'd since the last flower-show, just to give special significance to the fact that the winner of the Derby of 1904 was the favourite with the officials of the principal establishment in the Lane dedicated to the raining patron, St. Swithin, who evidently was most anxious to do his best for a rather wayward horse named after a brother ascetic, *St. Amant*. But the torrents that seemed to have aided horse and jockey, from preliminary canter to victorious finish, had already proved unfavourable to the canta-trice Fräulein TERNINA, who, sad to relate, having been attacked by sore throat, was unable to



"As others see us."



In the Omnibus Box. Hand and glove with the music. The most constant and appreciative habitué.



A Wagnerite taking his music sadly.

take her turn in a part which, dramatically even more than musically, should fit her down to the ground. Of course, on the Derby Festival night, when every one talks racing shop, and all, temporarily, are more or less horsey, it would have been quite sportsmanlike, and eminently pardonable, had the *prima donna*, the "favourite" of the evening, been herself not quite herself, but a little hoarse. So, as *La Tosca* couldn't be played and sung, *Faust* was substituted, with the sweet SEE-USAN ADAMS as that demure Daisy, *Marguerite*, attended by Mlle. BAUERMEISTER the artistically artful Duenna; with M. RENAUD, not quite so good as usual, as *Valentine*; and with M. DALMORES, whose rendering of rejuvenesced *Faust* was, musically, most enjoyable. The special delight of the entertainment was the re-appearance of M. PLANÇON in such devilish good form as *Mephistopheles* that in this character, as in those of *Friar Laurence* and *Jupiter*, he can only be labelled as "The Inimitable." Trained bands and military forces under the command of F.-M. MANCINELLI victorious and glorious. As even the ever-popular *Faust* cannot contend against rain, races and rumours of cab strikes, so an over-flowing house could not be expected within when there was so much overflowing without. This is the veracious record of the Derby Operatic Night for 1904.

Friday, June 3.—*La Bohème* again. The success of Tuesday repeated. Signor CARUSO in splendid voice: MELBA also. House crowded, not a box nor a seat empty. The KING present with the

Prince of WALES on His Royal Highness's birthday. Good omen for the Operatic Singdicat, who, seeing such a house as this is to-night, must welcome the Royal Birthday omen of "Many Happy 'Returns.'"

UN PETIT VOYAGE D'AGRÈMENT.

Un Café du Boulevard. L'heure de l'apéritif. M. DUBOIS et M. DUPONT assis sur la terrasse.

Dubois. Où est donc DURAND?

Dupont. Il est allé à Londres.

Dubois. Vraiment? Il est enragé des voyages.

Dupont. Et des courses. Il y en a, vous savez, à Derby, des plus célèbres. Tenez, le voilà.

M. DURAND entre.

Dubois. Ah, le fameux voyageur!

Dupont. L'Ulysse de nos jours.

Dubois. Le CHRISTOPHE COLOMB de Calais-Douvres.

Dupont. Mais qu'avez-vous donc, DURAND? Asseyez-vous.

Durand (parlant difficilement). Ah, mon cher, que je suis enrhumé! (Il éternue cinq fois de suite.) Diablement enrhumé!

Dupont. Comment ça?

Durand (toussant). Je, je—oh, la, la! Garçon, un verre d'eau.

Dubois. Mon pauvre ami, qu'est-ce que vous avez fait?

Durand. Un voyage d'agrément, parbleu! Une petite excursion, à prix réduits, qui m'a coûté trois mille francs, sans parler des paris. Je suis allé à Londres. Ah, le sacré climat! Les Anglais sont charmants, de vrais sportsmans; mais la pluie, et la boue, et le brouillard, et le tohu-bohu, et la langue, et tous les hôtels bondés, et les trains pris d'assaut! Sapristi! Figurez-vous, j'arrive à Londres lundi soir. Je vais d'un hôtel à l'autre. Pas une chambre! Enfin, au nord de la ville, dans un grand hôtel, qui porte le nom d'un saint anglais, quelque chose en Pan—

Dubois. Pancake? C'est un mot anglais.

Durand. Parfaitement, c'est ça. St. Pancake. Eh bien, je peux me loger dans cet hôtel, et pas mal du tout. Mardi je me lève de bonne heure pour aller à Derby. C'est le premier jour des courses. Je demande des renseignements, et je trouve que j'ai la chance d'être dans l'hôtel même du chemin de fer du Middleland. Tant mieux. Je m'installe dans un excellent train, et j'arrive à Derby vers midi. Je monte dans un fiacre, je dis "Races course"—car j'ai appris un peu l'anglais—et j'attends. Mais le cocher ne part pas. Il essaie de me faire comprendre quelque chose. Je lui crie en anglais, "Mais qu'est-ce que vous me chantez là? Je veux voir les Derby races." Enfin on

parvient à me faire comprendre que les courses de Derby ne sont pas à Derby du tout.

Dupont. Ah, quelle drôle d'idée!

Durand. N'est-ce pas? Et me voilà de retour à St. Pancake à cinq heures du soir. Heureusement ce n'était pas la grande journée. Ainsi je me renseigne soigneusement, je me couche de bonne heure, et mercredi le garçon de l'étage m'éveille avant le lever du soleil. Je lui demande pourquoi je dois me lever la nuit, car on m'avait dit que le vrai champ de courses de Derby n'est qu'à une heure de Londres. "Il est neuf heures, monsieur," me dit-il. "Du soir?" je lui demande, "mais où sommes-nous? Ai-je dormi vingt-deux heures?" Et lui de répondre qu'il est neuf heures du matin, mais qu'il y a un peu de brouillard.

Dupont. Neuf heures du matin, le premier juin? Et cependant comme la nuit?

Durand. Absolument! Ah, quelle journée. Je vous dirai ça en deux mots, j'ai tellement mal à la gorge. Un brouillard, une averse tout le temps, une bousculade effroyable, de la boue partout, un orage, Gouvernant pas même placé, et moi qui rentre le soir, sans montre ni porte-monnaie—on me les avait chipés quelque part—et dans un état incroyable, trempé jusqu'aux os. Sapristi, j'en ai soulé!

Dubois. Mon pauvre ami! Mais vous avez visité Londres, et vous avez vu—

Durand. Rien! J'ai filé jeudi. A présent je vais me coucher. Au revoir! [Il sort.]



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

Old Gent (sol.). "IF IT WEREN'T THAT 'KURO-PATKIN, THE GENERAL OF THE TALL SOLDIERS, HAS THE LONG NAME, AND KUROKI, THE GENERAL OF THE SHORT SOLDIERS, HAS THE SHORT NAME, I SHOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO REMEMBER WHICH WAS WHICH!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

RECENTLY published by METHUEN, as one of that firm's series of "The Antiquary's Library," the latest work by Abbot GASQUET (with D.D., &c., &c., and several other alphabetical distinctions attached to his name as becomes a man of letters), entitled *English Monastic Life*, with its numerous and well-reproduced plans and illustrations, will be found by all students of our island's history a work curiously interesting and highly instructive. If *ex uno disce omnes* may be accepted as applicable to the samples selected by Dr. GASQUET,



in which he sets before the reader, as he says, "in as plain and popular a manner as I could, the general tenor of the life lived by the inmates in any one of these monastic establishments," then the Baron must conclude that, but for the licensed freebooting of Bluffing King HAL and his talented assistants, we at this time should have been all the better off by the absence of poor rates and of other levies made on our purses for the payment of Bumbledom and modern parochial machinery. These heavy charges were defrayed, in ancient days, by the monastic bodies who were stewards of the rich and almoners for the poor. Among various survivals of old monastic customs there is one at Eton College, where before eleven o'clock school the masters assemble "in chambers" to consult as to any special matter of immediate importance. This is evidently a remainder over from the days when "the chief officials responsible for the order of the house repaired for a few minutes to the private parlour to consult as to any matter which might need correction, or to which public attention might be called." The Baron would suggest that, instead of the translation as given of

"Si sapiens fore vis, sex serva quæ tibi mando—
Quid dicas, et ubi, de quo, cui, quomodo, quando,"

should be substituted:

"Would you be wise? of six things have a care—
Your words, of whom, to whom, how, when, and where,"

which couplet is humbly presented to the Abbatial author with best wishes for present and future work.

What Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS doesn't know about secret Anarchistical Societies cannot be of any value. How the gallant Major dares to show himself undisguised in public, nay, how he can live in the same abode for more than twenty-four hours at a time, is to the Baron, who trembles for this gifted writer's safety, even a greater mystery than all the mysteries of which the Major is past-master. From these prefatorial remarks it may be gathered that this author's latest novel, entitled *A Woman of Business* (JOHN LONG), herewith recommended by the Baron to that majority of the reading public which votes solid for the Major, describes the doings of certain satanic desperadoes whose objects are the upheaval of law and order, and the destruction of all property on which they themselves cannot seize. "*Ni Dieu ni maître!*" and "*Que le diable emporte le dernier!*" The characters in this story are clearly drawn; they are true to mere human nature at its pluckiest, though not at its moral best, as also at its most cowardly and fiendish worst.



Phœbe in Fetters (JOHN MURRAY) is decidedly one of the best novels of the year. It is based on excellent purpose carried out step by step with remarkable skill. *Donald Gilmour*, a solicitor approaching middle age, has "a past." It, however, covers nothing worse than a disappointment in love. He offered his heart to a woman, and, as no well-filled purse went with it, it was declined. A hard-headed, level-

minded, reserved, somewhat obstinate man, he concluded that he had done with love and matrimony. Some years after he meets a girl in black, "with luminous eyes that sparkle with light in the pale vivid face." This is *Phœbe Carburton*, with whose father *Gilmour* had been at Oxford. He had not prospered after the fashion of his younger mate, and his daughter earned her living as a type-writer. In due time *Gilmour* proposes to make the girl his wife. She accepts him on the understanding that, as she put it in imparting news of the engagement to her mother, "he doesn't want to go in for hugging and kissing and so on." Even before the marriage-day *Gilmour* discovers he has miscalculated his own situation. He is desperately in love with his bride, and when at the start of their honeymoon he attempts to kiss her she turns and rends him. "If I had known it, I would rather have died than marry you," she gasped. "I trusted what you said. I believed you meant just to take care of me. I can never love you; but I shall hate you if you—"

A pretty dish this to set before a bridegroom. My Baronite will not spoil sport by even hinting how it turns out. Suffice it to say the story is told with a skill, a variety of incident, and a power of delineating character, that hold the reader breathless to the end. My Baronite has not before come across the work of Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS. Like a character in fiction who shall be nameless, he "asks for more."

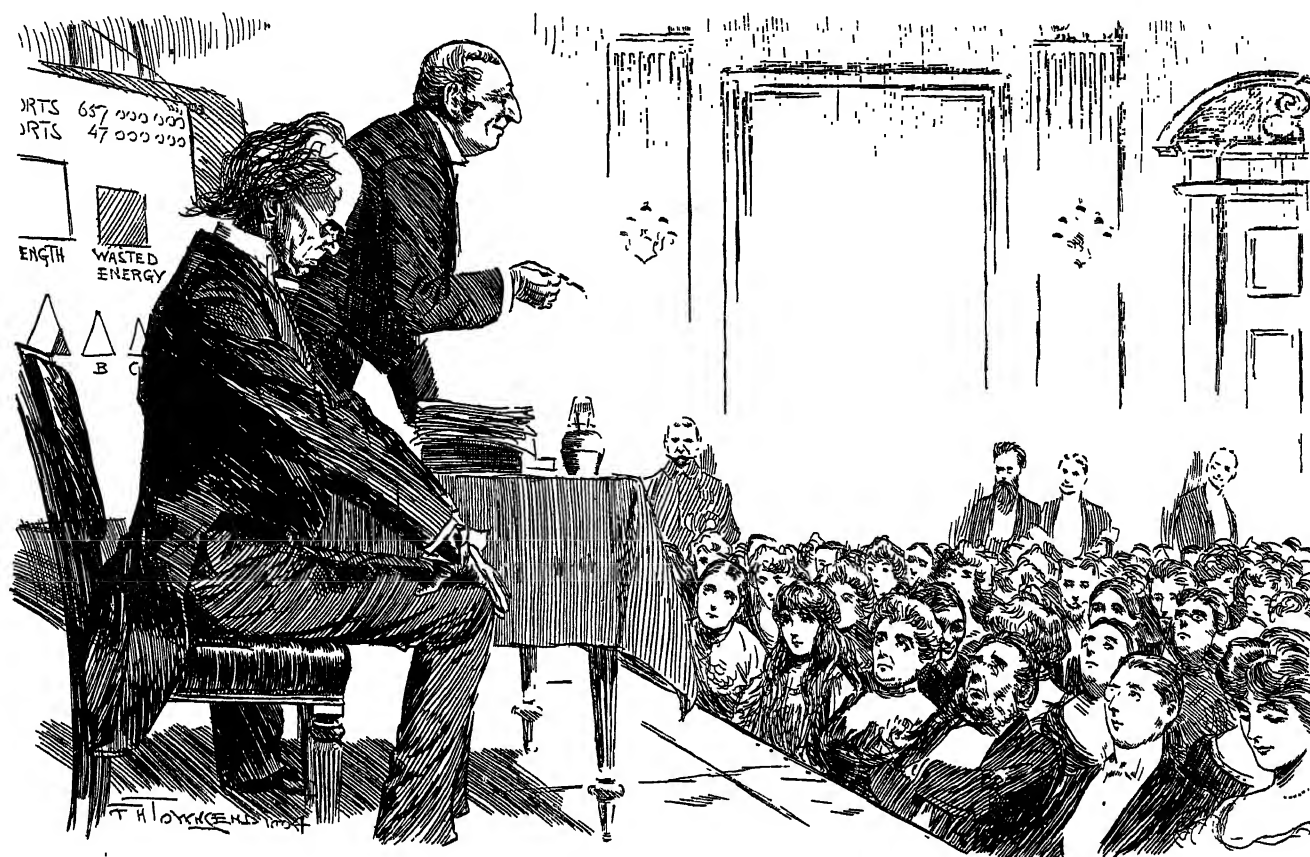
The King of Diamonds, by LOUIS TRACY (F. V. WHITE & Co.), is well worth reading. The idea is daringly original in conception, and the plot is worked out with such reckless magnificence as can only find its parallel in *Monte Cristo*. But whereas the hero of DUMAS' great romance lived for revenge, and triumphantly ticked off his enemies as they perished one by one, Mr. TRACY's hero shows such an example of magnanimity, and exhibits a spirit of charity so exceptionally Christian, that, for the sake of sensational romance, it is to be devoutly hoped, no other hero will think himself called upon to imitate him. If villains of the deepest dye in an Adelphi drama, who have committed every crime possible from petty theft up to murder, are henceforth to be allowed to get off scot free on giving their solemn promise "not to do it again," then what price justice, and what's to become of "*Hawkshaw* the detective" and of that highly accomplished amateur in the Intelligence Department, *Sherlock Holmes*? This new idea of "pardon all round" is admirably managed in *The King of Diamonds*, where the hero forgives every knave in the pack, much to the admiration, but, it must be added, to the honest indignation of the judicially discriminating Baron.



RULE, BRITANNIA!

SIR,—Someone writing in favour of the suddenly re-proposed Channel Tunnel scheme says, "As regards the physical difficulties to be encountered, they are certainly inferior to those now being presented to the engineers of the Simplon Tunnel." Bother the Simplon Tunnel! The point that strikes me, and many other fellow sea-sufferers, is—what are these "physical difficulties" compared with those that I (and others made like me) have to suffer in crossing the Channel! If everyone could feel as I do—*O si sic omnes*—then engineers, French and English, would hurry up with the Chunnel Tunnel! That's my opinion! Tell that to the Submarines with the compliments of

Yours truly,
C. GREEN.



DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Local Chairman (introducing Lecturer). "I AM SURE WE ARE ALL MOST GRATEFUL TO DR. BLUMENKOFF FOR KINDLY COMING HERE TO GIVE THESE LECTURES; AND WE SHALL BE STILL MORE GRATEFUL WHEN HIS COURSE IS CONCLUDED."

APOLOGETICS.

[With acknowledgments to an ingenious leading article in the *Manchester Guardian*, further developing the argument of "X," who writes in the *New York Nation* to show that SHAKSPEARE was quite right when he gave Bohemia a sea-coast.]

OFF in my little knowledge I have smiled
At mighty SHAKSPEARE, when I thought that he
Planted the deserts of "Bohemia wild"

Upon the shores of some mysterious sea,
An ocean whose existence had before
Escaped the ken of geographic lore.

But hark! the unknown "X," with loyal heart,
Defends the master from the mocking hosts:
Bohemia was in ancient times a part

O' the Holy Roman Empire, which had coasts,
And SHAKSPEARE, with the true poetic soul,
Spoke of the part while thinking of the whole.

So, too, when Proteus hastened, taking ship
From dry Verona, where waves never break,
To plain-begirt Milan, this was no slip—

Not, as one might have fancied, a mistake—
Are we to think our SHAKSPEARE more a fool
Than any urchin in the under-school?—

Verona meant the eastern coast, Milan
The western, in a vague and general way;
And one might well expect a hurried man,
Instead of riding hard a long, long day,
To coast round Italy—a charming cruise
Affording some inimitable views.

The poet tells us Delphi was the shrine

Of mediæval Europe—yea, the core,
And doubtless Delphi was to him a sign

To symbolise all Europe—nothing more—
Which (Asia being joined) one might regard
As some great island, if one were a bard.!

So when he talks of Delphi as an isle,

Though none but he observed a wavelet there,
Good friend, forbear the all too hasty smile,

And lay aside your rash, superior air:
More things in WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE there may be
Than are dreamt of in your geography.

"I HAVE to make the interesting announcement that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will appear on a common platform at a great demonstration at Carnarvon. The date of the demonstration has not been fixed, but it will be between the end of September and the beginning of October."—*Daily News*.

It sounds a little like the Greek Kalends.

HERR RICHARD SKOWRONNEK, a German dramatic author, has given up writing and taken over the management of a boot-polish factory. With us, to judge by what one sometimes sees at the theatres, the contrary change is not uncommon.

Lady (of a certain age, to small girl). Can you guess how old I am?

Small Girl. No, but I can count up to 99.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

A WARNING TO BISHOPS.

["And the brewers said to the clergy, 'If you go on like that we will disestablish your churches'"] (*Laughter*).

Mr. Lloyd-George on the Licensing Bill.

ORPHEUS that with his lyre (or lute?)
Contrived to tickle bird and brute,
Making ecstatic tremors shoot
Through weasel, pard, and sparrow;
Who by his plectron's nimble strokes
Got at the heart of elms and oaks,
And even found a way to coax
The pith of Pluto's marrow;—

Orpheus (although you might suppose
A man like that would make no foes)
Came to a most untimely close
In one of Thracia's gorges;
He chanced upon a Mænads' rout
Which wiped the young musician out
During a rather noisy bout
Of Bacchanalian orgies.

Pentheus, again, the Theban King,
Who used to quaff the crystal spring,
And spurn the Dionysus-fling
From a contemptuous distance—
On him a vengeful madness lit;
His mother found him in a fit,
Mistook him for a beast, and slit
The thread of his existence.

My Lords, the prop of Church and State,
Ye who incur the brewers' hate,
Be warned by me and ware the fate
That tore these two in sections;
Behold the self-same god arise,
With awful anger in his eyes,
To menace your established ties
Against the next elections!

Observe his nose's purple bloom
Pranking the Nonconformist gloom,
See him consort with men from whom
His views till now have differed;
Note how he takes your church to task,
Supported by his brandy-flask,
And straddling on a mutual cask
With Messrs. PERKS and CLIFFORD!

Strange fellowship! If I were fain,
Like these, to be the Bishops' bane,
I'd yoke with one of larger brain
And slightly slimmer body;
And anyhow I'd not pretend
That I could hope to end or mend
The Church of England on a blend
Of temperance and toddy!

Yet must you grip the pastoral staff,
And striding forth with gaitered calf
Go meet, my Lords, this half-and-half,
This mongrel misalliance;
Nor will I leave your loss unsung
If you should be enrolled among
Those who abused the great god Bung,
And paid for their defiance.

O. S.

Temperance Orator (describing "awful example"). "He had no wife and family—a good thing for them too!"

MR. PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALE.

Selections from the Catalogue, with Prices realised.

IV.

COX (HAROLD), *late Secretary of the Cobden Club, to the Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN, with reference to COBDEN's early habit of taking snuff:*

I SEE it stated in a local paper that COBDEN, at the beginning of his public career, was addicted to snuff-taking, but that on being assured by JOSEPH BARKER, the well-known temperance lecturer, that the practice would certainly injure his voice, he then and there resolved to take snuff no more. In these circumstances I wish to ask whether you are justified in stating that Free Trade has been snuffed out by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN? [Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, £2 10s.]

WATSON (WILLIAM), *Poet and Sultanicide, to Mr. TRAVIS, the American and English amateur golf champion, seeking enlightenment as to the pronunciation of a golfing term:*

DEAR SIR,—By way of promoting cordial relations between England and America I contemplate writing a sonnet to the Schenectady putter, the redoubtable implement which played so prominent a part in your recent victory at Sandwich. My only difficulty is that I am uncertain as to the correct pronunciation of Schenectady. I can grapple with the situation if the accent falls on the second or third syllable, but if it is on the first I shall probably have to fall back on some suitable periphrasis such as "mallet-headed weapon." An authoritative expression of opinion from you will place me under a lasting obligation. [ANDREW KIRKALDY, 7s. 6d.]

LANKESTER (EDWIN RAY), *Director of the Natural History Museum, to the Dramatic Critic of the "Daily Telegraph," on the subject of mermaids:*

In a recent notice of the performance of a Parisian artist at the Alhambra, I observe that you state that "by her graceful and sinuous style" of dancing she suggested "the legendary denizens of the ocean." As the author of a monograph on the "Cephalaspidian Fishes," I should be much indebted to you for a more precise definition of the denizens in question. [Mr. CHARLES MORTON, 3s. 6d.]

MILES (EUSTACE), *Athlete and Dietetic Reformer, to Mr. H. W. MASSINGHAM, in regard to over-feeding at the Universities:*

I had already noticed the painful announcement to which you allude, viz., that "J. SHERLOCK, of Oxford, had broken the sandwich record with a score of 71." Of course a good deal would depend on the size of the sandwiches and their composition, but, generally speaking, a sandwich implies meat, so that this exploit, of which so much has been made by the Press and public, is doubly disgusting—first as a mere piece of gluttony, and second as an act of carnivorous excess. I entirely approve of your intention to bring the matter before the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University. As a boy at school I remember once eating 13 hot cross buns, but 71 sandwiches is quite another story.

[Mr. CADBURY, £3 3s.]

BALFOUR (The Right Hon. A. J.), *Premier and Philosopher, to Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN, in regard to a proposition from the latter:*

I regret that I am unable to entertain your flattering proposal, inspired by a recent performance at Camden Town, that I should contribute the lyrics of a new musical comedy to be called *The Golf Girl, an American Travis-tee*. The claims of the Licensing Bill and other Parliamentary business so fully occupy my time that I have been obliged to abandon all literary work. Indeed, I have not yet made so much as even the rough draft of my Presidential Address to the British Association. Your alternative proposal, that I should



THE POLITICAL RIP VAN WINKLE.

SCENE—Awkward Pass on the way to Sleepy Hollow.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Rip Rt. Hon. ARTHUR J. Balfour.

The Barrel Imp Mr. Bung.

["The stranger . . . bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity." (See Washington Irving's "Sketch Book.") And this was the beginning of Rip's long sleep.]

1001d



A GREAT RENUNCIATION.

At Ascot.

Fair American. "SAY, DUKE! WELL, I AM DISAPPOINTED! THEY'RE TAKING OFF ALL THE PRETTY CORONETS AND FRILLS AND THINGS, JUST WHEN HE'S GOING ON THE TRACK!"

entrust the task to my wife, is attractive, but unhappily impracticable. As DESCARTES says, *ex nihilo nihil fit*.

[Lord HINDLIP, £10 10s.]

JESSOP (GILBERT), *Croucher*, to TYLDESLEY, the Lancashire hard hitter, asking his co-operation in getting a Haskell cricket ball accepted by the M.C.C.:

. . . You or I, I am confident, could hit one a mile. The old monotony of sixes would thus disappear, and we should make twenties or thirties, or even fifties at a single stroke. A great deal is written about the reform of cricket. In my opinion a rubber-cored ball would do everything that is required. The only drawback that I can see is the possibility that mid-on would have to wear armour plates. . . .

[Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON, 10s. 6d.]

CHURCHILL (WINSTON), M.P., to Signor MARCONI:

What I should like would be an inexpensive installation of your wireless telegraphic system, enabling me, by means of a pocket receiver, to listen to the afternoon debates in the House as I walked over the links, or, in the evening, as I put the finishing touches to my new romance. I find myself less and less disposed to visit the House, where, apart from

the difficulty of settling upon a seat, so much happens that has happened before and will happen again.

[Lord HUGH CECIL, 5s.]

CLIFFORD (Dr.), *Nonconformist Divine*, to Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, making an offer for "*St. Amant*":

I must apologise for this intrusion, but my doctor has recommended me equestrian exercise, and I have been informed, on what I considered was good authority, that you had in your stables a young horse named *St. Amant*, quiet to ride or drive, which you might be willing to sell. I want to give not more than sixty guineas, but of course a lower sum would not displease me. I could at any rate promise *St. Amant* a good home and an indulgent master.

[THE JOCKEY CLUB, £1.]

FROM the Schoolmistress:—

"The authorities of the Training College, Oxford, have adopted the objectionable practice of notifying candidates that they cannot be received into the College by the medium of the halfpenny post."

Over weight, we presume.

APPOSITE REPARTEE IN ANSWER TO AN APPEAL FOR CHARITY.
—"Dun as you would be dunned by."

LATEST KIDNAPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ADVICES from Carnarvon confirm the rumour that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, who suddenly disappeared from Westminster a few days ago, has, by order of Lord BURTON, been drugged, carried off to North Berwick, and marooned on the Bass Rock. Considerable anxiety prevails amongst his constituents, as the unfortunate Member is said to have nothing to drink but Seagulls' syrup. Negotiations are, however, pending between his captor and Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, the former undertaking to remove Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE to the mainland if he pledges himself not to open his lips in the House of Commons before the next General Election, except for the consumption of malt liquor.

After several attempts Sir EDWARD POYNTER has succeeded in kidnapping the Earl of LYTON. The unfortunate nobleman is, it is understood, at this moment lying handcuffed in the Diploma Gallery, but the House of Lords have practically decided to accept the terms offered by the President of the Royal Academy. These stipulate that the Administration of the Chantrey Bequest is to be unanimously approved by the Upper House, that Mr. D. S. MACCOLL's head is to be presented to the Tate Gallery, and that a peerage is to be bestowed on Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN.

Great distress has been caused in the Bordesley Division of Birmingham, by the news that the Right Hon. JESSE COLLINGS has been carried off to sea in his yacht by Mr. T. GIBSON BOWLES. A communication which has reached the Admiralty states that the prisoner, who is chained to the binnacle, will not be released unless the following terms are carried out: (1) Mr. GIBSON BOWLES, M.P., to be made First Lord of the Admiralty; (2) Mr. JESSE COLLINGS to renounce his allegiance to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and assume the name of COBDEN; (3) a ransom of 30,000 acres of land and 10,000 cows to be paid to Mr. BOWLES; (4) the name of Mr. COLLINGS to be struck off the list of Privy Councillors, and that of Mr. BOWLES substituted.

Consternation reigns in the New English Art Club. While recently visiting the west coast of Ireland, Mr. GEORGE MOORE was set upon by some infuriated conger-eel fishers, to whom he was reciting his "Avowals," and carried off in a coracle to the Arran Islands, where he is immured in a beehive cell, and fed exclusively on salt fish, seed potatoes, and samphire pickles. His captors have forwarded to Mr. WYNDHAM, the Chief Secretary, an extraordinary document formulating the conditions on which they are prepared to surrender their prize. These are: (1) that Mr. GEORGE MOORE is to give

up wearing a Celtic fringe; (2) that no more portraits of Mr. GEORGE MOORE are to be painted by members of the New English Art Club; (3) that he is to devote his literary abilities to the sphere of musical comedy; (4) that, as a compromise between the contending claims of Ireland and England, he is to reside henceforth in the Isle of Man.

Our West Kensington correspondent telegraphs that there is only too good reason to suppose that Mr. MOBERLY BELL, the Manager of *The Times*, who disappeared mysteriously a short time ago, and in spite of the most ingeniously-worded advertisements has not yet been traced, has been captured by BUFFALO BILL, and is now in durance vile in the Indian village at Olympia. Search-parties armed with every kind of warrant have ransacked the great building, but the Indian village is impregnable defended by SITTING BULL and a bevy of devoted Braves. It is understood that the only terms on which Mr. MOBERLY BELL can be released are his permission for BUFFALO BILL to change his name to BUFFALO BELL, and the supply of the *Times* to the great *impresario* for the rest of his life at three halfpence a copy. Negotiations have been set on foot, but the feeling at Printing-House Square is so strong against circulating the paper at less than twopence that much time may elapse before his release is obtained. The point as to BUFFALO BILL's change of name was at once conceded.

Consternation, we understand, reigns in Carlton House Terrace owing to the sudden and forcible abduction of Sir GILBERT PARKER early this morning by a band of St. James's Park brigands, under the command of MARCELINE, of the Hippodrome. What Sir GILBERT has done to excite the resentment of the French mime no one at present can say, although rumour is as usual busy. Suffice it to say that the great statesman retired to rest in the ordinary way last night, and this morning he had disappeared. He is reported to be hidden in the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, one of London's inaccessible fastnesses. Ambassadors have visited MARCELINE in the hope of coming to some arrangement, but as he conducts his conversation entirely by whistles and somersaults the affair is not proceeding with the celerity that Sir GILBERT's friends could desire. It has, however, been elicited that MARCELINE's terms are a cash payment of two million pounds, a free pardon to all concerned, and a seat in Sir GILBERT's next Cabinet.

The absence of Mr. Justice DAWLING and Mr. PLOWDEN from their duties is not due to indisposition, as was at first supposed, but to a more serious cause. It now

transpires that they were both chloroformed on the Embankment and carried off to Yorkshire, where they have been immured in a cave on Smilesworth Moor. A communication has, however, reached the LORD CHANCELLOR intimating the readiness of the writers to surrender their prisoners on the understanding that their places, as judge and magistrate respectively, shall be filled up by the appointment of Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL and Mr. GEORGE ROBEX. Friends of the distinguished captives will be glad to learn that they are both in excellent health, and that in the punning competition with which they beguile the tedium of their incarceration Mr. PLOWDEN's score stands at 371 to his opponent's 290.

A WAY WE HAVE AT THE 'VARSITY.

[In the most recent *Sherlock Holmes* adventure the guilt of reading an Examination Paper before it was issued is brought home to an undergraduate by the fact that, returning from the University Athletic Ground, where he had been practising the jump, he left "his tan gloves" on a chair in his tutor's room. The two following extracts are taken from stories shortly to be published by Sir ARTHUR CONNELL DYLE:]

I.

It was half-past six o'clock on the evening of June 1, and HENRY BLESSINGTON was walking across Midsummer Common on his way back from the river Cam, where he had been engaged with some of his friends and colleagues in practising for the summer boat-races in the celebrated College six-oared boat. His face was flushed and an air of determination sat not ungracefully on his manly brow, for had he not been the means that very afternoon of putting a stop to the notorious crab-catching propensities of the Duke of DELAMERE, the brawny ruffian who, in spite of his drunken habits, wielded the bow-oar on behalf of his *Alma Mater*. This feat had rendered it certain that the St. Barnabas six-oar would go head of the river tomorrow. As he thought of the coming triumph HENRY BLESSINGTON's blood coursed feverishly through his veins, and he proceeded mechanically to feel in the pockets of his fashionable frock-coat for his pipe and tobacco-pouch. Heavens! they were not there! As he realised his loss, a reading man, coming in the opposite direction, collided with him and trod heavily on both his patent leather lace-up boots. Smothering an oath, BLESSINGTON raised his gold-headed cane and struck the clumsy intruder a heavy blow. . . .

II.

The High Street of Oxford was a scene of tumultuous excitement. From every side undergraduates, accompanied by

their parents and other more remote relatives, were pouring in crowds to the Schools to hear the Chancellor announce the winner of the Classical Greats. Every class was represented. Here a scholar of Marcon's Hall, tastefully arrayed in the conspicuous blazer of his College Croquet Club, with his mortar-board rakishly set on the side of his head, might be seen arm in arm with two sprigs of Britain's nobility, clothed in the pink coat consecrated by an immemorial tradition to the followers of the Turl Hounds. Following these were to be observed two of the fastest and most brilliant members of Christ Church College walking cheek by jowl with their inseparable associates, the Captain and Vice-Captain of the St. Edmund's Hall Boat Club. The top hats which graced the heads of the two latter undergraduates had been freshly ironed and their lavender kid gloves (the badge of their aquatic prowess) shone across the High Street with a lustre that contrasted strangely with the frayed trousers and short Norfolk jacket of the Senior Proctor, whose duty it was to fine every tenth member of the assemblage.

TEE-TATTLE.

A GREAT many of our most sporting golfers are now adopting the American accent, which they find most helpful in keeping the eye on the ball. The Trans-Atlantic Grip is also coming into vogue: it is an illusive rubber-cored grip, with spry American-cloth ends.

The new Garden City links at the back of CLARKSON'S (where they let out wigs for the greens) have been entirely fitted with a smart line in flags: all those going out have stripes, while home-coming golfers see stars. There is an American bar at the turn.

Some new strokes are coming to the front, and it has recently been proved that a sure green-fetcher, against the wind, is the Sandy "hook," which bids fair to eclipse the old British "pull." The Broadway putt entirely counteracts the narrowness of the hole.

Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON, the eminent light-green golfer, has at last been able to trace back the pedigree of Colonel BOGEY, link by link, to an ancestor who came over with CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. From the same authority comes the assurance that the first occasion upon which GEORGE WASHINGTON used the historic sentence, "I cannot tell a lie," was when he was accused by a caddie of putting his foot upon his adversary's ball while going to the eighteenth



APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

He. "WHO'S THAT?"

She. "JACK ANSTRUTHER AND HIS BRIDE. HE MARRIED EVER SO MUCH BENEATH HIM."

He. "DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT!"

green, all square, upon the first monthly medal day at Mount Vernon.

Out of respect for the country that claims the new Amateur Golf Champion, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker's Hill, which occurs on the 17th inst., will be observed as a day of self-denial by all habitual swearers, throughout the golf links of Great Britain.

At the next meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, it will be mooted that the caddies of the historic green be in future requested to allude to their national head-gear as their Tainmanies.

A propos of golf garb, Roosevelt-soled boots give a much firmer stance than the once popular nail-studded crushers.

Later.—Since the collapse of Mr. TRAVIS (U.S.A.) in the second round of the Open Championship, all the above international courtesies may be regarded as cancelled; and TOM MORRIS has definitely decided to remain a Scotsman.

The Wunderkind again.

LADY NURSE.—Experienced infant preferred. Entire charge.

'Advt. in the "Lady."



THAMES TRAGEDIES.

JONES SAYS THERE IS ONLY ONE REALLY SAFE WAY OF CHANGING PLACES IN A SKIFF!

THE REVOLT OF THE FARE.

THE grievances of the London cab-users, after simmering for several decades, have boiled over at last, and a general strike is in progress throughout the metropolis. Some inquiries have been conducted by Mr. Punch's Special Commissioner with a view to obtain fresh light on a matter of no small public importance.

It appears that the cab-users, as a class, are an honest, intelligent, and deserving set of people, and must not be judged by the very small proportion of bilkers and other black sheep among their number. They are, in general, highly respectable, a large number being married, with families to support. They pay rates and taxes, like other citizens who do not Passively advertise themselves. Cases of incivility and insobriety while in the act of cab-riding are becoming rarer every day.

Taking them all round, it may be said that cab-users are hard-working and conscientious according to their lights. They are out in all weathers, endeavouring to meet the calls of society, and to fulfil the duties of shopping or attendance at theatres and restaurants. The hours are long, and it is sometimes three or four o'clock in the morning before the labours of the theatrical and dance-frequenting

members of the cab-using profession are ended.

In these hard times, however, it is frequently the case that the cab-rider comes home to his wife with an empty pocket, and we fear that he complains, all too justly, that he cannot obtain a living wage. The extortions of the cab-drivers and the depredations of the luggage-touts have left him but little wherewith to rear and educate his growing family. Small wonder is it, then, that he is dissatisfied with the way in which his wrongs have been hitherto ignored. Cab-users, feminine as well as masculine, were inarticulate at the time of the ASQUITH arbitration, but since then powerful arguments in their favour have come forward in the shape of Tubes, motors, and electric trams, and they are determined to bring matters to a head.

Several mass meetings have been held, not altogether without result, within the last few days. At a gathering of cab-riding Peers and Members of Parliament in the yard at St. Stephen's at 12.30 A.M. last Thursday night, in answer to the cry of "Who goes home?" it was unanimously resolved that they would do so on foot, as a protest against the tyrannical action of the cabdrivers in boycotting the Legislature. It was further agreed that the money which would otherwise have been spent on

fares should be devoted to the settlement of cobblers' bills on account of wear and tear of shoe-leather.

Some impassioned speeches by titled strikers and others were delivered at the Church Parade in Hyde Park near the Achilles statue last Sunday in favour of a widened radius, the abolition of gratuities, and the introduction of taximeters. A collection was made in support of the strike fund. Pickets were stationed at the various entrances of the Park to observe any blackleg cab-riders. All who were not wearing the pink Union ticket on their silk or picture hats were invited to dismount. Small flags marked FAIR, for insertion in the buttonhole, were distributed for the purpose of tantalising any drivers who might be shaky in spelling.

The result of these operations has been the speedy reduction of the London cabmen to reason. A conference was held yesterday in which they agreed, pending a final settlement, to accede to most of the cab-users' demands, viz., to accept the bare legal fare without demur, to refrain from crawling, to drive straight to the point, to go where ordered (even to a remote suburb), and to come when whistled for.

P.S.—The latest news is that there is now a strike among the horses on account of overwork. Mr. P.'s Commissioner is still whistling for his cab.



MELTING.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 6.

—The stars in their courses fight for PRINCE ARTHUR. Seemed at opening of to-day's sitting he had really got into tight place. House in Committee on Licensing Bill. No disguise of reluctance on part of some exceptionally influential Ministerialists to support Clause II., which creates freehold in liquor licences by enacting payment of compensation on non-renewal. Ready for anything reasonable; constitutionally opposed to confiscation; but insist that duration of compensation system shall be limited by term of years sufficient to safeguard traders who secured their licence under the now existing law—which, by the way, makes it subject to withdrawal at the end of every twelve months. Opposition, seeing opportunity of filching votes, accordingly tabled amendments limiting claim for compensation to periods varying from seven to twenty-one years.

This PRINCE ARTHUR's new difficulty. If the thing were well managed, enough Ministerial votes would be drawn to make the division an unpleasantly near thing. Urgent Whip out summoning the faithful to the ramparts. House presents appearance long unfamiliar; benches crowded on both sides; Opposition elate, expectant; Ministerialists depressed, complaining, murmuring mutiny at a leadership that, crossing a bridge leading to General Election, grabs at the shadow of the publican's vote and loses the substance, represented by vote of the Church, the Temperance party, and all the higher levels of Conservatism.

"And in this case," said Mr. J. G. TALBOT, with a wan smile, "the substance is in peculiar sense 'the cheese.'"

Before Committee had sat an hour situation was reversed. It was the Ministerialists who were jubilant, the Opposition cast down. And all through ELLIS GRIFFITH, loyalest of Liberals.

In ordinary plans of campaign, as for example that environing Port Arthur, it is customary for the arbitrary direction of movement to be left in the hands of Commander-in-Chief. If at the critical moment, when advancing to attack, a full private or an epauletted captain were to dash in with a manœuvre entirely his own, its progress would be interrupted at initial stage by the strategist being shot through the head by comrades nearest at hand. Liberals, whether in Opposition or in office, manage things much better. Every man in the ranks is as good as another, much better than any statesman on the front bench. The Member for Anglesey didn't mean any harm. He was not in the private pay of Ministers. No one



LANDED HIS PARTY IN A BUNKER.
Mr. ELLIS GRIF-FITH.

more honestly or hotly objected to unlimited duration of the Compensation Clause. Only it would be a glory to gallant little Wales, an honour to Anglesey, if, pushing ahead of the ordered programme, he raised question of time limit on Clause I., leaving the score or more of Members with amendments to Clause II. grinding their teeth. Accordingly moved amendment limiting operation of Clause I. to seven years.

HOULDSWORTH, Unionist Member for Manchester, whose expected help in resisting unlimited compensation was of inestimable value to Opposition, pointed out that Clause I., whilst involving payment of compensation, also dealt with the transference to Quarter Sessions of the jurisdiction of local justices. Hostile to unlimited compensation, he was in favour of the latter provision and could not support an amendment that abolished it at the end of seven years. And HOULDSWORTH spoke for a score or more Ministerialists on whose vote Opposition counted.

Here was a pretty pickle! The ruthless Chairman increased its pungency by ruling that, if conditions of compensation were discussed on ELLIS GRIFFITH's amendment, question might not be reopened in its proper place on Clause II. ELLIS GRIFFITH begged leave to withdraw his amendment. Ministerialists laughed loud and long. A man revoking in a game of bridge played for high stakes might just as well seek to avoid the penalty by asking leave to withdraw the card and play another. Chagrin of Opposition not modified by consideration that they had been out-manœuvred by an adroit enemy. Marching along with confidence to take up a strong position,

they had wantonly strayed and now found themselves in a bog.

Business done.—Licensing Bill in Committee. Opposition make bad start.

Tuesday, midnight.—The spectacle of Mr. CROOKS seated below the Gangway wearing somebody else's opera hat what time he hurled objurgation at the Chair would have caused palpitation in Poplar had the constituency been in sight of its esteemed representative. But Poplar was in bed, or ought to have been. It was within a few minutes of midnight, a circumstance which, taken in conjunction with the opera hat and the inflamed gestures, suggested that the honourable Member was affording practical illustration of necessity for more stringent supervision of the Licensing Laws.

The suspicion was absolutely unfounded, wholly unworthy. The fact is, PRINCE ARTHUR had moved the closure on further debate of the ELLIS GRIFFITH amendment. House cleared for a division. In accordance with quaint etiquette established before Queen ANNE was dead, a Member desiring to address the Chair must, in such circumstances, remain seated, wearing his hat. At the moment Mr. CROOKS didn't happen to have a hat with him. Struggling to his feet he was received with roar of contumely from upholders of law and order opposite. Pulled down by the coat tails by friends near him, he showed disposition to have it out with somebody.

"What did they mean by roaring, 'Put on yer 'at'? I haven't got a nat," he growled.

It was then CATHCART WASON came to his aid. Strolling in from the opera, or other resort of fashionable Scotch Members, he carried his opera hat under his arm. Releasing the structure with a bang that sounded above the tumult



Mr. Cr-ks, being without his own hat, disappears inside the opera-hat of Mr. W-s-n.

on the other side, he placed it on Mr. CROOKS's head.

All being now in order the Member for Poplar made his protest; the Chairman blandly ruled there was nothing in it; the division went on, and the closure was decreed.

After all, the closure not an unreasonable proceeding. Question of time limit to compensation to publicans disturbed in possession of their license



LORD LANSDOWNE'S BROTHER.
(Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice.)

been talked round through two long sittings. If all that was to be said *pro* and *con.* could not be uttered in that period opportunity must have been wantonly wasted.

Much reason to fear that Mr. CROOKS's emotion arose from circumstance that he contemplated contribution to the debate and had missed earlier openings. This regrettable; but on the whole the Member for Poplar cannot complain of inadequate share of a week's talk. In fact he is in danger thus early in a promising Parliamentary career of wrecking it by excessive garrulity. It would be a pity, for, otherwise, the House listens to him gladly. Recognises in him a valuable addition to the class of labour representatives who form one of its most respected and influential sections. A capital speaker through his first quarter of an hour; knows what he is talking about; illustrates his theme with flashes of homely humour. But alack! he doesn't know when to sit down.

As the MEMBER FOR SARK, fresh from Sir WILLIAM POLLITT's dinner to a notable group of railway managers, says, "CROOKS's speech lacks terminal facilities."

The other day, in Committee of Sup-

ply, he spoke on the Local Government vote for forty minutes by Westminster clock. That would be unpardonable even in debate on the second reading of an important Bill. In Committee a man is not expected to make a speech; his business is to contribute brief practical talk in elucidation of the point immediately at issue.

Mr. CROOKS is too excellent a force to be wasted, too good a man to be spoiled. Salvation for him would come by the realisation of CARNE RASCH's dream of compulsorily shortened speeches. Heard much to-day and yesterday about time limit for compensation, in the interests of reducing inebriety in drink. A time limit designed to minimise inebriety in speech, is scarcely of less importance. Pending enactment of RASCH's proposal a friendly word in Mr. CROOKS's ear may be effective.

Business done.—ELLIS GRIFFITH's amendment to Licensing Bill negatived by majority of ninety-eight. "Who fears to speak of '98?" quoted PRINCE ARTHUR, looking cheerily at the stricken host opposite.

CHARIVARIA.

We have had a big stroke of luck in the war against Tibet. Our ultimatum has been returned with an impertinent message. This insult justifies the war.

The Women's International Congress, now sitting at Berlin, demands "the absolute equality of the sexes." Yet (and this is characteristic of female impracticability) no means have been suggested for raising the male sex to the standard attained by the other.

A new disease, known as the "shaking sickness," has made its appearance in Swiss schools, and it is feared it will become necessary to close some of these institutions. Many English schoolboys have given orders for a specimen of the bacillus to be forwarded to them as soon as it is discovered.

People continue to complain of the plague of gnats. We understand that a good defence is to bathe the face twice a day in liquid glue. The insects will stick to this without inflicting further irritation.

The *Novoe Vremya* is wroth with Great Britain. The war, it declares, "is largely due to the provocation and complicity of a third party." But the *Novoe Vremya* forgets that, even if the allegation were true, Russia ought to be grateful to us for giving her the opportunity of wiping the "yellow monkeys" off the face of the earth.

It has again been suggested that in future any defaulting South American Republic shall be annexed by the United States. It would, we take it, be incorporated with the State of Iowa.

Boots for dogs are declared to be the latest fashionable novelty. But it has long been the custom to supply these articles to cats, when they sing too much at night-time.

Paragraphs have been appearing in several papers on the subject of the strange uses to which old tram-cars are put, but no mention is made of the strangest use of all to which they are put in some parts of London, namely, that of tram-cars.

The *Vyedomosti*, of St. Petersburg, approves of Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P. It serves him right.

A music-hall performer, now appearing in London, has stated that she was offered £525 a week to stay in Chicago. Whether this sum was offered by London or Chicago has not transpired.

The *Motor Car* declares, on high medical authority, that motoring is a cure for insanity. We would therefore recommend several motorists we know to persevere.

A lad named JOHN JAMES JOHNSON was recently knocked down by a van driven by a man named JOHN JAMES JOHNSON. Curiously enough, they were not related, and it is not known why it was done.

"If there are any poets or poetesses here," said Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, speaking to the Dante Society, "my advice to you is 'Do not let Society spoil you.'" Can the Laureate have inadvertently confused himself with that other ALFRED who was "England's Darling"?

Italy and Germany are not the only countries which are desirous of increasing their navies. The American cruiser *Tacoma*, according to a cable, has recently started from Honolulu in search of the war-sloop *Livan*, which sailed from Hilo in 1859 and has not been reported since.

The conflict in the Far East has led to a great outbreak of military activity in almost every quarter of the globe. Even Australia is up and doing. A Military Order has been published in the *Melbourne Argus*, directing a regimental Board to enquire into and report upon certain damages alleged to have been sustained by a saucy officer in charge of the officer commanding the Queens-cliff district.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

IX.

*In Lower Regions, Korea.
May 16.*

PERHAPS, Sir, when your aquiline optics have scanned the above heading, you will wonder why in the name of Dickens I am descending the Korean Peninsular, in place of pressing myself forward into the Japanese Van, which is now occupied in making alarms and excursions amongst the Wilds of Manchuria?

Undoubtedly, had I merely consulted the interests of the *Chittagong Evening Conch*, the proper address to find me would by this time have become once more, like that of the Juvenile Hibernian Minstrel, in the ranks of War.

But I am proud to say that, in my dual capacity of "Punch Representative" and "War Correspondent," I have always considered that the former is entitled to precedence. I am here solely for the advancement of yourself and Periodical!

For I was lately in receipt of a friendly tip from the officiating Bonze that he was now in apple-pie orders for inaugurating *Punch's Temple*. [ED. COM.—Mr. Jabberjee has been more than once informed that nothing but a profound scepticism as to the existence of any such structure prevented us from cabling to stop such nonsense at once.]

I am not ignorant that, in one or two of your fatherly epistles, you have hinted that for no consideration would you be induced to lend your open and benevolent countenance for any heathenish idolatries, and of course I easily understood that (officially) you could hardly return any other response without causing rather grave scandal in orthodox English Home Circles!

But I recalled from my Shakspearian readings that *Richard*, when *Duke of Glostershire*, on being offered the crown by Hon'ble *Mark Antony*, as *Earl of Bucks*, did refuse it no less than three times, for the sake of appearances—and I should be deplorably lacking in Mother's wit if I could not read between the apparently hard and fast lines of your repudiation.

However, by all means make a whipping-post of myself as escaped goat, if necessary—even to the extent of exhibiting me to public execrations as an unauthorised fanatical. Though it is superfluous to protest that I am not so utterly benighted as to be a believer in Demonology—which I regard, like most other philosophers, as purely the matter of policy and climate!

Still, I am bold enough to suspect that, behind a frowning mask, you are concealing a secretly approving simper. In this persuasion I am vastly encouraged by the recollection of having once seen a published description of a certain Inner Chamber of *Punch's Office*, wherein, so it was alleged, yourself and staff are wont to assemble for mystic and secret discourses. For, from photos of this apartment illustrating said article, I was dumfounded to perceive that it contained no less than two large-sized "*Punch*" effigies of such unparalleled hideosity that it is almost inconceivable they could be there merely as ornaments. . . . Then, pray, for what, Mist'ers? . . . Please answer that question in the privacy of own bosoms, before protruding your tongues in hypocritical horror at practices by less highly educated Korean natives!

Be this as it may, you would be, I venture humbly to assert, somewhat less than human if your cordial cockles are not to indulge in suppressed cheerings on receiving intelligence of the splendid success which your idol has already obtained in these localities.

It has been christened the "Chin-Tung-Konk" (the Garrulous god with the Truly Magnificent Proboscis), and no idol could have been honoured with a more auspicious "send-off" at its temple-warming.

My friend the Bonze, though by birth of Buddhistic opinions, is a broad-minded, unprejudiced old chap who is



H. CONWAY

"OH, DEAR, DEAR! HOW SHOCKED AND GRIEVED YOUR POOR FATHER WOULD BE TO SEE YOU TWO NAUGHTY BOYS SMOKING LIKE THIS AT YOUR AGE!"
"RATHER! THESE ARE HIS MOST EXPENSIVE CIGARS!"

willing to recognise any rival religion, provided it is rendered worth his while.

He is also (as I think I mentioned) a fermenting admirer of your pictorial waggery, though totally unable to read the accompanying letterpresses. I am instructing him in the elementary principles of English Humour, and he will, I believe, be competent, after a few more lessons, to comprehend (and—who knows?—perhaps, even, to compose!) the simpler kind of witticisms.

Indeed, he is already impatient to figure as the Occasional Contributor—but I have gently reminded him that he is not to expect that he can gallop before he has learnt to toddle.

I will now proceed to describe the inaugural ceremonies, and if, after reading same, you can remain impervious to lively sentiments of obligation towards one who prefers to remain anonymous—then I must reluctantly endorse the good old sore that "There is only one place in which we may be certain of finding Gratitude—to wit, the Dictionary." (Kindly excuse chestnuts!)

Now to resume. After the adjoining devil-tree had, according to native customs and etiquettes, been duly suspended with innumerable rags representing orisons, the congregation adjourned to interior of shrine, where they performed highly elaborated genuflections before a very handsomely gilded and decorated *Punch* idol, to which they presented offerings of boiled rice, inexpensive sweetstuffs, and cakes in small copper trays. (These offerings, I should mention, were religiously consumed on following day by the officiating clergy, who were subsequently taken so severely unwell that I was under the distressing apprehension that my friend the Bonze, in particular, was to kick the bucket!)

Next, I read *viva voce* a few selected extracts from your esteemed issue of April 20, with running exegetical comments,

which were received by all present with awestruck reverence as a *Vox Dei*.

After that, the venerable Bonze favoured your image with some rather fine Terpsichorean performances, accompanied on a drum, a brazen gong, a cracked bell, and a pair of twinkling cymbals, by his assistant acolytes.

But, although the said Bonze's toe was undeniably fantastic, I am not prepared to testify from personal experience that it was of any exceptional levity—while, as to the ecclesiastical orchestra, they kicked up so cacophonous and deafening a din that it was not unworthy even of a London Charivari!

Altogether, it was a scene of the wildest enthusiasms. At least fifteen converts, after expressing a vehement desire to become life-subscribers to your respectable periodical, were removed in cataleptic convulsions before I could even ascertain their names and addresses.

The proceedings then terminated with a display of native fireworks and other festivities, and I may safely say that your shrine is now launched in the fairway of business. Indeed, sundry older-established devils are already putting up their shutters, and my friend the Bonze has coyly confided to me that he will not be greatly surprised if the *Punch* idol were, by-and-by, to bring off some minor miracle or other!

The question now is: what line are *you* going to take? . . .

It is of course open to you to upset your own apple-cart by giving the chuck to myself. But why, impetuous Sir, why cut off your face to spite your nose? When meat is overdone, you cannot induce it to return to raw material by a mere declaration to that effect. So my advice is: that you should assume the virtue that you haven't got, and not tender yourself (to say nothing of your humble servant!) a fool by publicly admitting that you are totally undeserving of divine honours.

Leave such assertions to *others*, and do not be such an ill-natured old bird as to render your own nest unfit for habitation!

By the way, the Bonze's bill for dancing and use of assistants only comes to yen 35, as he has made the great reduction in his customary charges, owing to his inordinate love and affection for the presiding deity of your illustrious serial!

There are not improbably several Editors of acknowledged eminence who would rush baldheadedly into such an Al opening, and gladly endow almost any Korean shrine in perpetuity, simply as the advertising medium.

Surely you are not to be behind The Times in blowing your own boom!

P.S.—I have paid BONZE & Co. out of my private pocket, in the childlike assurance that my damascened cheek will not be reduced to the misery of blushing for Hon'ble *Punch* as a parsimonious! *Sho-ji* is slightly better. H. B. J.

VENUS'S LOOKING-GLASS.

THE sympathetic action of the Woodbridge District Council in erecting a mirror at some cross roads for the benefit of motorists has met with general approval. There is some uncertainty, however, as to whether the glass is intended to reflect round-the-corner traffic for the information of the driver, or whether it is placed there for the benefit of the lady in the *tonneau*. In any case it has been noticed that cars bearing what are presumably members of the fair sex refuse to pass the glass, and that the cross roads have further become a favourite resort for lady bicyclists and short-skirted pedestrians. The crowd, however, has so far been quite orderly and good-tempered, falling into the *queue* and patiently waiting according to the police instructions until each gets her proper turn. In order, however, to prevent undue congestion, it has been proposed that a mirror should be placed at every other milestone, so as to distribute the traffic.

MOMUS AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

PRETTY music and faces, bright scenes and costumes, some tuneful voices, a few catching melodies well sung, laughably eccentric acting and spontaneously comic dialogue, all contribute towards the making a genuine success for the comic opera *Véronique*, now gaily running at the Apollo Theatre. The music by M. ANDRÉ MESSEAGER is light and sparkling, and the piece itself is equidistant from *Figaro* on the one hand and *La Grande Duchesse* on the other, and far off from both. The music has little in it to remind us of AUER; and not much, save where there are a few bars of dance between the verses, or at the end of a song or chorus, to recall OFFENBACH. Nor has it either the sweet melody of AUDRAN, nor the dash of PLANQUETTE. It is MESSEAGER, not at his very best, but in a bright and pleasant mood.

MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM sings a melodious song so well as to gain an encore. Hers is not a particularly funny part, but it would be difficult to name anyone with a trained voice, and with MISS BRANDRAM's experience in this line of business, who could make so much of the character as she succeeds in doing. As *Agatha*, MISS KITTY GORDON, distinguishing herself by her dash and go in singing, dancing, and acting, *toujours dans le mouvement*, is one of the chiefest of the "lives and souls" of the opera. MISS SYBIL GREY, the sprightly representative of *Denise*, dances so cleverly as to assist MR. AUBREY FITZGERALD, the idiotic *Seraphim*, in winning an encore for their united efforts in the Second Act. All the ladies of the period, 1840, harmoniously singing, are, individually and collectively as chorus, charming; while the tuneful dandies, their companions, distinguish themselves not only by the airs they give themselves and by their correct rendering of the airs given them by the composer, but also by their graces according to the colour and variety of the tight-fitting costumes.

MISS RUTH VINCENT as the heroine, *Hélène de Solanges*, enters thoroughly into the humour of the unoriginal light-comedy plot, which is simply a variant of *She Stoops to Conquer* and other similar farces, singing and acting delightfully, securing encores (a genuine triple encore in the last Act, which she sensibly declined to take), and dividing the honours of the duets with MR. LAWRENCE REA (representing her lover *Florestan*, a stiff-jointed youth in correct but awkward attire), whose charm of voice atones for what is lacking to him histrionically. But the tenor who can act as well as he sings, what a *rara avis* is he!

MR. FRED EMNEY as *Mons. Loustot* (why "Mons."?) makes the most of an eccentric part. But it is to MR. GEORGE GRAVES as *Mons. Coquenard* (again why "Mons."?) that a clear two-thirds of the success of this piece (apart from its music) is due. He is the drollest of the droll, and his quite irrepressible fun, being now at its freshest and not as yet stereotyped, is heartily enjoyed not only by the audience, who take his every joke and go into ecstasies of mirth over all his eccentricities, but also by those on the scene with him, who are compelled to turn aside in order to dissemble their laughter, while even the conductor of the orchestra and his musicians are fain to smile in sympathy. That the source of all this amusement is to be found either in the adaptation by MR. HENRY HAMILTON, or in the original, is open to considerable doubt.

Though there is nothing particularly novel in the situations (for the donkey trio and the "swing" duet are not unfamiliar to play-goers), yet is it all bright, light and sparkling; while that *drollissimo* MR. GEORGE GRAVES (how queerly inappropriate the name!) as *Coquenard*, is irresistibly comic.

RUSSIA'S position in the Far East seems worse than it was in the Crimean War. She now has no Steppes in the neighbourhood to climb down by.

OPERATIC NOTES.

June 4.—Poor Fräulein TERNINA still suffering from cold, and so unable to appear as *Elisabeth* in *Tannhäuser*. But Frau EGLI being applied to intimates that "BARKIS is willin'," and appears on this occasion majestically filling



Tannhäuser Van Dyck between the two charmers, Frau Egli-sabeth and Frau Reinl-Venus.

"How harpy could he be with either!"

the part of our *Lisa*, whose only rival in the affections of that very wandering minstrel boy *Tannhäuser* is *Miladi Venus* of *Venusberg*, amply represented by Frau REINL. Herr VAN DYCK, as the wayward knight who has more than one string to his harp, sung and acted well, though the weather seemed to

have affected his vocal chords, for in England our early June suits not a foreign musical *June premier*. Herr VAN DYCK's portrait of *Tannhäuser* is excellent, showing how, when led away into wrong courses, he strikes the lyre and returns to truth. Admirable is VAN ROOY as *Wolfram*. One of his songs—the first distinctive line of which the present deponent, not being well up in the language of Germany, will not venture to write lest any injury should be done to the type—was delightful. *Vive le Rooy!* Not a very big house to-night, but quite enough to be carried away by the two VANS. Fine weather offers week-end attractions, and to-night the up-river fête of the Fourth of June Boys takes not a few musical-box



Fräulein Alten as Herd and seen playing.

folk to see the Eton Ten-oar, the only rival this evening of the tenor at Covent Garden. Dr. HANS RICHTER and orchestra perfect. "HANS in luck."

Tuesday, June 7.—Those opera-goers who were unable to "get there" to-night have a great treat in store for them when Mlle. SELINA KURZ again sings and plays the part of *Gilda* in *Rigoletto*. The top note of her exit song on the balcony leading to the bedroom was enthusiastically acclaimed, and the "*Caro nome*" having been rapturously encored Mlle. SELINA KURZ had to descend the staircase—rather a come-down for her—make a graceful Kurzy, repeat her success, give her gracious ascent, and once more make her top-notable exit. Bravissima! She must be immortalised by our artist on her next appearance. Signor CARUSO again triumphant as the Dangerous and Deceitful Dook, with the delicious melody to which are set the words of the modern motor-car song, "*La donna è auto-mobile*." Mlle. BAUER-MEISTER as the unprincipled *Giovanna* (a cousin of *Giovanni* the Don) as good, and as wicked, as ever. The excellent Mme. KIRKBY LUNN is compelled to come out to-night uncommonly strong as the merry *Maddalena*, especially in the last quartette, which is splendidly given and rapturously taken by the house. M. RENAUD, as the unhappy jester who is the victim of his own practical jokes, arouses the sympathy of the audience by his acting, and gains their applause by his singing. Altogether, with the marvellous musicians under Master MANCINELLI, this is one of the very best of this season's good nights.

Thursday, June 9.—*Tristan und Isolde*, commencing 7.45. Is this deponent quite a Wagnerite? Is Mr. P.'s Representative almost a Wagnerite? Say two-thirds? Yes. He is a Lohengrinite, a moderate Tannhäuserite, a thorough Flying-Dutchmanite, and a considerable bit of a Meister-singerite. But is he a Tristan-und-Isolde-ite? As far as the dramatic music for orchestra is concerned, emphatically and enthusiastically "Yes"; but when we come to the vocal operatic part that represents the acted story, most decidedly "No." For rather would this deponent see *tableaux vivants* illustrating WAGNER's dramatic explanatory music, than hear the apparently painful efforts of sweet singers straining to get in a shout here and there, while utterly at a loss to invent such variety of action as shall relieve the dreary monotony of the wearisome proceedings.

There was a very full house, because not to be interested



"ARMA VIRUMQUE."

Fräulein Isolde Plaichinger about to take the dose. Herr Tristan Van Dyck is already suffering from the effects of a draught. Notice the expression on his countenance, and on that of the canine head carved on arm of chair, the open mouth indicating that the nasty stuff has not yet been tried on the dog.

in WAGNER is to argue yourself "out of it," and not up to the growing fashion of the day. But the majority, probably not musically qualified to be out-and-out Wagnerites, are, however, Wagnerites with a difference. They nightly crowd in to hear him, and whether they are henceforth to vote solid for WAGNER, or not, the next season will show. The plot of *Tristan und Isolde* is spun-out, and there must be the very perfection of acting and singing to prevent it from becoming tedious, as an opera, after the first half hour. When the DE RESZKES were in it, with Mlle. MEISSLINGER and Madame ALBANI, the most bigoted anti-Wagnerite was inclined to yield. But with Herr VAN DYCK as *Tristan*, Fräulein PLAICHINGER as *Isolde*, and Herr HINCKLEY as *King Marke*, good as they all are, it is a different matter. Comparisons must not be drawn, and criticism is superfluous. One can only wonder at, and praise, the energy displayed in the singing, and also in the dramatic action, which it is difficult for all to appreciate at its true value. It is Dr. RICHTER's personally conducted orchestra that rivets the attention; to those mainly interested in the music the singers are "such stuff as dreams are made on." We listen, we close our eyes, and we enjoy it.

Fräulein PLAICHINGER's acting is semaphorical: it may be descriptively summed up as "arms and the woman." Herr HINCKLEY's *King Marke* is pathetic, and Herr VAN DYCK's impersonation of the mesmerised amorous *Tristan* arouses our pity for the good man gone wrong. Madame KIRKBY LUNN as the confidante *Brangäne* succeeds in making the character intelligible to the audience, in spite of her having to pass so much of her time in a corner with her face to the wall like a naughty infant-school-girl. By the way poor *King Marke* is condemned to a similar position, for quite twenty minutes in the Second Act, without having done anything whatever to deserve such treatment. How operatic actors of experience can lend themselves to such puerile stage-business as that with the "property" cup, broad and shallow, which, choke-full of liquid "potion," they wave about with enough recklessness to cause every drop to be spilt, is something that utterly passes any ordinary comprehension. A master of dramatic music in the orchestra, WAGNER was but a child in the nursery of dramatic art on the stage.

BLOSSOMING.

If, on Tuesday the 7th, at the end of the *matinée* at His Majesty's, when a highly-finished performance of *Twelfth Night* had been given in aid of "The Fresh Air Fund," Mr. TREE "was delighted," as he so heartily expressed himself, "to find that the presence of that audience would give a day of fresh air and happiness to twenty thousand little children," how still more pleased must he have been that the successful *début* of his daughter, Miss VIOLA, should have crowned the memorable occasion. Of good omen is it that this charming representative of a branch of the Family Tree (the others, olive branches, on this occasion were packed in a box) should be a youthful actress who gave considerable promise by a most creditable performance.

On any *débutante* playing *Viola* in *Twelfth Night*, what greater praise can be bestowed than to say, "She is VIOLA"? Now this is, in a sense, true of Miss VIOLA TREE. The young lady is Mr. TREE's VIOLA, but is she SHAKESPEARE'S? Not quite as yet: but let other *Violas* look to their laurels; there may be a TREE growing up to overshadow them. With pleasure will the *Père TREE* watch the fruit a-ripening. Mr. Punch wishes her health, happiness, and success!

Corruption in the "Force."

"Four burglaries have recently been attempted in Penistone and district, but only a few coppers have been secured."

Leeds and Yorkshire Mercury.

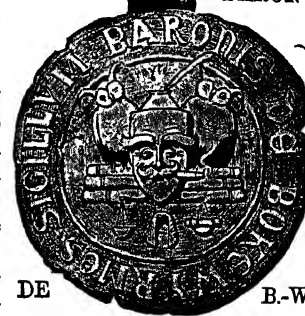
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is nothing particularly new or strikingly original in Mrs. ADELINE SERGEANT's latest romance, entitled *Malincourt Keep* (JOHN LONG), and yet from first to last it interests the reader, who will not willingly be interrupted in its perusal until the uttermost chapter has been reached and finished. To a certain extent the story recalls the ancient legend of *Blue Beard*, that is of *Baron Abomelique*, who so fascinates the girl with whom he has fallen in love that she vehemently protests against the idea of her having the slightest desire to pry into the Blue Chamber, wherein is carefully guarded the strange secret of his life. Perhaps this hint may just whet the excitement-lover's appetite for sensation, and the Baron hereby gives such an one to understand, in the language of the much-married Mr. *Adolphus Tetterby*, that "astonishment will be the portion of that respected contemporary."

In writing *Every Man his own Gardener* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Mr. JOHN HALSHAM addresses himself primarily to people who with little or no experience find themselves the possessors of about as much garden as they think they can manage single-handed. It is a multitudinous class, and they will find in this work the very thing they want. Mr. HALSHAM knows his garden *au fond*—or lower still, at least a yard deep, where by dint of digging he begins his study of the sort of soil he has to deal with. Having acquired that essential information Paterfamilias, young, middle-aged, or just retired from business, will find set forth, in simple language, practical instructions for dealing with his plot through the revolving seasons. Few people take keener delight in a garden than does my Baronite. He, however, draws the line at labouring in it with spade or hoe. But he intends to leave this book casually lying about where it will come under the notice of those who do, confident that they will gain many useful hints. The volume is charmingly illustrated by CARINE CADBY, the Rev. F. C. LAMBERT, and the author.

In future the Baron will be on his guard against trusting Mr. GUY BOOTHBY with any mystery that he does not wish to become public property. This author has got hold of *An Ocean Secret*, and he can't keep it to himself! And what happens? Messrs. F. V. WHITE & Co. absolutely sell the secret, which GUY B. has confided to them, for money!! So thrilling is the first sensational shock, that subsequent proceedings fail in piling up the agony quick enough to meet the demand of the expectant reader. Whether the secret is worth knowing or not, the aforesaid reader will decide for himself when he has mastered it.

THE BARON



FROM the *Manchester Guardian*:

"Night Watchman Wanted, accustomed to heavy firing; give references."

Port Arthur papers, please copy.

CONUNDRUM BY COMMODORE JUNK (*who has been studying the War news*). "Why are bare-footed little beggars in London streets like Chinese bandits? Because they are Sans-shoeses." [On reference we find the name is *Chan-suses*, and, therefore, rely upon the experienced Commodore's practical knowledge of the pronunciation.]

CHARIVARIA.

In the midst of the turmoil of war the courteous Japanese still find time to think of the entertainment of their guests. The steamer *Manchuria* has just left for a month's pleasure trip with the foreign naval *attachés* and a number of war-correspondents aboard. If it can be managed, the excursion will cover a visit to the seat of war.

The Shah of PERSIA has heard that the interests of England and France are now identical, and his Majesty has placed with a Leeds firm an order for clothes which has hitherto gone to France.

If anything further were required to convince the American public of the contemptible character of RAISULI, the Moroccan brigand who captured one of their countrymen, it is provided by his refusal to appear as an exhibit at the St. Louis Exhibition.

At length the public is to have a chance of learning what measures introduced into Parliament are really worthy of support. "It is my intention during the remainder of the present Parliament," writes Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, "to vote as far as possible according to the merits of the various questions upon which divisions are taken."

The only other political news of any importance is that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN doesn't much like Imperialism, and Lord ROSEBERY doesn't much like Home Rule, and the rest of the Liberal Party don't much like the fact that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Lord ROSEBERY don't like the same thing.

The minister of a Jersey City church has invited ladies to attend service without their hats so that they may worship in comfort during the hot summer weather. There is something peculiarly naïve in the idea that a lady could "worship in comfort" without her latest hat.

Last week the Young Abstainers' Union celebrated its Silver Jubilee. It is satisfactory to know that the number of heavy drinkers under seven years of age is constantly decreasing.

The Primate has been urging the younger clergy to "take an active part in the games which the youth of the parish engage in," and curates playing pitch-and-toss in the streets will soon be a common sight.

An attempt is to be made to put an end to the scandal of half-empty churches in London by building more.



"SANCTA SIMPLICITAS."

Child (pausing in front of Grandmother, who is on a visit, to consider her carefully).
"GRANNY, WHICH SIDE OF YOU IS THE SOFT SIDE?"

Granny. "WHY, DARLING?"

Child. "BECAUSE MOTHER SAYS IF I KEEP ON THE SOFT SIDE OF GRANNY, PERHAPS SHE'LL GIVE ME A BICYCLE."

It has been decided radically to re-organise the Meteorological Office. There will, we fancy, be little sympathy for those affected by the changes, seeing the mess they made of last Derby Day.

A Kensington Gardens Dialogue.

"WE have a new baby at home."

"Did the doctor bring it?"

"No, he only had an umbrella."

"Then I know where it came from."

The baker's. It says on his cart, 'Fam'ly's Provided.'

THE new lock at Teddington, recently opened, must be a patent one, as there is no quay.

The Young Idea.

Sunday School Teacher (giving lessons on the Parable of the Good Samaritan).
It says that the Good Samaritan on the morrow took out two pence. Now why did he take out two pence?

Sharp Little Boy. I know, Teacher. For the Tube.

A CHARMING young lady called GEOGHEGAN (Whose christian names are less peoghegan)

Will be Mrs. KNOLLYS

Very soon at All Ksollys';

But the date is at present a veogheg 'un.

"AS SURE AS FÊTES."—Rain.

TO AN AFRICAN POTENTATE.

HIGH potentate of Ethiop's burning zone,
 Or other regions yet more vaguely known,
 Whose temperature—or so the travellers tell—
 Closely approximates to that of h—l;
 Whose simple sons lead uneventful lives,
 Girt with a pleasing plethora of wives,
 And only leave their fastnesses to plumb
 The deep delights of stove-pipe hats and rum;—
 Blest monarch, whose enlightened laws allot
 Contentment to the wistful Hottentot,
 Whereof the radiating joy suffuses
 His pert but not unlovable papooses;—
 Inform us, Sire, before you really go,
 Just how you view our European show;
 Say, is our climate all too keenly felt
 By one whose swart yet unresisting pelt
 Had never learned the subtle charm that clings
 To what are loosely known as trouserings,
 Or ventured out to take the evening air
 Draped to distraction in a tightish pair;
 But modestly confined its simple needs
 To something natty in the way of beads;
 Or else, like ADAM, previous to the Fall,
 Meandered forth with nothing on at all?
 And tell us, did our frigid British dame
 Strike you as being just a trifle tame;
 Or were you instantaneously smitten
 By her profound resemblance to a kitten?
 And did you lightly, ere you left these shores,
 Order a gross or two from Someone's Stores?
 Tell us with what a rising sense of zeal
 You viewed our projects for the public weal;
 And all those homely sights so dear to us,
 The fleeting splendours of the omnibus,
 The British workman, suffering but dumb,
 The Stock Exchange's oof-extracting hum,
 The Press, the House of Commons, and the Zoo—
 What sense of awe did these inspire in you?

Monarch, I may be wrong, but I suspect
 That they misjudged your supple intellect
 Who took you round, as current news relates,
 To waxwork shows and charitable fêtes,
 And bade you squander sleepless days and nights
 On what are vulgarly described as "sights,"
 Hoping to graft upon your native graces
 The social virtues of the Western races.
 I think your mind, oppressed with cares of state,
 Dreamed of departure at an early date
 Back to the land where courtesies are few,
 And well-bred strangers make a perfect stew;
 That land whose denizens, devoid of vice,
 Exhale a pleasant atmosphere of spice;
 Where sportsmen in an ecstasy of glee
 Track to his lair the trembling chimpanzee,
 Or hurl the flight of well-directed spears
 About the hippopotamus his ears;
 The land, in fact, whose artless youth is blest
 With an instinctive aptitude for jest;
 Where monarchs live a life of splendid ease,
 And always do exactly as they please.

WHAT HAPPENED TO SMITH.—According to the *Star*, in the match between Surrey and Cambridge University, "MANN hit SMITH to leg for 4. He then hoisted him to long-on, where HOLLAND caught him on the boundary." No wonder (as the *Daily Express* advertises) SMITH's weakly.

A MORNING CALL AT THE NEW GALLERY.

THE portrait of Herr JOACHIM, chief of violinists, stands on an easel all by itself in the North Room. *Solus cum solo* it is, and the *solo* would have been emphatically impressed upon everyone had Herr JOACHIM appeared in the picture with his favourite instrument. It has no number, though it might easily have been number one, and apart from all the others. None can approach SARGENT in this line, and as this is true the spectator will be well advised to keep as far off as possible. Distance lends enchantment to it at present; and this portrait of the incomparable violinist only requires to get the proper time in order to perfect the tone.

In the South Room we have Mr. SARGENT's portrait of HENRY W. LUCY, our "TOBY." Excellent. So alert is he, and so starting out of the frame, as to suggest that a sufficient and appropriate legend to it might have been simply "Who said 'Rats'?" Why was it not in the Academy? may be asked by the thoughtless. Why? because the fit and proper place for so eminent a Parliamentary Reporter is of course "The Gallery."

Next to attract us is a picture by G. F. WATTS, O.M., R.A., of a nude boy who, having attempted to bathe, has been frightened by the waves. He is, *nuda veritas*, "the little vulgar boy" known to all reciters of INGOLDSBY's poem. The title might have been "*Waif and Waves*." But Watts in a name? Nothing, except when the name is WATTS, and then there's very much.

22. "A Crucial Point," by Sir JAMES D. LINTON. Scene from a Richardson's Show. Mellow, dramatic.

20. By C. E. HALLÉ. A very handsome woman with rather a muff. Not an unusual combination.

23. A picture of still life by Madame DE LA RIVA MUÑOZ represents "*Fruits d'Espagne*." The fruits of the gardener's toil collected on the grounds of a "Château d'Espagne."

78. Mrs. A. SWYNERTON shows us a somewhat (painful-story)-telling picture. Unhappy mother tanned by son.

71. ARTHUR G. BELL presents "*Winter in Gotha*." That's his advice. Charming old place, we should like to go tha'.

275. All of a twist! Powerful portrait of a lady in an agony of hesitation. Notice grip of her left hand on arm of chair: likewise how she grasps, with her right, a huge sealskin muff (or is it a tea-pot 'cosy'), which she is on the point of chucking at the head of someone who has been rude to her. Lucky for him that he is not in the picture. Herein J. E. BLANCHE has shown the subtlety of his art. He has effaced himself at the critical moment.

Also by same clever artist, a bright portrait of MARIE TEMPEST. Smiling, piquante. Not a Tempest at all, but a light effect after a little storm in a saucer.

226. "*Braving the Storm*." What a pity that Mr. GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A., didn't hang this next to the Tempest!

Ars longa vita brevis, but the Picture Galleries do not keep open after the life of the London season is extinct and when sightseers have re-buried themselves in the country. So before the Seventeenth Summer Exhibition of the N. G. closes, hurry up and see the goods the gods and demi-gods have provided.

The Young Idea Again.

SCENE—Fourth-Standard room of an Elementary School.
 Children reading.

Inspector (to the Teacher). What are they reading about?
 Teacher. American Indians.

Inspector. I will ask them a few questions. (To children) What is a Red Indian's wife called? (Many hands up.) Tell me. Scholar. A squaw, Sir.

Inspector. What is a Red Indian's baby called? (Silence. At last a boy volunteers.) Well, my boy?

Boy. Please, Sir, a squawker!



HYPNOTIC "SUGGESTION."

[A remarkable performance is being given in London, in which a lady is hypnotised. Whilst in a trance she dances to whatever music is played to her.]

THE HEADS OF THE PEOPLE.

["The members of the Leeds Physical Culture Society have entered upon a campaign against all kinds of head coverings other than those provided by nature, from the top-hat to the Panama, and from the bowler to the cap. At a meeting of the committee held last night Mr. HARRY KREMnitz, an engineer by profession, levelled a strong indictment against hats of all kinds, charging them with being the cause of baldness, grey hairs, and other evils. . . . Mr. KREMnitz has not worn a hat for nearly a week, and several other gentlemen have pledged themselves to go bareheaded when not in the city."—*Daily Mail*.]

MENACED by the threat of the No-hat crusade initiated by the Leeds Physical Culture Society, the captains of the hat industry convened a great meeting which was held in the Tête Gallery last Saturday afternoon. The Mayor of LUTON (where the straw hats come from) presided, and amongst those on the platform were the President of the Republic of PANAMA, Sir TAM O'SHANTER, Mr. HAROLD BUSBY, Mr. THOMAS GIBSON-BOWLER, M.P., Mr. ALFRED CAPPER, the Caid of FEZ, Sir MAGNUS GLENGARRY, and Mr. JOSEPH HATTON.

The Mayor of LUTON in opening the proceedings read several letters from prominent representatives of the hat industry and others who were unable to be present. Count HATZFELDT wrote from Schloss Tarnhelm to express his sympathy with the object of the meeting, and Cardinal RAMPOLLA sent a telegram from Rome to say that the Curia were unanimous in opposing the new movement. A hatless Cardinal was even more unthinkable than a headless horseman. A letter was also read from Mr. HORACE GOLDIN, the prestidigitateur, pointing out that the abolition of the hat would mean the abolition of the conjurer. (*Shame*.)

The Mayor then proceeded to explain the motives which had led to the summoning of the convention. They were threatened, he said, with a crusade which if it achieved its nefarious end, would not only throw thousands of industrious operatives out of employment, but expose the entire population to an epidemic of sunstroke, catarrh, and a host of cognate maladies. The sanity of hatters had occasionally been impugned, but their very existence was based upon loyalty to the crown. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (*loud cheers*), moreover, had testified to the fascination of the illimitable felt. It had been stated, the Mayor continued, that if people went about bareheaded their hair would grow with the luxuriance of a pianist or a tropical forest. But for his part he would say that there were some heads that were past all bearing. The motto of the Leeds Physical Culture Society might be, "Keep your hair on"; the motto of himself and the gentlemen present would be, "Keep your hats on."



TEACHING THE TEACHER.

New Curate. "Now, BOY, IF, IN DEFIANCE OF THAT NOTICE, I WERE TO BATHE HERE, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE WOULD HAPPEN?"

Boy. "YOU'D COME OUT A GREAT LOT DIRTIER THAN YOU WENT IN!"

Mr. HAROLD BUSBY, who followed, was scornful upon balditude. Why, he said, put this premium upon hirsute adornment? For himself he would rather be as bald as a new-laid egg than have red hair.

[*Interruption, during which three red-headed men were forcibly ejected.* Resuming, Mr. BUSBY remarked that many of the most illustrious men living were bald. Look at Mr. P. F. WARNER, for example. Look at Mr. WALTER LONG.

The Caid of FEZ, a swarthy gentleman suggesting more than a touch of the tarboosh, was the next speaker. He strongly denied that headgear led to baldness. It required, he said, something more than a hatter—mad or otherwise—to make hair march.

Mr. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who followed, asked where would the War Office be if headgear was abolished? The final cause of its existence was to devise a constant succession of new helmets,

forage caps, &c., which, apart from their æsthetic value, served as a perpetual red-herring to divert the attention of the public from matters of graver moment. The nursemaids of London, whom Mr. CHARLES BOOTH estimated to number upwards of 250,000, would certainly not tamely submit to the indignity of being courted by bareheaded Guardsmen, however curly.

Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING, on being provided with a black-board, drew a series of striking diagrams succinctly visualising the displacement of labour which would inevitably be brought about by the discarding of hats, caps, and bonnets. Physiologically there could be little doubt that the result of the change would be the arrest of baldness and the postponement of that failure of the pigment which led to grey hair. There would therefore be more hair to cut, and he strongly urged upon all those engaged in the hat trade, if they were unable to check the new movement, to lose no time in acquiring a mastery of the scissors and the comb.

Bishop WELLDON desired to associate himself, *mutatis mutandis*, with the sentiments expressed in the telegram from Cardinal RAMPOLLA. It might not always be judicious to call a spade a spade, but it was impossible to call a Bishop's hat anything but a shovel.

Mr. JOSEPH HATTON, the last speaker, urged the claims of the theatre-goer. If head-gear were abolished, how, he asked, could ladies go to *matinées*? (*Cheers.*)

On everyone present pledging himself to wear his hat on every possible occasion, and even to sleep in it if that could be arranged, the meeting broke up.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

x.

*In furnished diggings, Seoul, Korea.
May 25, 1904.*

As you will perceive from the above superscription, I am still an involuntary absentee from the arms of Bellona, being detained here on account of *Sho-ji's* health.

For I regret to report that my unfortunate saddlehack, so far from becoming a convalescent, is now lower down than ever on sick-list, and threatens to decline into the chronic invalid, being thin as a threadpaper, with a very lofty temperature, and frequent lapses into total deliriums.

During the entire night I have performed as a vigil by his couch, applying iced fomentations to his fevered knob, in constant apprehensions that I was soon to receive his last kick!

Being hard up as a broken stone, I can perceive no prospect of affording myself any second mount that will be such a perfect fit, and must probably put up with some cheap and nasty substitute!

Unless of course hon'ble *Punch* (who, according to illustrations, is the somewhat accomplished equestrian on a splendid cobhorse of phenomenally symmetrical spottishness) should have sufficient fellow-feelings not to suffer his representative to make a lamentable exhibition of himself by bestriding a mere bone-bag!

It is not to be imagined that I can present myself to Col. KHAKIMONO as the straddler of an ordinary ass, especially as, in these localities, donkey-hire is even dearer than on the yellow sands of the classiest English watering-places.

Under the above circo it cannot reasonably be expected that I am to reveal any important Japanese military movements—which besides are impenetrably masked behind the fireproof curtain of official censorship.

I am excessively annoyed that the aforesaid Col. K. should not have condescended to send me so much as a single pictorial postcard to inform me how he is getting on in my absence.

However, there may be some *very good reason* for such abnormal secretiveness. For my Russian crony, Major DROSOKHYVITCH, has been audibly chortling up his sleeves of late on receipt of private intelligence direct from St. Petersburg, to the effect that Russian squadrons have at last sailed out of Port Arthur, and mopped up most of hon'ble Admiral Togo's finest fighting-junks. While simultaneously, it seems, the garrison has sortied out on land-side, and compelled no less than fifteen thousand Japanese advanced guards to bite the dust before they could shake it off from their shoes!

I cannot profess any great surprise that they should have been so severely snubbed, seeing that I have *ab initio* predicted some such unfortunate *contretemps*. For it is undeniable that the Japanese have been too much addicted to conversing through their headgear—and Pride is the proverbial predecessor of some howling tumble!

Wherefore I have hastened to assure Major D. that I am a sharer in his jubilations, being unable to wholly overcome racial prejudices against allies, however civilised and up-to-date, whose complexions are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of French mustard.

I am also engaged in composition of a congratulatory ode to Hon'ble KUROPATKIN, so ingeniously worded that, even should the cat prove after all to have jumped in contrary direction, my effusion can easily be altered so as to be fit as a glove for Hon'ble KUROKI.

Meanwhile I am mixing myself in swaggering Korean Societies. The other day I officiated as best man for a juvenile Korean bridegroom who was tying his neck in the nuptial knot. As in Indian circles, the match was made up by a professional family Astrologer—here termed a *Pan-su*—and I can only trust that he may not turn out such an incompetent old beetlehead as the *Dowyboghee* who, too sanguinely, predicted my own matrimonial felicity in two successive wedlocks!

The Korean bridal procession was preceded by a bearer carrying a live goosebird, as the emblem of connubial bliss—which of course afforded me, at wedding-breakfast, the opportunity for some rather facetious banterings.

It is *de rigueur* here for a bride to abstain from the least loquacity, not only during the ceremonials, but for several subsequent days—an immense improvement upon Hindoo (and even Christian) etiquettes!

My wedding-present consisted of an order on *Punch* Office for a complete set of your instructive periodical from earliest commencement. Kindly have these bound in best white vellum, with appropriate gildings, and forward to my Calcutta residence. Or, if that is to trouble you too far, send cheque for estimated cost, and I will entrust the job to some local bookbinder or other.

I have also taken a day off for caymen-hunting. The cayman, as you are doubtless aware, is the mongrel offspring of an Alligator and a Crocodile, and, by the inexorable law of Heredity, exhibits the worst idiosyncrasies of both its parents. It is best caught when about to sink into the lap of Morpheus, being then oppressed with uncontrollable gapes and yawnings, which make it as easy as a fall from a log to swim up and surreptitiously insert a doubly-pointed spike between its open jaws, after which, being unable to close same, it rapidly fills with water till completely suffocated.

Being the comparative novice at such sports, I was unfortunately unable to fill my bag with more than one cayman, though said reptile luckily was of unprecedentedly elongated proportions. It is now being stuffed up for a trophy, and I should indubitably forward it per parcel post for your kind acceptance, were it not far too bulky a *curio* to figure as a knickknack even on "*Punch*" premises.

I am now to broach a business project which it is quite on the cards that you may be inclined to nill. And yet, I will



OUR JOHN-BULLIONAIRES.

Sir 'Cloudyke' Cræsus (to distinguished Frenchman, who, with his wife, has been asked to a quiet family dinner). "AH, MOSCOO, THERE'S ONE THING WE PRIDE OURSELVES ON, THAT YOU FOREIGNERS 'AVEN'T GOT, AND THAT IS THE SIMPLE ENGLISH 'OME LIFE!"

not credit you with too little intelligence to have an optic for so auriferous a mainchance. All human life is a lottery, and you cannot expect that you are to pull out a plum if you will not venture so much as a finger in the lucky-bag!

Now, while I cannot sufficiently deplore the unbridled corruptitude of Korean officials, it were idle to deny that their rottenness affords first-class facilities to any go-ahead speculative who is desirous to make a bit.

I have already informed you of my intimacy with Lady Hr, who is sharp as an elderly needle and notoriously up to every move on the Board of Trade. She has recently communicated to me the straight tip that a certain *Moon-jiggi*, or Cabinet Wire-puller [Ed. Com.—*Unless we are misinformed, a "Moon-jiggi" is a gate-keeper*] has a rather valuable mining concession for sale, which, being the end of season, he is ready to part with as the alarming sacrifice. Said mine is situated in a central position, and contains chiefly coals, which are guaranteed as infinitely superior to the very best Welsh Wall-ends. These coals yield rich loads of copper, and, who'd have thought it! such copper, on being analysed by expert mining-chemists, has been found to be alloyed with a still more precious metal—to wit, gold! of eighteen carats quality!

Having obtained an interview with the above *Moon-jiggi*, I am enabled to testify that the itching in his palm can be healed with a very moderate expenditure of golden grease. In short, he has undertaken to procure the Imperial signature to a concession of working rights over said mine for

999 years (which, I venture to predict, Sir, will see the pair of us out!) for the sum down of yen 5000, and very very moderate royalties.

Being of course too confirmed an impecunious to provide even this paltry amount, I have decided to offer you the opportunity to purchase a pig in the poke that is to lay truly magnificent golden nest-eggs. I might no doubt have applied to some wealthy native Indian capitalists, who would assuredly have jumped at so shiny a bait—but my filial affection for such a loving Parent as yourself impels me to offer you first refusal.

You will have no trouble beyond furnishing supplies for purchasing concession, and bribing *Moon-jiggi* (which latter item will not, I should say, greatly exceed yen 500), I to undertake all jobbery and to join Board after allotment. I would also see that you are allotted several hundreds of shares at mere peppercorn prices, which you might order your Staff of Contributors to purchase from you at par, thereby pocketing the pretty penny. As Chairman, I shall be pleased to nominate you as one of my Directors—for, though not (like too many Orientals) inclined to fulsome flatteries, I am honestly of the opinion that you would make a rather ornamental guinea-pig.

Well, what is the verdict, Honoured Sir? Am I to be cabled a draft on some leading Calcutta Bank for yen 5500 (about £550) as the sprat to inveigle a handsome and golden whale into your pocket-hole—or am I not? [Ed. Com.—*You are not!*]
H. B. J.

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. IX.

"AHA, so this is Southampton"—it was BOUDIN who spoke, and he pronounced it Sussungton, with the accent on the first and third syllables—"This is that devil of Southampton of which I hear so much. Come, my fine fellow, let us embark and reach the yacht *Petronel*. I care not for the earth any more; I despise him; I who speak to you, I will perhaps dance a hornpipe. I will be Jack Tar, my friend, like you other English, who are all Jack Tars from your birth. Oh, but the sea is not calm at all. You have deceive me."

By this time we were on the little motor-launch which was to convey us to the *Petronel*, and in a few minutes more we were on board that noble ship and had been welcomed by our host, the rightest and tightest and most genial buccaneer who ever sailed the British seas in luxury and a 400-ton yacht. Shortly afterwards we sat down to lunch, and in the meantime the anchor was weighed and away we steamed towards Cherbourg, where we were to anchor for the night.

After lunch we went up on the bridge. BOUDIN's get-up, I must admit, was faultless: his blue serge suit, his yachting-cap with a white sun-cover, his white shoes with india-rubber soles—everything about him, in fact, was *le dernier cri* in nautical costume, and he was as proud as a child of his appearance. There was no doubt about it, however: the sea was rough and the *Petronel* soon began to pitch and toss in the most approved style. Still we were all Britons, except BOUDIN, and, whatever we feared, we were not going to show our apprehensions—not just yet, at any rate. We were a party of five, and we were all sitting very comfortably in deck chairs and smoking various forms of tobacco, BOUDIN having ventured on a very big cigar.

"Are you a good sailor, BOUDIN?" said I.

"Ah, as to that, I know not," he replied, "I have served my one year as a soldier, and as I do not want to serve any more at all I suppose that I am not a good soldier; but I have not been in the *inscription maritime*, so I have not given my proofs as a sailor, but I will learn—not so well as you English, of course, for you are born for a life on the sea, but as well as I can I will learn what a sailor must know."

"I don't mean that kind of thing, BOUDIN. I mean are you ever sea-sick?"

"Ah, my poor friend"—(when a Frenchman is filled with pity for himself he always calls you his poor friend)—"Ah, my poor friend, do not speak of it. I did survive from Calais to Dover when I begin my visit in England, but that is my only voyage on the sea. I fear, yes, I fear very much I shall be sea-sick, for I am a Frenchman, and the Latin races are no good for the sea. It is only the Anglo-Saxon who is always a jolly fellow when the waves are like mountains," and he blew out a great cloud of cigar smoke which seemed to be particularly strong and offensive. "Oh, but never mind," he continued, "you will be kind to your little BOUDIN. When he agonises with the *mal de mer* you will help him to make his *testament*, and you will sing 'Rule Britannia' to him till he render his last sigh."

At this point two members of our party, who had thrown away their cigarettes some minutes ago, and had become very pensive and silent, said they thought they would go below and see about unpacking their things. Our deck-party was thus reduced to three—our host, BOUDIN and myself.

"Those poor fellows," said BOUDIN, meditatively. "Why have they so yellow an air? But perhaps they go below because they do not wish to triumph over BOUDIN when he succumb. For if I succumb I succumb here. I stay here in full air, for if I go below I cannot learn to be a sailor."

And you, my brave Jack Tar, you will not desert me. Everything I possess *je lègue à ma mère*; take notice of that. *Sapristi*, how the wind blow, but *courage, mon vieux*, and *vogue la galère*. I think I like the waves; they are splendid. *Pouf!* what a monster that one was. Come, why are you so silent? Sing me—for it is the moment of moments—sing me one of your British songs of the sea. What was that one I hear *mademoiselle* your sister sing to us last week? Something about

When we jolly sailor-boys are scudding up aloft,
And the landlubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the landlubbers lying down below.

That was the song. Ah, you will not sing him. You get up. You are offended with BOUDIN. He have put his foot in, perhaps. *N'importe*, it is a glorious life on the sea, and I furiously envy to be a sailor like you English. Ah, you are going. No, I rest: it is the sea I love—"

* * * * *

When I came on deck again as we were entering Cherbourg harbour, I found BOUDIN as fresh and rosy as when we started. He had made friends with the captain, a Scotchman, who described him as "a verra nice gentleman, but a wee wild in his talk." I quite agree.

ÆSTHETIC MORALS.

[Vide an article in *Harper's Magazine* on "Æsthetics of the Sky."]

It is all very well for a poet to tell
Of the lessons that lurk in the skies,
And to bid you cry halt and regard the blue vault
With a pair of poetical eyes:
In the country one may with propriety stray,
With one's gaze fixed intent on a cloud,
And watch its shape change—but it's apt to seem strange
If one does the same thing in a crowd.

I am told it's correct, would you catch the effect
Of a sky as it ought to be caught,
To be bent till your feet and your head nearly meet,
And to gaze through your legs lost in thought.
In a green Surrey lane or on Salisbury Plain
There is no one to laugh at your fad;
But to play such a prank at St. Paul's or the Bank
Would undoubtedly stamp you as mad.

Common people would think you were given to drink,
And the cabbies would scarce understand
That the thought in your heart was devotion to art
If they saw you stuck fast in the Strand;
The busmen would laugh and deride you with chaff,
And, instead of respecting your soul,
They would catch you a whack in the small of your back
With the end of the omnibus pole.

The New Veil.

(Overheard in the Church porch last Sunday.)

Old Man (after watching the Squire's daughter in one of the new veils). Lor', to think of her having been hiving bees on a Sunday!

ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE.—The advertisement of Madame PATTI's concert at the Albert Hall was headed "The only PATTI Concert." Quite true: so she is—"The Only PATTI."

LOST, June 9.—Half Persian Cat, &c.—*Morning Post*.

Which half is still at home, the half that sings, or the better half?

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XVII.—PROFESSOR METCHNIKOFF AND PERPETUAL YOUTH.

SCENE—*The Summit of Coniston Old Man.*

PRESENT:

Franz Vecsey (in the Chair).
Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.
Mr. Austen Chamberlain, M.P.
Mr. William Younger, M.P.
Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P.
Señor Manuel Garcia.
Dr. Deighton.
Mr. Swinburne.
Several Harmsworths.

Vecsey. It is Professor METCHNIKOFF's recent lecture on old age and its cure that has brought us together. As you are doubtless aware, old age is merely a disease, like tennis elbow or anything else, and all that is needed to remove it is the discovery of an elixir vitæ. We are met to debate whether a graceful old age is preferable to perpetual youth. Glancing round I see several perpetual youths in our midst.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Very prettily put.

Mr. Swinburne. A delicate and discerning compliment.

Vecsey. Some of us are indeed very young. Shall we get older or not?

Several Harmsworths. Never. To grow old is a confession of failure.

Mr. Winston Churchill. All the harm in the world is done by the old. Youth divines; age merely knows. Youth soars upon intuitions; age crawls among facts. There will never be anything old about me.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Except ham.

Mr. Winston Churchill. Eh?

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Except ham.

Mr. Winston Churchill. I fail to apprehend the point of that remark.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. You will see it soon, when you are a little older.

Vecsey. It is, I think, my duty as Chairman to point out that Professor METCHNIKOFF does not promise a perpetual youthfulness of mind, but of body. Our minds will grow old, I take it, as heretofore; but our bodies will continue young.

Several Harmsworths. That is rather serious. Do you mean that we shall in time become more than twenty-one years of age, just as if Professor METCHNIKOFF had never existed?

Vecsey. Certainly.

Several Harmsworths. We don't like that at all. It is impossible to say what would happen to the *Daily Mail* if we were to get old.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain. It would probably be sold at twopence, after July 4.

Several Harmsworths. It would not

**GOOD ADVICE.**

Bridget. "WHY, MASTER TOMMY, WHAT EVER IS THE MATTER?"

Tommy. "I'VE HURT MY H-HAND IN THE H-HOT WATER."

Bridget. "SHURE, THIN, IT SERVES YOU RIGHT. YOU SHOULD HAVE FELT THE WATER BEFORE YOU PUT YOUR HAND IN!"

be the same paper. "Youth at the helm"—that is our motto.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Mottoes often get out of date. My motto in 1884 was "Free Trade for England."

Dr. Deighton. Our Chairman is quite right. It is absurd to talk about age as if it were a matter of years. It is a matter of feeling—a man is as old as he feels. No one is old who can walk as I did from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Years are nothing. Look at me. I am universally acknowledged to be the youngest Member in the House.

Mr. William Younger. I beg the Right Honourable gentleman's pardon, but I am YOUNGER.

Señor Manuel Garcia. Speaking as one whose hundredth birthday is imminent I may say that age is easily kept at bay. One simply has to teach singing. I am explaining the system in my *Manuel for Centenarians*, now in the press.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Do you really think that teaching singing is as effective as a feverish political activity?

Señor Garcia. Certainly.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. I must look into the matter. I may be in need of a change of occupation in a few months' time. Since there was a Corn Law Rhymer, why not a Tariff Troubadour?

Mr. Swinburne. Señor GARCIA's age reminds me of a riddle which the Great Panjandrum of Criticism, my friend MR. WATTS-DUNTON, once made up. Why is a parcel that has been directed to the wrong house like a very old man?

Vecsey. Are we to try to guess it, or will you enjoy the triumph of supplying the answer?

Señor Garcia. Or shall we change the subject? I remember when I crossed to America in 1825—

Mr. Swinburne. The answer is quite simple—Because it's a sent-in-error 'un.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Speaking as the Chancellor of the Exchequer I must strongly protest against the anarchical views of Professor METCHNIKOFF. Supposing he found his elixir vitæ, where would the Death Duties be?

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. That would be all right, my son; we could put a tax on living.

Vecsey. I think it is clear from what MR. CHAMBERLAIN has said that the menace of perpetual youth is not likely to be serious. A graduated income-tax, rising to five shillings in the pound for persons above eighty, will surely prevent most people from indulging in Professor METCHNIKOFF's insidious drug.

Mr. Swinburne. "Songs by a Septuagenarian swimmer" has an agreeable assonance, or "Octogenarian Occ. verse."

Señor Garcia. I remember that when I was at school in Madrid in the year of Waterloo—

Several Harmsworths. Bother Waterloo! History only began eight years ago.

Mr. Winston Churchill. By George! I've just seen what MR. CHAMBERLAIN meant when he said that about ham earlier in our discussion. He meant Oldham, my constituency.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Bright boy, that.



Country Cousin. "Do you stop at the Cecil?"

'Bus Driver. "Do I stop at the Cecil!—on TWENTY-EIGHT BOB A WEEK!"

OUT-AND-OUTINGS.

WHAT a lot you may know of the Continong, at a reasonable price if only you be an energetic week-end!

Taking into consideration that you require no luggage, and that the third-class carriages by boat-train are as comfortable, if not as luxurious, as the

EVIDENTLY a very severe-looking set must be the "Rev. Mr. BENSON's Cowley Fathers." To balance this effect is required a pleasant lot of "Smiley Mothers."

first, on the S. E. & C. lines, laid in pleasant places, how can anyone, wishing always to be *dans le mouvement* (but not too much of it aboard ship), do better than go through our hop country (*Vive la danse!*) *viâ* Dover to Calais (lunch there, and return), or per Folkestone to Boulogne and back (greater facility here for starting later in the day, if simply to cross to B'long, dine, and back by next boat contents you) for the comparatively small charge of a little over a sovereign to Calais, and about half-a-crown under that amount to Boulogne? If you have the time, and the needful, go over on Saturday to B'logne, returning Monday early, or Sunday late, should Monday be a working day.

It was, we believe, Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD who perpetrated an amusing account of his flying Saturday-to-Monday visits to the Continent. This experienced *voyageur* being an early riser and undismayed by perpetual motion, "did" Calais, Ostend, Bruges, Dunkirk—in fact, a whole semi-circuit of interesting places, being absent from London but a few hours, during which time he gathered materials for a series of Travellers' Tales. To Brighton, Eastbourne, and, in earlier spring, to Bournemouth, are all delightful short trips for short purses. But if it is "a quick change" you want, get it in francs at Boulogne or Calais, and return strengthened by week-end trip.



A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

KAISER WILHELM. "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, UNCLE, AT KIEL. AND NOW, AS THERE ARE NEITHER CABINET MINISTERS NOR REPORTERS PRESENT, I THINK I MIGHT PERHAPS MENTION THAT—THE SEA IS CALM, AND IT IS SPLENDID WEATHER FOR THE YACHT RACES."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 13.

—Mystery has ever brooded over the reasons why GRAHAM MURRAY exchanged the Lord Advocateship for the post of Secretary for Scotland. It is true the latter is the higher rank, carrying with it a seat in the Cabinet. But the difference in the salary is grievous. He had not been Secretary five minutes when bang went £3000 a year. To any of us that would be a serious consideration. To a Scotchman it is sheer anguish.

Those who know GRAHAM MURRAY, who are familiar with his chivalrous nature, hold proof of his loyalty, understand the matter quite clearly. In October of last year PRINCE ARTHUR was in a fix that froze the smile on even his countenance. The Ministry was breaking up; vacancies included the Scotch office, most difficult to fill. GRAHAM MURRAY was the only man available. Would he sacrifice £3000 a year on the altar of friendship and fealty? He did, earning a fresh claim on the gratitude of his Party and the esteem of mankind only partially acknowledged.

That is explanation enough for the ordinary man. The MEMBER FOR SARK, nothing if not penetrating, has discovered another reason. Whilst GRAHAM MURRAY was still Lord Advocate Mr. CALDWELL fastened upon him with a tenacity that makes the habits of the octopus by comparison feeble. For the more convenient pursuit of his purpose "JIMMY," as Scotch Members in vain effort to make light of him say, selected a seat just behind the Front Opposition Bench,



"Loud-voiced, emphatic, voluble. No pause, no semi-colon, not even a comma."
(Mr. C-ldw-ll.)



"C.-B. AT THE RACES."

Gipsy. "Tell your fortune, pretty gentleman?"

C.-B. "Heavens, no, my good woman! *Anything but that!!*"

immediately facing the hapless Lord Advocate. Standing there, with his pockets crammed with pirated editions of music-hall songs, JIMMY could with ease and accuracy wag his forefinger at the right hon. gentleman.

Through eight long years he has done this. Session after session, in winter months or beneath the severity of June skies, the Lord Advocate has "sat under" Mr. CALDWELL. Time came to him when desire failed, when the grasshopper became a burden. PRINCE ARTHUR hinting at the vacancy in the post of Minister for Scotland, all that GRAHAM MURRAY saw through blurred eyes was deliverance from the Lord Advocate's responsibilities, which, in their Parliamentary form, were largely composed of being talked at by Mr. CALDWELL to the interminable, threatening, scolding, commanding, instructing, depressing, wagging of an insistent forefinger.

If there be any truth in this reading of circumstance GRAHAM MURRAY has been doubly done. He has lost his £3000 a year, and Mr. CALDWELL still pursues him.

These are, indeed, great times for JIMMY. When, bent on healthful week-ending, I left the House on Friday afternoon, June 10, he was on his legs, talking about musical copyright to an audience chiefly consisting of the Mace

and benches. Returning this, Monday, afternoon, behold! JIMMY is still on his legs, wagging his forefinger with precisely the same manner, roaring forth words at the rate of sixteen to a dozen. But—and this gives fresh glow to his manner, adds three-quarters of an hour to the length of successive speeches—there on the Treasury Bench sits the shadow of a former Lord Advocate, now Secretary of State for Scotland.

Not having anything to do with the Musical Copyright Bill (no sane man would pirate music written for the bagpipes), GRAHAM MURRAY on Friday for once escaped the toils of JIMMY. To-day Scotch Education Bill is in Committee. It is in charge of the Minister for Scotland, and JIMMY, remembering the drawback to his prolonged delight of Friday afternoon, when he made fifteen speeches and talked out the Musical Copyright Bill, makes most of opportunity.

The Ancient Mariner was merely interjectional in his remarks compared with JIMMY almost within buttonhole-reach of the ex-Lord Advocate.

The wedding guest sate on a stone,
He cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancyent man,
The bright-eyed Marinere.

It was the Treasury Bench GRAHAM MURRAY sat on, and Mr. CALDWELL, being



FIRST IN ; OR, A REVERSION TO EARLY VICTORIAN METHODS.

Mrs. Fiske, the Bathing Woman. "There, my little men! It's not 'alf so bad as you expected, is it, now; and the others will all be coming in directly."

[Lords L-nsd-wne and S-lb-rne appear as Vice-Presidents of the new (Josephised) Liberal Unionist Association.]

brought up to the calico-printing business, is a mariner only in the sense that he ever floats on a sea of words. These are details. On he went, jubilant, loud-voiced, emphatic, voluble. No pause, no semi-colon, not even a comma. And all the while his glittering eye fixed on the shrunken form of the suffering Secretary for Scotland.

Business done.—Scotch Education Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Scotch Education Bill again. Regret to say GRAHAM MURRAY's finely mettled, long-trained patience, temporarily broke down under strain. Mr. CALDWELL having been on for a couple of hours, C.-B. chancing to look in made, *sotto voce*, remark on something the Secretary was saying about the system of Royal and Police Burghs in Scotland.

You have seen the familiar "business" in pantomime at Christmas when the policeman, called on to restore order in street riot engineered by the clown, drops on the smallest, most inoffensive

boy on the outskirts of the crowd, and triumphantly marches him off to durance vile. So this afternoon the Secretary for Scotland and C.-B. The latter absolutely void of offence. Except possibly in the case of Lord ROSEBURY, ever ready, even anxious, to efface himself. On him the Secretary, his soul seared with Mr. CALDWELL's vocal pertinacity, turned with something between a sneer and a snarl.

"Unlike the right hon. gentleman," he said, "I was not at the Races yesterday."

The retort, it will be observed, lacks the finish of appositeness. The topic immediately under discussion was the pride of port of Scotch Royal Burghs who would never consent to be represented by mere modern County Councils. Where Ascot comes in, with C.-B. on the Grand Stand, is not at first sight apparent.

Apart from that there is something hopelessly incongruous in the idea of C.-B. in a white hat with a green silk

veil, a field glass slung about his shoulders, totting up the odds in his book. Could have occurred only to imagination heated by extreme vexation. The charge is one peculiarly calculated to damage a political adversary. The idea of the right hon. Member for the Stirling District going off to Ascot when he had at hand the alternative joy of sitting through a June afternoon discussing a Scotch Education Bill, is difficult for a kirk elder to realise. But it is so obviously improper that resentment would be deeply stirred.

C.-B., perceiving the gravity of the situation, made haste to deny the impeachment.

"I was not at the Races," he said.

"The right hon. gentleman," retorted the Secretary, "did not come into the House until the last race was over."

Here is fresh, increasingly disastrous, proof of the effect upon a powerful mind of being talked at through two days by Mr. CALDWELL. Long trained in the laws of evidence, in succession

**NOT WHAT SHE INTENDED.**

Mrs. — (to wife of busy City man). "So glad you are coming to us on Thursday. I need hardly say how pleased we shall be to see your husband also, if it is only to fetch you away!"

Advocate-Depute, Sheriff of Perthshire, Solicitor-General for Scotland, and Lord Advocate, GRAHAM MURRAY would instinctively decline to receive as evidence "what the soldier said." Yet, having brought a baseless charge against the moral character of a distinguished statesman, he unblushingly attempted to support it by the syllogism that C.-B., having reached his place on the Front Opposition bench at an hour synchronising with the last race at Ascot, *argal*, he had been to the Races.

Cream of the joke may perhaps be spooned from the fact that racing at Ascot did not commence till to-day.

Business done.—The Secretary of State for Scotland brings unfounded charge against the Right Honourable the Leader of the Opposition.

FRAMES OF MIND.

"I declare that the above statement contains a full, just and true account and return of the *whole of my income from every source whatsoever* for the year ending the 5th day of April, 1905."—*Extract from Income Tax Return form.*

O MR. SURVEYOR of Taxes,
A terrible task you impose!
I claim some abatement: you ask for a statement
Of details which nobody knows.
My revenue wanes and it waxes
Along with my varying mood;
It's mainly a question, I think, of digestion,
And largely depends upon food.
Then how fill up the form?
My income how foretell?
How know what cheer the coming year
Is bringing near, with smile or tear?
O, will my hearth be warm,
My table furnished well?
Or will my fare be sordid care,
Another weary spell?

When late at the Carlton I tarry,
Where riches and luxury reign,
When I sup *con amore* and trail clouds of glory
Inspired by the best of champagne,
I am then a great playwright—a *BARRIE*—
Three plays at a time on the boards—
The royalties pour in and put more and more in
My purse till it's fat as a lord's.

When Economy raises her finger
And bids me reluctantly go
To dine for a florin in haunts that are foreign
And doubtful in dingy Soho,
Fair visions no longer will linger,
The future begins to look black;
I see myself earning with toil and heart-burning
The wage of a newspaper hack.

When, growing more prudent than ever,
On messes of pottage I sup,
Or dine somewhat sparsely on cutlets of parsley,
And drink Adam's ale from my cup;
When I struggle with frugal endeavour
By "diet" to keep down the bill,
When I feel filled-and-emptied, I'm very much tempted
To send in my income as *nil*.
Then how fill up the form?
My income how foretell?
How know what cheer the coming year
Is bringing near, with smile or tear?
O, will my hearth be warm,
My table furnished well?
Or will my fare be sordid care,
Another weary spell?

A SUNDAY SCHOOL OF ACTING.

IT is never too late to say a good word during any season for first-rate acting, and this word of praise all round must be given to the sterling actors who, shoulder to shoulder, have carried along triumphantly during the season Mr. "T. RACEWARD'S" very interesting, but in some respects faulty, and not strikingly original, play of *Sunday* at the Comedy Theatre. The four jolly colonial sandboys who form a quartette of guardians around the sweet orphan girl *Miss Sunday* are clearly reminiscent of the jovial Bohemian artists who kept watch o'er the life of poor *Trilby*, as they themselves, by the way, were with equal certainty reminiscent of MÜRGER's happy-go-lucky Bohemians of Paris. But into this matter it is not now worth while to enter, as this comedy has made its mark, and will make its very many marks, in good English coin, before its present proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY, have done with it. Certainly, as far as acting goes, they are doing uncommonly well with it. Taken all round it is a perfect cast, the only artist in the company who is not "fitted down to the ground" is the self-denying Manager; and yet without him, the play, with Mrs. FRED TERRY (JULIA NEILSON) in it, would have lacked its strongest complement. "Which," as the ancient *Saurey* might have said, "spelling 'complement' with an 'i,'" is a tribute that may be most sincerely paid to the Colonel *Brinthorpe* of Mr. FRED TERRY.

MISS JULIA NEILSON is what "the boys" in the hut call her, "a dream." The laugh that is born of her sheer lightness of heart, and not of head, is delightfully fresh; and yet there is danger in it, artistically, a tempting danger: it may be so very easily overdone, and should it once sound strained, there is an end of the ingenuousness of this fascinating character. The part abounds in opportunities, not one of which Miss NEILSON loses. Her comedy is infectious, her tragedy overwhelms us. It is a thoroughly good performance.

As the unprincipled *Arthur Brinthorpe*, a most difficult part to play, Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY acquits himself admirably. The character is a double-dyed scoundrel of the most ordinary type of gay Lothario known to the stage, and yet is Mr. CHERRY's performance of it absolutely free from all conventionality. When first he is introduced he is above suspicion, and though lookers-on see most of the game, the audience is almost as much astonished as is *Sunday* herself to find what a scoundrel has been entertained unawares by the simple, rough and ready brotherhood of the Creek.

Admirable in his solid line is Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE as everybody's friend, *Tom Oxley*, and this must be said equally of the fine performance of Mr. LOUIS CALVERT as the rough and ready *Touzer*, of the striking characterisation by Mr. ALFRED BRYDONE of *Davy*, and of the eccentric comedy tone given, with so delicately humorous a touch, by Mr. ALFRED KENDRICK to the kindly but feeble *Jacky*.

Calm, dignified, and sympathetic is Miss EDYTH OLIVE as *A Nun*, who having touched all hearts, disappears after the First Act, leaving not even her name, as it is not given in the programme. She is one of those "who come like shadows, so depart."

And finally Miss BELLA PATEMAN, looking like a superb *Marquise de la vieille roche*, yet acting just as the homely, gracious, and soft-hearted *Mrs. Naresby* would have done in real life, completes a singularly effective list of *dramatis personæ*. At what date *Miss JULIA NEILSON* and Mr. FRED TERRY are to take "their *Sunday* out" (of the bill) is not mentioned, but no one who appreciates thoroughly good acting should lose the chance of seeing this play at the Comedy Theatre.

QUERY: "JOB'S COMFORTER."—Of what material made? Was it worn twice round the neck?

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 11.—This evening *Faust*, with *Marguerite* costumed in new fashion. Suggestive of sequence to the old story, to be entitled *Marguerite; or, The Wrong Redressed*. Maggie MELBA's notes on this occasion as sparkling as the



Caruso Radames.
Design for a Twelfth Cake.

real gems in GOUNOD's effective setting. M. DALMORES as *Faust*, M. RENAUD as *Valentin*, and JUPIN PLANÇON in the skin of *Mephisto*, all excellent. Mlle. HELIAN a nice young *Siebel* for a smaller party than Mme. *Marguerite MELBA*; and for the skittish *Martha* (she ought to have been the *vivandière* of the London Skittish), who better than Mlle. BAUERMEISTER? Orchestra, MANCINELLI, and *dramatis personæ*, all played into one another's hands artistically.

Monday night.—*Aïda*. Royal Party not present, as our gracious KING and graceful QUEEN are at Eton, giving the boys a treat, and seeing the ancient "Ten-oar," the *Monarch*, instead of hearing the more youthful Tenor, Signor CARUSO.

Brilliant success in both places. At Covent Garden, a really magnificent performance, musically, spectacularly and histrionically. How delightfully tuneful and melodramatic it all is! How overpoweringly glittering as a spectacle belonging to a period when the ballet,

having been omitted from the menu as a dish à part, was being served up as garnish to the *pièce de résistance*. The setting is gorgeous. The situation at the end of Act II. recalls *Voici le Sabre de mon père!* Did *Aïda*, produced after *La Grande Duchesse*, borrow the idea?

Mlle. RUSS, her first appearance in London, was naturally as nervous as a *Russ in urbe* on such an occasion would be; and if, at first, not quite up to her own proper form, it must be remembered that *Aïda*, being a coloured lady, may be looked upon as "a dark horse." It is a simple yet powerful tale, this of the two *Golliwogs*, *père et fille*, *King Amonasro* and *Princess Aïda*, his daughter, brought as prisoners to Egypt by F.-M. Lord *Radames-Roberts*, Generalissimo and hero of the opera, a part magnificently played and sung by Signor CARUSO, the Conquering Hero with all his forces well under command. As the wicked and unhappy *Amneris*, Mme. KIRKBY LUNN, freed from mechanism of Wagnerian wax-works, sang and acted as one suddenly animated by the springs of human impulse. Outwardly fair, with golden hair, but morally black, *Miss Amneris* is of a deeper dye than, in appearance, is even the perspiring and conspiring *King Golliwog*, of the Royal Pen-wiper Line,—with more in him



† Suggestion for ornamental door-knocker for the distinguished Russian tenor Herr Arens' professional residence.

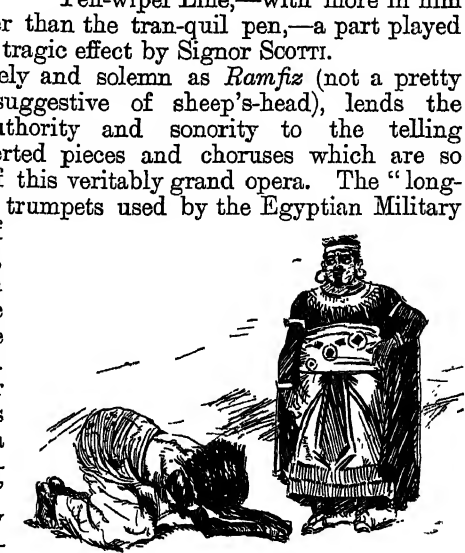
of the vicious wiper than the tranquil pen,—a part played and sung with fine tragic effect by Signor SCOTTI.

M. PLANÇON, stately and solemn as *Ramfiz* (not a pretty sounding name, suggestive of sheep's-head), lends the weight of his authority and sonority to the telling effect of the concerted pieces and choruses which are so notable a feature of this veritably grand opera. The "long-drawn-out" golden trumpets used by the Egyptian Military Band in the army of *Il Rè*, M. COTREUIL, are too well known for any special note to be sounded here on their behalf. They speak for themselves in this scene, which is a stirring one for amateurs of "Bridge," as before them they have the rare spectacle of any number of players with nothing but trumps in their hands! The dance of the



Fainty Miss Elisabeth (Fräulein Selma Kurz), a drawn Bet on first Ascot day, and no better to be found anywhere!

of the vicious wiper than the tranquil pen,—a part played and sung with fine tragic effect by Signor SCOTTI.



Radames . . . Caruso. Amonasro . . . Scotti.

King Golliwog, the prisoner, artfully pretends to grovel as if he were another Man Friday acknowledging the mastership of Robinson Caruso.



Aïda . . . Mlle. Russ. Amonasro . . . Scotti.
King Golliwog and his daughter.

little Golliwogs is as quaint as ever, but we know those Golliwogs by now. Vociferous calls over and over again for everyone, and Signor MANCINELLI mounts to the stage, and joins hands with the dwellers on the banks of the Nile, the only free, happy and harmless Nile-ists.

Tuesday, June 14.—The filling of boxes at Ascot rather empties those at Covent Garden of, at least, their *habitués*. But, good house for a first-class performance of *Tannhäuser*, with SELINA KURZ distinguishing herself as singer and actress in the character of *Elisabeth*, though not up to her tip-top-note *Gilda* form. Herr VAN DYCK being temporarily incapacitated—(if it had been Derby Day the malicious might have insinuated that he was one of the Vans on the road, but for the fact that no Van goes to Royal Ascot), and Dr. RICHTER being unable to prescribe for his complaint with



Violetta Melba—costume 1904. Germont Scotti—costume 1875.
Ce cher petit enfant Alfred Caruso—costume 1875.

an extra dose of WAGNER, Herr ARENS donned the armour of the Wandering Minstrel Knight, which fitted him to a nicety.

Wednesday, June 15.—Our Operatic Syndicate is rich in tenors, and as there's not a false note among them, that is, not one that has been detected up to the present time, they can change them at will. This they have already done, but to-night no change is given, and *La Traviata*, being played with the best of all possible casts as announced, draws an overflowing house. Madame MELBA, singing perfectly and doing her very best with the character of the consumptive *Violetta* (how deceitful are appearances!), is acclaimed enthusiastically. Clever of MELBA to indicate how *Violetta* can not be morally responsible for her conduct by showing how, while all her lady and gentlemen friends, forming the distinguished and sympathetic chorus, are in the attire that characterised the period of the second CHARLES, our sweet *Violetta*, inspired by a sort of prophetic eccentricity, adopts present-day costume with a very much up-to-date hat peculiar to this year of grace and elegance. This is distinctly and subtly artistic, as a *toque* would have too markedly emphasised the fact of her being *un peu toqué*. But what if the chorus and all the *dramatis personæ* are wrong and *Violetta* MELBA alone is right? This is not improbable, as the action of the original novel was placed in "the so-called nineteenth century." So, after all, *Violetta* is nearer the truth than her surroundings. Signor CARUSO is too *robusto* for the mawkishly sentimental *Alfredo*, but he was in splendid voice, and in a remarkably funny costume: grief had evidently affected his taste and judgment in the matter of clothes. No matter, all were excellent, especially clever Signor SCOTTI (in this, A-Scotti time of racing) as *Alfredo's* preternaturally

serious papa (with a past—ahem!), known to his familiars as *Old Georgey* Germont. The *mise-en-scène* perfect, especially the Garden Scene: but all the Covent Garden scenes are noteworthy. A new *decor* has just been added, as on Dr. HANS RICHTER has just been conferred the Royal Victorian Order by His Gracious Music-loving Majesty, King EDWARD. This gives HANS RICHTER free entrance to all theatres and opera houses, as he can go where he likes with this Order, which is, of course, a *passe-partout*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE reader taking up *Garmiscath* (BLACKWOOD) and observing it is written by J. STORER CLOUSTON, will naturally expect to find echoes of the riotous fun that bubbled round the career of *The Lunatic at Large*. Mr. CLOUSTON, however, establishes his versatility, the two books being wide asunder as sanity and madness. New ground is broken by placing the scene in far-off Orkney. It has evidently been sketched on the spot, and affords material for some excellent descriptions of an inconstant heaven bent over a land bounded by unrestful waters. There is a fine study of a sturdy Scot who lends his name to the book. In contrast with him is the immigrant Southron, whose ancestors, by wiles and wealth, possessed themselves of *Garmiscath's* land. To tell how it is redeemed through the agency of the *Odaller's* son is the purpose of a story of sustained interest. My Baronite finds something a little mechanical in the part played in the drama by *Captain Maitland* and his family. But the rugged character of the old Islander suffices.

My Nautical Retainer desires to commend *The Court of Sacharissa* (HEINEMANN), by HUGH SHERINGHAM and NEVILL MEAKIN. It is the tale of a Company of Gentlemen Adventurers who have the pleasant habit of exploring the Home Counties on Saturday afternoons. Trespassing one day upon a fair pleasaunce they encounter its charming *châtelaine*, who enters at once into the spirit that animates their society, and gives them entertainment on seven successive excursions. No actual names occur in the book; but each of the Adventurers has a fanciful title—"The Ambassador," "The Exotic," "The Man of Truth," and so forth—with which his character and conversation accord. From time to time their mutual badinage is relieved by stories told in the right Boccaccian manner, in which form of entertainment "The Exotic" bears the palm, his tales being appropriately coloured with Oriental diction and sentiment. The presence of *Sacharissa*, as an audience, is at once an inspiring force and a restraint upon excessive ebullience. She shows a very perfect tact in drawing out their respective gifts; and it is a tribute to her impartiality that they should all want to marry her in the penultimate scene. My Nautical Retainer, while honourably refusing to betray the secret of her choice, considers that in this rather important matter the authors have done an injustice to her good taste.

If some of the details of the book may seem a little otiose, this is all part of the natural garrulity proper to this kind of work. The authors have not attempted the literary *finesse*, sometimes too conscious, of STEVENSON'S *New Arabian Nights*, or Mr. HEWLETT'S *New Canterbury Tales*; but in their own easy and unaffected style they have contrived to give an irresistible attraction to these Ambrosial Afternoons.



ELEMENTARY CLASSICS.

"Who is this *Alcestis* who lives at Bradford?" inquired SYLVIA, as she turned over the leaves of my engagement-book. "Is he a nice man?"

"It's BRADFIELD," I said, "and it's a woman, not a man. A Greek tragedy, you know."

"Yes," said SYLVIA expectantly, "a woman?"

"And she was married to a man—a king"—(SYLVIA *looked pleased*)—"who was very ill and didn't want to die——"

"She *must* have been a nice woman!" interposed SYLVIA.

"And the Fates promised to spare his life if someone could be found to take his place and die for him, but no one would, except——"

"Yes," said SYLVIA, "and I *hope* the selfish wretch didn't let her! *How* like a man! Would *you* let *me*——"

"Don't interrupt, SYLVIA!" I said severely. "As I was saying, no one could be found to take his place except his faithful wife, *Alcestis*, and so she died."

"Not *really*?" said SYLVIA, with a startled look.

"Yes, *really*," I said firmly. "Then on the day of her death another man——"

"Ah!" said SYLVIA.

"Another man," I continued, "came to the house and heard all about it, and he went and fought with Death——"

"How *sweet* of him!" said SYLVIA. "I expect he and *Al-Alcestis* had had some very nice times together before she married that hateful king-man!"

"Not at all!" I said firmly. "In fact it was only for the king's sake—he was his special friend—that *Herakles* fought with Death at all and won back *Alcestis*. And so the king's sorrow was turned into great and unexpected joy!" I concluded.

SYLVIA looked at me witheringly.

"Of course," she said, "the man who wrote the story" ("EURIPIDES was his name, and it was a *play*, not a *story*, SYLVIA!" I murmured) "had to *say* that *Alcestis* and *Herakles* didn't know each other. I expect everyone knew who he meant—people always *do* guess the real names in novels, don't they?—and it wouldn't have done, but of course she'd thrown over that nice *Herakles* for that hateful king—no, I don't want to know his name—and it was splendid of him to fight with Death for her after she'd been so horrid. That's what men *ought* to be like! Now supposing——"

But here the maid came in to say that the box had come from the dressmaker, and SYLVIA vanished, leaving me to meditate on woman's instinct for understanding the ancients.

Poor old *Herakles*! To think I never saw that before!

AT THE OXFORD ENCÆNIA.

(From Our Own Very Special. Delayed in Transmission.)

It was a most enjoyable time. I write this after breakfast or lunch, I forget which, and am in time to catch the post between dinner and supper. I did catch the post, between the eyes, as I was running to it, and am now suffering from an optical contusion. Only one eye dotted, but you won't mind *that*: of course *you* won't, as it's not your eye but mine. Just time to put in some important details.

The Creweian Oration was delivered by a jolly old cock, a very merry fellow who wins the Chanticleerian Prize. Mr. SINGER SARGENT, so-called from the tone of his compositions (you are probably acquainted with the songs of this Singer? if not, you can inquire at any music publishers), being already an R.A., is now distinguished as a D.C.L., a "Doosid Clever Lad." You will be glad to hear that Mr. ANDREW LANG has been appointed D.Litt., meaning Doctor of Letters. It is a Post Office appointment, and belongs to the Insufficiently Stamped and Addressed Department.



"WHAT IS SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE CANDER"; OR, OUT IN THE FORTY-FIVE.

Madame. "WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING, FRANK, TO MAKE YOURSELF SUCH A FRIGHT?"

Frank. "WELL, MY DEAR, YOU SEEM TO HAVE A FANCY FOR DRESSING UP AS YOUR GRANDMAMMA, SO I'VE LOOKED OUT SOME OF MY GRANDFATHER'S THINGS, JUST TO BE IN KEEPING."

["Eighteen-forty-five is the *mot d'ordre* for this season's fashions."—*Lady's Paper*.]

Whenever anybody is improperly addressed (whether in the building or in the street), this official has to interfere, and, if necessary, to call a policeman to his assistance. He has also to doctor any letters that are likely to go wrong. Mr. LANG, as you will see, has arduous duties to perform as a P.O. official, but it doesn't matter one penny to a man of his stamp.

I haven't got time for more, as I'm off to a real good Fish Feed at All Soles College. Which meal it is I can't quite say, being still undecided as to what the last one I had was, and then, you see, wherever you pop in your phiz there's champagne. O, it's fine to be an Oxford man! "*Vive l'Amour*" (which is the motto of the Seidlitz-powder Professor of Natural Philosophy, Dr. LOVE)—"*Cigares et cognac*! Hoorah!" and so forth.

Such lovely gowns as the Dons have! So striking was one of them that, being somewhat shortsighted, I followed it all down the High until I came up with it, and then found inside it a Chancellor, with no Vice about him, or some other gorgeously attired academic official. I was staggered. I apologised. "Reverend and distinguished Sir," said I, "I was only humbly following in your footsteps." He was flattered and appeased. And now to finish the day joyously. I'm running for a Cup, Hooray! Wine and Venus! It's all Cup and Gown here! * * * *Voici le Proctor*! * * *

Yours ever, TOM QUAD.

OUR LAW-GIVERS.

[Mr. J. REDMOND asked the Prime Minister if he intended to "take any steps to prevent the House from being permanently reduced to impotence" by the blocking motions of "obscure individuals." Mr. BALFOUR replied that it was "impossible to ask one side to correct its way of going on unless there was a clear understanding that the other side would follow a similar process of self-abnegation." He had given no pledge to reform this state of things, but he *had* promised to remodel the procedure connected with the adjournment for the holidays.]

THEY meet, they cackle, they orate,
They bandy jargon, lip for lip,
With shifty tools of sham debate
They hew each other thigh and hip;
It is *Des mots! des mots! des mots!*
As glorious SARAH says in *Hamlet*,
But for the net results they show
I wouldn't give a paltry damlet.

This side and that Obstruction sits
Alternatively, like a rock,
Breaking the turgid flow of wits
With counter-blasts of "Gag!" and "Block!"
One cries—"The ship of State's at sea,
You bar her way with reefs of granite!"
And gets for instant repartee—
"I know we do, but you began it!"

Big with Napoleonic airs
And beri-beri on the brain,
See REDMOND (J.) conduct affairs
In lofty tones of cool disdain,
Saying, "I ask you, is it just
That individuals should smother
The sacred Truth with obscure dust?"
And Someone answers, "You're Another!"

So the old farce contrives to run,
To what good purpose Heaven knows;
Nothing attempted, nothing done
Earns them an honest night's repose;
Until their power of abstract thought,
Their strenuous will, their fine discernment,
Latent till now at last are brought
To bear upon—the next adjournment!

I may be wrong—at times I fear
My soul has been embittered by
Envy of that exalted sphere
Almost impinging on the sky—
But I have thought, and dare to say,
That we might still escape perdition,
Although the House kept holiday
With never a moment's intermission.

During the short half-year or so
In which it now recruits its nerves,
The planets somehow seem to go
Along their customary curves;
The globe revolves, and even Town
(Most nearly touched by that estrangement)
Pursues its courses up and down,
Nor suffers any marked derangement.

And, could we safely leave supplies
To AUSTEN's judgment, I confess
I'd like a Bill to legalise
A sort of permanent Recess;
I know of none among them all,
Even the Code of Education,
More calculated to enthrall
The popular imagination!

O. S.

PILGRIMS AND THEIR PROGRESS.

SOME ten days or so ago, the Pilgrims gave their Second Annual Dinner to Field-Marshal Earl ROBERTS, and while entertaining a few selected friends were themselves entertained with some excellent speeches delivered by his Excellency the American Ambassador, who was at his very best, as, of course, was everybody on such a generally confraternal occasion.

The Darling of the Bench, not "of the Gods" at His Majesty's, delivered himself of some light sentences, and, casting a sly glance at the Bell of Printing House Square, expressed his unbounded pleasure at the prospect of soon being able to purchase the entire *Times* at the price of a single journey *per* Tuppenny Tube.

Mr. GEORGE T. WILSON made a wonderful wandering speech, strongly advocating the use of the word "However," and however he managed to repeat, with emphasis and discretion, some twenty lines of somebody else's poetry, was to all a marvel and a great delight. "However" he did it, and how every one enjoyed it, it is needless to record. Amid cheers, however, he sat down.

The sprightly Secretary, Mr. HARRY E. V. BRITAIN—name of best omen at an Anglo-American banquet—read a number of congratulatory telegrams fresh from the States, which were received with heartiest applause and chorus of "So say all of U.S.," and soon afterwards these Pilgrims of Progress became peripatetic philosophers, and sought their various temporary abiding places.

FRIENDS IN FRONT.

It is satisfactory to record the complete success of the CLEMENT SCOTT *Matinée* at His Majesty's, to which so many kind-hearted actors and actresses contributed some of their very best work. CHARLES WARNER was excellent. LILIAN BRAITHWAITE and GEORGE ALEXANDER, wonderfully made up, playing to perfection (which is a very high compliment to their audience), made a great hit in a short piece that ought to have a long run. *Piquante* MARIE TEMPEST sang charmingly; and Little GEORGIE GROSSMITH was immense. "Gee-Gee's" cinematograph is a most up-to-date hit, to be reckoned as among his very happiest efforts. MALCOLM WATSON's burglarious effort, illustrated by ARTHUR BOURCHIER, is not equal to Mr. BROOKFIELD's *Burglar and Judge*.

If it can ever be true that there is too little of a fine woman, then, on this occasion, it might be fairly said of JULIA NELSON, who came, sang, conquered, and vanished. Miss ADA REEVE, with two songs, was at her happiest. Mr. TREE and company revived our old friend *Herod*; and Madame REJANE's imitations were most amusing.

But the great hit of the afternoon's entertainment, the one thing that roused the house to an almost unexampled pitch of excitement, was the reappearance of Sir HENRY IRVING, for this occasion only, in the part of *Corporal Gregory Brewster*, which he plays as no one else can, or ever will. Such an enthusiastic greeting must have very nearly overcome even so hardy a veteran as IRVING's *Corporal Brewster*. His performance was perfection.

Alas! Poor CLEMENT SCOTT was not to enjoy for long the fruit of his friends' affection. Since the above lines were written, and just as we go to press, we learn, to our very deep sorrow, the sad news of his death.

FROM the *Daventry Express*:—"To pooh-pooh the idea of this country ever being invaded is to follow the example of the camel, which buries its head in the sand when an enemy approaches." Surely the author of this apophthegm must have meant to refer to the ostrich, which, in these circumstances, has a habit of putting his eye through a needle.



“ A (COMPULSORY) VISIT TO ÆSCULAPIUS.”

(Adapted, with apologies, from Sir Edward Poynter's painting in the Chantrey Collection.)

Æsculapius . . . The House of Lords' Committee.

Venus (suffering from a thorn in the flesh) . . . The Chantrey Fund Administration.

Attendant Nymph . . . The Royal Academy.

VENUS. “ WE COURT THE FULLEST ENQUIRY.”

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

XI.

In same furnished diggings, at Seoul, Korea.

As a notorious epicure of horseflesh, you will, Respectable Sir, be overjoyed by the intelligence that my poor dilapidated crock, *Sho-ji*, is at last on the high road to be completely mended, though still, owing to protracted brainfeverishness, as weak as gingerbread, and reduced to the status of a confirmed soporific!

This will, perhaps, explain why I was unable—to the inexpressible disappointment both of Col. KHAKIMONO and self—to put in any appearance at the Battle of Kin-chau, which (according to Japanese authorities) resulted in a rather overwhelming Russian defeat.

But there is no medal which has not some reverse or other, and it is advisable to *audi alteram partem* before constructing a glorious Summer out of a solitary Swallow; since I am assured by Major ДРОСНКУВИЧ that the said Kin-chau affair was a simple demonstration of no strategical importance, and that, even if it is true that Russia has lost seventy-eight artillery pieces, this was merely the good riddance of bad Chinese rubbishes which would infallibly have impeded any forward movements. Also that Hon'ble КУРОПАТКИН is relentless in his determination on no account to commence hostilities in serious earnestness until the period of the Russian Kalends.

From which it follows that all so-called Japanese victories prior to said date can have no real significance. I do not know whether Hon'ble КУРОКИ has been duly informed of this, or whether he is still a resident at No. 1, Fools' Paradise!

But since it is a sickish wind that cannot wheeze hot and cold simultaneously, I am profiting by the delay to acquire greater familiarities in the customs and manners of Quaint Korea, as I am now to demonstrate. [Ed. Com.—Which, we fear, means that Mr. J. has contrived to procure some more works on Korea from his circulating library at Calcutta.]

I was recently the delighted recipient of a politely-worded invite-card desiring the honour of my company at a "Poetry Party"—a form of social entertainment which I may perhaps best describe as a Feast out of all reason for flowing souls, since those bidden must, after over-eating themselves beyond the verge of repletion, go in for a competition-exam. as to who shall produce the finest original piece of poetry.

In smart Korean societies it is *bon ton* not to dress—but *per contram* to undress—for dinner, as is also customary (to at all events a partial extent) amongst upper-ten English feminines, though, in the latter case, such *décolleté* garbages cannot be dictated by gluttonous propensities, seeing that the stomachs of European fair sexes are too constricted by tight-lace for even a moderate blow-out.

Such is, however, admittedly the object of disrobings by Korean dandies, who regard it as the acme of elegant gentility for guests to gorge until within an ace of bursting.

Being myself of very so-so carnivorousness, I was literally flabbergasted to behold the voracity with which the Korean literary swell-mob did bolt incredible quantities of boiled pork with rice wine, maccaronic soup, chickens with millet wine, fowl-eggs, pastries, potatoes, lilybulbs, seaweeds, roast rice, and sesame and honey puddings, as preparatories for receiving the divine afflatus!

After which writing materials were handed round—as in the post-prandial recreations of my former select fellow boarders at Porticobello House, Ladbroke Hill—and each individual was expected, however torpid, to compose some poetical effusion upon any topic he preferred.

As a gallant, I was about to select for my theme the pulchritude of an imaginary Geisha—but was informed that

this was *ultra vires* as, in Korea, no female woman is accounted a deserving object for a sonnet.

And I am compelled to admit that, hitherto, I have not had the good luck to encounter any Korean feminine who was not abnormally plain-headed.

Our Amphitryon, a certain highly-accomplished Yang-ban of the name of HI-FA-LOO-RING, who had rendered himself so gloriously tight by dint of rice-champagne that he was the admiration of all present, did hiccough out a rather ludicrous ode to a Bamboo, of which I append *verbatim* translation:—

TO HON'BLE BAMBOO-PLANT!

"O grass with knotty joints like green shanks of a gouty grasshopper, What a multitude of useful articles and long-felt wants thou dost supply!

Thou providest first-class pipes for Company's waterworks, Also cheap furnitures for interior of bungalow. In the form of canes, thou upholdest the steps of toddling seniles, Or imprintest *litteræ humaniores* on haunches of juvenile students! Excellent art thou when boiled in milk after the fashion of asparagus, And, preserved in vinegar, thou makest a pre-eminently pretty pickle. Thou containest sugar and honey, both of highly superior qualities. But—best of all—beer can be brewed from thee on which it is possible to become excessively intoxicated!

Glug-glug-glug! . . . Will somebody kindly pass me the bottle?"

I cannot conscientiously say that the above composition, though creditable enough as the work of an inebriate, is at all up to the standard of an English Poet-Laureate. However, it was indubitably a masterpiece compared with the effusions of the other Yang-bans—a very unimaginative prosaic lot of chaps!

When it came to my own turn, I rendered into English verse a beautifully pathetic Korean anecdote recording a phenomenal act of filial devotion. Enclosed please find:—

THE DUTIFUL SON.

"Persistent flies did gamble unappalled
Upon parental cranium—which was bald.
In vain the Aged Parent smacks his knob,
No flies he flattens to a formless blob!
This his Son notes; his feeling heart goes sore
At shocking sufferings of Progenitor.
Can filial love no stratagem devise
To clear that venerable head of flies?
He shouts 'Eureka!' also 'Hip, hussar!'
As he perceives some honey in a jar.
And, trusting sweet-stuff is to do the trick,
On his devoted pate he spreads it thick,
Then squats expectant at his Father's side,
Subduing simpers which he scarce can hide . . .
The flies desert the Sire's jejune *ca-pût*,
Finding his Son's the more alluring nut,
Who smirks sublime—while insects all round him buzz—
Circling his saintish noddle like a nimbus!"

This eloquent *impromptu*, which I recited *vivâ voce*, evoked unparagoned enthusiasm amongst the assembled Korean literary big-pots, who, hurling up their horse-hair chimney-tiles to the welkin, unanimously demanded that I was to be awarded first prize.

And—a still more gratifying circ—when, through the kind officiousness of Lady HM, a copy of the above poetical effusion was presented to the EMPEROR, his Majesty was so inordinately tickled by same that he has conferred upon my undeserving self the Third Class Order of the Rosy Rabbit!

Unfortunately, before I can be permitted to sport this decoration on bosom, it is a *sine quâ non* to shell out to Court Officials sundry fees, amounting in all to (about) yen 300.

Since any distinction bestowed on myself must inevitably be the good stroke of business for Hon'ble *Punch*, you will please attend to this matter without delay.

Or, if you will kindly remit me yen 600, it is just on the cards that I may be able to obtain a Fourth Class Rabbit for yourself as the celebrated literary character. H. B. J.

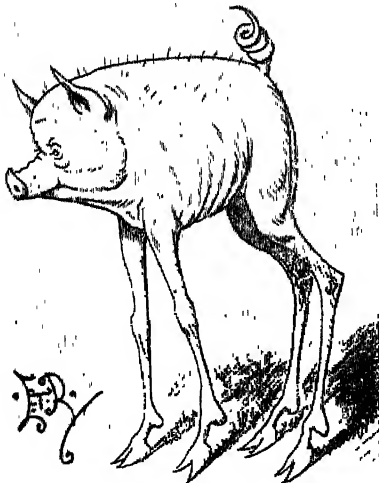
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 20.

—“You know, TOBY, dear boy, the trick they have of nicknaming a Ministry? Fancy my first Administration will live in history as the Tongue-tied Ministry. Odd how fortune seems to pursue me on that tack. Last Session I was wholly unable to say anything in reply to questions as to Ministerial position in respect of DON JOSÉ's pleasing, agreeable, convenient plea of fiscal reform. Flatter myself I did that rather well. The air of surprised, indignant, pained regret with which I regarded a Member opposite who put the question was effective, I thought. My cue was sorrow rather than anger. Grew to be a little monotonous perhaps at end of third month. But it served its turn; carried us through Session.

“Here we are again on quite a new tack. ‘Our Young Queen and our Old Constitution’ was a political battle-cry sixty-seven years ago. ‘Their New Tack and My Old Tactics’ is my motto to-day. What they are now curious about is when ARNOLD-FORSTER will make a statement on War Office reform? As you know, thinking we’d patched up little Cabinet difference, I named last Thursday as the happy day. Thereupon all the fat in the fire. No Cabinet secrets, even to you, dear boy. But, to tell the truth,



“THE TECHNICAL FIG.”

(As reared by the Irish Board of Agriculture.)

Mr. F-r-r-l said, “These pigs were only fitted for a coursing match. They grew tall and thin, and the people were tired of feeding them.”

Our artist fancies he knows another Irish pig of a lean and hungry order that the British people are rather tired of feeding—with legislation.



LABBY AND LITTLE ENGLAND.

Mr. Labouchere. “That’s right, my boy! That’s the way to improve your physique. If all the nation were like you we should have no more wars.”

(Mr. L-b-ch-re said he was always glad to see a poor child smoking cigarettes. Not only was he preparing for himself a happy old age, but he was not likely to swell the list of the criminal classes. When carried away by his passions, instead of avenging himself on someone, he simply smoked a cigarette and it all went off.)

and I have mentioned it in the Commons, I really can’t at this moment say anything on the subject.

“That quite enough for fellows opposite. Instantly off in full hue and cry. Wanting to know, you know. For all reply I say I don’t know. Curious position I admit for a Premier still master of legion majority in Commons. But it can’t be helped, and what can’t be helped must be smiled at.”

Thus PRINCE ARTHUR on the situation, which is certainly complicated. House in Committee on Budget involving colossal expenditure. But it is the lobby, the smoking-room, the Terrace, that are centres of business.

Wherever two or three are met together there is Rumour in the midst of them. All about scheme of Army Reform, recommended by Esher Committee. Report was a swingeing slap in the face

for Army administration as exemplified in Transvaal War. ARNOLD-FORSTER having succeeded BRODRICK in Pall Mall made haste to accept Report, embodying grave vote of censure on his predecessors. Time was when upon such indictment a Minister would have been haled forth and shot. Not likely that LANSDOWNE and BRODRICK will take the impeachment lying down. Have turned at bay, so Rumour aforesaid reports, and bar the progress of the proposed revolution in Army administration recommended by the Esher Report.

Someone must resign, it is said. Who? and what then? To have an occasional reconstruction of a Cabinet, say once in twelve months, may be possible. But, really, two in eight months is more than even PRINCE ARTHUR’s light-heartedness can accomplish without final disaster.

On the top of turmoil comes news

from Devonport that on the heaviest poll ever taken Ministerial candidate, fighting under exceptionally favourable personal conditions, has been beaten by the biggest majority in the Borough's record. No wonder that when at midnight WINSTON CHURCHILL wanted to move to report progress in Committee on Budget Bill, PRINCE ARTHUR (in a parliamentary sense of course) nearly snapped his head off.

"The fact," he said, "that the hon. Member is desirous of speaking deliberately against his own convictions is no ground for the House adjourning at this untimely hour."

Business done.—Alarums, excursions and, incidentally, Budget Bill slowly pushed through Committee by force of closure. Nature of the alarums indicated above. Excursions made by Duke of BEDFORD with Government Whips hot foot in pursuit. Last week His Grace handed in notice of desire to call attention to Report of War Office Reconstitution Committee and ask for information.

There you are again. Information! Thirst for it is the touch of nature that makes Lords and Commons kin. Nothing could be more awkward than debate on subject at present moment. So Duke, hunted out from successive lairs, finally caught up and induced stealthily to withdraw from the premises. Accordingly, when in due course his motion was reached, lo, the Duke was not, and the inconvenient question was passed over.

What a night we are having, to be sure!

Tuesday.—Yet once more, oh yelaurels, and once more, ye myrtles brown, is brought home to us the necessity of further reform of procedure. When House resumed sitting at nine o'clock it was obvious Ministers were in a minority. Attitude of Opposition instantly changed. Through afternoon they had been painfully insistent upon thrashing out a question before going to a division. Even when patience was exhausted and closure threatened or actually invoked, they strolled forth at the leisurely pace in favour with COUSIN HUGH when he "loitered in the Lobby" in final effort to defeat the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill.

Now, eager above all things for the despatch of business, the Opposition clamour for a division. But ACLAND HOOD—on this hot summer night more vividly than ever recalling the Pink 'Un—is on guard, and the schemers opposite are defeated. Thing to do is start talk, keep it going till lingerers at distant dinner tables come back to post of duty.

In these crises FITZALAN HOPE and BANBURY are invaluable. The fact that they have nothing to say is no impedi-

ment to speech. To-night FITZALAN HOPE, with one eye on the clock and the other on the door at which the Pink 'Un from time to time looked in and counted heads, talked for forty minutes. RICHARDS, K.C., producing imaginary brief, put in twenty minutes, in course of which he proposed alluring programme on which the Government might go to a grateful country. Free Breakfast Table; Old Age Pensions; Free Drinks.

"That'll fetch 'em," said the K.C., smacking his lips and dreamily regarding the impatient Opposition shouting for a division.



"THE PINK 'UN

"From time to time looked in and counted heads."

(Sir AL-x-nd-r ACL-nd-H-d.)

Twenty minutes past ten, and parties so evenly balanced as to make division still risky. Then the Pink 'Un brought up his reserves. BANBURY took the cake—I mean the floor. A howl of despair went up from Opposition. Ministerialists, summoned by telephone and special messengers, beginning to stream in. BANBURY safe for an hour if necessary. Ten minutes sufficed. The citadel was saved. Not for the first time in history had cackling done it.

Returning to table after division the Pink 'Un, palpitating but triumphant, announced a majority of forty-six.

But why all this trouble? Why not fill up the interval with music or a game of Bridge, or interchange of those free drinks over which RICHARDS, K.C., just now smacked anticipatory lips? Here was an hour and a half absolutely wasted. It must have sped in any case. The interval might just as well be pleasantly passed as be devoted to the

manufacture of sham speeches delivered amid persistent uproar.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Committee. An hour and a half being wasted after dinner regained by sitting after midnight.

Wednesday.—Important question suddenly sprung on House. Had CHARLES JAMES MURRAY, Member for Coventry, "beri-beri in his mind" when he handed in a motion relating to the transportation of Chinese labour to South Africa?

It was WINSTON CHURCHILL who put the question and insisted on an answer. (Perhaps it should be said that beri-beri is not a species of coffee, subject to taxation by an impecunious Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is a form of indisposition, and there was in the Member for Oldham's voice a note of commiseration as he turned upon the Member for Coventry and pressed his enquiry.) In the interests of public business it would perhaps have been better if Mr. MURRAY had, so to speak, made a clean breast of it. Brought up in the Diplomatic service, working early and late at the Foreign Office—that is to say, he arrived late and left early—sometime *attaché* at Rome, later serving his country at St. Petersburg, he is habitually prone to reticence. He sat stubbornly silent, preserving the secret whether at a particular moment he had or had not "beri-beri in his mind."

Consequences calamitous. Dr. HUTCHINSON, taking a professional interest in the case, wanted to move the adjournment in order to discuss it as a matter of urgent public importance. DEPUTY SPEAKER declined to submit proposal. HUTCHINSON waved his arms in despair. WINSTON jumped up and down on the bench in fashion which recalled gymnastic exercise of SWIFT MACNEILL. In the absence of C.-B., REDMOND *ainé* took the lead of the Opposition, sternly cross-examining PRINCE ARTHUR.

Above the uproar Dr. HUTCHINSON could be heard shouting, "Twenty-four hours will make all the difference."

At this ominous remark, carrying with it the weight of professional reputation, CHARLES JAMES MURRAY was observed to go pale. Was it as bad as that? Could it be possible that within twenty-four hours there might be a vacancy at Coventry? Still he said nothing, nursing his secret with set lips, and arms folded across a manly chest in which, for all others knew, the seeds of beri-beri might at that moment be germinating.

Clamour still at height when Mr. LOWTHER, on double duty to-day, slipped out of Chair where he had presided as Deputy Speaker, seated himself at the Table and cried "Order! Order!" in his new capacity as Chairman of Ways and Means. Dr. HUTCHINSON flapped his

arms once or twice. But it was merely the impetus of earlier exertion. WINSTON CHURCHILL jumped up once more. The action also was automatic. The House, finding itself in Committee, subsided.

The Member for Coventry seized the opportunity to withdraw, carrying with him to the seclusion of the Library the secret whether, when he handed in his blocking motion, he had (or suspected he had) symptoms of "beri-beri in his mind."

Business done.—Still harping on the Budget.

CHARIVARIA.

It is at last possible to record a genuine Russian success on land. A party of Cossacks fired two volleys at some workmen at Warsaw during a riot, and killed one.

Among those who accuse the Japanese of outrages on the Russian wounded appears the name of the novelist NEMIROVITCH DANTCHENKO, whose imaginative works are deservedly popular among his countrymen.

The Russians have been much encouraged by a report that in the American State of Washington a crawling army of caterpillars has done enormous damage.

Everyone was sorry for Japan when she lost two transports the other day, but we think the British Navy carried its sympathy too far when the *Sparrowhawk* promptly committed suicide on a rock at the mouth of the Yangtse Kiang.

The London Naval Volunteers, under the Hon. RUPERT GUINNESS, have now formally taken over H.M.S. *Buzzard*. They would like it to be known that they intend to take their duties seriously, in spite of the fact that the names of the ship and her commander are strongly suggestive of cakes and ale.

RAISULI, the Moroccan brigand, chose the *Daily Mail* as the means of communicating his defence to the British Public; but we understand that a packet of circulars relating to a more expensive paper has now been sent to him.

Among the prizes given by the Leicestershire Agricultural Society was one to the carter who had worked longest without returning home intoxicated while in charge of his team. Much as we dislike brag, we cannot resist pointing out that England is the only country in the world where such prizes are offered.



CANDOUR.

Artist (at work). "NOW GIVE ME YOUR HONEST OPINION OF THIS PICTURE."
Visitor (who fancies himself a critic). "IT'S UTTERLY WORTHLESS!"
Artist (dreamily). "YE-E-S—BUT GIVE IT ALL THE SAME."

Disappointment is in store for any politicians who purchase *The Crossing*, by WINSTON CHURCHILL, the American Novelist, in the hope of finding an explanation why a certain distinguished M.P. of the same name went over to the other side of the House.

The SHAH's brother has fled to Turkey for protection, and the SULTAN has advised him to be a sensible fellow and return to Persia to be killed.

A train at Greenore last week dashed into the refreshment room of the local station. We understand that a serious accident was only prevented by the bumps which successfully acted as buffers.

A propos of the enquiry into the administration of the Chantrey Bequest Sir E. J. POYNTER has declared that the Royal Academy has always done its best to uphold the honour and position of British Art. One was hoping for its own sake that it had not done quite its best.

A by-law forbids the entry of children under eight years of age to the Wallace Gallery. It is characteristic of the Royal Academy that at that institution there is no such protection for our little ones.

JOHN TRUNDLEY, of Peckham, denies all responsibility for the recent shock of earthquake in the Midlands.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.**XVIII.—SHOULD CATS BE TAXED?**SCENE—*Kilkenny Castle.*

PRESENT:

*Mr. Justice Grantham (in the Chair).**The Editor of the "Spectator."**The Editor of the "Lancet."**Mr. Harry Kremnitz.**Mr. Louis Wain.**Mr. Plowden.**Mr. James Caldwell, M.P.**The Bishop of Sodor and Man.**Mr. Jamrach.**Mr. F. G. Kitton.*

Mr. Justice Grantham. It is with great pleasure that I have acceded to the request that I should occupy the Chair on this interesting occasion. The subject is a delicate one, and needs a judicial and dispassionate mind, which, as one of His Majesty's judges, I am professionally bound to possess. I trust therefore that the distinguished gentlemen present will conduct the controversy in a manner worthy of the traditions of English fair play and moderation. For my own part I have no hesitation in saying that if I had my way I should exterminate every single cat in Great Britain and Ireland.

Editor of the "Spectator." And every married cat, too, may I ask?

Mr. Justice Grantham. I used the word "single" as an adjective of number, not of celibacy.

Editor of the "Spectator." I beg pardon. The correspondence can now cease.

Editor of the "Lancet." If I may be allowed to remind our Chairman, it is not the extermination but the taxation of cats which we are met to discuss.

Mr. Justice Grantham. Quite so. I was just coming to that. Ought cats to be taxed? Speaking then without the least animus or prejudice I should say that every cat should be taxed to the hilt.

Mr. Plowden. I agree with my brother GRANTHAM. Every cat has nine lives: why, therefore, should it not pay nine taxes?

Bishop of Sodor and Man. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would no doubt hail this arrangement, but as a loyal Manxman I should be content with the rule, one tail one tax.

Mr. James Caldwell. Representing as he does an island from which so many tales come, and all of them so far-reaching and unparalleled, I think his Lordship very moderate.

Editor of the "Spectator." I regret to note not merely the inhumanity, but the unsound fiscal bias, of the previous speakers. Nominally advocated as a means of raising revenue, the cat tax is, I believe, promoted to protect the mousetrap makers and cheesemongers.

Mr. Jamrach. The higher journalism

would not alone suffer by this nefarious proposal. If you tax cats, logic would compel you to include the whole class of *felidæ*.

Mr. Justice Grantham. I never thought of that. Now that I come to think of it, apes, chimpanzees, gorillas and baboons ought to be taxed before cats. This is really a most perplexing subject.

Mr. Plowden. But only, I presume, when living. Brother GRANTHAM surely would not tax taxidermy? My late colleague, Lord BRAMPTON, then Mr. Justice HAWKINS (it was before he rose to fame as the uncle of Mr. ANTHONY HOPE), used always to keep his fox terrier under the Bench. I tremble to think of the subversion of justice which might result at Marylebone were I to permit a cat to occupy a similar position.

Bishop of Sodor and Man. And yet I have no doubt you could make a cat laugh.

Mr. Plowden. Not always. I remember a venturesome tabby, greatly daring, who once strolled in during a morning sitting. I tried all my best things on her without effect. I raked her fore and aft with facetiæ, and she took no notice. It was subsequently I discovered that she belonged to Mr. Justice DARLING.

Mr. Jamrach. I see; her standard of humour was different.

Mr. Plowden. Precisely. But no one who does not laugh easily is encouraged to remain in my Court.

Mr. Harry Kremnitz. So far as I can understand, the conversation is being directed against cats. I came here as a delegate of the Leeds Physical Culture Society, under the impression that a tax on hats was to be discussed. Is it hats or cats?

Chorus. Cats.

Mr. Harry Kremnitz. Thank you. Then I will return to Leeds. But first I should like to say a few words about the insanitary effect of wearing hats. Hats—

Bishop of Sodor and Man. At what age would the tax begin? Would it extend to kittens?

Mr. F. G. Kitton. I have a cat named Boz, the imposition of a tax upon whom I should resist tooth and nail.

Editor of the "Spectator." Might not the tax be reserved only for cats with musical ambitions? A silent cat, a cat averse from night duty—ought not he to be immune?

Mr. Justice Grantham. The last speaker's plea does credit to his humanity. But how it would open the door to perjury! I can conceive of nothing on earth so base, so obnoxious to the august monarch of this Empire, as a cat-owner who, for the sake of saving a few paltry shillings, pronounced his pet grimalkin mute when it was vocal.

Editor of the "Spectator." Might not then a cat who figured in an article or letter in the superior weekly press be exempted from paying a tax evermore—just as jurymen on a Grand Jury are thereafter free? I cannot bear to think of all cats being treated equally.

Editor of the "Lancet." Every cat should be taxed, and that rigorously. The cat is one of the busiest of the media for conveying disease to man. It is the Carter-Paterson of microbes, the Pickford of bacilli. I never see a child fondle a cat but I see also in fancy a dozen funeral processions.

Bishop of Sodor and Man. You seem to have a cheerful mind. I should like to go to the Cat Show with you on a wet day.

Mr. Justice Grantham. What sum is the proposed impost likely to bring in?

Mr. James Caldwell. I have worked out the matter with the assistance of Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, and we find that the feline population of Great Britain and Ireland at this moment is twenty-three million. To-morrow it may be more. A poll tax of, say—

Mr. Plowden. Are pole-cats also to be taxed then?

Mr. James Caldwell. A poll tax of, say, only a shilling a year, would yield a sum of £1,150,000. No doubt the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER could do with that. But it is proposed that the tax should be higher than a shilling.

Mr. Justice Grantham. Do I understand that, if it were only high enough, it might pay off the National Debt?

Mr. James Caldwell. Certainly.

Mr. Justice Grantham. How very interesting! Then I think that in that case there cannot be two opinions, and we may consider the matter carried.

[*Exeunt.*]

A FRESH START.—The French Carthusian monks, to whom all purchasers of green and yellow Chartreuse, who have not yet paid their bills, must be deeply indebted, being now disbanded, are hoping to keep up their spirits by practising a new and profitable industry. They have become automobilised as a company for the construction of electric vehicles, and will be reorganised as Motor-Carthusians. Religious and other Orders punctually attended to.

A STARTLER!—Those excellent and severely religious persons who are perpetually preaching or writing about the Millennium must have received a severe shock on seeing in the largest type the recent heading of the "*Times Bargains*" advertisement, which ran thus: "*Before the Last Day Comes be sure that you Understand the Offer.*"

REAL FAIRY TALES.

THE PRODIGY AT HOME.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Chronicle.")

THE young Bessarabian violinist, BOLESLAS BILGER, whose capture by Carpathian *condottieri* we noted in a recent issue, is now in London, and has secured a temporary domicile in a bijou residence at Peckham Rye.

In the course of audience graciously granted to one of our representatives he stated that he might remain in London until the middle of the next week, when he is due at Potsdam.

"The KAISER," lisped young BOLESLAS, who speaks ten languages with the utmost fluidity, "takes the deepest interest in my career."

"Not only that," chimed in his singularly beautiful mother, Madame ARIADNE BILGER, "but he writes to him almost everyday in Bessarabian to know how he is getting on." Here Madame BILGER opened a richly embossed perdoneum and produced one of the latest letters of the KAISER to his *protégé*.

Unfortunately, at the urgent and peremptory request of Lord LANSLOWNE, we are forbidden to reprint this priceless document, which opens with the touching exordium, "From the Admiral of the Atlantic to the Apollo of the Balkans."

"Is it not kind of the KAISER to write like that?" remarked young BILGER, his lovely eyes brimming over with translucent teardrops. "He knows my life's history: that I have already eclipsed my illustrious father, ERASMUS BILGER; that I was the favourite pupil of LISZT, RUBINSTEIN, SOUSA and STEPHEN ADAMS, and subsequently studied at the Tokio Conservatoire under YAMAGATA, NODZU and Colonel OCOCO. But I hate to talk of myself."

After a brief interval the *Wunderkind* resumed, "I commenced playing in public four years ago, and have since visited Bosnia, Herzegovina, Circassia, Carlsbad, South Carolina, Llandudno, Blackpool, and Nova Zembla.

"At Constantinople I had to play before the SULTAN. I appeared in a theatre attached to the harem."

Madame BILGER here hastily interrupted: "The SULTAN would not of course permit an adult *virtuoso* to play there, but made an exception in favour of baby BOLESLAS, who could not understand the nature of his audience. The SULTAN sat in the centre, with his two youngest sons, BULBUL and KABOB, and round them sat his Majesty's wives and daughters. I learned subsequently that there were 283 wives and 214 daughters."

"Yes," added her son, "and when I broke a string, the SULTAN kindly obliged me with a bowstring of his own. Wasn't it kind of him?"

"BOLESLAS," resumed his mother,



THE INFERENCE.

Giles (who has been rendering "first aid" to wrecked motor-cyclist). "NAW, MARM, I DOAN'T THINK AS 'E BE A MARRIED MAN, 'COS 'E SAYS THIS BE THE WORST THING WOT 'AS EVER 'APPENED TO UN!"

"played for nearly two hours, mostly his own compositions. Afterwards several richly caparisoned djinns handed round bottles of sherbet and narghilés, of which BOLESLAS partook with avidity. The SULTAN then communicated with his Grand Vizier, who presented my son with the Order of the Yenidjé and a chest filled with gold.

"We then left the palace, and were escorted to our hotel by a squadron of *hamals* mounted on camels. Unfortunately that very night the chest of gold was stolen, and when we informed the SULTAN of our loss next day, we were officially notified that he was suffering from mumps, induced by the news of an outbreak of Kurds."

At this moment a telegram was handed to Madame BILGER containing the gratifying announcement that her son had been appointed Court violinist to the Emperor MENELEK, and our representative, not wishing to intrude further at so auspicious a moment, tactfully withdrew on all fours.

THE *Liverpool Echo*, describing the triumph of M. THÉRY, winner of the Gordon-Bennett Cup, says: "He stopped before the Royal box, and M. BRASIER shook him warmly by the hand, while his wife, Carom Populo, rushed up and embraced her grimy but victorious husband." Mr. Punch does not know whether Madame THÉRY is a writer or an actress, but he strongly felicitates her on her clever choice of a *nom de guerre*.

A HORRIBLE rumour is afloat to the effect that the giants are not all extinct. But the following advertisement, culled from a horticultural journal, is reassuring, and shows that a remedy for these pests is easily obtainable:

Hardy Dwarfs, 1s. 3d.
Quick Climbers, 1s. 6d.

It should be of particular interest to growers—in a large way—of Beanstalks.

If "the law's an ass," we may at least congratulate the Bench on its new BRAY.



Fair Sitter (to exhausted photographer). "SHALL I SMILE?"

LINES TO THE BACK OF MY HEAD.

My Self's part-creature, whose eccentric shape,
 Making thy lord a public raree-show,
 Doth ride my hitherto unconscious nape,
 Plain to all eyes save mine; to whom I owe
 The consequence—more galling than a blow—
 Of ribald gesture and unfettered jape
 That marks our passage wheresoe'er we go;
 Back of my Head, to-day I looked on thee,
 And am resigned to Fate's inscrutable decree.

'Tis sad to hear the personal remark
 Rising distinctly o'er the social hum;
 'Tis sad to see the mirth-enkindled spark
 In eyes that always brighten when we come;
 Sad to be conscious of the gibing thumb,
 Yet find the cause thereof profoundly dark;
 To move 'mid waggish coteries, where some,
 With contumelious fluttering of the lid,
 Ask, "Did you ever?" or reply, "They never did!"

Oft have I cast an apprehensive glance
 Into some friendly mirror standing by,
 Fearing that by some tragical mischance
 I might have come away without my tie;
 Yet was my habit formal to the eye.
 True, I am something strange of countenance,
 But there are others even more awry;
 My contour—there are others far more fat;
 I knew not *what* those lunatics were laughing at!

And it has been that men have called me proud,
 For I have tamed my features to a stare

Of lofty tolerance, and spurned the crowd.
 With the unruffled camel's tranquil air
 Of one superior, who doesn't care!
 They knew not that my spirit cried aloud
 To beg the stronger kindly to forbear;
 To bid the small be careful what he said;
 And, with a brave man's wrath, to punch the weakling's
 head.

To-day I tarried for a fleeting space
 Where my confiding tailor plies his craft;
 I met my mirrored double face to face,
 (How strange!) I saw him sideways and abaft!
 And, for the coolness of the genial draught,
 Had cast my topper from his wonted place;
 And then, O clear as tho' 'twere photographed,
 Thou crusher of a good man's sturdy pride,
 I saw thy multiple aspect, and was petrified!

I have no will to hold thee up to scorn,
 Nor power to say: No more be Head of mine!
 Thou art my burden, and must needs be borne.
 But I go humbly, and henceforth decline
 All indoor fêtes; I shall not dance or dine;
 I shall go nowhere save when hats are worn!
 Nay, further,—be the blame accounted thine,
 Thou Object!—lest the worshipper should scoff,
 I, with extreme regret, shall take to Sunday Golf!

DUM-DUM.

CURIOUS GROUNDS FOR AN ECCLESIASTICAL INTRODUCTION.—It was stated in Court the other day that any defendant in a Divorce Case rendered himself "eligible for presentation to a Bishop!"



PENNY WISDOM.

MR. BULL, "NOW THEN, WHY DON'T YOU START?"
CAN'T START WITHOUT PETROL, AND"—(pointing to

RIGHT HON. H. O. ARNOLD-FORTH (Chancellor of the Exchequer). "I'M READY ENOUGH, BUT I
HE'S SITTING ON IT!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 20.—First night of new opera by M. SAINT-SAËNS, on a very old subject entitled *Hélène*. In justice to the composer and the librettist, two single gentlemen rolled into one in the person of M. SAINT-SAËNS, it must be at once stated that this work is described in the programme as



Miss Regents-Parkina-Venus, surrounded by the pupils of her mixed educational establishment taking the air, tells Hélène-Melba that, to complete her education, she must go to Paris.

"*Poème Lyrique in Six Tableaux*," which may be regarded as a pro-grammatical translation of "*Poème Lyrique en un Acte*," as it is styled on the cover of the published book. *Ergo*, an opera of dramatic action was not to be expected, nor must it be criticised as such. If, from the first, *Glück* is recalled to us, so that we have come to look upon it as a Happy G'lucky sort of undramatic piece, it is not until the final tableau that we are forcibly reminded of OFFENBACH'S *Belle Hélène*, and then we miss the presence of *Calchas*, *Ménélas*, and many lasses and lads besides, not to mention the sparkling light music that used to set us all a-humming and made of the audience one great "Music Bee." SAINT-SAËNS' "*poème lyrique*" is a work *sans-songs*. Nor does it lend itself more readily to action than does any passage between a Wagnerian hero and heroine.

The scenery for this poem is specially remarkable for the frozen fountain in front of the Palace of *Ménélas*, the water of which, having reached a certain height, has struck and refused to come down again. That the "sky-borders" should materially interfere with the realistic effect of Troy town a-burning in the distance appears to everyone, artistically



"The Trippers."—No Luggage Allowed.
Dismal Operatic prospect, if likely to end in a squall.

interested, as "uncommonly hard lines." The Sky-boarders, i.e. the divinities temporarily stopping in Olympus, were, it is true, very hard on the Trojans. This by the way. The stage direction in the first scene is "*Chants et danses dans le palais*." We hear the singing, but can only take the word of the librettist for the fact of any dancing going on within the palace of our old friend *King Ménélas*. No doubt the two *Ajax* and all our old classical friends ("*Vive Lemprière!*") are performing an hilarious *cancan* while *Hélène* is stealing out to meet that gay young dog *Paris*. And *Hélène*, Madame MELBA, not looking particularly classical, but very unhappy, does come out all alone, except for being accompanied by the orchestra, to cool her fevered brow with a stroll on the shore of the *poluphloisboio thalasses*, meaning "the briny," where she amuses herself with declamatory utterances which are of no particular interest, either musically or dramatically, to anybody.

Then *Venus*, Miss E. PARKINA, appears in a kind of mid-air garden, "*peuplé de Nymphes et d'Amours*" (ahem! *Venus* with all her *Amours*—except her *amour propre*), and sings charmingly. There are "visions about," and most effective, musically and dramatically, is the appearance of Mme. KIRKBY LUNN as *Pallas* up in the air and thoroughly well up in the music, who, after announcing the burning of Troy (which you can see for yourself "while you wait"), disappears.

For one moment it seemed as if these rather dull proceedings were about to be enlivened by a dance to be performed either by MELBA-*Hélène* or by M. DALMORES-*Paris*, as we certainly caught the words, sung in a tone of command by *Pallas*, "*Pas seul!*" But neither *Paris* nor *Hélène* was *dans le mouvement*, and on referring to the libretto we found the words were "*Pars seul*," and were addressed to *Paris*, advising him to go away *en garçon* and "leave the girl alone!" But when the Goddess of Wisdom has vanished, then the rather dull boy and the very fine girl embrace enthusiastically, and run out to hire a boat in which, after a delay of some few minutes absolutely necessary for setting the sail, they appear drifting away before the breeze at the rate of eighteenpence an hour (without the man), regardless of rudder, and apparently giving the slip to the proprietor, who is not on the spot to look after his own craft. Curtain. The actor-vocalists reappear some seven or eight times, but Conductor MESSENGER does not come to the front (in this sense at least), nor does the composer, M. C. SAINT-SAËNS, for whose absence Madame MELBA despairingly apologises in dumb show.

After this, "Bang goes saxpence!" that is, we have "cannons to right of them, cannons to left of them" in *La Navarraise*, which, beginning in smoke, so ends, and is all sound and fury signifying very little to anyone, and least of all to Mme. DE NUOVINA as *Anita*, a part to which Mme. CALVÉ contrived to give whatever of dramatic significance it is capable: but then CALVÉ herself is *capable de tout*.

Wednesday, June 22.—*Rigoletto*. Mlle. SELMA KURZ triumphantly repeating her vocal and histrionic success as *Gilda* needs no more than a mere KURZ-ory remark. Well and wisely does M. RENAUD, as *Rigoletto*, play the fool, and therefore he must be, as was Papa *Eccles* in *Caste*, "a very



View of Minerva glittering in armour, or the Crystal Pallas.



"LA NAVARRAISE."

Cannon Bal d'Opéra. Très bang. Intended to be very pop-ular.

clever man." Signorina FRASCA is the satisfactory new comer as *Maddalena*, and Signor DANI is raised to the operatic peerage as "the New Duke." It cannot be said of Signor DANI's singing and acting that, as HENRY IRVING's inimitable *Corporal Brewster* observes, "it wouldn't do for the Dook," as it does very well, though not by any means "a record."

Thursday, June 23.—*Habitues* arriving at the Opera House punctually, regretted the hurried cutlet and hasty pudding they had taken in order to obey the showman's usual adjuration "to be in time" for LEONCAVALLO's delightful opera. But "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," and at the last moment *La Navarraise* preceded *Pagliacci*.

Salutations to *Pagliacci*, "by RUGGIERO LEONCAVALLO (born 1858)." Quite the *Nedda*, in appearance, as is Mlle. AURÉLIE REVY, singing prettily and acting cleverly, yet we missed MELBA.

As *Tonio* Signor SCOTTI was all that could be desired, except his make-up. Unless our memory is deceitful, *Tonio*, when he first appeared at Covent Garden, used to be in a sort of Pierrot's costume, and thus attired he sang the great prologue. Without the Pierrot's dress two-thirds of the dramatic effect are lost. Clever artist as SCOTTI is, herein he has made a mistake.

M. SEVEILHAC as *Silvio* is good, but he bears not the gay plumage of the cock of the village, such as befits the gay rustic-maiden-killer, son of a superior farmer. *Silvio* is a provincial rustic masher, and M. SEVEILHAC doesn't raise him up above an ordinary gardener. But Signor CARUSO as *Canio*! His voice fills the house, nay, crowds it. The audience were enthusiastic, and indeed his singing was magnificent; but CARUSO's *Canio*, histrionically, lacked the irresistible pathos that signalised Signor DI LUCIA's inimitable rendering of the part. But, what a voice! what a whole court of appeal to the public it is! That CARUSO was called, and recalled, and called again after that, goes without saying, and we come away humming the Motley's melody which, strangely enough, gets somehow blended with that to which *Rigoletto* the Jester limps round the stage, while the leading motive of *Pagliacci* confuses itself with memories of the "other lips" of BALFE's dear old *Bohemian Girl*.

IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

THE production of Mr. W. S. GILBERT's most amusing study in topsy-turvydom entitled *Harlequin and the Fairy's Dilemma*, "An Original Domestic Pantomime in Two Acts," which has been running at the Garrick Theatre for the last six or seven weeks, was a decidedly happy thought on the part of Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, lessee, manager, excellent comedian, and first-class professor of general utility, whose representation of the heavy-cavalry officer Colonel Sir Trevor Mauleverer is only equalled by his perfect rendering, in the same piece, of the old-fashioned traditionary JOEY GRIMALDI clown. Startlingly humorous too is the transformation of the elegant Lady Angela Wealdstone, charmingly played by Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, into the short-skirted, gracefully dancing and posturing *Columbine*.

Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE's characterisation of conceited Mr. Justice Whortle, "of the High Court of Judicature," who has an intense appreciation of the jokes with which he beguiles the jury, the bar, and the public, is as excellent as

his impersonation of doddering dotage when compelled by magic art to appear as shaky old *Pantaloon*.

Miss JESSIE BATEMAN is delightful as the ordinary theatrical type of fairy in a pantomime, able to parrot a few lines of rhyme without regard to their meaning, and waving her wand in the conventional style. The author has made the character as muddle-headed a supernatural being as *Puck* in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The old-fashioned theatrical, tinsel-eyelided and spangled demon *Alcohol*, capably played by Mr. JERROLD ROBERTSHAW, belongs, as do both "supernaturals," only to pantomime, and they are puzzling even at that, when, in the last scene, they suddenly become mortals in order to be married in church by the Rev. Aloysius Parfitt, M.A., of St. Parabola's, which character, as portrayed by Mr. O. B. CLARENCE, is quite the most absurdly humorous performance in this extravaganza, where everything, and everybody, is so supremely ridiculous. By the way, is some subtle joke intended to be conveyed by the mispronunciation of the comic clergyman's christian name, *Aloysius*, which is pronounced by everyone, in this piece at the Garrick Theatre, as *Aloysius*? Correctly the name should be pronounced *Aloysius*. Never as "*Aloysius*." Would either "satirical rogue," author or actor (the latter an Oxford man), pronounce Heloise as *Helols*, or Louis, monosyllabically, as *Lous*?

Mr. RICKETT's music, Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN's dances, and Mr. BRUCE SMITH's scenery, all conduce to the success achieved by this mirth-provoking, topsy-turvy piece of absurdity.

It is preceded by *A Lesson in Harmony*, a light comedietta written in prose by the Poet Laureate. It is a mere curtain-raiser of a well-known type, on the model of our very old friend, *Book the Third, Chapter the First*, but without the "snap" that popularised that adaptation from the French. As one of the principal parts is played, very cleverly, by Mr. BOURCHIER, and the other, very prettily, by Miss BATEMAN, there is secured for it, from appreciative early-arrivals, an amount of attention which, probably, would not have fallen to its lot had it been written by a less favoured author.

"TO BE LET.—An attractive Detached Gentleman's Residence."—*The Standard*. [Suitable for attractive detached lady?]]



BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

IT was in a corner of the County Ground that Mr. PUNCH, who had looked in for a few minutes to see how the match was progressing, came across the famous Cricketer. On the approach of the Sage the Young Athlete—the picture of health, strength, and good looks—hastily thrust into his pocket a note-book in which he had been writing.

"Well," said Mr. PUNCH, "your work for the day is over, I suppose—if it can be called work; while I——," and the Sage sighed as he thought of the Atlantean burden to be dealt with before he sought his couch.

"Come, Sir," replied the Cricketer, "I bet you that I work harder than you do."

"I'm open to conviction," replied Mr. PUNCH, "but I don't see how you can prove it."

"Very well, then. Now listen. To-day I made 120 not out, was interviewed twice, photographed three times, and wrote half a column for the *Daily Demagogue*. I'm off now to get a bit of dinner, and before I turn in I've got to finish an article on the Economics of Sport for the *Statist*. If I get to bed by 12, I shall consider myself lucky."

"Then I suppose you'll take it out in the morning?"

"Not a bit of it. I've got to keep fit, and to do that one must live by rule. Out of bed at 7, a run round the Park if I'm in town, and an hour's work before breakfast at a book I'm writing on the Psychology of Athletics. Cricket and journalism all day, a lecture at the Breakback Institute on the Imperial Solidarity of Pastime, and then I'm off by a midnight train to Manchester, where I'm playing for the next three days. If you can show a heavier time-table I should like to see it."

Mr. PUNCH pondered for a moment. It was open to him to retort that work must be measured by quality not quantity, and that between the exertions of the journalist-athlete and his own colossal achievements there was a difference not only in degree but in kind. But he decided to waive that point and vary his attack.

"It seems to me, my young friend, that you lead a sufficiently strenuous life—early to rise, and late to bed, and filling up all your available time with literary work."

"Yes, that's about it," replied the young Apollo.

"Cricketers were not always like that," said Mr. PUNCH. "In the old days when professionals wore grey shirts, a cricketer was more afraid of a pen than a bumpy wicket. But now you are all brainy. The old charge against athletes of being brainless Philistines, 'young barbarians all at play,' can no longer be made good. It doesn't fit the facts."

"Well, I think the 'flannelled fools' and 'muddled oafs' was pitching it a bit strong."

"Just so," rejoined Mr. PUNCH. "The mischief of it is that the flannelled and muddled ones, so far from being fools and oafs, are on your own showing, for I don't suppose you are an altogether exceptional case, men

capable of serving their country with their brains as well as their hands, instead of merely ministering to her amusement."

"Well, Sir, you may be right, but at any rate we work hard enough for our living."

"Yes, and that's the pity of it—all this energy and ability lavished on games, when the country is crying out for efficiency and intelligence in Commerce and the Army and Navy. You're fond of quoting poetry in your articles, so perhaps you'll allow me to adapt a familiar couplet for your benefit:—

"He strengthened his muscles, but narrowed his mind,
And to pastime gave up what was meant for mankind."

If we are heading straight for Conscription it is you who are largely to blame for it. By the way," added Mr. PUNCH, "what are your views on Conscription?"

"Oh, I don't set up to be a thinker," replied the Athlete, "but I don't fancy it would work at all. Englishmen would never stand that. They like to serve their country of their own free will."

"Now you, for example," said the Sage, "I suppose that you are a Volunteer?"

"No," said the Cricketer, "I can't say that I am. Volunteering seems to me to be very poor fun."

"But a Volunteer may be very useful when the country is in difficulties, don't you think so? They were by no means ciphers in the Boer War."

"Well, yes. I approve of Volunteering if a man has the time."

"Time!" said the Sage. "My good young friend, I am afraid that I must take you in hand a little. Has it never occurred to you that you are overdoing all these athletics, that it is time to grow up and be rather more serious? Cricket is a splendid thing; football is a splendid thing; but no healthy fine young fellow like you ought to spend the whole summer in knocking a solid ball about and the whole winter in kicking a hollow one. That is only a small part of life, and you are making it the whole. Is there no Empire to expand, no country to be defended? Are we not menaced at every turn by clever young Americans and plodding young Germans? Against their quickness and thoroughness are we to offer no resistance but fine averages? What will a long score too often made or a goal too often kicked serve you in the battle of life? An occasional game refreshes and strengthens; continuous play is sterilising. England at this moment needs thoughtful, active, patriotic sons much more than dashing cricketers. Every young man should try to do something for his country and take some interest in affairs."

"But there's no fun in such matters," replied the youth.

"No fun?" echoed the Sage. "There you are very wrong. The study of affairs can be as diverting as a Pavilion story, and far more instructive at the same time. And if you will promise me to make the attempt to think less of the games and more of the duties of the splendid young Englishman that you are, I will give you the secret of combining love of country with love of humour." And on the young man acquiescing in the compact Mr. PUNCH placed in his hands his

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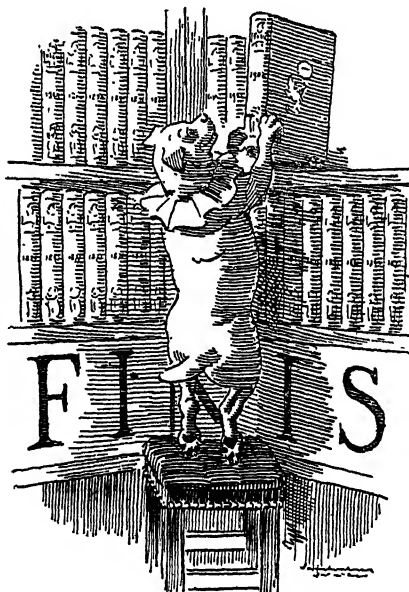
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